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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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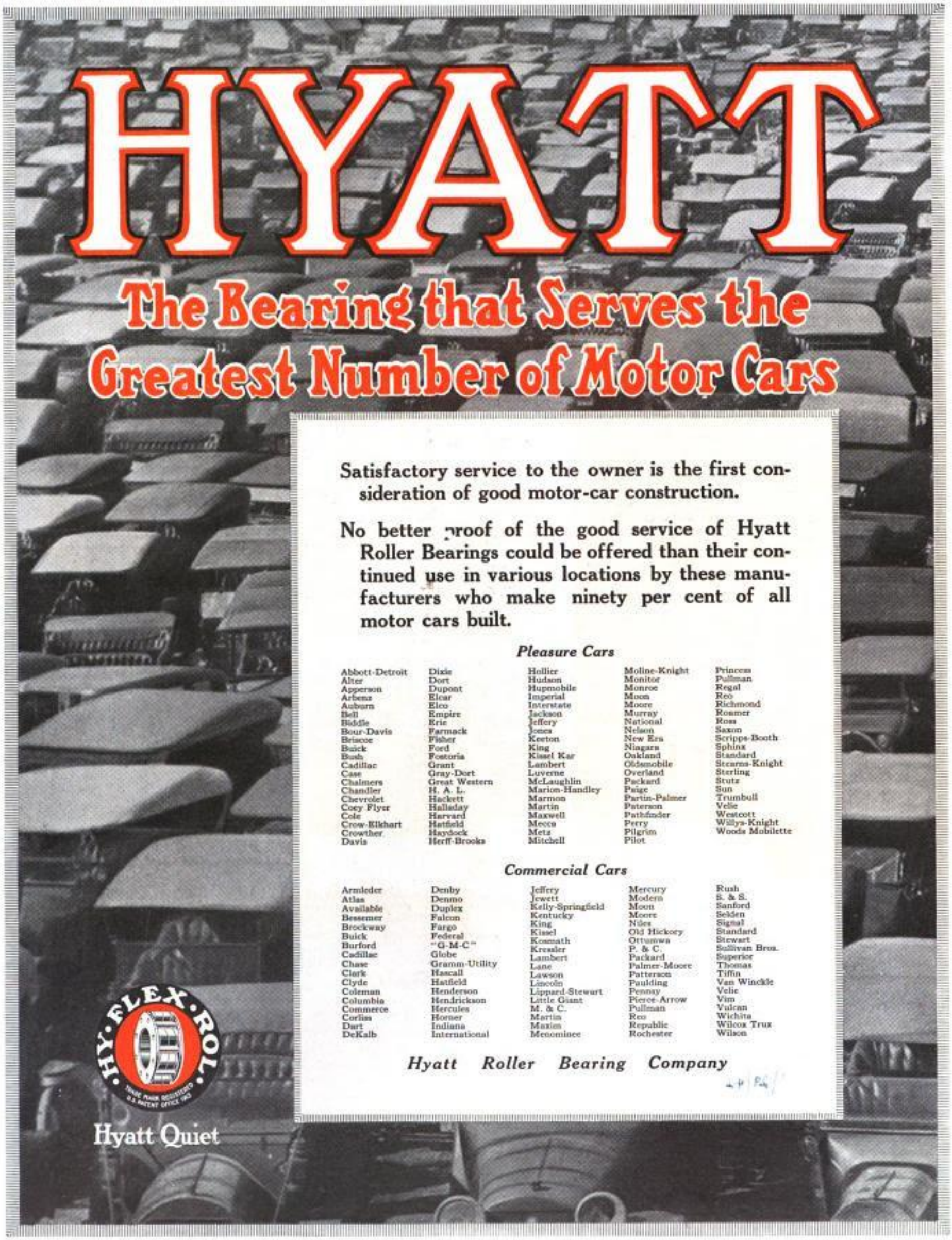
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In This Number

George Pattullo—Fannie Hurst—Forrest Crissey—Arthur Somers Roche—Garet Garrett
Maximilian Foster—Corinne Lowe—Viola Rodgers—Helen Van Campen—H. G. Wells

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HYATT

The Bearing that Serves the Greatest Number of Motor Cars

Satisfactory service to the owner is the first consideration of good motor-car construction.

No better proof of the good service of Hyatt Roller Bearings could be offered than their continued use in various locations by these manufacturers who make ninety per cent of all motor cars built.

Pleasure Cars

Abbott-Detroit	Dixie	Hollier	Moline-Knight	Princess
Alter	Dort	Hudson	Monitor	Pullman
Apperson	Dupont	Hupmobile	Monroe	Regal
Arbenz	Elcar	Imperial	Moon	Reo
Auburn	Elco	Interstate	Moore	Richmond
Bell	Empire	Jackson	Murray	Roamer
Biddle	Erie	Jeffery	National	Ross
Bour-Davis	Farmack	Jones	Nelson	Saxon
Briscoe	Fisher	Kenton	New Era	Scripps-Booth
Buick	Ford	King	Niagara	Sphinx
Bush	Fostoria	Kissel Kar	Oakland	Standard
Cadillac	Grant	Lambert	Oldsmobile	Stearns-Knight
Case	Gray-Dort	Luverne	Overland	Sterling
Chalmers	Great Western	McLaughlin	Packard	Stutz
Chandler	H. A. L.	Marion-Handley	Paige	Sun
Chevrolet	Hackett	Marmon	Partin-Palmer	Trumbull
Coey Flyer	Halladay	Martin	Paterson	Velie
Cole	Harvard	Maxwell	Pathfinder	Westcott
Crow-Elkhart	Hatfield	Mecca	Perry	Willys-Knight
Crowther	Haydock	Metz	Pilgrim	Wooda Mobilette
Davis	Herff-Brooks	Mitchell	Pilot	

Commercial Cars

Armleder	Denby	Jeffery	Mercury	Rush
Atlas	Denmo	Jewett	Modern	S. & S.
Available	Duplex	Kelly-Springfield	Moon	Sanford
Bessemer	Falcon	Kentucky	Moore	Selden
Brockway	Fargo	King	Niles	Signal
Buick	Federal	Kissel	Old Hickory	Standard
Burford	"G-M-C"	Kosmath	Ottumwa	Stewart
Cadillac	Globe	Kressler	P. & C.	Sullivan Bros.
Chase	Gramm-Utility	Lambert	Packard	Superior
Clark	Hascall	Lane	Palmer-Moore	Thomas
Clyde	Hatfield	Lawson	Patterson	Tiffin
Coleman	Henderson	Lincoln	Paulding	Van Winckle
Columbia	Hendrickson	Lippard-Stewart	Penney	Velie
Commerce	Hercules	Little Giant	Pierce-Arrow	Vim
Corliss	Horner	M. & C.	Pullman	Vulcan
Dart	Indiana	Martin	Reo	Wichita
DeKalb	International	Maxim	Republic	Wilcox Trux
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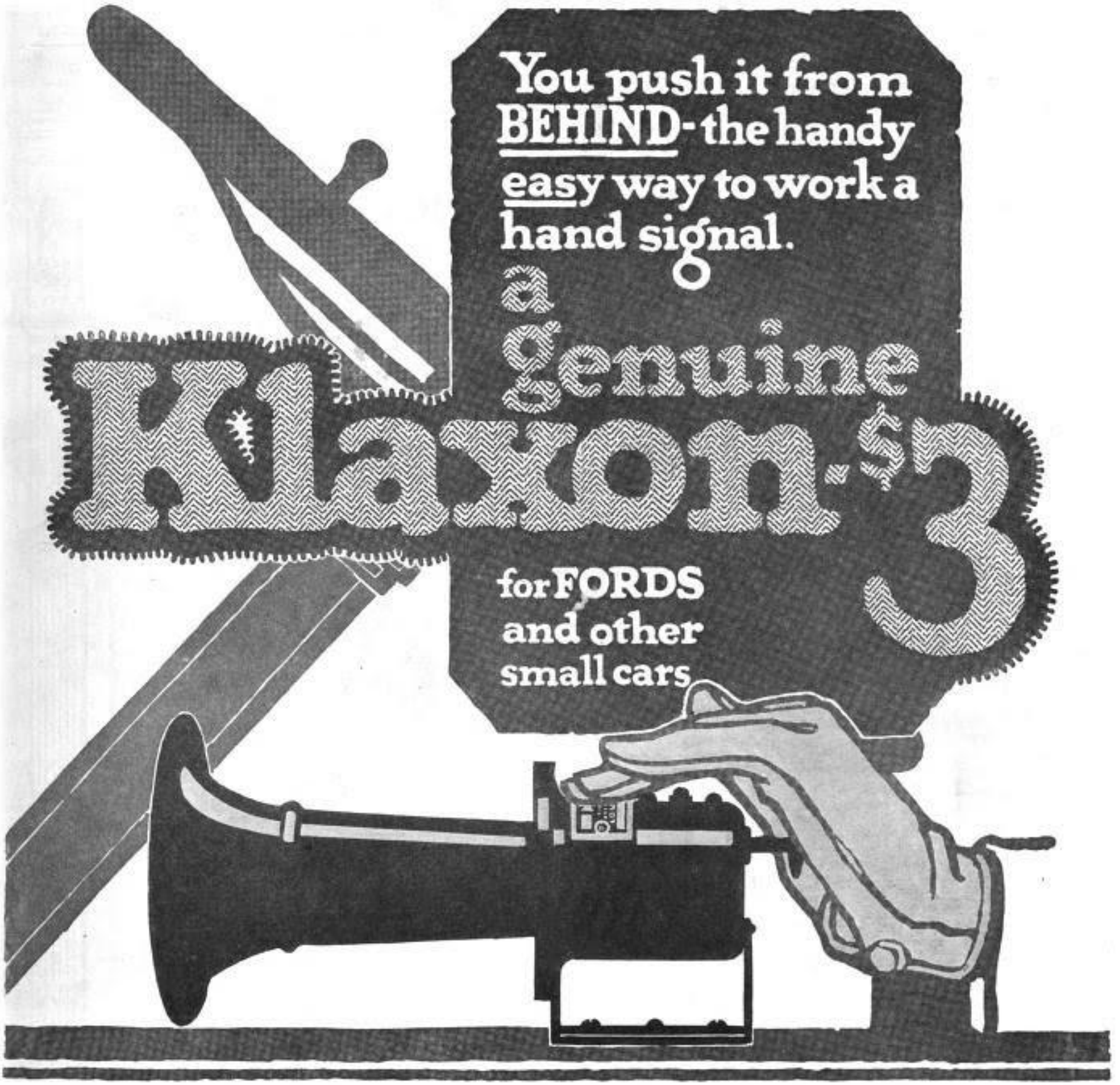
Hyatt Roller Bearing Company

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Hyatt Quiet

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A KLAXON for 1,800,000 MOTORISTS

To Klaxon Dealers: Right now—on the streets and roads of the United States—there are more than a MILLION small cars with signals that are feeble, weak, unsatisfactory or entirely useless. Some are old-time bulb horns. Some are "Buzzers." Some are cheap hand horns. A big majority of the owners of these million cars will want the new Klaxon-3.

Because it has the KLAXON NOTE. Because it has the Klaxon OVAL Projector that sends the sound straight ahead instead of scattering it. Because it CARRIES. Because it WARNS. Because it pushes from BEHIND—the *new* and *better* straight-from-the-shoulder way. Because it ALWAYS WORKS. Because it has Klaxon QUALITY in it, the Klaxon NAME on it, Klaxon reputation BEHIND it. And because it costs THREE DOLLARS.

Add to this million cars another 800,000 small cars that will be sold in 1917—with equally unsatisfactory, ineffective horns on them. That's a possible market of 1,800,000.

How much of this market is in your own town? Estimate the number of cars there—and you can safely figure that TWO-THIRDS—two cars in every three—are bang-up good prospects for Klaxon-3s.

We are doubling the capacity of the largest signal factory in the industry to take care of the demand for KLAXON-3s. But we suggest that you write your jobber at once to avoid disappointment in deliveries.

Klaxon Company, Newark, N. J.

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THE charm of the Colonial is the inspiration for many of the most beautiful homes of today. Fortunately the return to white and mahogany comes at a time when almost every housekeeper knows the easy, successful way to take care of finely finished woodwork and furniture.

Like most other articles that cannot be cleaned safely or satisfactorily by ordinary methods, enameled wood trim and choice pieces of cabinet work require only the judicious application of Ivory Soap to look their best.

Ivory Soap removes the dirt without harming the finish. Its mild, white, pure, neutral lather does nothing but cleanse. Being free from alkali and all harsh materials, it is perfectly safe. Being free from unsaponified oil, it leaves no greasy film.

Just the usual care which common sense suggests when applying water to a finished wood surface — lukewarm suds, dampening only a small part at a time, prompt drying with a chamois skin—insures success with Ivory Soap.

Directions for cleaning over a hundred articles not ordinarily washed with soap and water are included in this booklet "Unusual Uses of Ivory Soap." Thousands of women have found it very helpful. You should have a copy. It is free. Address The Procter & Gamble Co., Dept. 25-A, Cincinnati, Ohio.



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THE PIKER'S MARKET

By Maximilian Foster



A FEW days ago, in one of the more or less palatial refreshment places that dot the Wall Street district, a group of plainly dressed men, all of commonplace appearance, stood at the bar, drinking champagne at seven dollars a bottle. All reports to the contrary, the bubbling grape is not Wall Street's daily tipple. "A piker's drink" is what the big men, the big operators and brokers, term it; though never mind about that. The bartender having rung up the check on the cash register, one of the men, a middle-aged person who, from his looks, might have been taken for a shopkeeper or a small professional man, produced a roll of bills.

The roll was huge. It was in its dimensions of the shape and size of a tomato can, added to which all the bills were of big denomination—all but one, it seemed. Buried in the roll was a single, simple V; and as the glance of the man fell upon it he hiccuped disdainfully.

"Here, you dog!" he grunted. "What're you doing among real money?" And, crumpling the bill into a ball, he tossed it to the floor.

This anecdote is not related because of its humor. It is not even alleged to be funny. The sole reason why it is published here is that it seems to cast a vivid and illuminating light on what, just now, is going on in Wall Street. Never has Wall Street had so much money. Never has the public shared so freely in that money. This, in fact, is the point to be dwelt upon. Not only have outsiders been running the market—running away with it, one might say—but they have never before been of such an obscure, indiscriminate class.

The anecdote just related was told to a broker, the head of one of Wall Street's biggest margin houses, and he nodded indifferently.

"I know," he said; "the Street's filled with clowns like that. This is the Public's Market, you know. You could call it the Piker's Market instead."

The Miraculous Flood of Inpouring Money

AS EVIDENCE of this the broker hauled out the firm's account book. Two hundred and sixty-two separate accounts showed on the book in question, and of this number only fifteen displayed transactions in lots of one hundred shares or more. The remainder were trading in lots of five, ten and twenty shares. However, this must not be taken to mean that the bulk of the present speculation is done in fractional lots—for that matter, in separate hundred-share transactions; there is still a mass of heavy trading taking place. The point is that, mixed in among this, more shoestring dabbling is going on in Wall Street than the Street ever before has known.

The cause—that and the reason for the present tremendous bulge in Wall Street securities—is known, of course, to everyone. Three years ago an air of gloom pervaded every brokerage office. It was predicted freely that the country never again would see a big bull market. It was said everywhere that the public was out of the market, and out of it for good. To all intents this was true. The public was, indeed, out of the market; and only a convulsion could bring it back again. It had been tricked too long. It had been jobbed and cheated; swindled so often that at last it had grown wise. Added to this, much light had been let in on Wall Street ways and methods by various legislative inquiries—by these and by what the newspapers and periodicals published. Consequently no market that was purely manipulative would ever again attract the public. If ever it came back it would indeed be only through a convulsion. Well, the convulsion happened.

It was the war, of course. But for the war—for the miraculous flood of money the European conflict has caused to pour into America—there would have been no big bull market. However, now that it has come, now that it is here, the wave swelling high, it is curious to look on and see how the Street is taking it; to look back, too, and see how the Street at the beginning took it. Nothing that ever happened is better illustrative of the fact that Wall Street speculation is gambling, pure and simple; that, so far as Wall Street, as a mass, is concerned, its trading is based on guesswork—based solely and entirely on chance. Few among those who dabble in the market saw at the outset what the war would mean. The majority, the mass of outsiders on which professional Wall Street fattens, guessed exactly opposite from the truth.

When Gloom and Disaster Stalked in Wall Street

IN JULY, 1914, the first gun was fired. The war was on, and instantly the conflict became the biggest bear argument ever heard in the Street. Of course, for a time there was logic in this. It was only natural that Europe, in frantic need of money, would throw into the market its hoard of American securities. This, in fact, it did—or, rather, it attempted to do it; and, to prevent what probably would have been the biggest panic the world has ever seen, the New York Stock Exchange closed its doors. This averted the panic; but, though it did, it could not avert the gloom, the despair that, like a creeping flood, settled down on the Wall Street district.

The country was saved; but it was saved only for the moment, said Wall Street. Ruin, it averred, was at hand. Give it time, give it a few months or so, and the United States would come crashing down financially with all the rest of the world. This prophecy, uttered as if by Jeremy, was heard in every Wall Street brokerage office. Rather curiously, it was uttered also in more than one more dignified financial rendezvous. The United States, it was repeated, faced the most perilous crisis in its history.

Perhaps it did. Perhaps, as it was said, the country trod the brink of disaster, of destruction. At any rate, so said Wall Street; and isn't Wall Street the country's pulse? The Street says it is. The Street, at the same time, believes it is. The only trouble was that while Wall Street, as a whole, was moaning its jeremiads, the country's industries had reawakened. Mills were going; factories were working; farms, mines, railroads—these and every other form of industry again were pegging away. In Wall Street there might be gloom—disaster, ruin and destruction might be stalking there; but, though it was, the rest of the United States didn't seem to heed it much. What it heeded was the rising stream of dollars—earned legitimate dollars—which already had begun pouring in. It thought little about Wall Street's distress. It cared even less about it too. So Wall Street kept on moaning.

That is the significant fact about the United States' historic financial center—the speculative side of that center, at all events: Its own misery it feels to be the entire country's misery. It is, in fact, the most self-conscious, self-centered community we possess. Given all its reputation for wiseness, for clearness of mind and alert farsightedness, the Street seems frequently incapable of seeing beyond its own nose. In this case, anyway, while the country had begun to roll up wealth, all that one heard from Wall Street for months was groans. On December 12, 1914, the Exchange reopened its doors. Again trading was resumed, but still the Street moaned on. It was, in fact, not until after the big boom in business—legitimate even if exceptional—was sweeping well

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along in its growth that manipulative, speculative Wall Street began to blink, to open its eyes.

The bulge, to its astonishment, was everywhere. Every other market had risen, and these markets still were rising. Manipulation was not the cause, either. The rise in each case was natural. Iron was up. Copper was up. It was the same, too, with lead, spelter, tin and what not. Foodstuffs were up also—all rising, climbing. Wall Street, seeing this, blinked again. Yet it still couldn't see the truth. Stocks weren't up; the pet, precious issues on which Wall Street feeds were as yet anæmic, moribund. Therefore, averred Wall Street, the prosperity talk was all bunk. Wasn't there a war? Wasn't the war the biggest bear argument the Street had ever had? Convinced that it was, the speculative element resumed its dyspeptic prophecies. These it alternated with attacks on the Government, on the President and his policies.

In the light of recent happenings it is amusing now to turn back to the literature that in those days Wall Street was putting forth. Caution was its keynote, not thoughtful caution, but whimpering timidity. Of the country's prosperity, in so far as the market reflected it, no hint was evident. The "list" was still limp. The margin houses were still vacant of customers. As they said there, "you couldn't raise money on twenty-dollar goldpieces," and every broker who had sold his car in the starvation times of 1913–1914 was still afoot. Prosperity? It was a joke. Since it hadn't hit Wall Street, the Street didn't believe it existed. This isn't all, either. Even when it awakened to the facts, blinked again and saw the money rolling in, the Wall Street crowd—that gang of alleged "investors" which is believed to make the market—all did their utmost to discount and discredit the country's tide of prosperity. It wasn't real, said the gang. It never would last. Even the margin houses—most of them, at any rate—took that same stand. Clients with their commissions are the meat and drink of these concerns; without commissions and clients they would one and all go under; yet there was hardly one of these houses with foresight enough to grasp the facts at hand. True, when the market began to stir they did urge their clients to buy. It was their business to do so. The more their customers bought, the more the commissions that came in. But though indeed they urged, urged hungrily, too, it was a cautious, deprecatory urging. The rise was only temporary, they said. They also added that the market was probably being nursed along in order that those on the inside might get out gingerly on the outside. "Be cautious," was the warning. "Don't hang on long." To be brief—to be brutally frank—when the Street had the big bull market it had been hankering for all the years since 1907, the Street, as a whole, didn't realize the fact.

But then why wonder? Wall Street of itself does not make bull markets. In all its history not even the so-called inside interests have made one. Always and inevitably it is the public that does it. All that the bulk of these insiders ever do is to raid or job and manipulate. At times, to be sure, they may control the market for awhile. One stock or group of stocks they may breeze up or down; but they might as well seek to control the solar system as to try to control the entire list.

Fireworks in Bethlehem

IT WAS along toward the end of March and the beginning of April in 1915 that Wall Street first responded to the boom. In other words, it had taken the Street's alleged wiseacres something like three months to awaken to the facts. Meanwhile, under the noses of those who say they can read the tape a vast amount of quiet buying had been going on.

Little of this was Wall Street buying. It was inside buying, of course, but all the insiders were not of the regulation Wall Street sort. Instead, they were persons in a position to know—to know actually, not to guess as Wall Street nominally guesses. Those who did it were the men in charge of the industries that first felt the impulse of the rising tide. These men had begun to see, and to see clearly, what the war meant commercially for the United States. So while the profits were piling up, while Wall Street was still moaning and saying the country faced destruction, they began quietly to buy. An instance of this appears in that well-known and now historic war bride, Bethlehem Steel. The course of Bethlehem shows accurately the value of the Street's alleged foresight.

In December, 1914, when the Exchange reopened, Bethlehem sold round 42. To the insider—of the Wall Street speculative sort—the stock looked inactive and uninteresting. It was reported that the concern had been grabbing off big contracts for munitions, and the report was confirmed virtually by the company itself; but the news still was pooh-poohed. If Bethlehem was making money, rolling up a wad, why didn't the stock show it? Why didn't it rise, setting off fireworks? This, in fact, is the Street's way of seeing things. It believes nothing till the market shows it. Before long, however, Bethlehem did begin to rise. And presently it began to shoot off fireworks. Then, but not until then, the Street sat up and took notice.

As this is written, two years have passed since the Exchange reopened its doors. Bethlehem, selling then at 42, has in that time sold up to 700, and is now selling round 644. However, had anyone suggested in 1914—for that matter, until months later—that Bethlehem ever would do this, the insiders would have laughed in his face. The stock, in fact, is a sort of joke; for it fooled even those Wall Street persons who are really on the inside—namely, that small intimate group that is the financial district's famous board or boards of interlocking directors. They, too, discounted and discredited what was happening. At any rate, it is told gleefully how some of them—these the "wisest" at that—"got out from under," as they expressed it, when the stock touched 75. They "unloaded" at 75—not at 700. Sad, wasn't it? Indeed, it was more than sad, it seemed to some of them inconceivably bitter and unjust.

Bethlehem, the first of the war brides, is not, however, the only one. There are a dozen others. In December, 1914, General Motors sold at 86. Recently it was selling round 750, and has sold as high as 850. Then there is International Mercantile Marine. When the Exchange reopened that stock was kicking round underfoot, offered at $1 a share and no takers. Recently it was active at 47. International Paper, rising from 8 to a high point of 75½, is another; and so is Central Leather, ranging from 32⅜ to 123. One might go on naming them by the dozen; but their number is not the point. The thing to be digested is that in nearly every instance of a rise the alleged inside traders promptly got on the outside, "unloading," as they termed it, once they'd taken a few points' profit. To be sure, after awhile they got aboard again; but by then the bloom had already been taken from the flower. It was the raw public that had taken it.

This does not mean that speculative Wall Street has not made money. It not only has made it, it has made more than it has ever made before. Elated as it is, though, the elation is tinged with a note of regret. If only it had guessed! If only at the outset it had seen! That is the sad part about it—Wall Street did not see. It did not, for that matter, even dream what was coming.

Of All Sad Words

ONE afternoon recently half a dozen men, each man long familiar with the Street, sat at a table in a brokerage office. That day one share of General Motors had been sold at 750, a drop of 60 points from the previous quotation; and one and all they were animatedly discussing the stock. All six had made money in the security, but still one and all voiced complaint.

It was the old story: Why hadn't they got in at the bottom and hung on till the top? One of the six, to estimate what he'd "lost," drew forth a pencil and began to figure on the back of an envelope. The basis of his figuring was on a thousand shares bought at 86 on ten points margin, and sold at 850.

The result was vivid: Less interest and commissions, the net profit figured out $756,262.50.

Gloom settled on their faces. They all sighed. Then with an effort they had changed to another topic, when the man with the pencil fetched another deep breath.

"Say," he exclaimed, "just think what'd have happened, too, if we'd pyramided every ten points up!"

The suggestion broke up the party. Silently they kicked back their chairs, and each departed in a different direction. It was too much to dwell upon. That was only human nature. You know what the poet says, that hackneyed line: "Of all sad words of tongue or pen. . . ." One wonders whether the poet wasn't a Wall Street speculator!

Just what has happened in Wall Street—what, too, is still happening there—the figures will serve to show. The year 1913 was a lean, bleak time in the market; the year 1914 was much worse. In 1913 the year's average of daily sales was 279,740; while in 1914 the average sank to 236,610. As a whole, however, 1914 was much worse for Wall Street than these figures indicate, the average having been computed on the basis of working days. Thus, while in 1913—lean as it was—there were 83,362,639 shares dealt in, the total year's sales for 1914 were only 48,031,833. In other words, this means that for the year the average turnover for each member of the Stock Exchange's 1100 members was only 43,665 shares.

The profits from this would not pay office rent and clerk hire. However, notice the figures for 1915. From 48,031,833 shares in 1914 the sales on the Exchange for 1915 sprang to 173,654,186 shares. The turnover averages 157,867 shares for each individual on the floor. Now, for 1916, it is estimated that the transactions for the year will reach 225,000,000 shares—a turnover of about 200,000 shares for each of the 1100 members. In November alone 35,709,915 shares were dealt in, an amount only 13,000,000 shares under the sum total for all of 1914. Added to this, in 1916 there already have been eight days on which more than 2,000,000 shares have been dealt in. The significance of this will be seen when it is remembered that until 1916 there had not been a single 2,000,000 share day since 1907. There were three in that year.



The Odd-Lot Traders

MILLION SHARE days no longer attract attention in Wall Street. They happen nearly every day. What is more, they will keep on happening till the market bursts. And that it is due presently to burst seems likely. At any rate, the prevailing uneasiness in Wall Street appears to forecast something like this. It is still further forecast by the class of persons that now are in the market.

Recently, in one of Wall Street's biggest brokerage houses, the manager of the place led the writer into the customers' room. The place was crowded. That day Ohio Cities Gas had begun to buzz and splutter. Selling at 75 early in October, it was now climbing fitfully to a high point of 124¼; and the customers' room was packed as closely as the proverbial sardine can. With a jerk of his thumb the room manager indicated the front row of chairs before the quotation board.

"See those fellows?" he asked.

The writer saw them. Like the men in the barroom—the fellows buying champagne at $7 a bottle—all were of ordinary appearance. As a matter of fact, few in the room were anything else.

"Well, listen now while I tell you what they are," said the manager; and one by one he gave their occupations.

There were eight men in the row of chairs. The first was a head gardener employed on a Long Island estate. In the chair adjoining was a drug clerk. The third was a retail shoe dealer from across the bridge in Williamsburg. The fourth was a university professor. In turn, the three next to him were a dentist, a retail butcher, and the proprietor of an uptown café.

"That's how it's going," voiced the manager. "Every piker in Christendom has broken into Wall Street with his shoestring."

Crowds in brokerage offices seldom seem a very elevating or elevated lot, but never before have they looked so obscure, so indiscriminate. In the odd-lot houses this is especially the case. Odd lots, it should be explained, are any fractional part of one hundred shares, a hundred shares being the unit of all transactions on the Exchange. Amounts under that are seldom dealt in; and, as the habit has become almost a rule, this apparently would prevent gambling on margin in less amounts. As a fact, it doesn't. To-day from 25 to 27 per cent of all transactions in the market are odd-lot trades; and what is more, a heavy percentage of this odd-lot trading is done on limited margins. Shoestrings of $100 or $200 are the rule, and in consequence money has been brought into Wall Street that otherwise would have gone to the bucket shops.

The system of operation is this: Houses engaged in the odd-lot business will sell any number of shares of stock, from 1 to 99, at the offered price of 100-share lots on the New York Exchange; conversely, they will buy any odd lot at the bid price. Thus, if 51 is bid for 100 shares of United States Steel, you may sell one or more shares for 51; if 100 shares of Steel are offered for sale at 51⅛, you may buy one or more shares at this price.

Say, however, that the stock the dabbler wishes to purchase or to sell is inactive, and the market for 100 shares is quoted 80 bid, 82 asked, the dabbler may either sell at 80 or buy at 82; or he may enter his order to purchase or sell at the next 100-share transaction. In this case the odd-lot order will be executed ⅛ under this forthcoming 100-share sale, if a selling order; or ⅜ over the sale, if a buying order. This fraction of a point is the

(Concluded on Page 64)

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THE WRONG PEW

By Fannie Hurst

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON



In Complete Exhaustion She Slid Into Her White Iron Cot Against the Wall

FOR six midnights of the week, on the roof of the Moncrieff Frolic, grape-wreathed and with the ecstatic quivering of the flesh that is Asia's, Folly, robed in veils, lifts her carmined lips to be kissed, and Bacchus, whose pot-belly has made him unloved of fair women, raises his perpetual goblet and drinks that he may not weep.

On the stroke of twelve, when on stretches of prairie the invisible joinder of night and day is a majestic thing, the Moncrieff Follies—twenty-four of them, not counting two specialty acts and a pair of whistling Pierrots—burst forth into frolic with a terrific candle and rhinestone power.

Saint Geneviève, who loved so to brood over the enigmatic roofs of the city, would have here found pause. Within the golden inclosure of the Moncrieff Roof, a ceiling canopied in deep waves of burnt-orange velvet cunningly concealed, yet disclosed, amber light, the color of wine in the pouring. Behind burnt-orange portières of great length and great depth of nap the Twenty-Four Follies, each tempered like a knife edge, stood identically poised for the first clash of Negroid music from a Negroid orchestra.

At a box office built to imitate a sedan chair—Louis Quinze without and Louis Slupsky within—Million-Dollar Jimmie Cox, of a hundred hundred Broadway all-nights; the Success Shirt Waist Company incorporated, entertaining the Keokuk Emporium; the newest husband of the oldest prima donna; and Mr. Herman Loeb, of Kahn, Loeb & Schulien, St. Louis, waited in line for the privilege of ordering *à la carte* from the most *à la mode* menu in Oh-là-là, New York.

The line grew, eighty emptying theaters fifteen stories below sending each its trickle toward the Midnight Frolic—men too tired to sleep, women with slim, syncopated hips, and eyes none too nice. The smell of fur and fragrant powder on warm flesh began to rise on a fog of best Havana smoke. At the elevators women dropped out of their cloaks and, in the bustle of checking, stood by, not unconscious of the damask finish to bare shoulders.

When Mr. Herman Loeb detached himself from the human tapeline before the box office, the firm and not easily discomposed lines of his face had fallen into loose curves, the lower lip thrust forward and the eyebrows upward. Sheep and men in their least admirable moments have that same trick of face. He rejoined his companion, two slips of cardboard well up in the cup of his palm.

"Good seats, Herman?"

"I ask you, Sam, is it an outrage? Twenty bucks for a table on the side!"

"No!"

"Is that highway robbery or not, I ask you!"

Mr. Samuel Kahn hitched at his belt, an indication of mental ferment.

"I wouldn't live in this town, not if you gave it to me!"

"It's not the money, Sam. What's twenty dollars more or less on a business trip, and New Year's Eve at that? But it's the principle of the thing. I should be made a good thing of yet!"

"Twenty bucks!"

"Yes, and like he was doing me a favor, that Louis Slupsky in the box office who used to take tickets in our Olympic at home. Somebody at the last minute let go of his reservation or we couldn't have got a table."

"Twenty bucks, and we got to feel honored yet that they let us sit at a table to buy a dinner! But say, Herm, it's a great sight, ain't it?"

"There's only one little old New York! Got to hand it to this town—they're a gang of cutthroats but they do things up brown. A little goes a long ways, but I always say a trip to New York isn't complete without a night at the Moncrieff Roof. You sit here, Sam, facing the stage."

"No, you! An old bachelor has got the right to sit closer to a girl show than a married man."

They drew up before a small table, edging a shining area of reserved floor space and only once removed from the burnt-orange curtains.

"A ha!" exuded Mr. Samuel Kahn, his rather strongly aquiline face lifted in profile.

"A ha!" exuded Mr. Loeb, smiling out of eyes ten years younger. Blue shaved to the last hair and less aquiline, his was the kind of profile that has driven strong men to pose for street-car advertisements of Red Wing collars.

"What'll you have, Sam?"

"Say, what's the difference? I'll take a cheese sandwich and a glass of beer."

"Now cut that! Maybe I squealed about the twenty bucks, but that don't make me out a short skate. This isn't Cherokee Garden at home, man. I'm going to blow my brother-in-law to New Year's Eve in my own way, or know the reason why not. Here, waiter, a pint of extra-dry and a layout of sandwiches."

"If you can stand it, I guess I can!"

"It's not on the firm either, Sam; it's on me!"

"For the price of to-night Ma and Etta would hang themselves, ain't it?"

"Say, we only live once. I always tell Ma she can't take it with her when she goes. Anyways for the discount we got on those Adler sport skirts, we can afford to celebrate."

"Say, Herman, I wish I had a dime for every dollar what is spent up here to-night. Look at the women! I guess American men don't make queens out of their wives!"

"For every wife who's up here to-night I wouldn't take the trouble to collect the dimes," said Mr. Loeb with cunning distinction.

"I guess that ain't all wrong neither. It ain't such a pleasure to be away from your family New Year's Eve, but I can assure you I'd rather have Etta having her celebration with Ma and *Grossmatter*, and maybe the Bambergers over at the house, than up here where even a married woman can blush she should be."

"Take it from me, old man, a flannel petticoat in the family is worth all the ballet skirts on this roof put together."

"I bought Ma and Etta each one of them hand bags to-day at Lauer's for nine dollars. What they don't know about the price won't hurt them. Two for nine I'll tell them."

"To this day Ma believes that five-hundred-dollar bar pin I brought her two years ago from Pittsburgh cost fifty at auction."

"There's Moe Marx from Kansas City just coming in! Spy the blonde he's with, will you? I guess Moe is used to that from home, nix! There's a firm, Marx-Jastrow, made a mint last year."

"Look!"

The lights had sunk down, the sea of faces receding into fog. The buzz died too, and doors were swung against the steady shuffle of incomers. From behind the curtains a chime tonged roundly and in one key. One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten—eleven—twelve!

Then the orange curtains parted and on a gilded dais the width of the room, in startling relief against a purple circle the size of a tower clock, the Old Year, hoar on his beard and with limbs that shivered in an attitude of abdication, held out an hourglass to a pink-legged cherub with a gold band in his or her short curls.

A shout went up and a great clanging of forks against frail glass, the pop of corks and the quick fizz ensuing. The curtains closed and the lights flashed up. Time had just sailed another knot into space, and who cared?

At a center table already a woman's slipper was going the rounds. It began to sag and wine began to ooze through the brocade.

"Well, Hermie, here's a happy New Year to you!"

"And to you, Sam, and many of 'em!"

"To Ma and Etta and *Grossmatter!*"

"To Kahn, Loeb & Schulien!"

"To Kahn, Loeb & Schulien and that to this time next year we got the Men's Clothing Annex."

They drank in solemn libation.

The curtains had parted again. A Pierrot, chalky white, whistled in three registers, soprano, bass and baser. A row of soubrettes rollicked in and out again in a flash of bushy skirts.

"Say, look at the third one from this end with the black curls all bobbing. I'm for her!"

"Where?"

"Gone now!"

Mr. Kahn leaned across his singing glass, his eye quirking into a wink.

"Old man, you can pull that woman-hater stuff on the home folks, but it takes your brother-in-law to lead you to the live ones. Eh?"

"You dry up," said Mr. Loeb, peering between the halves of a sandwich.

On a glass runway built over the heads of the assembled, a crystal aisle for satin feet, the row of soubrettes suddenly appeared, peering over the crystal rail, singing down upon the sea of marcelled, bald and dead heads. Men, sheepish of their smiles but with the small heels overhead clanging like castanets into their spirits, dared to glance up.

"Gad, Herman! What'll they think up next! Whatta you know about that—all those little devils dancing right over our heads!"

"There she is!"

"What?"

"The little one in the boy's black satin suit, with the black curls bobbing!"

"Watch out, Herm! You'll die of crick in the neck."

"I don't see any blinkers on you!"

"Hey, old man! Your mouth's open."

"I know. I opened it," said Mr. Loeb, his head thrown back and eyes that were suddenly bold staring up at the twinkling aisle.

At a table adjoining a man reached up, flecking one of the tiny black satin feet with a whirl of his napkin.



"When You Come Back From New York, You Bring Grossmatter a Fine Present, Not?"

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Then Mr. Herman Loeb, of St. Louis, committed an act of spontaneous combustion. When came the turn of the black satin and the bobbing curls to bend over the rail directly above him, he flung wide his arms, overturning a wine bottle.

"Jump!" he cried.

Beneath the short black curls a mouth shaped like a bud, reluctant to open, blew him a kiss. Then came a cue of music like an avalanche, and quicker than Harlequin's wink the aisle was clean.

"Gad!" said Mr. Loeb, his strong profile thrust forward and a light on it.

"That little one with the black curls? Say! You can put her on your watchfob and take her home."

"Wouldn't mind!" said Mr. Loeb.

"You and Moe Marx are like all the women haters. You don't know it, but you're walking in your sleep and the tenth-story window's open."

"We oughtn't to come up here in business clothes," said Mr. Loeb, eying his cuff edges.

A woman sang of love. A chorus, crowned and girdled in inflated toy balloons, wreathed in and out among the tables.

"She's not in that crowd."

Men to whom life for the most part was grim enough vied for whose cigarette end should prick the painted bubbles. A fusillade ensued; explosions on the gold-powdered air—a battle *de luxe!*

Mr. Kahn threw back his head, yawned and slid a watch from his waistcoat pocket.

"W-ell, a little of this goes a long way. If we want to pull out of this town a day after to-morrow we've got to get down to Cedar Street early in the morning on that sweater job lot. It's about time for us to be getting across to the hotel."

"Wait!" said Mr. Loeb.

A jingling and a right merry cacophony of sound came fast upon the bubble bombardment, and then, to a light runnel of song, the row of twenty-four, harnessed in slotted sleigh-bells and with little-girl flounced frocks to their very sophisticated pink silk knees.

The devices of vaudeville are perennial. Rigoletto, who set a court's sides aching, danced to bells. The row of twenty-four, pink and white as if the cradle had just yielded them up, shivered suddenly into an ecstasy of sound, the jerked-up shoulder of one, the tossing curls of another, the naughty shrug of a third, eking out a melody.

A laugh rose off the crowd.

"Say, this town'll fall for anything! That act's got barnacles. But the little devils look cute, though. Say—say, old man, cut that out! This is no place for your mother's son. Say!"

Mr. Loeb was leaning forward across the table top, his head well ahead of his shoulders. Of the third from the end of the row of twenty-four, a shoulder shrugging to the musical nonsense of bells was arching none too indirectly toward him, and once the black curls bobbed, giving a share of tremolo to the melody. But the bob was carefully directed, and Herman Loeb returned it in fashion, only more vehemently and with repetition.

"Say, Herman, enough is enough! You'll have her here at the table next. It's like Al Suss always says, the reason he woke up one morning and found himself married to the first pony in the sextet was because he stuck a stamp upside down on a letter to her and found he could be held for a proposal in stamp language."

To a great flare of the Negroid music, the row of twenty-four suddenly turned turtle, and prone on a strip of rug, heads to audience and faces to ceiling, twenty-four pairs of legs, ankleted in bells, kicked up a syncopated melody. From a Niagara of lace, dainty insteps quivered an arpeggio. A chromatic scale bounced off a row of rapidly pointing toes. The third from the end, seized with sudden chill, quivered into grace notes, small pink feet kicking violently to the chandelier.

Men red with laughter pounded their plates. The rhythmic convulsion passed down the prostrate line, forty-eight feet twinkled a grand finale, and the curtains swung, then opened, remaining so.

The line of twenty-four danced down and across the wide hairline that separates life and stage, butterflies sipping from table to table. The cabaret was done. Lights resumed and the business of food and drink.

Mr. Loeb flung out an arm, pulling awry a carefully averted pink sash.

"Say, little Jingle Bells, you and your friend!"

"Cut it out, Herm! If we want to be down on Cedar Street by ——"

"What's your hurry, little one?"

"It ain't mine, it belongs to the management."

"Won't you join us?"

"Herm, that job lot of sweaters ——"

"Oh, come on, little Jingle Bells!"

"My friend too?"

"Sure, your friend."

They teetered, the two of them like animated dolls, arm in arm, and so at ease.

"Here, you little Black Curls sit next to me, and you, Blondey, over there by my brother-in-law."

They fluttered into place.

"What'll you have, girls?"

"Anchovies and fine-chopped onions for mine, Joe. Tell 'em in the kitchen I said fine, and if the gentlemen are going to order wine, bring me a plate of oyster crackers first to take off the edge of my emptiness."

"Sure, another bottle of wine, waiter."

"Hermie, we ——"

"And you, little Jingle Bells, same as Blondey's order?"

"Yeh."

"Say, you know what?"

"No, what?"

"I fell for those bouncing black curls of yours before I was in the place five minutes."

At that there was an incredible flow of baby talk.

"Gemmemen ike ikkie gurl wiz naughty-naughty black curl-curlies?"



At Three o'Clock, in a Magistrate's Office, Herman Schulien Loeb and Sadie Helen Mosher Became as One

"You bet your life I do," said Mr. Loeb, unashamed of comprehension.

Mr. Kahn flashed another look at his watch.

"Say, don't you know, you girls oughtn't to keep us boys up so late. Ain't there no wear out to you?"

The yellow curls to his right bounced sharply.

"He asks if there's a wear out to us, Cleone? I wish it to you this minute, Baldy, that you had the muscles in the back of my legs. I guess you think it's choice for us girls to come out on the floor after the show!"

"Sylvette!"

"Yah, it's my New Year's resolution to tell the truth for thirty minutes if I'm bounced for it. If you got to know it, it's a ten per cent rake-off for us girls on every bottle of golden vichy you boys blow us to."

"Honest, Sylvette, you're wearing scrambled eggs instead of brains to-night. Why don't you cry a few brinies for the gemmemen while you're at it!"

That so quickened Mr. Loeb's risibilities that he dropped his hand over Miss Cleone St. Claire's, completely covering yet not touching it.

"You're a scream, kiddo! Gee, I like you!"

She drank with her chin flung up and her throat very white.

"Bubbles! Bubbles! God bless all my troubles!"

"Well, I'll be darned!" said Mr. Kahn, smiling at her.

"The gemmemen from out of town?"

"St. Louis."

"I had a friend out there—Joe Kelsannie, of Albuquerque. Remember him, Sylvette?"

"Do I!"

"I'm going out there myself some day if the going's good, and get me a cowboy west of Newark."

Mr. Loeb leaned forward smiling into her quick-fire eyes.

"I'll take you!"

"Stick her on your watchfob, Herman."

"No, sirree, I'll take her life size."

"Watch out, Hermie; remember the upside-down postage stamp!"

"Want to go, Jingle Bells?"

"Sure."

"But I'm on the level, little one. No kidding. Day after to-morrow. St. Louis—with me!"

Miss Cleone St. Claire drew herself up, the doll look receding somewhat from her gaze.

"Say, bo, you got me wrong. I'm one of the nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand chorus girls you could introduce your sister to. Aren't I, Syl?"

"You let that kid alone," said Miss Sylvette de Long, in a tone not part of her rôle. "When the traffic policeman sticks up his mitt it's time to halt, see?" Lines not before discernible in Miss De Long's face had long since begun to creep out, smoky shadows beneath her eyes and a sunburst of fine lines, showing through the powder like stencil designs.

"Come on, Herm, it's getting late, and if we want to be down on Cedar ——"

"You think I'm kidding this little black-eyed chum of yours, don't you, Blondey?"

"Sure not! You want 'er to grace the head of your table and wear the family heirlooms!"

"Well, Sam, you're my brother-in-law—married to my own sister and living under the same roof with me—am I a habitual lady fusser, or do they call me Hermie the Hermit at home?"

"Never knew him to talk ten straight words to a skirt before, girls," said Mr. Kahn through a yawn; "and if you don't believe it, go out and ask Louis Slupsky, who used to play chinies with him."

"Say, you," said Miss De Long, edging slightly, "you're about as funny as a machine gun, you are! If you got a private life, why ain't you back in St. Louis a night like this showing her and the kids a good time!"

She was frankly tired, her eyelids darkening.

"I wish to heaven I was," said Mr. Kahn suddenly. "Take it from me, girl, it was nothing but a business hangover kept me. Come, Herm, if we ——"

"You think I'm kidding, little Jingle Bells, don't you?"

Miss St. Claire sat back against her chair; her black eyes had quieted. "If you ain't kidding you must be crazy with the heat or dr——"

"Look at my glass. Have I touched it?"

"The man's raving, Syl! Wants to marry me and take me back to St. Louis, Thursday."

"Cut the comedy and come! Herm, it's getting on to three in the morning."

"This little girl keeps thinking I'm kidding, Blondey. I always knew if I ever fell for matrimony it would be just like this. Right off the reel. No funny business. Just bing! Bang! Done!"

"Catch me while I swoon, but he sounds on the level, Cleone."

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"Bubbles! Bubbles! God Bless All My Troubles!"

"Well, what if he is? Of all the nerve! Whatta you know about me? How do you know I haven't got three kids and a crippled husband at home? How do you know ——?"

"I know, little Jingle Bells! Why, I was as sure of you, the minute I clapped eyes on you, as if we'd been raised next door to each other. I can see right down in your little life like it was this glass of wine."

Miss St. Claire threw out her arms in a beautiful and sleepy gesture.

"Well, boys, this is a nice little party, but I got to get up at three o'clock to-morrow afternoon, and I need the sleep. Oh, how I love my morning sleep!" She drew back, her bare outflung arm pushing her from the table. "If you'll call me and my roommate a taxi——"

"No, you don't, Jingle Bells!"

He placed a hand that trembled slightly on the sleeved part of her arm. She opened wider her very wide black eyes.

"Are you bats?" she said.

"I'm going to marry you and take you home with me, if I have to carry you off like a partridge."

"Cleone, I tell you the man means it!"

"You're right, Blondey. I never meant anything more in my life."

A sudden shortness of manner crept over Mr. Kahn.

"Man, you're drunk!" he cried, springing to his feet.

"See my glass!"

"Then you're crazy!"

"Sit down, old Baldy. Why's he crazy? That little roommate of mine is as straight a little girl as ——"

"Why, I tell you he's crazy! That man's the head of a big business. He can't kick up any nonsense like this. Come on, Herm, cut the comedy. It's time we were getting across to our hotel. Look at the crowd thinning, and what's left is getting rough. Come!"

"If you don't know how to behave yourself, Sam, in the presence of these ladies, maybe you better go back to the hotel alone. I'm going to see these young ladies to their door, and before we go me and this little girl are going to understand each other."

Mr. Kahn sat down again in some stupefaction.

"Well, of all the nerve! Who are you? Whatta you think I am! Syl, what's his game?"

Miss De Long thrust forward her tired and thinning face; her eyes had a mica gleam.

"Cleone, he wants to marry you. A decent man with a decent face from a decent town has taken a shine to you and wants to marry you. M-a-r-r-y! Do you get it, girl?"

"How do you know he's decent? I don't know no more about him than he knows about me. I ——"

"Ain't you got no hunch on life, girl? Look at him! That's how I know he's decent. So would you if you'd been in this business as long as me. Can't you tell a real honest-to-god man when you see one? A business man at that!"

"You got me right, Blondey. Kahn, Loeb & Schulsen, Ladies' Wear, St. Louis. Here's my card. You give me an hour to-morrow, Jingle Bells, and I'll do all the credential stuff your little heart desires. Louis Slupsky knows me and my whole family. His mother used to stuff feather pillows for mine. Kahn here is my brother-in-law and partner in business. He's a slow cuss and ain't grasped the situation yet. But are you on, little one? Is it St. Louis Thursday morning, as Mrs. ——?"

"Herm! You're er——"

"Syl—what'll I—do!"

"An on-the-level guy, Cleone. Marry! Do you hear: M-a-r-r-y! Say, and it couldn't happen to me!"

"Herman, man, I tell you you're off your head. Think once of your home—Ma, Etta, *Grossmutter*—with a goy girl that ——"

"Easy there, Baldy, you're adding up wrong. You and her both celebrates the same Sundays. If anybody should ask you for Sylvette de Long's birth certificate, look it up under the G's. Birdie Goldsmith. It's the same with my friend. Cleone, tell the gemmemen your real name! Well, I'll tell it for you. Sadie Mosher, sister to the great Felix Mosher who played heavy down at Shefsky's theater for twenty years. *Goy!* Say, Sammie, it's too bad a nut from the bug house bought the Brooklyn Bridge to-day or I'd try to sell it to you."

"Little Jingle Bells, if I put you in a taxi now and shoot up those credentials, will you marry me to-morrow at noon?"

"I—oh, I dunno."

"Marry, he says to you, girl. Think of the minus number of times girls like us get that little word whispered to 'em. Think of the short season. Moncrieff's a grouch. The back muscles of your legs! Marry, he says to you, girl! Marry!"

"To-morrow at noon, little one?"

"I—I sleep till three."

"And it couldn't a been me!"

"Little Jingle Bells?"

"Why, y-yes, I—I'm on."

At three o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, in a magistrate's office, beneath a framed engraving of a judicial court in wigged session, Herman Schulien Loeb and Sadie Helen Mosher became as one. A bar of scant metropolitan sunshine, miraculously let in by a cleft between two skyscrapers, lay at the feet of the bride.

Slightly arear of them: Mr. Louis Slupsky; Mr. Samuel Kahn, with a tinge the color of apoplexy in his face; and Miss Sylvette de Long, her face thrust forward as if she heard melody. The voice of the magistrate rose like a bird in slow flight, then settled to a brief drone.

East is East and West is West, and St. Louis is neither. It lies like a mediator, the westerly hand of the east end of the country stretching across the sullenest part of the Mississippi to clasp the easterly hand of the west end of the country.

Indians have at one time or another left their chirography upon the face of St. Louis. But all that is effaced now under the hot lava of Americanism that is covering the major cities in more or less even layers. Now it stands atop its Indian mounds, a metropolis of almost a million souls, a twenty-story office building upon the site of an old trading post and a subway threatening the city's inners. There is a highly restricted residence district given over to homes of the most stucco period of the Italian Renaissance, and an art museum, as high on the brow of a hill as the Athenians loved to build. St. Louis has not yet a Champs-Elysées or a Fifth Avenue. And of warm evenings it takes its walks without hats. Neither is the café or the cabaret its evening solace.

It dines, even in its renaissance section, placidly *chez soi*, or rather *zu Hause;* the family activities of the day here thrown into a common pool of discussion.

On Washington Boulevard, probably sixty dollars a foot removed from the renaissance section, architecture suddenly turns an indifferent shoulder to period, Queen Anne rubbing sloping roof with neighbor's concrete sleeping porch of the hygienic period. Only the building line is maintained, the houses sitting comfortably back and a well hosed strip of sidewalk, bordered in hardy maples, running clear and white out to De Balaviere Avenue, where the *art-nouveau* apartment houses begin to invade. In winter, bare branches meet in deadlock over this walk. On the smooth macadamized road of Washington Boulevard automobiles try out their speed limit.

One such wintry day with the early dusk already invading, Mrs. Herman Loeb, with red circles round her very black eyes and her unrouged face rather blotched, sat in one of the second-floor-front rooms of a double buff-brick house on Washington Boulevard, hunched up in a red velvet chair, chin cupped in palm, and gazing, through perfectly adjusted Honiton lace curtains, at the steady line of home-to-dinner motor cars.

Warmth lay in that room and a conservative mahogany elegance—a great mahogany double bed, immaculately covered in white, with a large monogram heavily hand-embroidered in its center; a mahogany swell-front dresser, with a Honiton lace cover and a precise outlay of monogrammed silver. Over it a gilt-framed French engraving with Maternal Love writ in elegant script beneath. A two-tone red rug ate in footsteps.

Mrs. Loeb let her head fall back against the chair and closed her eyes. In her dark stuff dress with its sheer white collar she was part of the note of the room, except that her small bosom rose and fell too rapidly. A pungent odor of cookery began to invade; the street lamps of Washington Boulevard to pop out. The door from the hallway opened, but at the entrance of her mother-in-law Mrs. Loeb did not rise, only folded one foot closer under her.

"You, Sadie?"

"Yes."

"Herman home yet?"

"No."

"Smell? I fixed him red cabbage to-night."

"Yes, I smell."

"How she sits here in the dark. Thank goodness, Sadie, electricity we don't have to economize on."

(Continued on Page 41)

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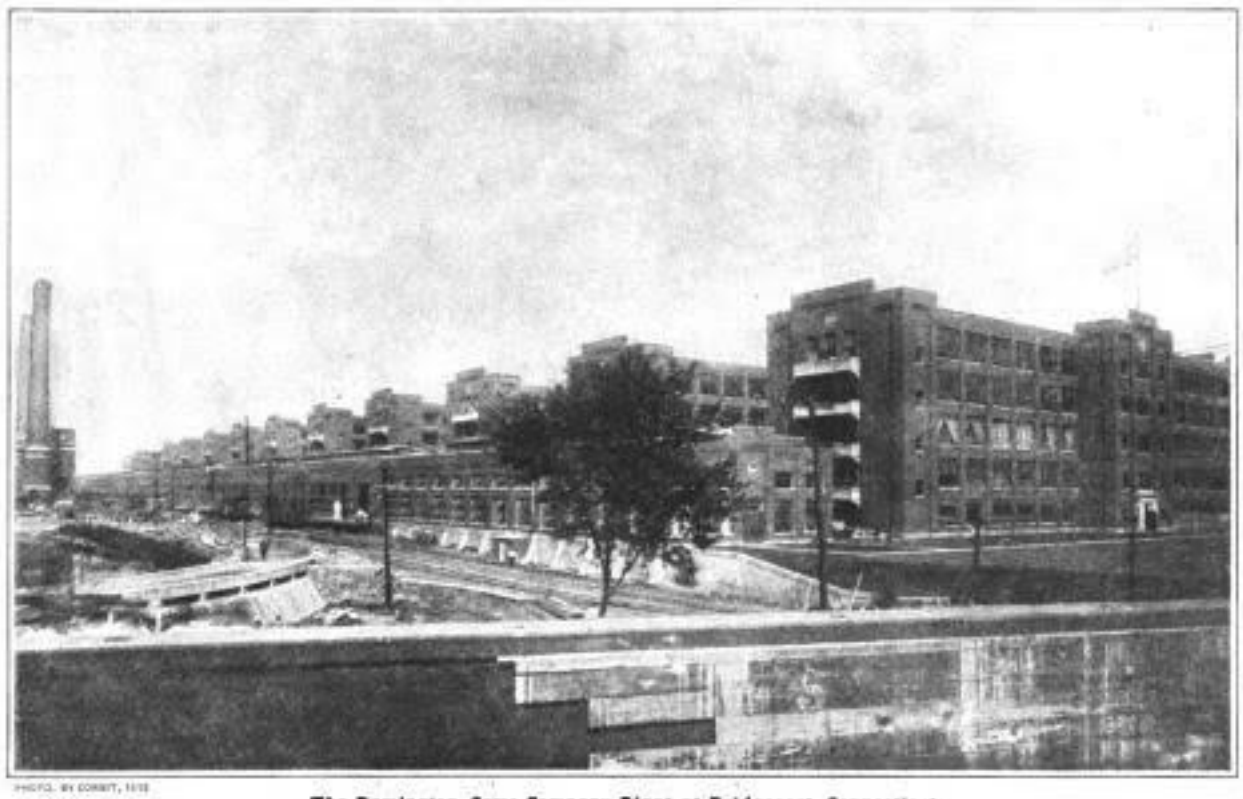
The Fat Pay Envelope and the Thin

By FORREST CRISSEY

IN THESE strange days, when Business is scattering showers of gold, several million men are asking themselves whether 'twere better to stick to white shirts and a Position or abandon these genteel signs of "class" and make a grab for overalls and a Job.

The Fates have sprung the "deadly parallel" on the salary check and the pay envelope, and turned the spotlight of comparison upon them, with an unprecedented candle power that compels attention. Probably the position and the job have never before been such close competitors. Certainly this country has never seen a time in the past when the salary check was less chesty or the pay envelope more puffed up with the pride of life.

More than one weary accountant has lately looked up from his task of figuring the wages, the overtime, and the various bonus rewards of a force of workmen, and wondered whether he wasn't in the wrong pew, and whether he wouldn't improve his personal finances by throwing up his position and joining the ranks of the humble jobholders. In certain sections of the country reflections of this sort are fast becoming a favorite indoor sport of office help. Somehow this seems to be rather a serious pastime and not highly productive of smiles. On the other hand the wageworker is inclined to wear a broad grin.



The Remington Arms Company Plant at Bridgeport, Connecticut

A pot-bellied, turtlelike craft, plying between the Wilmington pier and Pennsgrove—the natural port of entry for the great powderworks—carries thousands of toilers back and forth and is a genuine Tower of Babel, so far as the confusion of tongues heard on its decks is concerned. Almost every race is represented by the passengers to be found in its smoking room on any trip across. Italians rub elbows with Russians, and a Portuguese from the Azores borrows a light from his Polish neighbor.

As a boyish mountebank was entertaining the crowd by clever balancing tricks, a husky lad, fresh from a Delaware farm, leaned toward his Italian seat mate and timidly asked:

"Like your job over there?"

Instantly a smile flashed over the dark face, his white teeth gleamed merrily, and he laughed as only the Latins can laugh.

"Lika de job?" he exclaimed. "Ha! Ha! Eas-ah mon, kid! Eas-ah mon!"

"Dat's de right dope, too," volunteered a recruit from New York's East Side. "He's told de whole t'ing in a breath!"

And he had. It was Labor's judgment reduced to a single crisp sentence of American slang: "Easy money, kid!" Here was the wage-earner's acknowledgment to the War Bride.

Workers Who Buy Motors and Pianos

JUST outside the great works, where a million pounds of smokeless powder is made every day, is a workmen's village of nine hundred and eighty-one neat little houses, practically all of them containing six rooms, and every one equipped with a bath and electric lights. The cleanliness and order seen everywhere in this village are remarkable and suggest a military encampment.

"When it comes to the question of what the workers are getting in the way of wages," said my official guide, "those little houses ought to be taken into consideration, it seems to me. Their occupants pay only six dollars a month and they get their electricity at four cents a kilowatt. This means that the light bill of a tenant seldom exceeds seventy-five cents a month. A large proportion of the families occupying these houses had little or nothing when they came here, just following the outbreak of the big war and later. Many of them were absolutely destitute."

As we walked along the streets of this wonderful little village, which sprang up almost in a night and yet has an appearance of permanency, from house after house I caught strains of music—here the voice of a prima donna warbling a classic aria; there a piano repeating a Paderewski performance with a faithfulness that told unmistakably of the "player roll." Our ears were occasionally greeted with efforts of a simpler nature, indicating that the piano was responding to the touch of human fingers. When we reached the office of the quartermaster—who is, in an unobtrusive way, the controlling genius of the powder town—I at once put the question:

"Can you give me any idea of how many pianos, player pianos and phonographs there are in your village?"

"Certainly," quickly answered the quartermaster's assistant. "We have one hundred and fifty-five pianos, seventy-seven player pianos, and one hundred and seventy-six talking machines; but that isn't all, by any means. There are seventy automobiles and twenty-one motorcycles—all owned right here by the wageworkers of this village."

This statement served as preparation for a sight that met the eye at every plant we visited on Carney's Point—a parking space crowded with automobiles.

"I suppose those belong to the bosses, supervisors and other production executives," I remarked.

"They do not!" was the emphatic answer of my guide. "They belong to the operatives—the common toilers who do the unskilled work; men who live outside our little village and drive in to their shifts. You notice that car there in the eleven-hundred-dollar class? That is the property of an operative in the finishing department of this plant. His regular wage is four and a half dollars for nine hours, with seventy-five cents an hour for Sundays and legal holidays. He boards about eight men and carries them to and from their work. They pay him a dollar a day for board—so I understand—and a jitney fare. Under these conditions Joe can afford to own a good car."

Not long since a man connected with the quartermaster's department struck out into the country for half a day's hunting, to relieve the tension of the long strain he had been under in the construction work, when about twenty-two thousand men were working at Carney's Point. When he was ready to return he found himself some ten miles from the plant on a farm that had a half-abandoned appearance. At the house he met the owner of the place and asked whether there was any chance to get a ride into town.

"Sure!" was the answer. "I'm going to get out the jitney and start for the works in half an hour. I guess you think this farm looks rather tough. It does—but there's a reason! Anyone would naturally think that, with fresh eggs at from fifty-five to seventy-five cents a dozen and other produce in proportion, farms round here would be running at full tilt. But when the war boom struck this section I soon found out where I got off. Scouts from the powderworks and other munition plants were scouring the country all about here for men at big wages. Even if it had been possible for me to have paid five dollars a day, or thereabouts, in the big rush I could not have secured a hired hand. Why? Because you cannot hold farm work strictly to an eight-hour basis. The men know this and prefer to go into the works, where they are through at the tap of the bell, unless they prefer to work a double shift and double up on their earnings.

"There was just one thing for me to do in the face of this situation, and I did it—got a job at the powderworks. I began at twenty-eight and a half cents an hour, the dead line at which all American labor is started here. Of course the bonuses brought this up about forty per cent, and before long I managed to get a little advance of the basic rate. I work Sundays and holidays right along, and occasionally double up on my shifts. This means that I knock down pretty good money.

"Some of my neighbors owning or renting small farms saw the situation in the same light that I did and decided to go out after powder money. They figured that the farms would earn them more money idle than at work under such wage conditions. I happened to own an automobile, while several farmers between here and town had not yet bought machines. This makes it possible for me to pick up a full jitney load going to and from my work, and my fares more than pay for my fuel and the cost of keeping up my machine."

A Talk With the Installment Man

A GENTLEMAN in Wilmington owning a farm a considerable distance out of town tells me that the only farm labor he can get is "colored," and that he is obliged to pay these negroes two and a half dollars for an eight-hour day, and feed and house them. He admits that it is well for him that he is not dependent upon the income from his farm for a livelihood. His income is also in the form of powder money. With this source of supply he is able to support a farm or two.

But to return to the powderworks. In the office of the quartermaster I was introduced to a caller with the remark:

"Here is a man who has a better line on the financial condition of the ordinary workers in these plants than has anybody else, perhaps. He is the collector for a big installment furniture house having accounts in about half of the houses in our village. This means that he knows how much or how little the families bring here when they come, and how they get on from month to month. For this reason he is very close to the people, and his view of their circumstances and affairs should count for a whole lot.

"So far as the company is concerned, its policy is to refrain from interfering in any way with the personal affairs of its employees. It is their landlord, to be sure; but its representatives enter their homes only upon request, or when it is absolutely necessary in order to look after the property. Of course when there is sickness or childbirth in a home, and the presence of a nurse is desired, the company is glad to send one. Because of this policy it is natural that men selling goods in the homes of our people should know more about their personal affairs than we do."

This keen commercial man to whom I was introduced, and who has the run of the homes in the village and enjoys the confidence of a large share of the housewives there, declares that it is difficult to overstate the meagerness of the equipment most of the families brought with them. Of course there were exceptions; but, owing to the fact that a period of decided labor depression immediately preceded the outbreak of the war, the condition of most wageworkers was then at the lowest ebb.

In this connection, too, it should be recalled that the great powderworks was one of the first to get under way

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in meeting the military demands of the warring nations. Consequently the thousands of laborers who poured into Carney's Point at the beginning of the boom came without a taste of war prosperity and, as a rule, were lean and hungry, and traveled with little more household equipment than could be carried in a box and one or two shawls. Many of them were not only destitute but in debt, and their transportation was furnished them.

"Here," declared the collector for the furniture house, "is a typical case of what has occurred in the homes of the wageworkers in this district ever since the war started: In a house not two blocks from this office lives a man, with his wife and children, who had exactly five dollars when he landed a year ago. Naturally the first thing they needed was a cookstove. They had to have it at once. This meant that I was sent for. The man looked all right to me and so I gave him a line of credit. He has bought and paid for more than two hundred and fifty dollars' worth of furniture since their arrival. As a result their home is now comfortably furnished. The whole family is well clothed; and if the husband continues to earn as much money next year as in the past year they will not only have a good household equipment, from the standpoint of a workingman, but money in the bank as well.

"Every now and then a housewife will hand me a jolt. Only yesterday the wife of a powder presser, whose pay probably runs from twenty-four to twenty-six dollars a week, met me at the door with the inquiry: 'How much do we owe you now?' I answered that the amount unpaid was eighty-three dollars. Instantly she asked whether I would accept eighty dollars in full settlement of the account. Another woman, whose husband earns between five and six dollars a day, offered ninety-five dollars in settlement for her balance of one hundred dollars. The discount habit is spreading through the village and the whole works. This is decidedly interesting to anyone in a position to realize the condition of the average family on its arrival at Carney's Point."

Thrifty Workers Who Save Money

"OF COURSE there are cases of families who try to stave off their payments or beat us out of money; but these are mighty scarce now, for the undesirable element has been very carefully weeded out. I do not suppose there is a family living in this little village here, just outside the works, that has an income of less than ninety dollars a month. Many of them have a good deal more than that on the wage of a single worker. Some of the families, of course, have two or three men in the plant bringing in good pay. Is it any wonder that we find an outfit of good furniture, a piano or player piano, or a musical instrument of the talking-machine type in homes of this sort—not to speak of an automobile in the little garage made from scrap lumber?

"Though I find some cases where families have hard work to keep up with their payments, because the father spends too much money on week-end sprees, these unfortunate occurrences are not so numerous with the family men as one would naturally suppose; and they are far more frequent among the floaters, the unattached fellows who inhabit the bunkhouses. It must be admitted; too, that extravagance is not entirely confined to the men, and that sometimes this unprecedented prosperity goes to the head of women, who buy more recklessly than their husbands imagine. However, as a whole, this community is about as happy and thrifty as can be found anywhere, I believe."



Pennsgrove Swarms With Jitneys

Now a word about earnings outside the work of making military powder: A carpenter was pointed out to me, with the remark that his regular pay and bonus brought him five dollars and forty cents for a nine-hour day, with time and a half for Sunday work, which he never failed to put in. This man has no children, but owns an automobile which cost him a little less than seven hundred dollars, and a talking machine of the best type.

One of the most eloquent testimonials as to the effect of present earnings of unskilled laborers in the great powderworks on outside labor of the same character is given by the owner of the milk route that serves the powder village. This man is suffering from a state of prosperity that threatens to break him down through overwork. He gets a cent a quart for delivering two thousand quarts of milk a day; but he cannot get a driver to give him even temporary relief. He has offered sixty-eight dollars a month for one, without a single response.

In answer to the question: "Have you any deserters from the ranks of the White Shirt Brigade among your men in overalls?" my guide pointed out two young men just quitting their shift and remarked:

"The shorter of those boys was a clerk in a Wilmington hat store when the war broke out. His salary was ten dollars a week, and he dressed like a clubman—for a while! Being of the right sort he saw that he must either get a raise or else cut his expenditures in some miraculous way. His friend, there, clerked in a shoe store and drew twelve dollars a week. When they found out what workingmen were pulling down over here in the powderworks they decided they were paying altogether too high for white-shirt privileges; and so they took a plunge into overalls.

"Now one of them gets about twenty-two dollars a week and the other twenty-five. They are bright boys and it will not be long before they will be doing better than that. There are scores of men over here in the mills working as unskilled laborers who have given up positions, and sacrificed the associations that go with clean clothes and a white collar in working hours, in order to earn more money—in other words, to earn enough money to keep pace with the present high prices of necessities."

About the minimum salary for a clerk in the employ of the powder company appears to be sixty-five dollars a month. The range is up to a hundred dollars a month, broadly speaking. A storekeeper gets about a hundred dollars; but to these amounts must be added the twenty per cent bonus, and in some cases a special stock bonus. Outside the munition plants salaried men are not getting pay checks, as a rule, to correspond with this range of compensation. Business executives do not hesitate to admit that, as the scales stand at the moment, the wage-earner has at least a little edge on the salaried man. But they point out that there are compensations to offset this in the long run; that the instant when the present scale of powder production suffers a drop the unskilled laborer who is now receiving almost unbelievable pay, compared with any previous earnings, will be the first to find himself out of employment; that the salaried man will receive special consideration and every effort will be made not only to retain him but to do so, as long as possible, at his present basic salary.

Of course the appearance of the Dove of Peace will send all the bonuses and emergency rewards of every sort scurrying over the horizon. No doubt this parting with the pleasant-faced bonus will be sad and in many cases fiercely resisted; but it seems to be as inevitable as painful. Here, as everywhere else, employers are placing every possible emphasis on the fact that all special advances made to men on salaries are in the nature of emergency payments, made to relieve the stress of abnormal conditions, and are not to be considered as advances in salary.

The Prosperity at Eddystone

BETWEEN Wilmington and Philadelphia is the great munition center of Eddystone. Here a general manager sketched the situation tersely by saying:

"Office men can go into the shop and earn six or seven dollars a day; and quite a number of them do this. Many more are prevented from taking the step because it would hurt their pride. For example, a man who has been a timekeeper or a timekeeper's assistant feels that he has, in a sense, been in authority over workmen, and that to change places would be a comedown not easily accepted, even with increased compensation. Storekeepers' clerks usually getting sixty dollars a month now receive eighty; the typical shopman ordinarily getting twenty-five cents an hour is now pulling down seven or eight dollars a day as a handy man.

"There are plenty of girls in these plants drawing five and a half dollars a day. Toolmakers who formerly drew forty-five or fifty cents an hour now get from ten to fifteen dollars a day, with time and a half for overtime. Most of them are spending their money rather magnificently, I regret to say. However, you can see that the yard out there is littered with motorcycles and automobiles. There is no doubt that the homes of all these workers, without respect to their grade, are improved in their equipment and their general conditions. Many of them are very greatly improved in these respects.

(Continued on Page 95)



Shells Made by Baldwin's Ready for Shipment to Dupont's for Finishing

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THE LUCK OF A SOURDOUGH



By Helen Van Campen

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

IF THERE hadn't been a little better than wages in placer gold on Griffith Creek I couldn't have stayed with my quartz ground for nine years. I bonded it to some parties the second year after discovery; then some papers were packed in that fall, and here the guy, Rannols, was advertising how the wonderful Griffith Group had eight claims, five on the strike of the ledge; outcroppings showed the ledge to be from five to eighteen feet wide and distinctly defined for five thousand feet along the strike. Samples taken at frequent intervals, clear across the ledge, averaged two hundred and thirty dollars a ton. Then came half pages of guff about me, the discoverer, a man who had prospected the gold countries of the earth for thirty years—I ain't but thirty-eight right now—and they had me tossing out that, with the average width of over ten feet for the length of five thousand feet, there was fifty thousand cubic feet in the first foot from the surface, equivalent to twenty-five hundred tons at two hundred and thirty dollars—a little more than half a million in the grass roots, and millions beneath if it only went down a few feet!

It told how we was close to a fine wagon road, had ninety men at work and a cyaniding plant going up, modern bunkhouses on property, workmen's houses being erected, post office to be speedily petitioned for, and much less snow than people supposed fell in the Alaskan Coast Range. A restricted sale of stock was to provide capital for operating expenses. Then there came pictures—they had my name under a whiskery old pill who looked like he had been Siwashing it since '97; and the prints showed Bill Fairman's camp on Quartz Creek, and two of the dumps from Frank Young's camp at Cooper Creek—both placer properties; though I suppose that school-teacher money Rannols was after wouldn't know any different if he had made it all pictures of a quartz district.

I read those pieces while I set in a mosquito tent with my dogs—we was the ninety men and the cyaniding plant, and the millions in sight was the few surface cuts for which Rannols made a first payment of twelve hundred; my tunnel hadn't reached the vein then. I got hotter and hotter as I read over his lies, and thought of the suckers "Outside" who would be telling their friends about their Alaska Gold Mine—and whiskers on me, too, in the photo! And if I could have caught up with Rannols that morning—but he was back in the East, thinking up more ads. I went to Seward and cabled, but he didn't answer; and I doped out how I would write, and meant to, but letters are hard for a guy used to the hills and never getting mail, and it came October when the next payment on the bond was due. The money wasn't at the bank.

I waited one more boat, and then I seen I had an out, and the claims were mine again. The check showed up in November, he explaining how he had been to London for capital, and saying "Yours cordially, T. Harvey Rannols"; but I was through. They took up some ground and some options on Satan Creek, below me, locating on the snow over parties whose stakes had been drove in the summer; and they brought a gang of miners and muckers in the next spring, and actually put up buildings and worked me out of the ads without changing the rest much. They say he cleaned a bundle. The shacks have long ago fell down under winter snows, and picks and shovels and rusted barrows are in a heap in the superintendent's windowless office.

I was sure I really had something in the Griffith Group, and I didn't want to mix in with another bunk outfit; so, winter and summer, I drove my tunnel. But it was slow, like a one-man job is bound to be. I was high on a mountain, where the snow stayed until late in June, and I had to buck ice in the tunnel. It stayed about twelve above in the mine all year, and the drills broke from the cold. I drug all my timbers from a mile below, and packed grub up on my back and a little two-dog sled. I'd had to be hunting sheep all the time to keep more dogs; but a guy wants somebody round; and Dan and Polo, when they didn't hunt meat, stuck with me on the work. In the little valley, where my creek flows into Satan, it was sheltered, and I cleared enough land for a big cabin, storehouse, woodhouse and bunkhouse—somebody might come by, making for the head of Resurrection Creek, and I hate for a tired guy to sleep on a split-log floor. The ice got out of my garden by mid-May and the rhubarb was getting big by June first, and I always had vegetables left when the new ones began to bulge in the permanent daylight. Of course being at the claims made it chancy for things freezing down in the cabin; but when it was below twenty I would go down and light a good smudge, and look for Bingo, the tame otter, to wiggle up from the creek and screech for sugar—they love that.

When the high water lowered I lived at the camp and panned the creek, except a little time to snooze and keep a fire under the beans and meat; and when the nuggets and dust reached high enough in my bottles, that was the price of flour and fruit, and odds of grub, winter clothes, and powder for blasting.

I took one paper, with the Western mining news, and a weekly that had good pictures to cut out—society folks and actresses. That was how I first seen Lucette Loring's photo. It said she had flew in an aëroplane and made stuff for the Allies' wounded, and could get married every day, but wouldn't, because she was looking for her ideal man. She seemed little and sort of loving-eyed and smily. I didn't like a big lady, being a thick though not so very tall guy myself; still I am called a big man—two inches over six feet, though my brothers was all six feet four. They all got small wives, who run them.

Well, I thought, would anyone like Lucette notice me? But folks are the same all over; and, with me dressed flossy, and explaining how I had a rich property—and she would like the garden and the dogs, and the flowers everywhere, wild roses and hyacinths and big violets; I pick 'em myself when they first come. And Alaska is an awful gay country. People in the big camps are dancing and playing cards, and dog teaming by moonlight, and chasing off on launch trips for picnics—I would tell Lucette we wouldn't have to spend more than six or eight months on the Group, maybe longer when I was installing the concentrator and machinery for a hydroelectric plant to run mine and mill. Wasn't figuring on the cyaniding process, for there's too much sulphide in my ore. She would be interested. That is where a bright woman comes in. I didn't want just a dummy, who only knew how to get the wash white in rainy weather—someone dashing, like Lucette. I set down and wrote her how big the Group looked as a producer, and that I'd be going Outside when I could get away; and how I had her pictures.



It Said She Could Get Married Every Day, But Wds Looking for Her Ideal Man

That fall I built some shacks for a chechako on another creek, and started his flume—he was putting it on the wrong side of the water; and I hauled and sawed his winter wood and showed him how to lay his railroad rail for sluices the next spring. There was three hundred made, and I put it by in a poke. I used moose drips for butter in the winter, and left out canned tomatoes and apricots and bacon—you hanker for bacon too. I was saving to go out for capital. I'd sent samples from the same batch to Nome, Salt Lake, New York and Seattle, and the returns checked mighty close. I had a mine! But it was twenty-two miles from a wagon road that was mostly mudhole, with a nine-hour climb into the air—you could get halfway up with dogs in winter, and I had swamped a trail so one horse could make it partway in summer.

It would take lots of cash to get going right; but I seen myself setting smoking a big two-bitter, across from swell-dressed chaps in a swell San Francisco office, who was taking over a big part of the Group and hiring me for manager. Nights when I had to stick by the stove, watching a mess of sourdough bread, I mulled over how I would spread out maps, assay certificates and estimates. With what I had in the old poke, I could put in the whole summer rocking out placer gold; and by fall I could go. It was a mean winter, extra heavy snow, and winds so strong that once the dogs and I stayed in the tunnel forty hours—you couldn't stand against it on that mountain. And my vegetables froze down below.

When the dogs and I holed up, nights, in the little wickiup near the mine, it was often fifty weather on the other side of us, and the stars crackled in the sky. I was getting mighty grouchy, nervous at the wind when it started, tired and lonesome. Nobody was working near me. It was all placer country except on my creek and the Rannols ground on Satan. I would look out at the big peak stretching off toward the ocean—everything white. And suddenly I said to the dogs they could hire another manager—I'd stay Outside, where there was lots of humans. After that day I wouldn't look at the hills; I was hating them too much. The thunder of snowslides began and warm breaths came up from below. I could thaw my powder without keeping the stove going all night. It was spring—somewhere.

I didn't want to help the ice out of my garden below; didn't care if I had one at all. I kept thinking of fresh fruit and canned tomatoes—and Lucette. The snow gave under my snowshoes when I mushed to the cabin one morning, and I went through into water every other step. I could smell ferns in my little valley—under the tundra, but coming. Bingo was asleep on the doorsill, and he screeched at my yell when I saw there was a letter hanging by a string from the Yukon porch—a letter, to me! It said "World of Folly Company. En Route," and was wrote in a good, strong, stand-up hand.

I couldn't see that warming turquoise sky for a minute—or the frisking dogs with their yellow eyes on me. She said maybe I would catch the show in California in June—it was mid-May now.

I went in and stared at her picture. Then I put important papers inside my vest, oiled all the guns and hung 'em up, and poured a couple pounds of sugar into a gold pan for Bingo. It was six that night when I hit Jim Logan's road house and store on the Interior mail trail, and hollered to his dogs to shut up. Grass was on the flats and fireweed and ferns were showing. A couple of mushers were sacking their own grub back of the counter, Jim's kids was all excited, and Nadia, his squaw, was sewing a yellow dress on her hand machine back in the kitchen, with Jim in his good suit, and the derby he bought in Valdez, in 1904, down over his fat face, turning the wheel. In half a minute they told that Jim was taking Nadia and the two youngest to Seattle—they would put Henry and Tessie in a private school, and Nadia could get store dresses and see the fine city.

Mrs. Noble, who cooked for an outfit over on Resurrection, had mushed in, and over the talking she was telling Jim and the squaw to get her a rose-pink satin corset, that had to be terrible small in the waist. She is a very hefty lady who wears male corduroys except for dances; but she

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sure is slender-waisted. I set there, keeping the dress pulled straight, until Jim said:

"Why such a face?"

"Because I come down to borry a thousand bucks and you'll need all you got."

"We got lots a' t'ousand bucks, you foolish Griff!" says Nadia, giggling.

"I'm willin' to give an interest in the Group," I says, though I had always meant to keep the mine clear.

Jim got red, and asked if he hadn't been a friend, and had my trade, and who was I insulting? Then the kids all hunted for the ink, and when I took out over the trail to town my dogs was left there, I had a twenty-piece to get the corset, because she wouldn't trust them about the little waist, and the thousand check was in my kick. I walked all night—I couldn't have slept, for that letter said the show was going to San Francisco; and so was I.

A shirt-sleeved guy took me past doors whence actresses, all painted, peeked out, and a snickery one says to another door, there was Lucette's Alaskan!

The show was finished, and I seen the roses I had staked an usher to send to the back, before I glimpsed Lucette, who called:

"Come in!"

Now you read how the sturdy outdoor man is struck dumb and can't speak at a time like this; but that ain't so. She was out of her stage clothes and in a shimmery bright-green dress, with a white fox on her shoulders—not a prime hide either, for the hair come out; but I knew of some silvers I could send North for.

"Oh, you nice big, strong Alaskan miner! Where's your fur boots and hoods?" she says—smily like in her picture; and she put a little hand into mine, and I shook it as easy as I knew, and says:

"Never mind that; tell me if you're glad I come round three thousand miles to see the sweetest girl alive!"

"Only three thousand? Why, we go five times that on the road in a season!" she says, looking disappointed. "Well, no matter. Tell me everything about your frozen North."

"I got a cute garden," I says. "I raise awful tender rhubarb. It ——"

"Oh, I hate the beastly sour stuff! No peaches?"

"It's cold for them; but elegant turnips and tomatoes. They ——"

"They simply kill me! No fresh figs? They're lovely in this state."

"No," I says, worrying; and, besides, I flashed myself in her glass, and my hair being so short looked funny. "But I had young onions by July last year."

"Oh, the vile things!" she says, shuddering. "Tell me, are furs frightfully cheap there?"

"Good grades ain't never cheap to a chechako's notion. The idea is, they're used to bein' sold seconds, I s'pose, for firsts. Prime dark minks are three-six bits, as they run; but they might be up to eight a skin for a pick, while ——"

"Great heavens! What robbery! I bought this darling fox for eighteen."

"It's mighty small," I says. "An' it's a slipper—left too long in the trap."

"Huh! I think it looks well; but never mind—you've got a gold mine?"

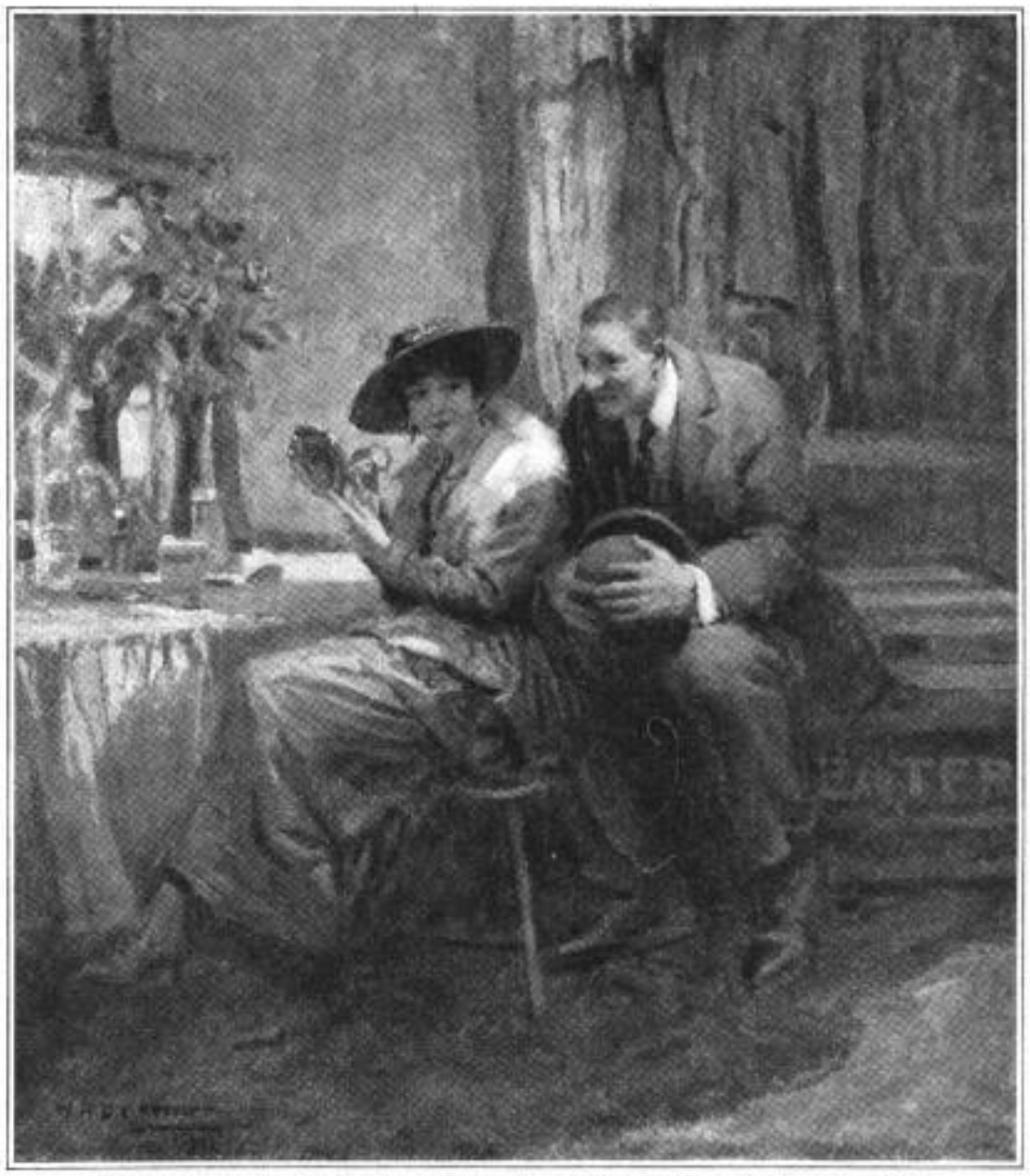
She got close to the mirror and dusted on powder, and left it that way. Then she took out a gold affair and made her mouth redder—it looked good to me before. I was starting to explain about the Group when she says:

"Smell that? That beefy disgusting smell? They stuck a couple of vodeville acts in this piece when the original principals dropped out, before we came on the road; you saw the performing dogs? He cooks for them right outside the dressing rooms! I don't intend to put up with it; would you? I don't have to—I had offers for New York; but it was a good chance to look at the West, which is ridiculous, I think—fancy last night not getting holders for green corn, though it's early! I suppose that's something—barbarous, you know! And bringing salad first in this place! Now it's not a Latin custom—they can't claim that; and the French assuredly don't. Still, there the waiter stood until I insisted on the dinner coming; and he said, why, we hadn't touched the salad yet. Bah!"

"We'll get them Ententy Powers after him," I says; but she frowned, saying:

"On-tant is the correct pronunciation. He was an idiot—that's all. There are so many idiots. By the way, did you see last week's Seattle Times? They gave me half a column—though they ought to, heaven knows!"

"Last week I was ridin' out a seventy-mile gale on the ocean, comin' toward you," I says tenderly. "You wouldn't be 'fraid of the sea, would you?"



In a Second I Was Telling Her About Them Nine Lonesome Years, and How Her Picture Kept Me Going That Last Winter

"My friend, Mr. Ed Thomas—the Georgia Thomas family—oil in West Virginia and street railroad in Savannah, you know—his yacht is four hundred feet over all and we've been in much worse storms than yours!"

She perked her little head at me—her inky-black hair was drew flat on each side of her small face and sort of plastered there; and big, long jet earrings waggled in the shade of a flat two-foot green satin hat. We kept looking, and she smiled—her teeth was nothing special, different sized and not white and shiny like I had supposed. But that wasn't her fault; and her black eyes was like the picture when she smiled—melty. A thrill hit me when she reached up—I was still standing—and touched my fingers. In a second I had sat on her trunk, marked "Theater," and was telling her about them nine lonesome years, and how her picture kept me going that last winter; and now the Group was a sure winner; and I could have yachts—though I get powerful sick in a swell.

She looked meltier then, sighing; and I sighed myself. She put on more powder abstractedly and a splash of perfume—some of the cussed truck got on me. Then she looked up; and, sure enough, in the corridor a guy was cooking dog grub!

And the little rascals that had been in the show was setting in a bunch, some asleep, and more bright-eyed and whisking tails at me, when I says:

"Hello, sports! You ain't figurin' to eat at this hour?"

"Naw, it's breakfast; but they like watchin' me," says the guy. "They know I'm goin' to take 'em for their run to the beach."

"They're grand animals," I says, rubbing some soft necks, while the poodles whined for me not to quit. "Have a cigar?"

"Come away," says Lucette coldly. "No—down, you brute! Mussy things!"

I had not thought there was a live woman who didn't love dogs. I was walking her off when she says where on earth was all the cabs; so I hailed a taxi and excused myself, and in a minute we was in the pleasant gloom, setting close. And I kept thinking, would I or not put my arm round her, until I says: "Could you love a big roughneck who would treat you awful square?"

"Yes," she says.

And I began whispering how I had thought and thought of her; and she whispered she had thought about me! The dear little woman!

The cab halted where she had told him; and he soaked me two bucks, which I let go, though minded to wallop him, for we had come just three squares. A uniformed fellow rushed at us, but I had opened the door; and he cried good evening and Lucette's name.

"Give him a fifty-cent tip," she says.

"What for? He ain't done anything," I says.

"He knows me; and a person prefers not to be cheap," she says coldly.

I said nothing and did not give up, and she muttered. We had a table in the middle of a restaurant all white and gold and waiters; and parties came over to greet Lucette, who would introduce me as Mr. Griffith from Alaska, saying I had an enormous gold mine, and they would ask what was the opportunities up there, and, I must say, acted very polite toward me, though I paid all the checks. Finally she asked didn't I have a hard gray hat, so I would look more Northern. I had just blew six for a London derby to go with my dark suit.

"Them hats go well in the hills; but in our country they say if you come Outside in 'em, an' wear nugget jewelry, prices go up thirty per cent," I joked; but she said, just the same, it was more romantic.

We set there till I was nigh roasted and had to yawn inside myself; and it appeared that, unless they had a jump, she never got up until eleven, as her work wore her out. So I said when did she exercise; and it seemed she had no time, with a show every night and two matinées, as it made demands I could not understand. At the end she told me to give the waiter a couple of dollars. He was from Broadway—I guess so, for on her friends' drink checks he had short-changed me for about six bits; so I slipped him just a half when she wasn't noticing.

Lucette ordered me to come to her hotel for breakfast at noon, which was dinner for me; and parting, she gave me a melty look and squeezed back when I held her hand. I could hardly shave next morning, thinking of her and being shy of sleep too. Them cars jolting past got me, and I would leap up every time I heard a siren, which I had read was fire alarm; but some were on bicycles.

The first crack, I gave a man a gold five dollars for a bright penny; and when I counted up and went back he got sniffy and cried not to pull that dodge round there—the thieving rat! If it hadn't been downstairs in her hotel —— I was hot, anyway, for the tan shoes I had bought at a fancy-seeming trap in Grant Avenue dug into my foot just abaft the big toe; and when I took them back the man said he couldn't help it; they was what I had took.

"Took when you said, for sure, they was right for me. The linin's of both wrinkle an' the feet are blistered already! Feel that linin'!"

He said it was my size, and they belonged to the Retailers' Association, and when a shoe was worn it was sold; so I limped out, though I cussed him first. Next I eyed the windows and seen a rose-pink satin corset, and explained

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to a friendly lady within about Mrs. Noble's waist, and she took great interest; and, though it was twenty-eight bucks, I took one, deciding I would stand the eight. Back in the room, I spread it on the bed, studying till I took my rule out of the grip. The waist was four inches wider than the hips!

Well, I set there; and though I had gone in easy the first time, it seemed like I'd rather be shot than return. But I had to; there was Ella Noble trusting me. When I got in a whole raft of dames were yanking corsets round, and fitters was swimming about in the crowd, some disappearing into little cubby-holes. I found the lady, and we had a fierce talk, her declaring it was the style—I said I had went into that; the party this was for, style or not, wanted a little waist! All the selling ladies and some customers got massed, asking what did a man know about it, and the corset was a pet.

Well, maybe so; but in the end I asked for my dough; and the clerk fainted and come to, moaning. I was half a nut myself then; but I stuck, for, dog-gone her, she got me right about that waist, in the start! The manager, in black, said it wasn't their custom; I could have another corset, but ——

"Girls," I says, "come through with that twenty-eight! I'll get it if I stand here an' holler all day."

They threw it at me then. I spent the next two hours looking at the displays, and there were some pinks. And I tried one place, where they said they had 'em small; but when I showed my rule they got dispirited, but cheered up when their boss said: "Dart it in." So at last I had found a way, and it was to be sent next day. Lucette had the shades of her sitting room drew way down, and when I pulled some up she says:

"Heavens! Put them down; that light is frightful! Oh! I feel dreadful! And I ripped a darling waist; and there's no hooks left on anything, it seems. I'm not carrying a maid; the management's too stingy to pay her fare."

There was a wardrobe trunk, like ads I had seen, and the clothes looked a trifle forgotten. Things lay on all the chairs, and she was in a light-blue trailing dress, with a busted ruffle catching chair-legs and rockers. But her hair was plastered slick on each side, and her feet cute in blue slippers. I thought we could go down to eat, but she said it was cozier here; so I phoned six or eight times trying to get a waiter, and he was Greek when he came and knew no English, but seemed amiable. It must have been two hours before he got the grub delivered, and then left out my strawberries. But I had eaten them every meal since reaching the Outside.

Finally Lucette decided to get ready, and bade me read while waiting. There was the Life of Lincoln on the table. Emerging all powdered and in violet silk, she sent me the first melty glance; and, thrilling, I says, after a tender smile:

"Turn round. Ain't something coming loose in back?"

The top part of the dress was, and she seemed desperate; but I can sew, and she found a box and some thin dark thread, saying to sew it very tight, so the belt, skirt and top would stay put. Then she stood and wiggled while I switched the needle for a bigger one and took a bigger spool; and at last we got to the street. She was going to a store for gloves, and I stuck outside, sweating in the heat, my stiff collar eating off my neck. In about three minutes she tore out, her eyes snapping as she panted:

"Oh, my heavens! You sewed it on the outside, with white thread; and every woman in there stared until I saw it in the glass! And here I am without a coat!"

"Gosh! Was that wrong?" I says; but she was backed to the wall, panting:

"That's it—laugh! You send American Beauties to the dressing room instead of over the foots, where it'd help my popularity; you won't wear the hat you should; and now—now!—I don't move a step until I have a coat—any coat! And you just go buy one! Anything to cover my shame!"

She was crying, and I slunk into the store and grabbed up a four-dollar sweater from a sale table; but when I brought it she said what did I think she was, and to get something decent or end it all right there! I seen my chance then, and I marched in and blew eighty bucks on a mustard-color satin gag that had big silk tassels and would go swell with her hair.

"You dear boy!" she says so sweetly; and my heart went quicker.

And with her beautiful in the new wrap, we rode in an auto—though going down hills and shaving other cars had me scared—through the Presidio and the Park, and back to the tavern to feed. She got a note at the table, and read it hasty, talking very swift meantime. But I didn't think of it then, for we had it all settled—we was engaged! She wrote on the blank side of her note, looked round, and, sighing, dropped it into a wrap pocket. When she had to go to make up I ordered more flowers, and staked my usher to do it right this night—over the foots, forty dollars' worth, with wide ribbons, and a card marked: "From Griff to Sweetheart."

I set in the audience, watching her come out and sing and dance. I felt like ordering a yacht like her friend's, and a fancy auto.

That gliding through the Presidio and the Park with her, earlier, wasn't much like packing hundred-pound loads up my mountain. She had set up like a queen, saying the Jersey Palisades was better than that Pacific—I don't know yet what they are.

Well, I had made a phone date with a big firm to bring my papers next morning. I done that in the store where we selected the diamond ring—four hundred; but that would soon be chicken feed to me, and she had gave me a light kiss at the stage door. I was in a happy fog, seeing her dance and sing, and people clapping; and I told myself, cities for mine! We could get a maid to keep her ruffles sewed. I could see how Lucette had got in love with me, for I was used to my hair now, and limping less in some patent leathers. I had showed her how city men can't balance, and just a poke will send them over—the guy had looked at her flip, anyway, hearing her talking rather loud about the show. She mentioned herself how my gray eyes stared right at people, and that making all that fortune was wonderful—the coming one, that was; she thought I had it already.

Naturally I attracted her, after them actors she had knew, handing her fool compliments—I had said to get them teeth straightened if it cost a thousand, and couldn't she do without so much lip rouge and powder—knowing she would prefer truth from a lifemate—and she must learn to rise early and walk at least a few miles daily.

The show ended, all of them singing and her smiling straight at me. I stuck in a cigar store a while; then the shirt-sleeved guy led me to her dressing room. The performing dogs was barking as they ran upstairs, and their stew smelled nice.

"Help with this—dear," says Lucette, and as I put on the new wrap that note dropped.

Instantly she slid a foot over the paper, talking very fast. It made me uneasy. Getting powder from a wide dish, she worked her foot near the theater trunk, pushing the paper under as somebody yelled her name.



Then She Stood and Wiggled While I Switched the Needle for a Bigger One

"Heavens! It's the manager's wife, our prima donna, or I wouldn't go. Wait for me!" she says. "You'll pardon me, dear?"

I just nodded. Next minute I dragged that paper out with my knife, and read:

Lose Mr. Alaska so we can take our midnight ride. Bestest love! Answer on this or when passing my table, next the door. Say what time, as if just bowing; will get you. ARTIE.

In her stand-up hand the other side said:

Hotel lobby; twelve. Shall tell him I have to rehearse a new part. Bestest love! Thousand kisses! LUCY.

I recollected her pausing as we left the tavern, and a young guy, with one of those pathetic little mustaches, standing when she bowed. In the corridor the performing dogs was clustered round the fellow lighting an alcohol stove for their meat kettle. One poodle put his nose up for me to rub, and he made me think of Dan and Polo at home. My legs was wabbly as I found the stage door. I had put the note in the powder dish, writing under her part of it:

You needn't rehearse that new part. Good-by!

The first parties I seen said their field men was in the Tolovana and up the Kobuk, and it'd be too late in the fall, when they got through, to look at my ground before snow. But the second people had me there all morning in a Market Street office, questioning, shaking their heads over my assays, until the senior partner says:

"Of course you know Henry Shultz, Mr. Griffith? I thought you would. All right, is he?"

"Sure!" I says; though I wasn't keen on Hank, who had pulled some rough stuff at times, but was married now and running a sawmill.

"We don't think so," he says sharply. "And we were well acquainted with the Griffith Group before you came in, sir! Also with the Rannols Exploration Company and Shultz and other robbers back of it. We can tell you much of the Griffith Group, where our investigators found a ten-foot prospect hole in place of the plant you gentlemen advertised, and with which you robbed the wretched public! Good morning, sir! And let us advise you to exploit yourself elsewhere than in a mining center where men have memories and files!"

"If—if you was just not quite so old, the both of you, I'd crack your heads together," I says; and he rang a bell sudden, shrinking away from me. "I was a goat for Rannols—took the ground from him; spent mine ——"

"Call an officer if he threatens you, Parker," says the old man to a clerk most as old who rushed in. "This is Griffith, Parker, of Rannols', you know. They got your poor little eight hundred for their precious stock."

The old clerk regarded me same as a snake, and I was too full of rage to do more than bust by him and get out. Outside I figured would I go back and trim the whole office; but it was only old men and females at typewriters.

I squeezed the canvas sample sacks in my pockets until the rock cut through, and stood on one of them isles of safety in the street's center for an hour, till I climbed on a street car and rode on it till I could face the hotel clerk I had told how I would be rich when I come in.

The next week was awful—my feet and back dead from the pavements, and me whispering the name of Griffith quieter to each office boy in the financial district. It seemed like my Group had been a scandal—Rannols, at the big blow-off, had gave a statement that there never had been any showing in those eight claims, though on Satan Creek there was gold! Those firms must have tipped each other, for in some they told me, first off, they didn't handle anything except legitimate propositions; and they would have a little army ready to see I found the elevator.

I didn't go to any more shows at night; didn't do anything except set in the room and sweat, and think of Her and her Artie, and if Polo's leg, where the whistler he was digging out bit him, was better, and whether any volunteers had come up in the garden. But I didn't want to go North—couldn't go, when this trip was what I had figured on for years; and if they wouldn't listen to me here, where could I go? I would see some busy guy in a pinchback suit, and eyes like buttonholes, bustle in to see the board in the Exchange, and wish I was him, or one of them who nodded to the desk boy in the offices where the money was, and strolled right in past the glass doors that said Private!

Finally I had visited all the places I knew, and at eleven one blowy morning I stopped on a California Street corner, staring, without thinking of him, at a stoutish gray-haired man in a wide window.

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THE GOLD TOKEN

By Garet Garrett

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

MIND you, this is history. In the eccentricity of time the year 1896 was reserved for the exercise of man's favorite frenzy—that is, to make a fetish of his poor little tokens and invest them with magical properties. Whether white or yellow metal should be the symbol of trade was believed to be the answer to all good and evil.

Many strange things happened. A professor of bad economics, who thought the Gold Devil had queered his job, turned vender of good metal polish. He came one day to Wall Street, where a lot of people, with paper money in their hands, were anxiously waiting for the doors of the United States Subtreasury to open. To show them a cleansing miracle, he scaled the pedestal of the Washington Statue and rubbed up the first President's heroic bronze shins. It was wasted advertising.

The paper money the people had in their hands was the kind called greenbacks and the clamor was to change it for gold while yet the government's diminishing store of that precious metal survived the daily raid of Europe. Each morning the gold reserve was less, the line of Jew and Gentile gold hoarders longer, and the demands of Europe more insistent. That had been going on for many weeks. The professor was not so mad as the people who were hoarding gold; and they were not so mad as other people, in the West, who cried for white money and worshiped a silver calf. All these together were less mad than Congress, with whom the President pleaded in vain to repeal the absurd law which required that, as fast as the Treasury redeemed the wretched greenbacks, they must be reissued. That was why the same greenbacks came again and again to be redeemed in gold, like an endless chain of evil.

Fancy a daily run on the United States Subtreasury! It was a fascinating spectacle. By a freak of irony there was nowhere to be had a better view of it than from the high windows of Cæsar's banking house, directly across the street. The irony lay in the fact that this was probably the Yellow Devil's habitat. Cæsar himself it was who, under pretense of believing in his country, meditated the crucifixion of its people upon a cross of gold.

You might have innocently believed it; for so many people did. But if by some stroke of strategy you had got inside the bank that morning, to see with what an air human beings could go about preparing so ghastly an event, you would have been deeply disappointed. It was very quiet there. Men went leisurely about with documents in their hands, or stopped at each other's desks and talked about the weather.

However, business had not begun. It was only nine-thirty. Cæsar had not come. Two men stood at one of the windows, staring out. One was the cashier, who believed in trifles and took big things for granted. The other was Sammy Postgate, prodigy, who believed in arithmetic.

"What a shame!" said the cashier. "It is too late now to do anything about it."

"It will last a week," said the other.

The cashier shook his head.

"It will never be the same again. Bronze is peculiar stuff."

"Bronze?" said Sammy Postgate. "W-w-what are you talking about?"

"A crazy peddler just now got up there and polished them bright, from the knees down. I saw him when he started, and telephoned over; but before they could reach him the damage was done."

"Is that what you see?" inquired Sammy, disbelieving at first. "Why, man dear, where's your imagination? Look! A run on the National Treasury! In a week the government will have to shut up, like a Jew banker on the East Side. It will quit! Stop paying! Turn them away! Put up its shutters! The gold bin will be empty! And here you are taking on because a peddler cleaned up G. W.'s shins!"

"Yes," said the cashier; "you say he cleaned them up. So a lot of people think; they would have the whole figure polished to match the shins. It takes years and years to give that beautiful color to bronze. When people have forgotten that they were ever such fools as to hoard their gold for fear the government would go bankrupt, that crazy peddler's work will still show. Bronze is funny stuff."



"If We are to Hold Our Own With Europe We Shall Have to Work With the Money of Highest Efficiency"

"They're not such fools as you think," said Sammy, scorning the peculiarity of bronze. "They are doing only on a small scale what this house has been doing in a big way for many months. They are protecting themselves. Why shouldn't the people get their gold while they can?"

The cashier made a gesture of impatience.

"It isn't theirs, for one thing," he said; "and you're as stupid as they are."

"I tell you the country is insolvent," said Sammy. "I've got the figures to prove it." He dropped his voice and continued: "The Old Man knows. We've sold thirty millions of securities in Europe in the last eight months—this house has—and some of them at a loss. What do you think that means? We have been getting out. That's what it means! They don't catch us in the wreck."

The cashier thought differently. The country could never go bankrupt so long as one man lived. Every morning, as he mounted the steps from the street level to the door of his banking house, Cæsar glanced backward over his shoulder at the gold hoarders and sneered. The cashier had seen this. It thrilled him. As for the government's having to suspend gold payments, that would not be allowed, either, so long as Cæsar lived. Had he not averted that disaster the year before when he placed an immense quantity of gold in the government's hands and took its bonds in payment?

Everybody predicted that he would smash up with it. Instead of that, the bonds advanced tremendously from the price at which he took them; and then the very people who said it was a hopeless undertaking in the beginning denounced him for having made a profit out of the government. People were queer. They would clean up the whole Washington Statue. But it was of no use to argue with Sammy. He could prove anything by arithmetic. He was a devil with figures. And besides, though everybody called Cæsar the Old Man, they should do it with reverence or affection; whereas Sammy did it flippantly. So the cashier shifted the attack unexpectedly and said:

"Trouble with arithmetic, Sammy, man invented it; whereas God invented people, and there is no telling what they will do. You'd better not let the Old Man find out how you are speculating in the stock market. He's very hard about that."

"What do you know about me?" asked Sammy uneasily.

The cashier regarded the young man's little fox face and did not reply. He waited for him to boast, as he was sure to do. "I'm not the only man in this house who speculates," Sammy added. "I've been successful. That's the only difference."

"It's beginning to be talked about," said the cashier. "There's nothing in it. I've seen too many young men get started that way. Success at the beginning is fatal. I never made a speculative trade in my life."

"That may account for your having risen in forty years to be a cashier," said Postgate in his worst manner.

With that he left the cashier to his contemplation of bronze and returned leisurely to his own desk.

It was now ten years since Cæsar, passing through the main corridor of his bank, happened to look in the direction of the mailing desk, saw Sammy for the very first time, stopped short, stared, and then returned to his private office, whither he summoned the subordinate who was responsible for all petty office affairs.

"There are two boys at that mailing desk outside," said Cæsar. "As I passed just now one was holding out his tongue for the other boy to wet the stamps on."

"I never saw anything like that, sir!" said the subordinate, terrified.

"Discharge the boy who was holding out his tongue," said Cæsar, "and send the other one here to me at once."

He waited. Sammy, who had wetted his stamps on another's tongue, presented himself, and was unterrified. Cæsar asked his name, his age, where he came from, whether he knew arithmetic; and then, at random, put this question:

"If exchange is four-eighty-eight, and Atchison is twenty in London, what is the equivalent New York price for Atchison?"

He motioned toward pencil and paper, but the boy answered correctly out of his head. Cæsar was startled. If exchange was four-eighty-eight-and-a-half, and Erie was nine in London, what was the New York equivalent for Erie? Again the boy answered correctly out of his head. At that, and with not another word, the great banker got up and went home.

Next day two new boys, instead of one, were hired for the mailing desk, and the one who could do problems in his head was sent to the Foreign-Exchange Department. He learned with amazing rapidity. In five years he was the most efficient member of the foreign-exchange staff, though not the head of it, owing to his immature age; and Cæsar was in the habit of asking him things and of calling upon him for statistics that required special and careful preparation. He was never disappointed.

At length came those gold transactions of Cæsar's with the government, in the conduct of which it became necessary to run a corner in foreign exchange, a thing that had never been attempted in the world before. Then Sammy was invaluable. One night, when they had toiled late downtown, he went with Cæsar to the library of the Fifth Avenue home, to work out calculations for the morrow; and afterward Sammy had been refreshed in the wonderful dining room, to which all the world had contributed objects of art.

It was there he met Helen, the daughter of Cæsar, who talked to him knowingly and, as he thought, almost confidentially. She asked him a lot of questions about her father. He had never imagined a woman like her. She was not beautiful. He cast about in his mind later for a phrase to fit her, and put it down that she was a "tremendous woman!" What amazed him most was that she treated Cæsar without fear and asked him questions that no man in Wall Street would have dared to ask him. Moreover, he answered them. Next day Sammy sent her a book about something they had mentioned, and she acknowledged it daintily in her own writing.

Thereafter his recreation, beyond arithmetic, was to elaborate the daydream of being called to Cæsar's private office and hearing him say:

"Mr. Postgate"—not Postgate, or Sammy—"Mr. Postgate, how should you like to become a member of this firm?" He knew exactly what he would say. Then Cæsar would name the terms and they would shake hands; and Cæsar would say: "Can't you come up for dinner to-night? Don't bother to change. Come just as you are." It would be very different dining in the Fifth Avenue house and meeting Helen as Cæsar's partner.

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The aspect of Cæsar that interested Sammy most was that of speculator. He was perhaps the only subordinate in the great banking house who perceived clearly that its head was the most daring speculator of his generation in money, in exchange, in securities and in events; but on a scale so large and by calculations so imaginative as to lift his operations away above common definitions.

Knowing this, he believed that, even if Cæsar should find out that he had been speculating, he could successfully defend his conduct. His mind and Cæsar's had been working in parallel lines. He was sure of that. Out of his own intelligence he had made the staggering discovery that the country was statistically bankrupt. He had demonstrated it incontrovertibly, and he was going to lay it before Cæsar.

He had been asked to develop statistics in a certain simple form to show the country's exports and imports over a series of years. While he was doing this a startling implication of the figures presented itself to his mind. The country was insolvent! There was no doubt about it. The conclusion was irresistible. Having performed and delivered the routine work requested, he went further, on his own account, and proceeded to throw the figures into the form of an income account—as if the country were an individual or a corporation, subject to liquidation, with so much income, so much outgo, and so much surplus or deficit resulting. The outcome was amazing.

That the world doubted the ability of the country to continue paying its obligations in gold, everybody already knew. That there was grave doubt as to the ability of the country to pay its debts at all, in silver or gold or goods, was a very different matter. It was calamitous. Europe had been draining our gold away, not only because she feared that gold payments would be suspended but because we owed her a prodigious debt. It was steadily rising.



It Would Astonish Cæsar to Learn That a Clerk Had Divined the Truth

Taking the last year, for example, the outgo to foreign countries—namely, the money directly spent by Americans abroad; the freight paid or owed for exporting American goods in foreign bottoms; the dividends and interest paid or owed on American securities held abroad; and the profits of foreign corporations and persons doing business in the United States—had been approximately $400,000,000
The net value of American goods exported had been only 210,000,000
Leaving a balance of debt due to foreign countries, to be settled in goods or money, of $190,000,000

One year alone was not so bad; but in fifteen years the outgo to foreign countries had been $3,600,000,000. In the same fifteen years the net value of goods exported had been only $1,300,000,000; leaving, to be paid in money or to stand owing, the enormous sum of $2,300,000,000.

No wonder that every fast ship leaving New York was a treasure ship, bearing gold to Europe! The country had not been able to pay its debt in goods and was being called upon to pay in gold. And, as Sammy said, the bottom of the gold bin was in sight!

Having worked up an elaborate demonstration of the country's statistical bankruptcy, in thirty typewritten pages, he styled it: "Profit-and-Loss Account, U. S." This, on the first favorable opportunity, he proposed to lay before Cæsar. He doubted not that Cæsar already knew. Indeed, the figures explained to Sammy everything he knew the great banking house to have been doing for two years past—its enormous accumulation of resources, in the first place, and its continuous heavy sales of securities abroad more recently.

But if Cæsar thought that he alone foresaw the calamity which could not much longer be averted he was mistaken. It would astonish him to learn that a foreign-exchange clerk had divined the truth. He might be very angry at first, though in the end he would have to say: "Postgate, this is something that must not be talked about. Let us keep it to ourselves for a while."

Sammy was in the midst of these meditations when a flutter went through the whole establishment, like the stir of leaves before a wind. The carriage of Cæsar had appeared at the head of Wall Street. The big hall man ran to the door to take his hat and stick the instant he should cross the threshold. The cashier left the window, pretending not to hurry, and found pressing work upon his desk. Sammy began to make figures on a pad. Two office boys on a bench sat up straight and stiff. The four junior partners, at their respective desks, assumed airs of expectancy. One scooped up his papers and stood ready to be called.

Cæsar passed rapidly down the corridor to his private office, a place set off with glass partitions, and spoke to no one on his way. He had no habit toward his subordinates. Sometimes he spoke and often he did not. But his omission always included junior partners as well as office boys; so there was no discrimination. His subordinates feared him more than they loved him. None hated him. As he sat down at his desk before his personal mail, all opened and laid flat, one letter on another, a male stenographer came and stood at his side, notebook in hand. There were no female stenographers in this banking house.

He attacked his mail ferociously. More than half of it he tossed to one side for the stenographer, without comment; they were letters to be acknowledged and filed. On others he made illegible marks in pencil. To one he dictated a few lines. At the last was a letter unopened, bearing a foreign stamp. He read it carefully and put it aside under a desk weight. It referred to a collection of art objects. He nodded the stenographer away and rang for a boy, who brought the junior partner.

"Is that D. & R. reorganization plan ready?"

"Here it is," said the partner; he had finished it at two-thirty A. M., and was very tired.

Cæsar took it—forty typewritten pages—and went through it as if it was a Mother Goose Picture Book. His faculty of absorbing such things by page impressions tremendously awed his partners. With the last page, on which were set forth the terms of exchange—new securities of a company-to-be for the old securities of a railroad that had gone bankrupt—he went more slowly. He actually read it.

He put the document down and made a few rapid calculations on a pencil pad. Then he got to his feet and walked heavily about the little office, thinking. The partner had left the glass door open. He saw what was coming and deftly closed it, but not in time to prevent Cæsar's first fierce exclaimer escaping to the corridor outside:

"Do you think this is a charitable institution?"

The rest was in pantomime, to an outside point of view. The other partners, the cashier, Sammy and everyhody watched it through the glass partitions. Cæsar first lit a huge cigar and went over to the ticker, as if to look at the tape, which he forgot to do. He went back to his desk and picked up the offending document, to wave it menacingly in the junior partner's face. He flung it back to the desk from a distance, and then followed it, to beat the desk with his fist. As he warmed to the subject he walked faster and turned more sharply and unexpectedly, so that the junior partner had to jump to keep out of the way.

This lasted ten minutes and ended abruptly. Cæsar stopped before the Broad Street window, smoking, and stood there gazing out until the junior partner knew that he was free to take up his unsatisfactory work and go.

After a while Cæsar turned and beckoned another partner in, conversed with him briefly, and returned to the window. The second partner went out and began calling, in turn, by telephone the presidents of the twelve largest private and national banks in Wall Street. They were to meet Cæsar at noon. Before the last of the summonses was served, it was known all over the house that a conference of bankers had been called. The cashier tried to catch Sammy's eyes interrogatively, but the eyes of Sammy were in use. A boy was coming straight to his desk from Cæsar's office.

"You're wanted," said the boy.

As far as the door Sammy carried himself consciously. This might be his opportunity. But as he faced Cæsar he saw only the man everybody feared. He could not think coherently. He recalled the sensation of having once collided with a tree in the dark. Something was wrong. He had never seen the face so purple. Its ugliness had never affected him sickishly before. He avoided its menacing eyes, which had a trick of becoming focused upon a human thing fixedly, while the owlish brows, slanting at a steep angle upward, twitched violently. It was very disconcerting. Sammy wondered whether Cæsar had ever been a baby.

"No employee of this house is permitted to speculate," said Cæsar in a tone of regal annoyance.

So that was it! Cæsar had found it out. The situation was not at all as Sammy had thought it might be. He had lost the daring to meet it. Had his mind been working parallel to Cæsar's? Suddenly he was not sure. And if it had, would that fact increase or diminish the wrath? However, no common evasions of speech would avail. To plead would be fatal.

"I've something here I want to show you, sir," said Sammy.

He produced his demonstration. As Cæsar did not reach for it he laid it on his desk.

"You know that?" said Cæsar, referring to the rule about speculation.

"I know it, sir," said Sammy; "but there is my reason." He pointed to the document.

Cæsar looked at it remotely. He took it up between thumb and forefinger as if it were soiled. The legend, "Profit-and-Loss Account, U. S.," induced him to turn the first page. He saw at a glance what Sammy had done, but went through it page by page to the last. Then he swung round in his chair, facing the window, leaving his back to Sammy.

It was a true and interesting statistical performance. To the mind of Cæsar it was nothing more. He was not worried about the statistical bankruptcy of the country. He was not thinking about Sammy's demonstration at all as he sat staring into Broad Street, crushing the paper in his hand. The figures, by a common trick of irrelevant suggestion, had thrown him back upon a train of unfinished calculations.

His mental condition for several weeks had been that of a chess player who thinks forward to the twentieth move, wants the twenty-first, and is just on the point of getting it when a book drops, a man speaks or a clock strikes. The whole structure collapses and has to be built up again from the beginning. The problem his mind wrestled with was how to keep the country in credit—gold credit—until its creditors should have confidence in it again.

Sammy, of course, knew naught of this. He was in an ecstasy of uneasiness. Fifteen minutes passed. The suspense was intolerable.

"I could add something to it," he said.

Cæsar wheeled about, startled. He regarded Sammy with angry amazement and roared:

"What are you doing here?"

Sammy, though taken off center in that way, had so far recovered his wits as to be able to think fast. He concluded it was a test. He was being bullied.

"You sent for me, sir," he answered with what face he could command.

Gradually Cæsar regained his objectivity. He looked, with a puzzled air, at what he had been crushing in his hand, opened it out, read the legend, and recalled what it was and why he had sent for his foreign-exchange clerk. With an exclamation of disgust he tossed the "Profit-and-Loss Account, U. S.," into the wastebasket, and said to Sammy:

"Go to the cashier and get two weeks' pay. You are discharged!"

How little a Postgate mattered! Cæsar turned his back and forgot his existence. He stood at the window again, gazing with his mind's eye upon the calculation that it was necessary to reconstruct and complete before the bankers were met. They were already coming in. One by one they hurried down the corridor to the conference room. All of them were anxious, more fretful and more impatient than Cæsar, whose back they saw as they passed his den. They waited for him in the conference room—ten minutes, twenty, half an hour—and began to feel annoyed. They were never sure whether he did such things in aberration or to impress them with his contempt for their time.

Two of the junior partners stood in suspense outside his door, not daring to interrupt, but anxious to remind him that the bankers waited. Suddenly he turned, looked at his watch, and walked rapidly down the corridor to the conference room. It was artificially illuminated in daytime. The bankers sat round a long oval table. Cæsar never saluted them. He sat down at the head of the table, rocked forward on the front legs of his chair, and spoke to the president of the largest national bank:

"How much credit have you got in London?"

He asked deep, impertinent questions in that way, with a bluntness which was either supreme tact or the lack of it. Men were accustomed to it.

"Not more than six millions," was the answer.

"And you?"—to the private banker who had important connections in Germany.

"Aboud vour," he answered.

They were exposing to him, without self-protection, the final secrets of their resources. And they were afraid to lie. One by one they answered, categorically, and among them they could raise sixty millions of foreign credit.

"I am going to assess the foreign stockholders of the D. & R. Railroad for twelve millions," said Cæsar. "Then I have arranged to place twenty millions of new securities abroad. That will be thirty-two. I can raise eight more,

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which, added to your sixty, will give us one hundred million dollars, or twenty million pounds sterling, of foreign credit to sell."

"What do you propose?" asked the head of the largest national bank.

"Up to a hundred million dollars," said Cæsar, "we have got to sell here all the foreign credit anybody needs to remit abroad, in lieu of gold. We must not let any more gold go out. Do you subscribe the amounts you have severally named? I subscribe forty millions."

The private banker with important connections in Germany was the first to speak.

"You vill untersdand," said he, "zat ve haff namdt, in each gaze, ze exdreme amoundt. I haff done so. Zat iss ze ent! You haff now azked us to subscribe ze lasdt tollar uf voreign gredit ve gan raise. Zuppose id iss nod enuf? Zuppose ve zell ze von hundredt million tollars uf voreign gredit, und id iss nod enuf? Id iss ze ent!"

Cæsar was silent.

"Nobody can tell what will happen to-morrow," said the head of the largest national bank. "We are dealing with psychological phenomena. There may be a panic to-morrow. Bryan will speak to-night at Madison Square Garden. We may need to draw heavily upon our foreign credit to protect securities. If we pledge it in this way we cannot use it in any other emergency. If, after we have done this, the country goes for silver, we are ruined."

Another banker said:

"I have had discouraging reports this morning from my correspondents in the Middle West. Even Ohio may go for Bryan. I see nothing but repudiation ahead of us. The people are not sane. God help them!"

When they were all through they looked at Cæsar. They were not sure that he had listened. Beating slowly on the table with both of his great spongy fists he spoke in his irresistible manner, and they knew beforehand that when he had finished they would subscribe.

"Let us admit," he said, "that if the people vote for free silver we shall be ruined all in a heap three months from now. We do not know that they will. I think they won't. What we do know is that unless we act at once to protect the gold the government will have to suspend gold payments in a week, and we shall have to put up our own shutters before the people have had a chance to vote at all. I subscribe forty millions!"

They followed him. The conference ended in five minutes more, and Cæsar never so much as said "Thank you, gentlemen!" That afternoon, on the announcement that a pool had been formed to sell a hundred million dollars of foreign exchange, engagements of eight million dollars gold for shipment to London were canceled. The remitters of gold purchased bills of credit from the pool and sent those instead. Before three o'clock it was rumored on the Stock Exchange that the house of Cæsar was buying stocks.

Cæsar went home early. Sammy did not go home at all. After leaving Cæsar's presence he went and sat at his desk for half an hour before he could realize what had happened. He told himself again and again that he had taken it weakly. He ought to have gone back at Cæsar with a defense. He had better have been defiant than weak. He thought of all the things he might have said. At length egotism raised its indignant head. The greatest of speculators had discharged him for speculating!

He determined not to take his two weeks' pay. He would show his independence.

Besides, he could not so humiliate himself as to ask the cashier for it. He did not need the money. He did not need the job, for that matter. It was the disgrace of having been dishonorably dismissed that hurt. However, he had a profit of nearly fifty thousand dollars in the stock market. That was a lot of capital. He would become a speculator such as even Cæsar would have to respect.

On this turn of thought he wondered what the stock market was doing, or how it was closing, and walked out and round the corner to his broker's office to see. That was a mistake. He had never appeared in the broker's office before. All his business had been conducted by telephone. As he took a chair in the customers' room the broker came and sat down beside him.

"Anything wrong?" asked the broker.

Sammy started. Why should the broker think anything was wrong? He asked him that.

"No reason at all," said the broker; "only it's strange to see you here in the office, you know."

Sammy lingered for a few minutes and went out. The broker followed him.

"I hear your house is buying stocks."

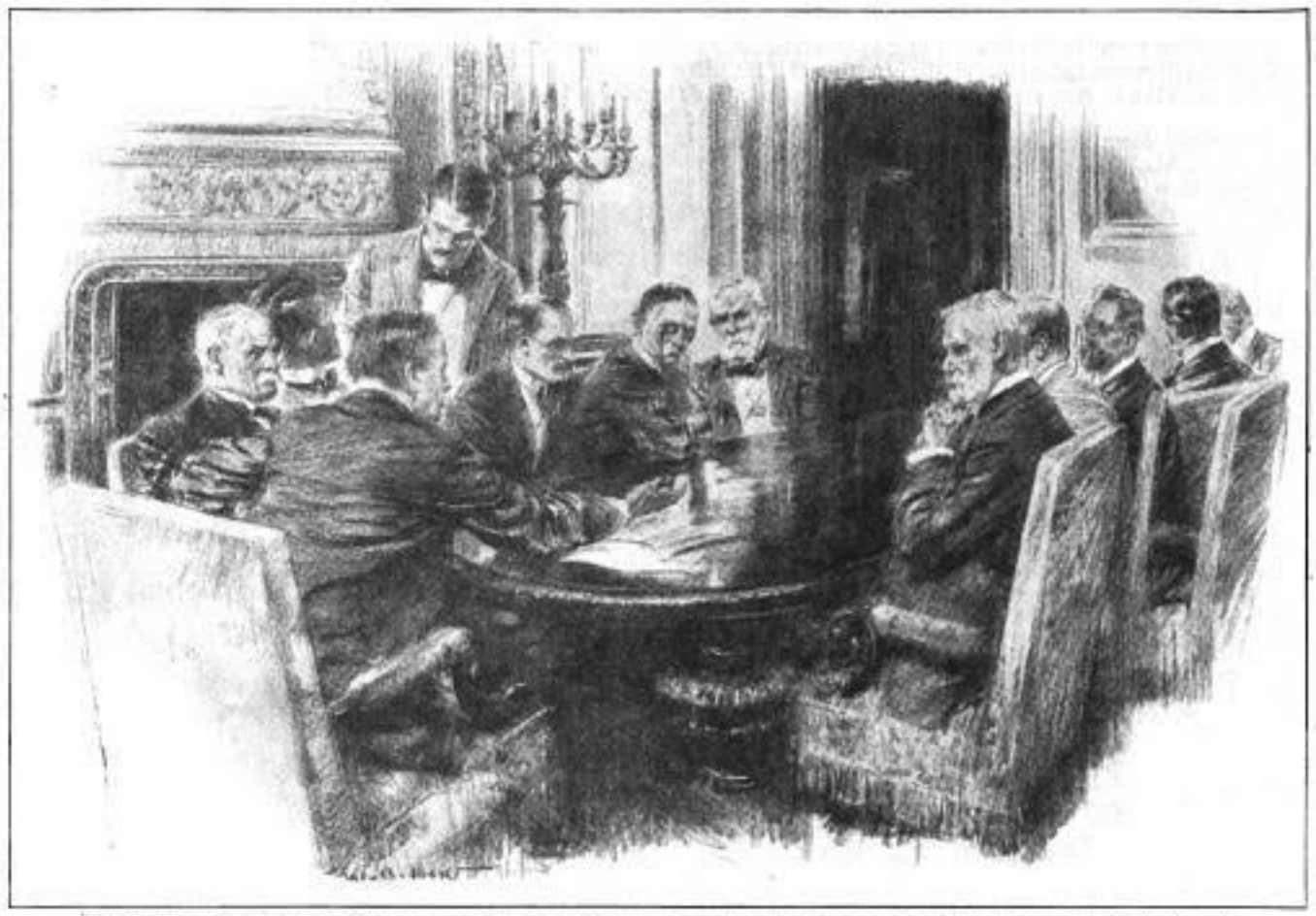
"Oh, you do," said Sammy, and went on.

Then the broker knew that something was wrong. He easily guessed what it was.

At seven o'clock Sammy found himself in the neighborhood of Madison Square Garden. He had been walking about aimlessly for hours. It gave him a twinge to recall that he had expected to be detailed by Cæsar to attend the Bryan meeting and report upon it. A great crowd was moving in. He allowed it to pick him up.

The place was already filled. People were standing in the aisles. Lights blinked through a blue haze of smoke from the kind of cigars with which the electorate regales itself when it accepts the invitation to come and be seated and hear itself called sovereign. Sammy, despising everything, wriggled himself to the balcony and found a place to stand. He heard a woman say:

"But I have a ticket calling for a box seat."



"Unless We Act at Once the Government Will Have to Suspend Gold Payments in a Week. I Subscribe Forty Millions!"

He turned to see. It was the daughter of Cæsar. Her way was blocked. She could get no farther. A man said:

"It would do you no good, madam, to get through. The boxes are all filled. People took them without tickets. They couldn't be stopped."

She neither protested nor insisted. She was tall enough to be able to see and was evidently willing to stand. She pushed forward to a position only a few feet from where Sammy stood, and stopped. The stage was occupied by committees, prominent citizens, and so on, grouped in a crescent round a little table at the front, on which stood a pitcher of water and glasses. There were three empty chairs by the table. When the men for whom they were reserved came out from the wings the cheering for one of them—the middle one of the three—lasted ten minutes.

A man, who announced that it would be presumptuous for him to speak at all, spoke for thirty minutes, and might have gone on speaking forever if the scraping of thousands of feet and the coughing of the people had not warned him to introduce the Peerless One. As he stood forth, the cheering lasted twenty minutes and ten seconds, as is a matter of record; men held stop watches on it and the exact time was afterward reported in the newspapers. During an hour and a half the Peerless One, passionately in earnest, plausible to the multitude, and very awkward with his hands and feet, denounced gold, its works and its owners—and Cæsar more than all.

Then the human current set outward and Sammy, moving with it, drifted against Helen. In the passage of egress, thirty feet wide and a hundred long, in three levels, broken with steps, the human stream, hot, smelly and unamiable, piled up like a tide rip. Nobody could help it. One had to push, because those behind were pushing; and those behind couldn't help it, either, because back of them ten thousand were pushing. A man said:

"Look out, there! Your woman is fainting."

At that a fat woman began to scream hysterically:

"Oh, let me out! Please let me out!"

Sammy was directly behind Helen and was being pushed roughly against her. The human atom ahead of her was a broad-backed animal, incompressible. An idea occurred to Sammy! He could extend his arms straight ahead, one on each side of Helen's person, and by pressing hard against the animal in front take some pressure off of her. He did it at once. The thought that he was protecting the daughter of Cæsar, even without her sanction or knowledge, stimulated his imagination. There might be a panic. He would save her.

What revenge!—to be able to hand her over to Cæsar, saying: "There is your daughter, sir! I have had the honor to preserve her."

Neither Helen nor the broad-backed animal noticed. The pressure increased. Weak men were crying out: "Stop pushing!" Two or three women screamed at once. Once Sammy, who weighed only one hundred and fifteen, lost his feet and had to pull himself up by his hold on the incompressible animal.

"Here!" he shouted. "Be careful, can't you? You don't know whom you are crowding."

He referred to the identity of Helen, but the incompressible animal, who screwed his head round, misunderstood, and said:

"You make a lot of squeezin', young one, whoever you are."

Helen also misunderstood both the efforts and the concern of Sammy, and said to him:

"Can't you take care of yourself, please, without holding on to another person, and stop stepping on my heels?"

A minute later the three of them popped into the street. The broad-backed man, a son of toil, cast a glance of admiration at Helen as her full proportions were disclosed. She was very tall, deep-chested, and her slightest movement suggested an uncommon degree of physical efficiency. Her carriage was waiting. Sammy watched her into it and was deeply hurt. She had not cut him. It was worse than that—she simply did not know him! He could not have said—he told himself over and over that it would have been ridiculous for him to say—in the crowd or afterward: "I am Mr. Postgate." Moreover, he was now merely a Mr. Postgate, whereas before he had been a servant of Cæsar.

When Helen got home she looked into the library to see whether Cæsar was alone, as he had invited her to do. He was playing solitaire. He had been at it since eight o'clock, interrupted only by telephone conversations with the men he had sent to Madison Square Garden. As Helen entered he looked at her in his most amiable manner. She interested him tremendously when he had the leisure. Her intellectual curiosity delighted him.

"I heard the Bryan speech," said Helen, seating herself comfortably in a position to face Cæsar across his little teakwood card table. "Does it interest you?"

"Thank you, no," he said, and went on with his game.

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PUTTING ON PERCIVAL

A Story of a Mother-Proof Household—By Corinne Lowe



AND do you mean to say that you aren't even going up to look at Percival?" said Mrs. Bellwether Dulcimer, eying her daughter as she stood there in the great velvet-hung living room of the Dulcimer country place.

Mrs. Doré Van Hook looked a trifle startled; but the smile remained in curl.

"Oh," said she lightly, "why disturb him when he's sleeping?"

To this her mother replied with silence, and in this form of repartee the old society leader's gift was unquestioned. No words could have whistled through the air more sharply than the silence that ensued.

Mrs. Doré Van Hook had motored down that evening with her husband and house guest, Mr. Nelson Romper, from the Van Hook lodge in the Adirondacks. During a period of six weeks she had not laid eyes on her children. These, together with Miss Finch, had been staying with their grandmother, here at The Brambles. To-morrow, in the early morning, Mrs. Van Hook was motoring on to Hot Springs for several weeks, prior to the opening of the town house; and this night represented, therefore, the one possible moment for the phalarope parent to alight near her offspring.

"Well?" asked Mrs. Van Hook nervously, breaking at last the long silence.

She moved over to the great fireplace and held out her hands to the blaze. The challenge of the flames was a direct one, but Mrs. Van Hook met it superbly. The hands, which now let the firelight through like a shell, were exquisitely fragile; the figure, even in its smart bulkiness of motor togs, was hipless and lithe, and like scrolls of mahogany gleamed the dark hair. Yes, admitted Mrs. Bellwether Dulcimer rather enviously, this daughter of hers was now, at thirty-nine, imperturbably young.

Mrs. Van Hook Kicks Over the Traces

"YOU look happy!" jumped Mrs. Dulcimer out of her long scrutiny.

Mrs. Van Hook turned with a laugh.

"Nonsense, mother!" she retorted. "It's that new electric treatment I'm having for my eyes. Perfectly wonderful! You must try it."

"Humph!" sniffed Mrs. Dulcimer.

Did Dorcas really think she could be deceived? Didn't she realize the difference between this new look of hers and that of nearly all the people they both knew? Those others had a surfeited air. She, Dorcas, had a just-enough air. Just enough—that was happiness! And Mrs. Dulcimer could not have happiness going off like an alarm clock among those comfortable, sleeping standards of hers. It was with a distinct sense of danger that she now asked:

"Is Mr. Nelson Romper going with you to Hot Springs?"

Mrs. Van Hook wheeled about.

"Of course not," said she coldly. "Why do you ask that?"

The onyx eyes regarded her bitterly.

"How much is he worth—this explorer person?"

Her daughter started. It was exactly that question which, uttered in exactly the same tone, had put an end to her affair of twenty years ago. She looked down now into that chasm of unemotional wifehood and motherhood into which it had dropped her, and there was a long, long pause before her answer came.

"Oh, I don't know—nothing, I suppose—in money. But what does that matter? What have I got to do with Mr. Nelson Romper?"

"What have you got to do—— Just wait a moment." And without another word Mrs. Dulcimer went to the great table in the center of the room. "Here," said she, bringing back a paper which she thrust into the other's hand; "I thought you might like to see what the Weekly Gadfly has to say about you."

Dorcas Van Hook threw the paper angrily to the ground.

"You won't read it? Very well, then; I shall tell you what is in it. The article speaks of the increasing number of divorces among women in middle life. It asks why it is that matrons, and even grandmothers, who have worried along very comfortably with their humdrum millions suddenly get some flare when they are old enough to know better. It alludes to the threatened breach between you and Doré, and wants to know whether you will be the next to join the band of belated divorcées, of which ——"

"Stop, mother; for pity's sake, stop! I won't have my friendships ——"

"—— of which," continued Mrs. Dulcimer mercilessly, "Mrs. Sydney Glumheim, Mrs. Sweepwell Broome ——"

"That horrid creature," cried Mrs. Van Hook—"going round to public dancing places with men young enough to be her sons! How dare they mention me in the same breath!"

"All very well," replied the mother; "until she was forty-odd she was an exemplary character. She was wrapped up so tight in her proper duties that she was like a rug put away from the moths. And nobody—no man could ever say that Cynthia Broome in her younger days ever gave him the slightest encouragement. That's why I wonder ——"

"Hush, mother! Here he is—please!" And the tall, bronzed man who entered put an end to this significant conversation.

It did not, however, put an end to the subject. The following spring Mrs. Doré Van Hook arranged a divorce from her husband, and soon afterward she married the bronzed explorer. In this arrangement Mr. Doré Van Hook behaved very handsomely. He settled a million dollars upon Dorcas, and with this sum she and Mr. Romper settled down permanently in Paris. In the years that were to come she saw her children only occasionally and casually. Meantime the fourth floor went along just exactly as it had before her departure.

The only person, indeed, who was crushed by Mrs. Van Hook's decision was her mother.

"Well!" snapped she. "So you've done it, have you?" She looked at this other being, who had constituted for her merely an ensign of victory, as resentfully as at some inanimate thing that had suddenly waked to defeat her. "You—at your age!" she groaned.

"Poor old mother!" said Mrs. Van Hook, feeling for the first time in her life compassion for this battering personality. "Of course you don't understand." She paused for a moment and then went on: "You see, mother," she tried to explain, "I've been trying for years to intellectualize my emotions. But I couldn't do that forever. There had to come a time when I emotionalized my intellect. Good heavens," she cried with sudden fury, "you can't expect a woman like me to live on time-tables all my life!"

"Time-tables! So that is what you call your children?"

"Well, what else?" said Mrs. Van Hook bravely. "For years I've been looking them up, seeing that they ran at certain times, studying them out. They were just part—I couldn't help it—of a worldly system and a worldly life. Besides," she added, "I'll be just as much good to them this way. Miss Finch is staying with them, and she and Doré have promised to carry out my ideas for their education."

"That's too bad!" remarked her mother. And with that she left her.

To Percival the news of his mother's step was broken by Miss Finch.

"Percival," said she solemnly to the small boy in the Norfolk jacket, "I have something very painful to say to you: Your father and mother ——"

The boy's handsome head turned above the round white collar and his eyes met hers.

"Divorced?" asked he calmly.

"Why, who told you?"

"Nobody; but I've often wondered about it. Barkley Shinn's mother and father are, and so are Stumply Vander Whoop's."

This maturity of Percival had been gained from the Newport Casino, from horse shows and other society occasions which threw the family group into unaccustomed relief. It plunged him now into another question:

"Will they marry again—father and mother?"

"I don't know—perhaps."

"And we—Marian and Hildegarde and I—where shall we go?"

"Oh—here, where you have always stayed."

"Oh!"

The small boy gulped down his disappointment. For a moment he had thought the change in relations might mean a change in environment. But, no! Adventures were like Wassilissa's doll—they hid away in books; far, far away from unlucky rich children. It was this thought which lay uppermost in his mind that night when he closed his eyes to the correct Persian figures of his bedroom.

"H'm!" remarked Tompkins, the fourth-floor footman, to Percival's new nurse. "If 'e don't molt his mother easy! But—my eye!—when Freda left us, then you just ought to 'ave 'eard 'ow 'e did go on!"

They Hire a Tutor for Percival

PERCIVAL'S new nurse was called Grunwald. She had been with him now ever since Freda's lamented departure, and in this time he had felt no more emotion for her than for a spigot. She dressed him in the morning and evening; she drew his bath for him; she took him to Central Park to play; and she "turned on" every practical occasion of his life. But she had none of Freda's talent for life, or her wonderful fairy tales, or her dear, slanting, funny eyes.

Compared with Freda she was, indeed, very much like a shining and methodical spigot beside an enchanted rod which draws unexpected streams from rocks and arid places. And when, at the age of eight, Percival was turned over to the double care of Tompkins, the footman, and Mr. Agley Rasher, the tutor, he felt absolutely no regret for Grunwald's leave-taking.

Mr. Agley Rasher, the tutor, was a young college man, with the tidy features, the serene gaze and the broad shoulders you are led to believe, from the street-car advertisements, are the exclusive and logical possession of those who wear Sokocute pyjamas and Nift-tie collars. Mr. Rasher was the master of every manly accomplishment. He could box, swim, ride, bowl, play tennis and sail a boat; in fact, his postgraduate course in Greek epitaphs of the fourth century had not interfered in the least with his realization of the well-rounded Greek life. Mrs. Van Hook had picked out Mr. Rasher just before her departure. He represented her final touch of motherly solicitude.

"I want you to make a man of Percival," she had said to Mr. Rasher. "Don't let him turn into a dreadful little snob."

"All right," responded the young man cheerfully. And it must be said that he deferred the calamity.

Along with the new tutor came a change in the fittings of Percival's room—the third he had known since graduating from the splendid Sforza cradle. In all these expert considerations of the particular phases of his development

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extreme simplicity had been the keynote. Yet simplicity here was exactly like that of the little Van Hook girls' fine lingerie frocks, which cost one hundred dollars each. This may be understood from the fact that a simple little set of nursery or child's bedroom furniture, painted and made to order, costs as much as four hundred dollars. Add to this the curtains, friezes, carpets and services of the decorator, and you obtain the one thousand dollars the Van Hooks paid for each room's stimulating change of atmosphere.

After Percival reached the age of six months the splendid Sforza cradle and the silk-paneled walls had been overturned in favor of militant daintiness. The walls of his room were covered with Mother Goose figures; the furniture, of whitewood, was sprinkled with rosebuds; a rose-colored carpet was spread on the floor; and the latticework sides of the small white bed—one of which let down on hinges—were trailed with a realistic painted rose vine.

As soon as Miss Bongout, the decorator, beheld this room she indicated that Percival had been the victim of a defective æsthetic development.

"Pink and white," she murmured patronizingly to Miss Finch, who was showing her about. "Rather unfermented, don't you think? Now I see this room with a lovely neutral background. I see"—squinting her eyes as though blinded by the glory of the vision—"up there a frieze of Persian figures—you know nothing is more beautiful than the forms in those old Persian manuscripts. The bed and furniture will be a lovely deep imaginative Persian blue; and as for the curtains—printed with the same figures as the frieze."

"Very well; do what you think is best," said Miss Finch meekly.

In the next months it was quite apparent that, though the laws of the Medes might have a chance, those of their neighbors were as undigressional as ever. The figures selected for Percival's frieze were taken from a Persian manuscript illustrating the story of the Flood, and were painted in exquisite soft tones of blue and yellow and red. The chintz curtains at the windows repeated these forms in hand-blocked printing. And finally, to go with the "imaginative" blue furniture, there was a little bowl and pitcher.

"But the boy's bath is right next door!" protested Miss Finch.

"Oh," said Miss Bongout, "that doesn't matter—the thing is, the child must be taught to do things for himself. It will give him a sense of responsibility to feel that he is pouring water into his own little basin."

"It seems to me," demurred Miss Finch, "that it is a terrible affectation of simplicity."

But Miss Bongout proceeded relentlessly. With her harrow of correct taste she plowed up the nursery and sowed it with correct Oriental forms and colorings. Then she took in hand the little girls' rooms and prescribed for them "something soft and tender and maternal." Then, when the Fifth Avenue mansion was regenerated, she turned her attention to the country home.

The Great Adventure

BUT in children's rooms there must be an everlasting rotation of furniture crops. What will suit a boy of four will not suit a boy of eight. So it was that Mrs. Van Hook's farewell solicitude for her son took the form of another scenic shift.

"I would give him now something bold and free and adventurous—the boy's mind, don't you know?—something like Treasure Island," advised the inspired decorator.

Along with Mr. Agley Rasher, therefore, Percival received this nudge to his fancy. Right here, too, it may be stated that the tutor did not approve of the other contemporary advantage.

"Seems rather too bad, don't you think?" said he to Miss Finch, "that a boy's dreams should be made so literal. He oughtn't to be charioted along by curtains and bedclothes and things. Why, when I was a boy my little bare room was alive with those very things!"

The difficulties of his task had commenced by this time to weigh upon Mr. Rasher. What was snobbery but a sense of separation raised to scorn for those from whom you were separated? Already, he could see, Percival had the sense of being set apart. How long could he be kept from the biting consciousness of superiority? The young tutor perceived that he would have to fight single-handed against all the odds of a set environment.

At his very first meeting with the boy Mr. Rasher had been conscious of his problem. Here was a well-bred boy of eight, tall, and with the look of health that was the result of his perfect physical environment. Yet there was no exuberance about him. The face was settled—already that of someone who has always accepted instead of selected.

"Gee!" thought the young tutor. "He's as pink and stiff as an ice." Aloud he said: "Percival, I hear that to-morrow is your birthday. What do you want most in the world?"

The small heir to fifty million dollars, gorged with French and German and dancing and music and athletics, the small boy whose every minute was filled with some specified outlet, looked up at him somberly, and Mr. Rasher never forgot his answer.

"I'd like," said the boy slowly, "one hour in which to do exactly what I want to do."

"Good!" thought the tutor. "He's all right so long as he can really want something."

"Well," said he kindly, "I'm going to make you a present of that hour. Only—will you tell me what you are going to do with it? That's fair now, isn't it?"

"I dare say," admitted Percival; and Mr. Rasher winced to see how carefully the boy had been sheltered from the American "I guess." Percival thought for a moment: "But will you let me go alone?"

"Where is it you want to go alone?"

"Why, on a street car—down to the Aquarium."

Mr. Rasher thought for a minute.

"Very well," said he at last; "I'll let you go."

The small pink face glowed and the big white teeth, with their scallops, showed in a grin.

"And you won't reconsider?" he asked anxiously.

"I won't go back on anything I say," replied the tutor, carefully corrective of Percival's purist speech.

Immediately after this conversation Mr. Rasher called up a detective agency and arranged to have Percival followed in his romantic adventure. In doing this the young man had a mean sense of cheating.

"Still," he argued to himself, "it's the same thing—pragmatically. He'll get the feeling of independence just exactly the same."

When Miss Finch heard of Percival's radiant moment of liberty she almost slipped out through the negligent hooks.

"But, Miss Finch," contested the young man, "it was perfectly safe. I had two men follow him every step of the way."

The Cost of Learning to Dance

"IT WILL put foolish ideas into his head," said Miss Finch. "You must never let it happen again. Why, not one of those Van Hook children has ever been out alone in his life!"

Mr. Rasher groaned. He could see his system of development shrinking to mere reading, writing and arithmetic.

During his eight years Percival had come into contact with many children. These, however, like everything else in his small life, were carefully sorted over and picked out. Of this fact Bailey's Beach, at Newport, offered abundant proof. In the morning no children ever come to this famous inclosure. It is entirely given over to grown-ups, each of whom is admitted only upon the recognition of proper credentials.

In the afternoon, however, every nurse at Newport brings her charge to Bailey's Beach—provided that charge can qualify by the proper amount of parental wealth and position. With this sterilized group of youngsters Percival learned the secrets of the bounded main. In time he found out that two miles below Bailey's Beach there was a public beach where the unfastidious ocean shared her purple robe with other children. But already Percival was beginning to feel that he had somehow been set apart.

To this knowledge even the democratic park contributed. From the time when Miss Rice wheeled him out in his crested and ermine-wrapped perambulator he had been taken each winter day to the fashionable Seventy-second Street entrance of Central Park. Here nurses, attired in English caps and cape coats, and united by the consciousness of ministering only to the most fashionable families, twittered among perambulators and roller skates and hoops. Here Percival was carefully guarded from children whose background was not similar to his own.

One day, when he was five years old, the little boy turned to Freda.

"Why do we never go to the park on Saturday and Sunday?" asked he.

"Oh," said Freda, "all sorts of children go on those days. Miss Finch never would allow it."

Likewise did his dancing lessons shield him from the cold outside atmosphere. These classes were conducted through the winter months by Miss Constance Leapton, a member of the same social set to which she ministered. Miss Leapton's classes, each member of which paid five dollars a lesson, generally met twice a week. These facts determined the weekly expenditure of thirty dollars for the dancing lessons of the three Van Hook children. It was deserved by the expert eliminations of "all sorts of children."

At the dancing classes Percival got his first taste of the managed propinquities from which he was to suffer all his life. There was in his class a very rich little girl, named Becky Donnerwell, whose father's country place adjoined that of the Van Hooks. Percival did not like Becky. She wore

(Continued on Page 52)



He Settled a Million Dollars Upon Dorcas, and She Settled Down Permanently in Paris

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THE WRONG ROAD

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN





"Give Me Something to Eat. I am Famished"

THIS younger brother of Dario Pez, sir, was a fine, handsome young fellow, who had the disagreeable vice of thievery.

"*Aunque la mona se vista de seda, mona se queda*," said Dario Pez when he first saw him all covered with diamonds and a big gold chain, just like a gentleman—"'Though the monkey is dressed in silk, it is still a monkey.' Hey, Don Francisco?" But Juan Pez merely grinned in an impudent fashion and waved the rich cigar he was smoking. And the same night he lost eleven thousand dollars at Los Kenos. I know, because I won it. But where did this Juan obtain so much money, sir? Ah, that is the question!

That he was a very bad person in every respect soon became evident. The very day of his arrival in our army he entered the general's presence with a long piece of writing on a paper, and he was laughing heartily.

"What have you there, *hermanito?*" asked Dario Pez.

"It is a list of certain holy ones," answered this Juan Pez.

"And why do you make it? I did not know that you were religious. Let me see."

"It is this way, general: All the saints in the *capilla* were shot disastrously through the head by bullets during the battle, and we took down their names, I and Benito; so that in case we apply for a miracle we may keep in mind those who have already been executed and thus waste no time in supplicating them."

By goodness, sir, what do you know about that?

The family of Dario Pez were extremely affectionate, sir. Mark what happened: No sooner had his fame spread abroad, because of his achievements with the Army of Deliverance, than there arrived, as fast as their little donkeys and their own shanks could bring them, his father and mother, and their fathers and mothers; and four uncles, with their wives; and five aunts, with their husbands; and a sister; and twenty-two cousins, once and twice and three times removed; and the young fellow of whom I have spoken, who was younger brother to Dario Pez and seemingly much beloved of him because of his joyous nature.

They all went to live in the great house where Dario Pez lived with Lucita, his wife. He did not turn them off, sir. No; it is our custom for the head of the family to provide, which custom runs through all classes. The poor man looks to the head of his family; who looks to the *administrador;* who, in turn, looks to the *hacendado;* who derives his power from somebody above. And there you have it!

Dario Pez took care of them all. He was very kind to his family, sir. To his father he gave the butchering concession for the city, which carried the sole right to supply the population with meat; and he gave to the others, also, according to the degree of their relationship. But to this Juan Pez he handed the richest plum of all: He appointed him purchasing agent for the army.

It was a lucrative and highly desirable post, for the purchasing agent had the buying of all arms and ammunition, and supplies of whatever sort, and great sums of money must pass through his fingers. That some of it should stick was a natural supposition, and Dario Pez expected no less. Therefore this Juan was transported with delight, sir, and made his appearance in grand clothes, with handsome diamonds and a massive gold chain for his watch. He who had limped into the city a fortnight before in his bare feet, and with his stomach as flat as a board, now went about like a gentleman, with a noble rotundity in prospect. Also, he gave rich presents to certain ladies of his acquaintance.

You may well suppose that the officers of his Staff did not like this appointment Dario Pez had made. All of us had fought and starved in his service. And what had this Juan done?

"Cheer up, Don Francisco!" said Dario Pez to me. "I have not forgotten you. You will receive the game of Los Kenos."

That promise did much to improve my humor, sir, for the game of Los Kenos is very profitable to the owner. Yet I could not resist an impulse to warn him; which I did as delicately as possible, for this Juan Pez was his brother, after all.

"So you think he's stealing, do you?" demanded Dario Pez. "What gives you that idea?"

"Why, *mi general*, only look at him! See the rich appearance he makes, and his big automobile, and the gifts he has given."

Dario Pez made a little clucking sound with his tongue.

"So!" said he. "And do all my officers think the same? How much do they figure he has stolen, Don Francisco?"

"It must be thousands and thousands, general."

"So much the better," he rejoined. "He will have less temptation to steal now than a new man would."

And, sir, that ended the matter.

At this time we were very short of everything an army needs, for the capture of the city had exhausted our ammunition and the booty did not nearly offset the depletion. But we had the beautiful goldpieces wrung from El Señor Don Carlos Balderrama; and, so long as they lasted, Dario Pez poured them out like water for cartridges and rifles, shoes, blankets and warm underwear for his boys. He wanted everything good, Dario Pez did; and he wanted everything quick. Nor would he hear of obstacles. Prices meant nothing to him.

"We must have fifty thousand dollars at once for more ammunition," this Juan Pez would say; and, by goodness, sir, it would be turned over to him immediately.

"What about those cannon? I must have them within eight weeks," declared the general at the top of his lungs.

"Impossible! They cannot be shipped across the Line just now."

"There is no such word as impossible!" bellowed Dario Pez, banging his fist on the table. "I never want it used in my presence. Do you hear me, *hombre?* Those cannon must be got. If you cannot buy them, make them. Others have done as much. *Ah, qué pelado,* have I men in my army, or old women? What is the good of holding this great city if we cannot obtain a few little cannon?"

"I will try," answered his brother humbly; for he never crossed him.

A fortnight later he came swaggering into the room where the general was listening to me translate from a New York newspaper the events transpiring in our country.

"It is done, general. Come out and see."

"See what?"

"The new cannon."

"Is that so?" cried Dario Pez eagerly. "Let's go, *muchachos.*"

Sure enough, he had a cannon, sir—a queer-looking thing, made of brass. It was set up in an angle of the trenches we had dug round the city, and a thick dirt roof, sustained by heavy beams, protected it.

This Juan Pez conducted his brother to the shells that the cannon fired.

They were very ingenious, sir. At the end that would strike the object was a nail.

"When that hits," he explained, "it is driven in and explodes the charge. Boom! Boom! Like that, general. And your enemies are blown to bits!"

"Excellent! But make more of them, Juan. A dozen is none at all. Where did you get the brass for this gun?"

"Over yonder."

"Where is over yonder?"

"In the *capilla*," he answered defiantly.

"General," I cried, "this cannon has been fashioned out of a cross; and so there is a curse upon it."

"What nonsense is this? We are grown men, and not children, Don Francisco."

"Nevertheless, it is so, general. The brass used in the making came from a huge cross, and the cross came from the *capilla*. And it is generally known that devils have been imprisoned therein these many hundreds of years."

By goodness, sir, Dario Pez opened his eyes.

"Devils, you say? Now that is a good one! How many of 'em?"

"That is the story told to me. And it is generally known to be true."

"Well, well! Are you crazy, Don Francisco? Do you feel queer anywhere? In the head, maybe?"

"It is the truth about this cannon that I have learned."

"Go on," said Dario Pez. "Take a long breath and tell it. You say this cross has been holding devils safe in yonder church for hundreds of years?"

"That is what they say, general."

"Well, we won't let it worry us, then; for by this time they must be very old and feeble, Don Francisco.

"Moreover, if they have moved to the cannon they will make fine weapons to use against my enemies. Hey, *muchachitos!* Go fetch me a gunner—one of you. I wish to see how this bad baby works."

Off went this Juan Pez, and presently came back with a fellow from the artillery; and he held a swab in his hands. On seeing the general he swelled out his chest and strutted up to the cannon.

"Devils, is it?" he cried. "Well, here is their match. I'm the best artilleryman in the whole bunch. See for yourself, general. Watch me and judge."

And, with that, before any of us could stop him, the ignorant scoundrel rammed his swab into the brass cannon. Instantly the devils inside complained with a terrible explosion. There had



When She Began to Speak Her Agitation Was Great

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been a shell in it, which the gunner did not know, sir. Three officers were killed and splinters wounded some soldiers outside the emplacement, and one of the brass pieces passed through the hat of Dario Pez, parting his hair very neatly.

Yes; that bit of brass from the devil-possessed cannon almost did the job for Dario Pez and me. We were furious. We would have punished the boastful artilleryman severely, but he could not be found. He was scattered widely, sir.

This affair made Dario Pez very thoughtful. He was not given to superstition, but when a portent is so unmistakable none but a fool would ignore it. Therefore, he said to this Juan that night:

"Be more careful in future, brother, else something evil will assuredly befall you. I have already cautioned enough. You must have respect for sacred things and act like a man of honor."

But Juan, sir, had respect for nothing. It was not long before complaints about him reached Dario Pez.

"What is this I hear?" he asked at supper one night. "Why did you steal that automobile?"

"Steal it, general? It was a present to me."

Dario Pez eyed him a while and then he grunted.

"He was here today to tell me how the gift was made. And he showed me the marks of a saber. Take care, little man! I have raised you up and I can as easily cast you down. You are on the wrong road."

This Juan, he said nothing; but he did not give back the automobile to the rightful owner. And the reason that he dared to ignore the warning was this:

"We must have more cartridges, *hermanito*."

"Give me the money and I will buy them, general."

"But I have no more. It is all spent. Buy them anyway, and we will pay for them later."

"But they will not trust us."

"What!" roared Dario Pez. "They refuse to accept my word? The scoundrels!"

This Juan Pez glanced at him shrewdly and twirled his underlip, which was a habit he had, sir, when he was up to any deviltry.

"There is a way."

"Let me hear it, then."

"Print your own money."

The suggestion startled Dario Pez and he stared at his brother. Then he sprang up joyously and embraced him.

"Good for you, little brother! Good for you! You are a *gran hombre!* You use your head!" he exclaimed. "If only all my officers would do the same! A body without a head is merely a dummy. Have a bunch of money printed at once. And, listen—have my picture put on it."

Well, sir, it was done; and for a while things went merrily with us. We bought all we needed, and when the foreigners who sold us ammunition demurred at accepting our money, Dario Pez was not at a loss. No; he did not let that stop him.

He promptly took over cattle and bullion from the owners in our territory and paid for them at the market price in the new money. Then he shipped them by the trainload to the Border and received American gold in return. With that he bought rifles.

"It is a fine world, Don Francisco," he observed to me.

"Sometimes, general—yes. Then, again, not so much so."

"What I do not understand," he continued complacently, "is why a government should ever be hard up for money. It is absurdly simple, Don Francisco. With a printing press in good order, and an army of brave boys to enforce your decrees, there seems to me no excuse for poverty. It is a noble life we are leading, Don Francisco."

By goodness, sir, what do you know about that!

This brother of his was very haughty toward the officers of the Staff, so that we did not love him. Quarrels were frequent. We had done the fighting; we had bled and suffered; and along came this conceited boy to reap the reward of our sacrifices! What wonder that we resented his behavior!

"No quarreling," Dario Pez ordered. "I won't have it. There you go—two cakesellers in the street. One in front of the other will spoil his trade; and so they must fight."

He was very busy, sir. Dario Pez was organizing all the country under his control and getting his army in shape for a fresh campaign. Recruits came in every day and it was necessary to equip them.

That made much work for this Juan. Yet he had time for other matters. His extravagance and his doings were the talk of the town, but nobody had the hardihood to mention them to the general. Once Lucita repeated at dinner some gossip she had heard; but Dario Pez only shrugged his shoulders.

"Boys will be boys," he said. "You can't place an old head on young shoulders. I did the same, *chula*. Every man worth his salt is hard to control in youth. Like horses, like men—the mean ones are the best."

And this Juan pleased him greatly in one respect: That was in his attentions to a young lady of the city, the Señorita Teresa Jaurequi, the only child of a large landowner of the state who had espoused our cause. Juan made no secret of his intentions. He went boldly to Señor Jaurequi and made his proposal, and after taking due time to consider it—though he was prepared to accept the general's brother as his son-in-law on the spot, sir—the young lady's father gave his consent.

The Señorita Teresa was also very willing, this Juan having carried on his courtship very ardently and with far more discretion than I would have given him credit for. And then he was known to be fabulously rich; and he dressed like a lord and talked louder than the general himself.

So Fortune smiled on Juan Pez. His bride would inherit vast wealth and she was extremely beautiful, sir, and accomplished, and young, and ardent. What more could a man desire?

It was said, however, that she was a proud and imperious lady, and possessed of a very devil of a temper, which I fervently hoped to be true.

Well, at last the army was ready and began a march toward the north.

Where we were going, or what object we had in view, none of us knew. Dario Pez kept his own counsel and nobody liked to ask him.

On the fifth day we arrived at the American-owned plantation of Corralitos; and there we rested. The manager opened wide the whole place to the general. The cowboys, too, welcomed us. They mingled with our troops fearlessly, did those Mormon boys, and helped to make things pleasant.

By goodness, sir, the good things we had to eat! Cantaloupes were provided in thousands and our poor hungry soldiers filled their stomachs. The horses, also, got a fine feed; they ate all the hay, and everything else there was on the ranch. This was accomplished in sixty hours and it became necessary to move on.

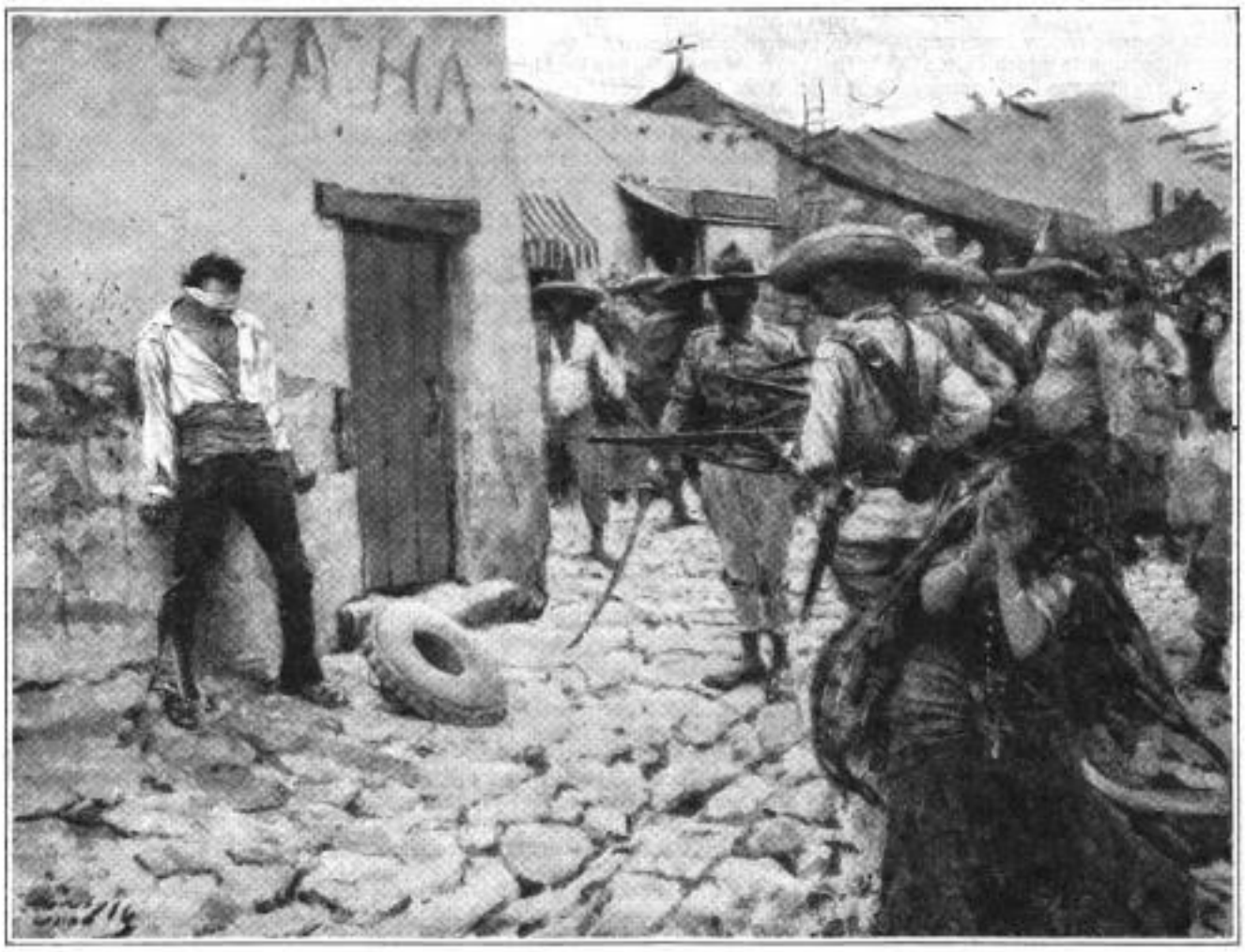
We struck for La Ascencion, thirty-six miles distant. It was a very agreeable town, sir, and we remained in it a fortnight to enable Dario Pez to gather certain forces with whose leaders he had been negotiating.

We went in for amusements. There were many Mormon colonists in that vicinity, and they were of opinion that their horses possessed greater speed than ours. Dario Pez and his officers, they thought differently. To decide these disputes we held races, and we always used to bet on them.

Some days those Mormon boys would go back to their homes with bundles of our money. Yes; they would leave us broke and wondering what had happened. On the other hand, we managed sometimes to make them feel very sick, sir.

On three occasions they were obliged, those Mormon boys, to make trips to the Border with hides in order to get money to continue the sport.

We had cockfighting too. Dario Pez was passionately fond of the sport; and at all the contests of which he was a spectator he insisted on tying the spurs to the roosters' legs himself. This habit of his proved very successful, sir. After a while nobody would bet against the bird the general favored, for invariably something would go wrong with the other's spurs.



Then a Wild Scream Made Me Jump and I Saw the Rifles Waver

The fun seemed to do him good. He was happy. He would go round singing:

"Yo solito voy y vengo
Como las olas del mar."

Every afternoon he would take his soldiers into the open and lecture them. He would tell his boys not to waste ammunition; to let the enemy come to close range, so as to use bullets with effect. And he preached sobriety on every occasion.

"A man who gets artificial courage is no use to me," he declared over and over. "Let not the tares spoil the good grain, my children."

He was always at his best in the open. In the city, Dario Pez seemed restless, ill at ease. He could not work well and betrayed indecision; he often told me that the surroundings of a city were belittling. But out amid the whispering trees, or in the great waste places, or under the stars at night—then, indeed, he showed what was in him. He seemed to be in everlasting communion with the sky, sir. I have heard him call the stars by name—address them as friends—talk to them.

"Someone," he announced angrily, "has been smuggling stuff into the camp! I won't have it. Any man caught drunk will be severely punished. Tell that to your boys; and remember this—I expect my officers to set an example."

Well, sir, the first offender was this Juan Pez, sir. Perhaps he considered that the rule did not apply to him, being full of foolish pride. But Dario Pez speedily undeceived him.

"What! My own brother is insubordinate?" he shouted, his eyes beginning to roll; and he commanded that this Juan should be brought into his presence.

"Don Francisco," he then said to me, "and you, Captain Banda and Colonel Ochoa, you will each administer five strokes to this fellow with the backs of your sabers."

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By goodness, sir, we stared at one another! We did not love this Juan Pez, but he was the general's brother and a fellow officer.

"And hear me, *hombres*," added Dario Pez: "If any one of you three withholds his hand he will receive twenty-five strokes himself from one who won't. I will stay and watch."

There was no escape. With Dario Pez looking on, we had to do our best. So this Juan stood quite still while we three swung our heavy sabers, one after the other, across his back; and we put our strength into it. At the last he fainted.

"Now," said the general when it was all over, "get away from my presence, Juan. I have heaped riches upon you; yet you defy me. I load you with honors, and you would bring shame on our name. There's a pill of my making."

It made us all sorry for the poor young man; but the affair soon blew over and seemed to have been forgiven on both sides. But this Juan, sir, never forgave.

Couriers brought word that a strong enemy force was moving from the west against the city, in which only a small garrison had been left on our departure. So it became expedient to return swiftly to that place and foil them. Dario Pez took three thousand of his cavalry and started at midnight on the return march, leaving the remainder of the army to follow as best they might.

By goodness, what a ride it was! Fifty miles in such a country is a heavy day's journey for cavalry, sir; but Dario Pez, he took his column a hundred and five miles without a stop, except to water the horses and swallow a mouthful of food. Our sufferings were terrible.

Colonel Ochoa remonstrated, telling him that it was nothing less than murder.

"What!" he exclaimed in great surprise. "They are tired? Why, I feel perfectly fresh, colonel."

Well, he got there with time to spare, for the enemy delayed at several towns. That is the way Mexicans usually fight, sir. They are always going to do great things to-morrow.

So the main body was enabled to rejoin him, and preparations went forward to meet an attack. In these the procuring of more ammunition played an important part, and this Juan Pez was kept busy night and day. We threw out relays of pack trains clear to the Border and poured a flood of real money into the greedy hands of the agents through this Juan.

While we were waiting for the enemy to venture into a favorable region for our attack a visitor arrived one day to see the general and took her place in the line of women who besieged his quarters daily in order to beg for favors. She was footsore and weary, for she had walked all the way from La Ascencion, sir; and when she began to speak her agitation was so great that tears trickled down her cheeks, and she sobbed convulsively.

"Clear the room, Don Francisco," commanded Dario Pez; and I did so. "Now," he continued, "tell me everything, *muchachita*. And do not be afraid. I am here to protect you."

By goodness, what she told him sent the general into a dreadful rage! He sent me on the jump for his brother. "Viper," he cried to him, "is what this poor girl says true? Look at her!"

This Juan did so, and turned a mighty sick color; but he was an impudent fellow and never at a loss for words.

"It is not," he replied stoutly. "I never saw the woman before, general."

"So!" said Dario Pez, bending his brows at him. "I do not believe you. But meantime you shall have the benefit of the doubt while I look into the matter. Don Francisco, escort this young lady to my house and inform the Señora Pez that she is under her protection.

"And listen to me, Juan: If what this child says turns out to be the fact, you will be in a pretty pickle. What about the Señorita Teresa? Bah! Get out of my presence! With your feet on the broad highway to honor and wealth, you branch off into the wrong road—monkey that you are!"

Lucita received the girl very kindly, she being poor and in misfortune. But Dario Pez had no time to investigate Lola's story just then; the very next day a courier arrived to tell him that the enemy were approaching to capture the city, and they had seven thousand seasoned fighters.

That was good news to the general. He had been waiting to catch them on the move, and now he made his preparations for an onslaught. It was against his policy to await an attack.

"The aggressor has the advantage," he frequently asserted. "It is half the battle, other things being equal. The man who hits first hits twice."

Accordingly he dispatched a force of five hundred cavalry under Colonel Ochoa to feel out the advancing army, and piled some infantry and the artillery aboard trains. These were to proceed slowly westward until the cavalry had got into touch with the enemy vanguard, and were then to take up certain prepared positions where Dario Pez planned to give battle.

I accompanied him, sir, on the first of these trains. He also took this Juan along, though, for some reason hidden from us then, he betrayed a strange reluctance to go.

"Let me stay here and continue my work," Juan entreated.

"What! Are you afraid?" cried Dario Pez.

"No, general; but I am sick."

"That is a good one! Do you hear him, Don Francisco? He is sick! A lot of *hombres* get sick with a fight in prospect, *hermanito*. So forget it and get busy."

Well, a terrible misfortune overtook Colonel Ochoa. He found several hundred of the enemy at a little place named Sauceda and immediately deployed his force, thinking to surprise them.

But he got a surprise himself instead, sir, and a very painful one; for, though taken unaware, the troops in Sauceda fought with spirit and drove back our cavalry, with much slaughter. And they did not appear to mind the fire of our men at all. Colonel Ochoa was furiously mystified. He could not understand it. His cavalry considerably outnumbered that opposed to it, but its fire was pitifully weak.

In a rage, the colonel, sir, grabbed a rifle from one of his troopers and sighted on a roof about six hundred yards away. Now he was a crack shot and he knew that the ball ought to send up a spurt of dust. But what was his amazement when he missed the roof altogether. Yes; the miserable cartridge failed to explode. Colonel Ochoa jerked it out and tried again. This time there was a faint report and the bullet went moaning a couple of hundred yards and then spent itself in a sandbank. Then the truth was revealed to him—his ammunition, sir, was no good!

There was nothing to do but order a retreat, and they slowly drew off. But he left seventy of our boys dead on the ground, the price of somebody's treachery. Fortunately the opposing commander did not pursue them, fearing, from the weakness of the attack, that it was only a trap; and so Colonel Ochoa escaped without further losses.

But judge of his feelings, sir. Think of his rage as he counted his losses, all the time knowing that the same disaster must overtake the whole army at the first battle! It was plain that condemned ammunition had been unloaded on us.



She Came Proudly In, Sir, All Smiles and Good Humor; and She Was Dressed in Her Richest Dress

Not an instant was to be lost. He dispatched a courier and, lest Dario Pez should doubt his story and interpret it as an excuse for failure, he himself followed the rider, bringing some of the ammunition in a bag with him. I was in the car when he threw it down in front of the general and burst into tears.

"Send for my brother," commanded Dario Pez, holding two of the cartridges in the palm of his hand; and I saw the veins on his forehead swell up.

You can bet, sir, I did not let the grass grow under my feet in executing this commission. But Juan Pez was not on board the train. He had disappeared as by black magic.

"Is it so?" said Dario Pez with a strange calmness when I reported to him. "Then I know what I wanted to know. Send out and get him. He cannot have got very far."

Well, while our troop trains were slowly backing toward the city I headed a column of two hundred men which scoured all that region for this Juan. And we found him, sir. At last we found him. He had taken refuge in a woodcutter's hut up in some hills, and he hid under the bed when we approached. So does conscience make us cowards.

But we dragged him out and placed him on a horse; and then we rode swiftly to rejoin the general. It was not, however, until we came within sight of the city on the third day that we overtook his train, which was at rest on a siding.

"Welcome, little brother!" cried Dario Pez, jumping up to greet him. "What time is it?"

This Juan was scared half to death, sir, and could by no means fathom the intention of the general; but he fumbled in his pocket and brought out the magnificent, bejeweled watch.

"Ten minutes past eleven, Excellency," he stammered.

"Good!" cried Dario Pez, his hand on his gun. "Fortunate above all men art thou, little brother; for thou knowest the hour of thy death."

For a moment I feared that, in his rage, Dario Pez intended to execute Juan with his own hand. Instead, he turned sharply away and said to Captain Banda:

"Tie him to the cowcatcher. He can carry our message to them."

By goodness, sir, he was going to set this Juan on a crazy engine and send him against the enemy! Yes; Dario Pez planned to delay them a while by wrecking their first troop train. To stop their advance he might have torn up the tracks as he retreated, but he wished to halt them where they were, and no force he might send out could reach the railway line at a point sufficiently distant, because of their advance guard. Therefore, Dario Pez, sir, bethought him in this extremity of dynamite and a crazy engine.

It would have been no more than justice, and Juan richly deserved his fate; but there were reasons why such an act of retribution should not be performed. Sir, I knew what horror the execution of his own brother would inspire throughout the country.

It would make void every guaranty he might give of safety and protection. Therefore, I summoned all my courage to protest.

"But, *mi general* ——"

"What now, Don Francisco?" he roared at me, turning purple. "Do you wish a seat beside little Juan on the journey?"

"No, sir; but I am of opinion that the journey should not be made—at least, not in that fashion."

"Indeed! Why so? Hurry up and tell me, because the engine is puffing to be gone."

"General," I said hurriedly, drawing him aside, "calm yourself for one moment and listen to me."

"I am perfectly calm, Don Francisco. I never killed anybody in calmer mood."

"Then, consider: this engine must travel many miles before it encounters the train you wish to destroy. If you place Juan on it, what assurance have you that in the interval he may not succeed in working himself free and thus undo the fine job you have planned?"

"We'll tie him so damned tight he'll never budge an inch until he starts for heaven," declared Dario Pez; but I could discern that my argument had made an impression.

"Besides, general ——"

"Besides what, Don Francisco?"

"Your enemies would say ——"

"Take him back to the city," commanded Dario Pez abruptly, and Juan was saved for the moment.

Well, sir, they sent that crazy engine against the enemy, and Captain Banda rode in the cab. He conducted that engine very skillfully for many miles until he came in sight of one of the troop trains slowly climbing a long grade. Back of it lay a valley, and in the valley were three more trains, also full of soldiers.

By goodness, when Banda saw those trains he gave a whoop and threw that engine wide open! Then he jumped and rolled down the bank, and got up and ran as fast as he could into the hills. And the engine went on, sir, and blew the front cars all to hell very nicely; which would delay them several days at least.

While this was happening the army was moving back to the city.

"Don Francisco," said Dario Pez to me as soon as we began to pull in, "get a pack train together at once."

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THE NEW ENGLISHWOMAN

As Seen by the Duchess of Marlborough and Lord Northcliffe

By Viola Rodgers



Miss Eliza More, Descendant of Sir Thomas More Family, Who is Superintendent of Viscountess Wolseley's School of Gardening at Glynde, Sussex

WHEN the great call to arms came to the men of her country the lady of England did not sit back stunned and dazed and helpless; she didn't gasp and have the vapors that were the ladylike thing for a startled English female to have in the chaste and virtuous days of good Queen Victoria, but she straightened up, took full measure of what there was to be done as her men packed their kits and scrambled off to the training camps and to the Front—and she did it! She is doing it; and she isn't talking about it or becoming maudlin over what used to be.

It is the "now" in the Englishwoman that has made her the great unexpected war asset of her country. Her task is set before her—she is going to it without regret, without tears, but with a firm determination to ride to hounds along with the men—this time they are the dogs of war. Her calm under the terrific cataclysm that has shaken the foundation stones of centuries-old family life and customs is hard to understand; we believe it to be indifference, but in not giving way to her sorrows the English lady follows the unwritten law of her class: It isn't done!

For example, an American reporter on a well-known London paper was given the painful assignment by the proprietor of the daily to convey the news—just received by them—of her husband's death, at Saloniki, to the Duchess So-and-So. The man told me how he took a stiff Scotch and then rode round the block several times before he had courage to present himself at her door; and how, later, she came down to her library to receive him and, with perfect control, asked whether he brought news of her husband's death. He answered in the affirmative, and the duchess thanked him for his courtesy and said:

"We must expect such things to happen. It's war, isn't it?"

Her dead husband had done his bit. She accepted it philosophically as such—that is, so far as not letting an outsider see her real emotion.

It is this training, this curbing of the emotional nature, which perhaps race and tradition give—the it-isn't-done of social ethics in England—that accounts for the remarkable adaptability of the women to their new outlook on life. It accounts for their taking up living and social conditions that make for the greatest self-sacrifice, deprivation and discomfort, with an enthusiasm and thoroughness and competence which have astonished the world. It has made it possible to equip in two years one of the greatest armies known to history and to supply munitions the like of which no country has ever seen.

In these huge dingy munition plants, where thousands of Englishwomen of all classes work day and night, ruining their looks, disfiguring their faces through the chemical fumes until they can scarcely be recognized by their friends, with vivid orange spots on face and arms, or completely covered with the ghastly saffron hue, these "canaries"—as their men comrades have dubbed them—work at the greatest personal risk to send their soldier boys munitions; and in so doing add their bit to England's defense.

The work in these factories—in the most dangerous high-explosive departments—is not being done by ignorant women of the slums, but by women, in three instances that I know of, from titled families, and many high-school teachers, women secretaries and former well-trained housekeepers.

Titled Ladies Who Do Their Bit

"AN ORDINARY, ignorant, undisciplined woman cannot do the delicate and dangerous work required in filling brass cartridge cases and fusing and packing them," a superintendent told me. "It takes women of discernment and intelligence; and we find that the more highly educated and refined the women workers in these danger zones are, the easier and more swiftly the work is done."

But, though there are a million and a half women preparing munitions, there are other millions not one of whom is idle. Ladies who went twice a year to Paris for their frocks and hats are getting into clothes and hats they have made themselves. Last summer it became the thing for women guests at country houses to go into the kitchen with the hostess and do up a few dozen jars of fruit and jellies for home consumption, or for the wounded boys in the hospitals. Every country house in England, without exception, was the convalescing home of wounded soldiers, with the nurses in spick-and-span simple blue and white wash frocks—women friends of the châtelaines of these great estates waiting on "their men" and getting them bucked up for the Front again.

Up in Thirlstane Castle in Scotland—in the beautiful Waverley country—the Viscountess Maitland, daughter-in-law of the Earl of Lauderdale, has taken complete charge of that enormous estate, thirty miles round. She acts as its factor, which is a sort of combination manager-superintendent. On this estate, with its great dairy, five enormous farm plants, an entire village and two churches, Lady Maitland spends her mornings in the business of the estate and in caring for its tenants. Besides this, she has kept up her gardens, and acted as head nurse in a convalescent-soldiers' home, into which the castle was turned all summer. Dozens of officers and soldiers came up to Thirlstane, and went back to the Somme after having regained health through the untiring attentions of Lady Maitland and her lady nurses.



Viscountess Wolseley, Who Has Enlisted an Army of Fifty Thousand Women to Work in the Fields and on the Farms While the Men are at the Front

On every estate in Scotland and England the same conditions prevail; and, so far as the outside world knows, social life is going on as usual. Débutantes, who formerly were invited to meet possible husbands, now milk cows, dig potatoes and pick the beans; dowagers make bandages or bind up legs and arms of wounded men. Lady Maitland has her husband, six nephews and her only son at the Front. It's the same story in every great house in England. In October, upon the death of Honorable Edward Wyndham Tennant, eldest son of Lord Glenconner, brother-in-law to Mr. Asquith, the fifty-fifth heir to a peerage had lost his life in the war.

As for giving up all social life, except where it is done to cheer the soldier boys on leave and in convalescence; as for the drudgery where luxury once prevailed, the English lady has nothing to say. Her new business is not society—nor is it philanthropy; but it is the business of war. She is just as much a soldier at heart as if she shouldered a gun and wore khaki. Her fighting spirit is as strong as that of her men, but she fights with different weapons. Can one believe, for instance, that the women who "man" every department, from the commissary to the X-ray machinery, in that great woman-hospital in Endell Street, where twelve hundred soldiers fill the cots, are not fighting for England just as much as the Tommy in the trenches? That's what these women ask you. They do not go into it as women, but as a part of the fighting strength of England.

The day of mincing Lady Bountifuls in England is ended. Philanthropy as a fad has been chucked out. It is no longer fashionable—in other words, it isn't being done—to affect an attitude of class. That's sheer intolerable swank, and nobody swanks in these days of work and war. Indeed, the ostentatious displays of any sort that make for telling the tale of social differences, either those of wealth or family, have gone—many think forever—in England. The coronet on the linen handkerchief is looked upon almost as snobbery now, in the days when the two hours spent on embroidering



Girls From Wealthy and Titled Families are Learning Practical Gardening

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that fine class distinction, measured in time in the munition factory, or in making bandages, or relieving a death watch in some hospital, might save a life for her country.

A woman who rides in an automobile that is not in war service is made as uncomfortable by passing comment or jeers as if she were a Lady Godiva riding through the London thoroughfares. "Shame," indeed, is the word she will most often hear. The signs on billboards in all parts of London, in letters so large that he who runs may read, warn women against extravagance in dress, in all outward display, and in the necessity of economy in everything—in servants, in food, and in all forms of luxury; in fact, luxury no longer exists.

The social secretary, once so necessary in the busy life of the London hostess, has ended her little day. Even so wealthy and aristocratic a member of London social life as the Duchess of Marlborough does her own personal secretary work; and she is so busy she would have to become a nonunionist if the eight-hour law prevailed. Her working hours are longer than those of the scrubwoman.

"I work just as every Englishwoman must work—we must make no sex distinction in giving equal service to our country; we suffragists never have done so, but now all women have begun to realize that that must be," said the duchess.

Her ideas as to woman's place in war, and what it will do for her when war shall have ceased, were given to me in an interview in the library of her beautiful home in Curzon Street, in London:

"We are in war, and we must accept conditions—hardships; grief; whatever may come. It is hard for a mother to send her boys off to war. One of mine has already gone along, just as every mother's son has gone or is going. It is hard—war is hard—but what can be done by wasting tears and words? Nothing; absolutely nothing. Our incomes have been taxed almost half and they will be taxed more—what of it? We must just adjust our lives to the present conditions, as men have been trained to do.

"War has made, in a few fleeting months, changes in social conditions and personal outlook on life that under the slow, easy gait of undisturbed normal England would have taken a century or more to accomplish. But the new conditions for women have not come overnight. We, as suffragists, have been working quietly but surely, changing the mental attitude of Englishwomen, and have in part prepared them to meet the present great struggle with courage and efficient aid to our men; and if Americans believe that war alone has developed Englishwomen, it is a mistaken idea. The war has given us our opportunity. Englishwomen are as interested in and as well informed on all public questions as American women are.

"Indeed, they take a more active interest in politics than do the majority of American women. But the war has provided the opportunity for the exercise of their influence in those wider fields of usefulness so long denied to them. Women's varied resourcefulness and usefulness have definitely proved the active part they are destined to take in war as well as in peace, and have refuted the argument that has denied them the vote on the ground of nonparticipation. Their part in this war has been quite as important as that of the men.

"In the industrial world, in the medical and nursing professions, and in countless other vocations, women have replaced the men who have enlisted, and have proved highly efficient and dependable. What the men will demand and expect after the war depends on their altered outlook, and on the temperamental changes produced by the conditions of war—grave problems that will be worked out after the conflict.

"With women it is different. There is no question as to their future share in the economic development of their country. They have proved their capabilities and their fitness. They will no longer be content to remain idle or to work in positions that scarcely yield a living wage, as they have done in the past. Education for women will, I believe, be along entirely different lines from those adopted in the past, and the education of the younger generation must be highly specialized and technical as against what used to be known as 'accomplished'; it must train girls to be self-supporting in many cases, and in others economically independent if they choose to be.

"As to the upper classes, the women will have to take equal responsibility in the problems that will confront all classes in the days to come. Class distinctions have been largely swept away among the women of England through the suffrage movement, for they have, with a common cause, met on a common footing. This new confraternity and *esprit de corps* will grow as necessity for common action increases with the need of solving economic problems, which even now are confronting all classes. With the high taxation that the war has brought upon us, much luxury has had to be dispensed with.

"Things which formerly were looked upon as essential to the happiness of women of the upper classes have gone, in many cases not to return. Luxury, in the vulgar sense of display and foolish extravagance, will no longer obtain; and it is a wise and good thing that this should be so. It would surely be highly desirable to reduce the waste and vulgarity of display and extravagance in every country, as a result of the war; for the example of ostentatious luxury has engendered a false notion of values through all classes, and it has caused much suffering and distress to those who have thereby lived beyond their means in the futile striving to keep up appearances.

"Many who have heretofore brought up their daughters in idleness will no longer be able to do so; and girls are no longer being brought up to regard marriage as their only ambition—for the opportunities of marriage will be greatly decreased, so that their education will have other objects in view. They will have to take up vocations and professional careers, with the result that useful, well-trained, competent members of society will be made out of material which heretofore has not worked out its fullest capabilities.

(Continued on Page 57)

A SCRAP OF PAPER

VIII

By Arthur Somers Roche

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL FOSTER

TRAIN after train left the terminal, but Dixon Grant boarded none of them. He had told Kirby that he would leave the city, and had agreed with her that it was dangerous for him to remain; but he was a red-blooded youth, and the more he considered leaving Kirby in the city while he betook himself elsewhere, the more his courage rebelled at the plan. If he were traced by the Masterman agents it was possible that his relation to Kirby might be discovered. He had never told any of his associates in the bucket shop of Kirby; he had never told any of his fellow lodgers; but detectives might learn of her existence. They might look up all his acquaintances in that artistic colony to which Kirby belonged and where he had first met her at a studio supper. He had always held aloof from his business associates, despising, as he did, the business in which he was engaged, and having a mild contempt for those similarly employed and without desire for a change of vocation. But the set to which Kirby belonged, and into which—by virtue of an old school friend become author—he had entered, knew that he and Kirby were close friends. If one of this set were approached, and should happen to talk, in some way or other Kirby might be subjected to annoyance, if nothing worse, and it ill became him to leave her to face it alone.

At any rate, not until he had communicated with Kirby and learned that she had accomplished her mission of storing the paper in a Masterman vault would he think of leaving the city. Brave and capable as he knew her to be, there might be a moment when two husky fists would be of infinitely more value than her ready woman's wit. Until she had arranged to hide herself, a move that, in his rising alarm for her, appeared to him as advisable as his own flight, he would be near at hand. So he stayed in the terminal—while trains by the score pulled out for Jersey and beyond—standing near a row of telephone booths.

Once, twice and again he entered the telephone booth, each time certain that she could not have returned from downtown so soon, yet unable, in his impatience that magnified danger, to let a reasonable time elapse. After the third unsuccessful attempt to reach her at the Greenwich Studios, he walked over to the cigar stand and purchased a smoke. He was lighting the cigar at the little gas flame when he was touched on the arm.

"Well, what have you been doing—tapping the firm's till?"

He turned to face Gene Carnahan, a fellow clerk in the office of Bryant, Manners & Co. It took an effort for him to return Carnahan's smile.

"If I had I'd not be standing quietly here, Gene," he laughed.

Carnahan was the only one of his fellow clerks with whom he had had much to do. They occasionally lunched together, and Grant rather liked the jolly little fat man, although they were not at all intimate. But Grant felt that Carnahan, like himself, worked for the bucket shop only because of dire need, and that Carnahan was as anxious as himself to get into something else. So a subtle bond of sympathy had been created between them.

Grant offered Carnahan a cigar.

"What's the point of the merry wheeze, Gene?" he asked.

Carnahan looked quickly at Grant. He got his cigar going.

"Personally, Dick," he said, "about the only thing that restrains me from grabbing off a bank roll from our esteemed bosses is the fact that I have a wife and two kids. The way Bryant and Manners get their coin doesn't establish for them any valid title to it, so far as I can see. It could hardly be termed stealing to take anything from them—at least, so broad-minded a man as myself wouldn't consider it such. So I'm not shocked. Dick, have you been nicking the office funds? If so, let me assure you that, while you're a confounded rascal, you have my deepest sympathy, my undying envy at your nerve, and my blessing and best wishes for a speedy voyage to a port where extradition doesn't reign. If you haven't—and of course you haven't—why does the Greenham Detective Agency take such an interest in your whereabouts? And since when have you become so pally with his lordship, Sir Fitz-Roy Bray?"

"Chop the chatter, Gene," said Grant. "Get down to cases. What are you driving at?"

"I just phoned the office. I've had the afternoon off to attend to some private business. I phoned to inquire about some work I'd left unfinished. Young Clarkin, the phone clerk, he of the cavernous ear and clacking tongue, slipped me some information which, in view of your repressed excitement, I will now pass swiftly on to you." He dropped the grandiloquent manner. "Clarkin, anxious as ever to disseminate information, told me that the Greenhams had just been in the office inquiring about Sir Fitz-Roy. Seems that he's a well-known crook named Harry Mack. The Greenhams wanted to know if Mack had phoned the office this afternoon and whom he had asked for. Clarkin said that you were the baby, and that he had given Sir Fitz-Roy, or Mack, your address. Said that the firm was quite het up about your not showing up this P. M. What's the answer, old top?"

Grant stared at Carnahan.

"When I know the answer fully, some day, I'll let you know, Gene. In the meantime, do you suppose you can forget having seen me to-day? I haven't robbed anybody; you're not making yourself an accessory."

"As if I couldn't be a little thing like that for a man I like!" said Carnahan. "I've forgotten I ever knew you, Dick. Is that enough?"

Grant pressed his hand.

"It's enough, Gene. Thanks."

"Forget it! And if you want —— There's my train. S'long, Dick." And the little fat man dashed off.

Grant looked after him. He had learned something in the last few minutes—that he had a friend on whom he could count. It was knowledge that cheered for a moment. But only for that long, for then it was shoved aside by a sterner knowledge, the knowledge that the Greenhams were upon his trail. His reasoning had been correct; he had been traced by the Masterman agents. How long before Kirby would be traced? He leaped again into the telephone booth.

He got the Greenwich Studios and asked for Miss Rowland's apartment. A voice undisguisably masculine answered. Grant's heart thumped.

"Is Miss Rowland there?"

"Who is this?"

"I wish to speak to Miss Rowland."

"Who is this?"

"The King of Spain," snapped Grant. "Is Miss Rowland there?"

He seemed to detect caution in the voice that replied:

"She's just stepped out. Any message? It is her brother talking. Who is this?"

It was clumsy work; it would have been far better for the man not to have answered the telephone. For Grant stepped quietly out of the booth, paid for the call and walked swiftly out into the street. There he stood a moment in indecision.

Kirby Rowland had no brother! Who, then, could be posing as that nonexistent brother except someone vitally interested in the paper signed by the millionaires? Of course it might have been a burglar, it might have been the janitor, it might have been anyone at all playing an asinine joke. But the probabilities were strongly against any such coincidence. It was an agent of Masterman, or else Sir Fitz-Roy Bray, otherwise Harry Mack.

He walked slowly down the street. Sir Fitz-Roy—Harry Mack! He knew that Mack was a client of the firm, and that was all. He had nodded to the man occasionally, but no more. Why, then, should Mack have telephoned for him and inquired his address? Why should the Greenhams, commonly known to be retained by the Masterman

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interests, inquire for Sir Fitz-Roy? Because Sir Fitz-Roy, otherwise Harry Mack, had gained, and was known to have gained, possession of the paper now in the Masterman vaults—probably.

And Mack had telephoned him, Dixon Grant, because it was Mack who had placed in Grant's pocket the paper. But why had he parted with possession of the paper? Grant shook his head. Why had Mack chosen such a repository as Grant's pocket? Again he shook his head. The answers to those questions were not clear. Sufficient that the thing had been done, that Mack had learned Grant's address, that the Greenhams had learned as much as he, Mack, knew, and that —— The telephone conversation was no impertinent joke perpetrated by someone who had gained access to Kirby's room; it was no burglar. Burglars do not answer the telephone in apartments they are robbing. It was Mack or a Masterman agent. And this being so, where was Kirby? She was due home now, some little time ago. His next to the last telephone call had been a bit too early for her return, but she should have been home a few moments after that. And that was almost three-quarters of an hour ago. What had happened in those forty-five minutes between her coming home and the answering of the last phone call by her pseudo-brother?

It was that question that made him leap aboard a southbound car and that made him fret at its slowness. It was a question that no fear for self, no fear for the wrecking of their great plan, nothing could prevent him from seeking answer to. For he loved Kirby Rowland, and if anything had happened to her he was to blame, because he had left her alone to face issues that would have appalled strong men.

But discretion is ever the better part of valor. His blood cooled on the all too slow journey downtown. If Kirby were, say, imprisoned in her own apartment he alone would be unable to rescue her by violent assault. Cunning would be needed, unless indeed he chose to give up their great plan. And that, imbued as he now was with her altruism, he hoped not to do. But cunning needs thought and wariness. So he swung off the car at the next stop, pulled his hat down over his eyes and, thinking hard, approached the Greenwich Studios at a gait that, being slower, was less an invitation to curiosity than the break-neck pace at which he had first started out.

He turned the corner of the street on which stood the Greenwich Studios. From the Greenwich Studios came two men; they turned toward Grant. His mouth grew hard as he recognized—too late to turn back, he thought, without being recognized himself—the handsome countenance of Harry Mack. And with Mack was a man who had been pointed out to him as Terence Greenham!

Their arms were linked; to the casual observer they would have seemed two middle-aged chums. To Grant's understanding eye that linking of arms was seizure; the twain were captor and captured. And they had come from the Greenwich Studios, which housed Kirby Rowland!

His slow pace slackened for a few strides into a dawdle. Mack was Greenham's prisoner. That meant, since they came from Kirby's house, that Greenham had caught Mack there, most likely, for it was hardly probable that Mack had led the detective there. If so he would not be held by the arm by the detective. They would have reached a compromise which would have assured Mack his freedom. The man capable of posing as an English nobleman, and of stealing the precious paper, would hardly be driven by threats. Grant knew character a little, and he had seen the handsome but hard face of Harry Mack too often to deem the man weak. They had met at Kirby's house; that was the answer. But where was Kirby?

This question, important though it was, he put aside for the moment. If necessary he would divulge the hiding place of the document and so save Kirby from harm. But until he knew what danger, if any, menaced her now, he would do well to keep his face from the eyes of Harry Mack. He turned abruptly into a tobacconist's and asked for cigarettes, while he kept one eye upon the door. The two men with the linked arms stopped outside the shop.

"Really, old fellow, you can't put a bullet through me because I want a smoke and insist on buying my own cigars, you know," said the voice of Handsome Harry, in the assumed drawl that fitted the identity of Sir Fitz-Roy.

"Very well," Grant heard Greenham reply. "But no tricks!"

It was evident that although Greenham had Mack under arrest he did not care to advertise the fact by a brawl. Still with linked arms the two men entered the tobacconist's. Inwardly cursing the luck that had driven them to enter his place of refuge, Grant bent over the counter as though choosing from its contents.

"What have you, my man?" Mack asked the shopkeeper. "All your deuced American cigars burn my tongue. Have you anything mild?" And then he touched Grant on the shoulder: "I say, my friend, can you recommend anything decent? My cousin here doesn't smoke, so he can't tell me. What would you recommend?"



"If I Get a Crack at That Paper, Masterman, I'll Certainly Print It"

And unless the sense of touch lied Grant felt the fingers of Harry Mack pinch his shoulder. There was nothing to do but answer. Face averted, wondering, ready for a mad dash past both men, Grant mumbled the name of the cigar he had bought at the terminal a while ago. But Mack was not satisfied.

"I say, you mention it as though you didn't believe it's any good at all. Can't you look me in the eye and give me your word of honor that it is a good cigar?"

"Come on, Mack, quit annoying the man," said Greenham testily.

But Grant lifted his eyes to Handsome Harry. Certain that the crook had recognized him and was making game of him, the young man doubled his fists and lifted his shoulders, prepared to swing at the nearest jaw, but the expression on the face of Handsome Harry made his fingers unfold. For the international crook, his back to Greenham, shook his head the least trifle, while his forehead wrinkled in a frown that could be nothing other than a warning. It was a signal that lasted only a fraction of a second, but was unmistakable. Then Mack laughed.

"Beg pardon for ragging you, sir. That cigar is really good? Give me a half dozen," he said to the tobacconist.

Mystified, inwardly trembling, wondering what could have been Mack's reason for the warning and what it meant and why the crook did not leap upon him, despite Greenham's presence, and demand the return of the paper, Grant lit a cigarette at the stand, still keeping his face from Greenham. The detective did not know him, so far as Grant was aware, but he might have obtained a description of Grant, and the latter knew not how effective, in a capable detective's brain, such a description might be.

Mack took his cigars with his free hand and paid for them with the same member. He put one in his mouth and leaned toward the lighter. He removed it; then turned toward his captor.

"I tell you flat, Greenham," and he enunciated the detective's name clearly, "I won't go back to those studios. I wouldn't for anything."

Greenham stared at his prisoner.

"Now what the devil do you mean by that?" he demanded, surprised into the question.

"Just what I say," said Mack. "There's nothing there for me, and I tell you flat I'll go nowhere without a reason. I'll go to your bally headquarters if you insist, but there's nothing at the Greenwich Studios and I won't go back there."

Greenham's jaw dropped slightly.

"Well, who the dickens asked you to? Look here, Mack, I'll have no more of your nonsense. You come along with me or I'll ring for a wagon!" Despite the presence of tobacconist and stranger, Greenham grew angry and did not lower his voice: "Why, you cheap con man, do you think you can make a rag of me? You've stalled long enough. Who're you trying to kid anyway? I've had enough of this! I've stopped to get a drink and now for a smoke, and I've had enough. Come on!"

"Why, blast it all, if you haven't a temper, Greenham, old cock! Deuced if I thought it of you! Lead on, my friend."

And smiling and chipper, Handsome Harry allowed the frowning detective to lead him from the shop. The tobacconist stared after them. He turned to Grant, as mystified as himself:

"Well, I'll bet that's a fly cop making a pinch! And I thought they were pals. Class to that crook, eh?"

"There is," said Grant dully. A moment later he, too, passed out into the street and turned again toward the Greenwich Studios. But he took only a couple of steps before he paused.

Why hadn't Mack recognized him? Or, rather, not that, for Mack had recognized him: his frown and nodded head were proof of that. But why hadn't the crook denounced him to Greenham? The chances were a million to one that Greenham had taken Mack into custody because of the affair of the paper, and million-to-one chances may ordinarily be looked upon as facts. Then why didn't Mack, under arrest, with his hold on fortune broken, denounce Grant? There was no use in trying to figure that out; let it suffice that Mack had not denounced Grant.

Sir Fitz-Roy Bray had not impressed Grant as being a fool; and Gene Carnahan had said that Bray was a crook named Mack. A crook clever enough to pass himself off as an English nobleman was not a fool. Then why the queer talk that had angered Greenham? Why should Mack want to anger his captor?

"There's nothing at the Greenwich Studios. I'll go nowhere without a reason."

These scraps from Mack's statements to the detective came back to Grant. Only fools make meaningless remarks. Mack was no fool: therefore, his remarks held meaning. For whom? For Grant!

It was clear enough. For reasons of his own Mack would not denounce Grant. More, he was shielding Grant, for he was warning the clerk that Kirby Rowland was not at the studios, and that there was danger there. There was no other meaning save that. And there was no reason in the world for Mack to attempt to deceive Grant. Kirby was not in the studios. Nor could she be under arrest. Mack had informed him of so much, that he would have informed him of this last had it happened. He felt a sudden, unaccountable faith in the man whom he knew to be a crook and who, undoubtedly, if his hard face were any indication of his character, would kill without compunction any who stood in his path.

Mack's hints were truthful ones. Kirby was not at home and, further, she could not be expected home. This last deduction was as plain as the first. Otherwise Mack would not have made the statement so emphatically that he would not go back to the studios. But how could Mack know

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she was not coming back? His heart leaped as he answered that question—because she had come and gone!

But where? That was for Dixon Grant to find out. He set out at once in search of Kirby.

IX

THE clock on a near-by church tower struck eleven, each note distinct, menacing. The three men in the library seemed to brace themselves against the sounds, as slaves might before the lash of the whip. Their attitudes beneath the real whips could not more clearly have indicated their characters, for Blaisdell seemed to cringe as each stroke of the bell floated through the open window; Cardigan seemed to grit his teeth and square his shoulders; while Masterman's face grew more and more impassive as the strokes continued. Only his eyes, gloomy, brooding, showed the fire pent up within him. And thus, in other and less happy incarnations, might all three have stood physical torture.

A knock sounded gently on the door as the last stroke died away.

"Come in," said Masterman harshly.

A liveried servant showed for a second on the threshold.

"Mr. Greenham," he announced softly, then closed the door, himself outside.

As a captive at the stake might have looked at a rescuer Blaisdell looked at the detective.

"Well, well, well, have you caught her, have you caught her, have you caught her?" His teeth chattered, though his forehead was moist and his eyes feverish.

"Have you got the paper?" rumbled Cardigan, his head thrust forward.

Masterman merely looked at the detective, and it was to him that Greenham directed his answer:

"Not yet. But I hope ——"

"Hope," said Masterman, "is the refuge of the incompetent. What have you done?"

Greenham flushed.

"I have operatives at the railroad station. I've notified practically every hotel in the city to have their house detective keep on the lookout for a woman answering this Rowland girl's description. As I phoned you earlier in the evening, she got away by a trick, but it's only a matter of time when ——"

"When seconds mean millions, Greenham, kindly refrain from referring to time so carelessly," snapped Masterman. "She got away? A young girl—an artist, you said? Away from you, said to be one of the greatest detectives on earth! Greenham, at any other time I'd laugh. As it is—what else have you done?"

"I have operatives tracing her friends. I expect at any moment to hear from them that she has been located."

"Hope again," said Masterman, "when I want facts! And this Mack? Have you discovered his reason for interfering?"

"He refuses to talk," replied Greenham, "except to state that if he isn't released by midnight he'll have something to say to the papers."

"To the papers!" Cardigan's bull-like roar shook the chandelier. "Another bit of your damned incompetency, Greenham. When you had the man, why didn't you hide him somewhere? Why take him to headquarters where he could get lawyers, and—Greenham, if I had an office boy as big a fool as you I'd fire him!"

"Kidnaping isn't as feasible as it sounds," said Greenham angrily. "I did the best I could. I've had him locked up, and—you talk about kidnaping. What good would that have done? He's in league with this Rowland woman, that's certain, else why did he rescue her from Schmidt? And when he's turned loose he'll try to see her, won't he? And won't my men be on his trail?"

"And weren't they this afternoon?" sneered Cardigan.

"They'll not lose him again," promised Greenham.

"Perhaps," said Masterman. "In the meantime ——" He walked to the window and stared out into the night. Somewhere in this city was a chit of a girl who was defying him, Martin Masterman, whom no man had ever defied save to his cost. She was defying Martin Masterman—she would make her defiance good!

To-day she had asked the car lines of the city to issue universal transfers; to-morrow—but there must be no to-morrow! He turned back into the room and the light from the chandelier struck full upon his face, showing things there that up to that time had been hidden.

"Greenham," he said, "men may be made to talk. This afternoon it did not seem possible that Mack was in league with this woman. Their demands are so different."

He was silent for a moment. Might it not be possible that the woman's demands were made merely to show that there must be no trifling with the demands of Mack?—to emphasize, as it were, Mack's demands? He shook his head. This did not seem probable, much as he wished it were. Mack's actions during the afternoon, as learned by Greenham and reported to Masterman, gave the lie to that conclusion. The crook and the girl were independent factors. That Mack had aided the girl clouded this reasoning, but Mack was a blackmailer, pure and simple, while the girl—Masterman had never seen her, but she had talked to him, and the voice indicates much—more sometimes than features do. She was no blackmailer. Yet Mack had rescued her. He must have had a reason. He must know where to find her. There was ruthless purpose on the face of Masterman when he spoke again:

"You're right, Greenham, when you say that Mack will try to find this Rowland person. But you're probably wrong when you say that your operatives will not lose him again. He's too clever. If he knows where this Rowland woman may be found he must be made to tell! This is no petty matter; this is a matter that affects the business of the nation. And one man cannot stand in the way of business and progress. Understand?"

"You mean ——?" Greenham hesitated.

"Don't be an ass," snapped Masterman. "You're no child! I told you this afternoon that I'd stand behind you. And you merely placed him under arrest on some trumped-up charge."

Greenham wet his suddenly dry lips.

"Mr. Masterman, I thought you meant that any false-arrest stuff—any suits for damages ——"

Masterman cut him short with a gesture.

"I said I'd stand behind you. I meant it. Find out where this girl is!"

Greenham shook his head. "It's too late."

"Too late? Who says so? I tell you this woman must be found. I tell you ——" For the first and last time in his life Martin Masterman lost control of himself. "Find her!" he cried; "find her!"



"Well, What Have You Been Doing—Tapping the Firm's Till?"

The demon unleashed in the soul of the master of transportation frightened Greenham. He answered almost in a whisper.

"It's too late!" he repeated.

"That's twice you've said that," raged Masterman. "Don't you understand that I control the authorities?"

"But not the judges; not all of them," said Greenham. "And Mack has seen a judge."

Masterman regained his self-control at once. He sat down.

"Seen a judge? Who?"

This gave him something to plot against, a chance for scheming. The world was a stage—his stage, and all men were actors—his actors. But just now it had seemed that the play was ended, the plot run out, and so he had lost control of himself. But there was to be an epilogue.

"How did Mack see a judge?"

"He didn't himself, but a lawyer did. He went to Judge Marchand, and the judge granted a writ of habeas, returnable to-morrow morning. Mack must have planted the lawyer; had some deal with him that if he didn't show up at a certain time to apply for the writ ——"

"Who's his lawyer?"

"A Jefferson Market shyster named Peterthwaite."

"Purchasable?"

"Too late. He found Marchand at his home and got the writ. Even if he backed out, Marchand wouldn't. There's one man that can't be reached."

Masterman nodded. No one need tell him of the incorruptibility of Judge Marchand.

"But a business necessity—Marchand might do something," said Greenham.

"He can't recall the writ if it's been served on the Commissioner—a writ demanding that Mack be produced in court to-morrow morning," snapped Masterman.

Greenham had known this as well as the financier. Only to ease the tension had he volunteered the suggestion. Masterman's face was impassive once again. His voice was chill.

"The writ is returnable to-morrow morning, eh? But that's ten hours off. In the meantime, Mack might be made to talk!"

"When he has to be produced before the judge in the morning?"

"Well?" The great man's tones were icy.

Greenham shook his head.

"I don't know just what this crisis is, Mr. Masterman; you haven't told me. But it can't be any greater than the one if anything happened to the man for whom Judge Marchand had issued a writ of habeas corpus. I know Marchand; I'll not monkey with him. And I advise you not to. Better let Mack go at midnight as he demands. The Citizen is after you all the time. If Mack should choose to talk to one of their reporters ——"

"Keep reporters from him," said Masterman.

"He'll talk to someone—the policeman on guard in the corridor. He said to tell you that."

"He said that this morning, but I thought a friend of his had the paper then. As it is, no paper would believe his story, would dare to print it without proof."

"But it's known that I arrested him, and that I work for you. The Citizen's reporters are clever. They'd put these facts with Mack's story."

Masterman sank a little lower in his chair.

"Greenham, release the man. Have your men follow him, but—get the Rowland woman! I'll pay you—you know me. You needn't bother about pay. Greenham, she's won her first move; I leave it to you to see that she makes no other."

"The first move? Then the universal transfers ——"

The liveried servant knocked again on the door.

"Mr. Lindley Jackson, sir."

"Show him up," said Masterman.

Still impassive, he turned to Greenham.

"Greenham," he said rapidly, "if Mack is released and his lawyer informs Judge Marchand of that fact, the habeas proceedings fall flat, don't they? Then let Peterthwaite—he can be bought—see Marchand to-night and tell him of Mack's release. Then—— Ah, Mr. Jackson, glad to see you. You know Cardigan and Blaisdell, eh? Sit down and have something to smoke." He walked with Greenham to the door. "Mack might elude anyone following him, eh?" he said in a whisper. "But if they shouldn't follow him? If they rush him away in an auto? You understand?"

Greenham nodded. Not for long was Masterman circumvented by the entrance of the incorruptible Judge Marchand upon the scene. Marchand, not knowing the gravity of the situation, merely thinking that Peterthwaite's client was some victim of ordinary police activity, would be satisfied with that shyster's statement that Mack had been

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released before the serving of the writ of habeas. If Peterthwaite's eloquence had been enough to persuade the judge to issue the writ in advance of any preliminary hearing before a magistrate; if he had played upon Judge Marchand's well-known distaste for police detention, under insufficient reason, of innocent men, he would be able to gull that able but too-trusting jurist further. And Mack could be spirited away, made to talk. He came out of his dream of justifying Masterman's faith in himself with a jar, for, seated at the wheel of a powerful runabout that stood beneath an arc light, was a man whom he knew well, Tom Hanrahan, of the Citizen. Across the street were two other small cars, and on the sidewalk, talking to Hanrahan, were two other reporters from the paper owned and published by Lindley Jackson. Greenham stared.

"What's the idea?" he asked, as Hanrahan grinned and the other two approached.

"You're news, old top," said Hanrahan. "When our respected boss is invited at the witching hour to visit Masterman, he takes a few of us along. Where you going, chief? For I'm going the same place and I'll take you with me."

And Tom Hanrahan could give all the trumps to the best detective that ever lived—Greenham admitted this himself—and score a grand slam. He could not be eluded. Right off the bat Masterman's scheme had been beaten. There could be no kidnaping of Harry Mack while Hanrahan, at his chief's behest, was trailing the people who left the Masterman household.

Greenham made the best of a bad matter.

"Headquarters, Tom," he said.

A little later Handsome Harry Mack was released.

"I pinched him on general principles—international crook," Greenham explained to the reporter. "No charge against him; made a mistake. Meant to have him released earlier, but cable from England saying he wasn't wanted for job over there didn't arrive till late, while I was conferring with Masterman about some matters that are nobody's business, Tom, old chap. I didn't want Mack to have to sleep in a cell if he's done nothing, that's all."

He had to tell all this, for the reporter, he knew, would not leave him until he went to bed, and would certainly learn the detective's mission at police headquarters.

However, he still hoped to have his men trail Mack after his release and carry out Masterman's suddenly conceived plan. But Tom Hanrahan had no explicit orders from his chief. He was to trail whoever left the Masterman household, on general principles; if there were no news in them, he could drop the trail. There was no news, so far as Hanrahan could see, in Greenham. But an international crook was always good for a few sticks on the front page.

"Blind steer the boss gave me, eh?" mused Hanrahan. "Well, then I'll get a yarn out of this Mack."

And when Mack was released the reporter proffered the use of his car, which Handsome Harry, with a grin at Greenham—he was no chicken, this Handsome Harry, and was quick to guess Greenham's impotent anger and its cause—accepted thankfully. In the reporter's high-powered runabout—owned, be it remarked, by Mr. Jackson—Handsome Harry sped uptown. After they had ridden for a couple of squares the crook spoke to the reporter.

"I suppose you know," he said, "that Greenham's men are following us in taxis?"

"What's the answer?" inquired Hanrahan. "Where do you and Martin Masterman hitch up?"

It was imperative, thought Handsome Harry, that he shake off the trailing sleuths. He understood perfectly that the next time he was taken into custody he would be placed where no writs of habeas or threats to tell the newspapers what he knew would earn his release. Of course he could tell Hanrahan the truth, and Hanrahan's paper would protect him from Greenham's agents. But, needless to say, Handsome Harry was not telling anyone the truth just yet, not until his own game had been played and lost. And he did not intend to lose.

"The answer?" echoed Handsome Harry easily. "Well, suppose I should tell you that the Botticelli bought by Martin Masterman last winter for one hundred and forty thousand dollars was a fake, and that Martin Masterman thought he could prove I planned the fake and copped his money? What sort of a story would that make?"

"And those birds behind are unsatisfied still of your innocence and are trailing you to lend them to better evidence?"

"Go to the head of the class, Mister Reporter for the Citizen," laughed Handsome Harry.

They were crossing a crowded street. Hanrahan looked back again. A story that would make Martin Masterman ridiculous would tickle Lindley Jackson, who hated the millionaire, and Jackson was Hanrahan's employer.

"Those taxis can make forty-five if they have to. This baby," and he patted the wheel, "will do ninety. Do you like fast riding, Mr. Mack?"

"Anything less than fifty feels tame to me," grinned Mack.

"Well, let's be wild for once," said Hanrahan.

The runabout shot ahead like a bullet. A few squares farther on it was bettering fifty miles, and before many minutes the pursuing taxicabs were out of sight.



"The Masterman Influence Can Get a Warrant for Your Arrest on Any Charge. For Mine Too"

x

IN ONE corner Masterman discussed with Creighton, publisher of the Tribunal, some additions lately made to the Art Museum. Blaisdell, nervous, and showing slight traces of the fact that he had consumed three pints of champagne, complimented Highlands, owner of the Star, on the series of Sunday articles the Star was printing about the food sources of the country; a series, by the way, which proved to the satisfaction of its author, his employer and Blaisdell, that the country would starve but for the genius of the little greedy man who was Lord of the Granary and Market.

Sanderson, Mannering and Cowdray, owners of the Planet, the Orb and the Dispatch, chatted on various subjects with Cardigan. Yerkes and McGaffey, of the Wire and the Transcript, two papers as wide apart in politics and treatment of the news as the two poles, who through their editorial columns sneered and decried each other, chatted with every evidence of pleasure.

Only Lindley Jackson, owner, publisher and editor of the Citizen, sat alone. His champagne was untasted; the plate of sandwiches on the little table beside his chair remained undiminished. He even smoked one of his own cigars rather than the rare, expressly manufactured panetelas of Martin Masterman. Careless about his appearance apparently, one looked twice at Lindley Jackson, greatest newspaper genius of his age, before one saw that everything about him was in harmony. If his hair seemed untidy one noted that it was a careful untidiness. The loosely knotted tie with its poetically flowing ends matched the rumpled hair, and the soft shirt bore out the scheme. An artistic poseur, even the pose gave the effect required of loosely restrained energy.

A man of great genius, he was not above demanding flattery of his genius. Altruistic publicly, always making the Citizen stand for the rights of the people, privately he was a bit of a snob. But his snobbishness was intellectual; it was not based on any material possessions. He despised the three millionaires more because he deemed them vulgarians than because of their methods of acquiring wealth. His real, though unuttered, objection to colossal wealth was that it brutalized the possessor and all those with whom the possessor came into contact. He had no real love for the people, because he did not respect them. That, for centuries, they had permitted a few to rob them in wholesale fashion, and enslave them, made them worthy of contempt. He believed the people neither capable of self-rule nor worthy of it; but he believed, and sincerely, that because the people did not deserve a thing was no reason why they should not have it. The people could hardly make a greater mess of their affairs than was being made for them by others; it was their inalienable privilege to go to the deuce in their own way. He believed that all had inherited the earth equally; that one man had as much right to rule as another. That he might not be fit to rule was beside the question. A queer combination was Lindley Jackson, and he fought with all his genius, unsparing of his health or wealth, for a people in whose genius, in the mass, he did not trust, because the divinity in each human being, however clouded by ignorance, carried with it title to a share in earthly power. So he believed, and so he fought. And now he glowered at Masterman. He hurled his cigar into a fireplace.

"I take it," he said, suavely insulting, "that we aren't here to discuss art, prize-fighting, or"—with a sneer at Blaisdell—"the wonderful genius of the gentleman who invented the food corner. We're here because Masterman wants something of us. What is it, Masterman?"

There were very few men who spoke to the master of transportation without the prefix "Mister." If they knew him intimately he was "Martin." Otherwise, "Mr. Masterman." But Lindley Jackson was one of the few who did not fear Martin Masterman. His great newspaper was financially independent of the financier. More than once had Masterman planned to ruin Jackson, but the latter had been too clever for him. He even forced the very interests he denounced to advertise in his paper, in very fear of what further injury he might do them.

Cowdray and Yerkes frowned at the publisher of the Citizen. Others stared at him, hostility in their eyes; but Masterman smiled ingratiatingly. He struck his library table with the palm of his hand, and those present came to attention as at a chairman's gavel. Masterman came directly to the point:

"Mr. Jackson is right; I beg his pardon for taking up his time with trivialities. I have invited you gentlemen who lead public opinion to come to my house because I wished to ask something of you. But not for myself—for the nation."

He paused and looked into every face. From all save one he received the glance of encouragement, of subservience, he wished. That one was the scowling countenance of Lindley Jackson.

"Patriotism, gentlemen," continued Masterman, "is not dead yet. I know that, and because I know it ——"

Jackson took out his watch.

"Five minutes of twelve," he interrupted rudely. "I have to be at my office at twelve-thirty. Forget the introduction, Masterman. Come down to earth."

Masterman winced slightly at the interruption, but he held in his anger. It would not do to quarrel with Jackson.

"I will," said he. "To-night, gentlemen, there is loose a force that menaces—have I your assurance that what I say will be treated confidentially?"

There was a murmur of assent from all save Jackson. He answered: "You most certainly have not, Masterman. I'll print anything you say to-night if it has news value."

(Continued on Page 33)

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

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Speaking of City Government

PERHAPS the ideal of automatic government is reached in Chicago, though many other American communities press her close for the palm. The fact came to mind recently upon looking over the newspapers of that city. They were saying that several thousand public employees would probably have to work without pay during the last month of the year, if they worked at all; that there was no money in sight to feed the horses in the Police Department or buy gasoline for the patrol wagons; that the whole Electrical Department would very likely have to close for lack of operating funds, thereby paralyzing the police and fire alarm systems and leaving many streets in darkness.

The trouble, it appeared, was that in something less than eleven months the departments had spent all the money appropriated for a year—for which situation, as one paper explained, "the City Council threw the blame on the department heads; while the departments hurled the blame back upon the aldermen."

Admittedly nobody in particular is responsible for government in Chicago; nobody in particular conducts it; the thing just runs itself in an impressionistic and opportunistic manner. If the public-school administration is in a mess, as has frequently happened of late years, you can blame the Board of Education, which will blame the mayor; or you can blame the mayor, who will blame the board.

If the city's money has been squandered there is a mayor, a set of department heads, a comptroller and seventy or eighty aldermen—all disclaiming any responsibility on their own parts and nimbly hurling the blame elsewhere.

The mayor promised to close the saloons on Sunday; but when it comes to keeping them closed he points to the state's attorney, while the state's attorney points to him. Murders are disagreeably common, for which the police blame the courts, while the courts blame the police.

No matter what happens, nobody is responsible; everybody can very plausibly blame somebody else. What Chicago needs is three men with complete power over local government in all its phases and absolute responsibility for the results they secure.

Goods and Men

A GREAT many people are nervous about the situation of American industry after the war. They argue that millions of able-bodied and skilled men in Europe will then be released from military service and return to civil employments. Meantime, by employing women and by higher organization, Europe has created a new and extensive labor power; so, when the soldiers go to work again there will be a fall in wages, and American factories will have to compete with relatively cheaper, better-organized, more efficient labor than ever. Consequently they want protection to prevent the flooding of our markets with the products of cheap European labor.

But mostly they want free trade in men—in labor itself. We know from experience that if real wages in this country are decidedly higher than in Europe a great quantity of European labor will flow over here. It will be almost wholly unskilled labor, and so directly in competition with that labor here which is poorest paid and least able to bear competition.

That a great accession of labor tends to keep wages down is so obvious a deduction from the familiar law of supply and demand that it hardly needs arguing. No doubt it stimulates production and increases profits. With some millions more of cheap laborers we should produce more goods and be in a better immediate position to compete for foreign markets, without the toil and bother of heightening genuine efficiency by discovering the best possible methods of making and selling goods. We should also be increasing our supply of poverty and ignorance, which is already quite adequate.

If the largest and easiest possible production of goods is the chief consideration, there is nothing more to be said. If men are the chief consideration—as various American statesmen have maintained—we want a restriction upon immigration such as the literacy test would impose.

The Orator

THE speaker evidently has several more hands than he knows what to do with—he tries hanging some of them on the back of his chair, putting some in his pocket and concealing a few behind his coattails; but there are still superfluous hands that want to feel of his collar and pull down his vest. He obviously fumbles round for parts of speech; stammers; repeats himself. His corrugated brow shines with a dew of perspiration. Observing these symptoms you stretch out your legs and settle comfortably back in your chair; satisfaction and contentment possess you, because you know the speaker is horribly nervous and just as anxious to get through as you are to have him; he will say no more than he feels to be absolutely necessary.

The next speaker rises with a bland smile, poses himself deliberately, looks out over his audience with perfect self-possession. When he opens his mouth, round, well-modulated tones issue from it; the words flow smoothly from an abundant and neatly ordered supply. Whereupon you look gloomily up at the frescoes or down at the floor, hump your shoulders and resign yourself to despair. Clearly this chap is an orator, thoroughly seasoned; he likes it. You know he will talk until you drop dead.

Oratory is a noble art, for which we have the greatest admiration; only no orator should ever be permitted to speak in public. Especially with this inexplicable but evergrowing habit of big dinners there should be an iron-clad rule that the speeches be made exclusively by shy amateurs, warranted to faint after thirty minutes.

The Library Habit

OUR mail makes us a bit peevish about public libraries in general. Many times every year we are asked to recommend a book containing information on this or that subject of general interest. We are always glad to comply to the best of our limited ability; yet we never answer one of these letters without wondering why public libraries do not impress themselves more definitely and extensively upon the consciousness of those who support them or whose beneficiaries they are supposed to be.

The writer of the letter is obviously intelligent or he would not be seeking information. By the same token he is interested in subjects of general concern. Yet, as obviously, he does not know that about three times out of five there is a public institution not far from him, supported at large expense, which not only contains standard books on the subject he wants to know about, but makes a special business of supplying him with those books promptly and without expense.

From its card index he can learn in five minutes what books there are on the subject, and attendants will fetch them to him on request. Invariably, in our experience, the library staff is informed and attentive. It will go to any pains, most willingly, to put the resources of the library at the disposal of an inquirer. Within its own walls the institution functions admirably; but a great many people do not know of it in such a way that, being athirst for information, they turn to it as naturally as a dry man turns to a water faucet.

The library habit is one of the best that any person can form. There should be a more strenuous effort to inculcate it. Meantime take the initiative yourself. Get acquainted with your public library.

A Tip

THE urban population of the United States is now divided into two parts, the smaller part consisting of those who have made money on the rise in stocks during the last year, and much the larger part consisting of those who have heard about it and are regretting that they did not wade in. Among this latter part are many who think seriously of repairing their oversight by wading in now.

We have no knowledge—or even an opinion—as to whether stocks will go up or down. But we have the historical information, which anybody can verify by looking up the record, that the time when everybody wades in is usually about half an hour before stocks begin to go down. Meantime, having taken the subject in hand, we have no hesitation about giving this tip: Now is a good time to buy sound bonds; in fact, every time is a good time to buy sound bonds.

Teaching Lincoln

HOW to link public-school education visibly and tangibly up with life—that is the school problem in a nutshell. Pupils are indifferent because a hundred and one things strike their keen young imaginations more vividly than the dry stuff in the textbooks does. Set the boys at working out the batting averages toward the close of a baseball season, and see how their interest in arithmetic will quicken. To them Latin is a species of mental torment which one undergoes for the purpose of discovering that all Gaul is divided into three parts. They would as lief it should be six parts. The dime novel tucked inside the textbook on geography does not prove that the boy is dull. It proves only that the geography is dull.

We cannot think of anything more sure to engage the imagination and quicken the pulse of American youth than the study of Lincoln. It is the heart of America's story, red and warm. He saw the human side of the politics of his time, and that is all there is to progressive politics. It is all that democracy, as a political movement, involves. The boy or girl who thoroughly knows Lincoln's life has received a liberal education in the political history of the United States—and something of even higher value than that.

It is an education, moreover, that would attract and not repel youth, for it visibly breathes the life which youth finds about it outside of the schoolroom.

Roads and Schools

EVERY sort of town in the United States gets its due share of the total increase in population, and a little more. Population of incorporated places of less than twenty-five hundred inhabitants increased over a million and three-quarters in the last census period, and nearly three and a half millions since 1890. At that date they had seven and a half per cent of the total population, and in 1910 nearly nine per cent. So with the towns from twenty-five hundred up to fifty thousand, while bigger cities ran way ahead of the general rate of growth. But farm population declined from fifty-six and four-tenths per cent of total population in 1890 to forty-four and eight-tenths in 1910.

There are no glittering business opportunities in small country towns, but there are many social opportunities. It is easy for people to get together in all weathers. The public schools are much better than those in that large part of the strictly rural region where the barbarous one-room ungraded institution prevails. So people are willing to live in small country towns.

The farm problem is in no inconsiderable part a matter of good roads and good country schools. Good country schools are nearly impossible without good roads, for a really good country school is a consolidated one, drawing children from an extensive district and giving them transportation from home to school and back.

A farm on a poor road is a prison for women and children part of every year. Nobody likes a prison.

Ability and Opportunity

THERE is no such difference in men's native ability as the difference in their situations would suggest. Native ability, in other words, is much more evenly distributed than opportunity. Lester F. Ward, a diligent student of the subject, observes that latent talent is quite common, and those who struggle up out of adversity, in the main, simply strike a better chance than fails to those who remain behind. Society, he says, has great unworked mines of ability; only ten per cent of its true resources in that line has been adequately developed; another ten per cent is partly developed; eighty per cent remains almost untapped.

The figures are more or less arbitrary, but the broadening of opportunity is democracy's real job. Free opportunity is mostly for the comfortably off, not only because their children are well nourished, well housed, encouraged to play, able to continue in school, but because, by a subtle and universal freemasonry, the comfortably off are in touch with the most promising openings for their children in business and the professions.

It is the comfortably-off father who knows men that have the dispensing of promising openings. A little touch at the start gives his son an advantage over the boy who has nobody to pull a string for him. It is his son who can take the long view and afford an apprenticeship—such as many of the professions require—which yields very little immediately, but promises much later on.

The key to this problem of wider opportunity must be in the public schools; but we can hardly claim to have found it there yet.

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How People Think About the War

By H. G. WELLS

AMONG the minor topics that people are talking about behind the Western Front is the psychology of the yielding pacifist and the conscientious objector. Of course we are all pacifists nowadays; I know of no one who does not want not only to end this war but to put an end to war altogether, except those blood-red terrors, Count Reventlow, Mr. Leo Maxse—how he does it on a vegetarian dietary I cannot imagine—and our wild-eyed desperadoes of the Morning Post. But most of the people I meet, and most of the people I met on my journey, are pacifists like myself, who want to make peace by beating the armed man until he gives in and admits the error of his ways, disarming him and reorganizing the world for the forcible suppression of military adventures in the future. They want belligerency put into the same category as burglary, as a matter for forcible suppression. The yielding pacifist who will accept any sort of peace, and the conscientious objector who will not fight at all, are not of that opinion.

Both Italy and France produce parallel types to those latter; but it would seem that in each case England displays the finer developments. The Latin mind is directer than the English, and its standards—shall I say?—are more primitive; it gets more directly to the fact that here are men who will not fight. And it is less charitable. I was asked quite a number of times for the English equivalent of an *embusque*. "We don't generalize," I said; "we treat each case on its merits!"

One interlocutor near Udine was exercised by our Italian Red Cross work.

"Here," he said, "are sixty or seventy young Englishmen, all fit for military service. . . . Of course they go under fire; but it is not like being junior officers in the trenches. Not one of them has been killed or wounded." He reflected. "One, I think, has been decorated," he concluded.

My French and Italian are only for very rough common jobs; when it came to explaining the conscientious objector sympathetically they broke down badly. I had to construct long parenthetical explanations of our antiquated legislative methods to show how it was that the conscientious objector had been so badly defined. The foreigner does not understand the importance of vague definition in British life.

The Conscientious Objectors

"PRACTICALLY, of course, we offered to exempt anyone who conscientiously objected to fight or serve. Then the pacifist and pro-German people started a campaign to enroll objectors. Of course every shirker, every coward and slacker in the country decided at once to be a conscientious objector. Anyone but a British legislator could have foreseen that. Then we started tribunals to wrangle with the objectors about their bona fides. Then the pacifists and the pro-Germans issued little leaflets and started correspondence courses to teach people exactly how to lie to the tribunals. Trouble about the freedom to pamphleteer followed. I admit it has been rather a sloppy business. The people who made the law knew their own minds; but we English are not expressive."

These are not easy things to say in elementary French or Italian.

"But why do people support the sham conscientious objector and issue leaflets to help him, when there is so much big work clamoring to be done?"

"That," I said, "is the Whig tradition." When they pressed me further I said: "I am really the questioner. I am visiting your country and you have to tell me things. It is not right that I should do all the telling. Tell me all about Romain Rolland."

And, also, I pressed them about the official Socialists in Italy and the Socialist minority in France, until I got the question out of the net of national comparisons and upon a broader footing. In several conversations we began to work out in general terms the psychology of those people who were against the war. But usually we could not get to that; my interlocutors would insist upon telling just what they would like to do or just what they would like to see done to stop-the-war pacifists and conscientious objectors; pleasant rather than fruitful imaginative exercises from which I could effect no more than platitudinous uplifts.

But the general drift of such talks as did seem to penetrate the question was this: That among these stop-the-war people there are really three types: First, there is a type of person who hates violence and the infliction of pain under any circumstances, and who has a mystical belief in the rightness—and usually in the efficacy—of nonresistance. These are generally Christians; and then their cardinal text is the instruction to "turn the other cheek." Often they are Quakers. If they are consistent they are vegetarians. They do not desire police protection for their goods. They stand aloof from all the force and conflict of life. They have always done so. This is an understandable and respectable type. It has numerous Hindu equivalents. It is a type that finds little difficulty about exemptions—provided the individual has not been too recently converted to his present habits. But it is not the prevalent type in stop-the-war circles. Such genuine ascetics do not number more than a thousand or so in all three of our Western allied countries. The mass of the stop-the-war people is made up of quite other elements.

In the complex structure of the modern community there are two groups, or strata, or pockets, in which the impulse of social obligation, the gregarious sense of a common welfare, is at its lowest. One of these is the class of the resentful employee, the class of people who, without explanation, adequate preparation, or any chance, have been shoved at an early age into uncongenial work and never given a chance to escape; and the other is the class of people with small fixed incomes, or with small salaries earned by routine work, or half independent people practicing some minor artistic or literary craft, who have led uneventful, irresponsible lives from their youth up, and never come at any point into relations of service to the state.

This latter class is more difficult to define than the former, because it is more various within itself. My French friends wanted to talk of the "Psychology of the Rentier." I was for such untranslatable phrases as the "Genteel Whig," the "Donnish Liberal," or the "Broad Minds of Hampstead." But I lit up an Italian—he is a Milanese manufacturer—with "these Florentine English spinsters who want to keep Italy in a glass case." "I know," he said. But he thought "everything that Marinetti, the Futurist, doesn't like" was much too comprehensive.

Before I go on to expand this congenial theme, let me deal, first, with the resentful employee, who is a much more considerable, and to me a much more sympathetic, figure in European affairs. I myself began life as a resentful employee. By the extremest good luck I have got my mind and spirit out of the distortions of that beginning; but I can still recall even the anger of those old days.

He becomes an employee between thirteen and fifteen; he is made to do work he does not like, for no other purpose that he can see except the profit and glory of a fortunate person called his employer, behind whom stand church and state, blessing and upholding the relationship. He is not allowed to feel that he has any share whatever in the employer's business, or that any end is served but the employer's profit. He cannot see that the employer acknowledges any duty to the state. Neither church nor state seems to insist that the employer has any public function.

The Cant of Rebellion

AT NO point does the employee come into a clear relationship of mutual obligation with the state. There does not seem to be any way out for the employee from a life spent in this subordinate, toilsome relationship. He feels put upon and cheated out of life. If he is a person of ability or stubborn temper he struggles out of his position; if he is a kindly and generous person he blames his "luck" and does his work, and lives his life as cheerfully as possible—and so live the bulk of our amazing European workers; if he is a being of great magnanimity he is content to serve for the ultimate good of the race; if he has imagination he says "Things will not always be like this," and becomes a Socialist or a Guild Socialist, and tries to educate the employer to a sense of reciprocal duty. But if he is too human for any of these things, then he begins to despise and hate the employer and the system that made him. He wants to hurt them. Upon that hate it is easy to trade.

A certain section of what is called the Socialist press and the Socialist literature in Europe is no doubt great-minded; it seeks to carve a better world out of the present. But much of it is Socialist only in name. Its spirit is anarchistic. Its real burden is not construction, but grievance—it tells the bitter tale of the employee; it feeds his malice; it schemes annoyance and injury for the hated employer. The state and order of the world are confounded with the capitalist.

Before the war the popular so-called Socialist press reeked with the cant of rebellion, the cant of any sort of rebellion. "I'm a rebel!" was the silly boast of the young disciple. "Spoil something; set fire to something," was held to be the proper text for any girl or lad of spirit. And this blind discontent carried on into the war. While, on the one hand, a great rush of men poured into the army, saying "Thank God! we can serve our country at last instead of some beastly profiteer," a sourer remnant, blind to the greater issues of the war, clung to the reasonless



Not a Moment to Lose

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proposition: "The state is only for the capitalist. This war is got up by capitalists. Whatever has to be done—we are rebels!"

Such a typical paper as the British Labor Leader, for example, may be read in vain, number after number, for any constructive proposal. It is a prolonged scream of extreme individualism; a monotonous repetition of incoherent discontent with authority, with direction, with union, with the European effort. It wants to do nothing. It just wants effort to stop, even at the price of German victory. If the whole fabric of society in Western Europe were to be handed over to those pseudo-Socialists to-morrow, to be administered for the common good, they would fly the task in terror. They would make excuses and refuse the undertaking. They do not want the world to go right. The very idea of the world's going right does not exist in their minds. They are embodied discontent and hatred, making trouble; and that is all they are. They want to be rebels—to be admired as rebels.

That is the true psychology of the resentful employee. He is a desocialized man. His sense of the state has been destroyed.

The resentful employees are the outcome of our social injustices. They are the failures of our social and educational systems. We may regret their pitiful degradation; none the less they are a pitiful crew. I have seen the hardship of the trenches, the gay and gallant wounded; I do a little understand what our soldiers, officers and men have endured and done. And, though I know I ought to allow for all that I have stated, I cannot regard these conscientious objectors with anything but contempt.

Some Dismal Literature

Into my house there pours a dismal literature rehearsing the hardships of these men who set up to be martyrs for liberty. So-and-so, brave hero, has been sworn at—positively sworn at by a corporal; a nasty rough man came into the cell of So-and-so and dropped several h's; So-and-so, refusing to undress and wash, has been undressed and washed, and soap was rubbed into his eyes—perhaps purposely; the food and accommodation are not of the best class; the doctors in attendance seem hasty; So-and-so was put into a damp bed and has got a nasty cold. Then I recall a jolly van-load of wounded men I saw out there.

But, after all, we can be just. A church and state that permitted these people to be thrust into dreary employment in their early teens, without hope or pride, deserves such citizens as these. The marvel is that there are so few. There are a thousand or so of these hopeless, resentment-poisoned creatures in Great Britain against five willing millions. The allied countries, I submit, have not got nearly all the conscientious objectors they deserve.

If the resentful employee provides the emotional impulse of the resisting pacifist, whose horizon is bounded by his one passionate desire that the particular social system which has treated him so ill should collapse and give in, and its leaders and rulers be humiliated and destroyed, the intellectual direction of a mischievous pacificism comes from an entirely different class.

The genteel Whig, though he differs very widely in almost every other respect from the resentful employee, has this much in common: he has never been drawn into the whirl of the collective life in any real and assimilative fashion. This is what is the matter with both of them. He is a little, loose, shy, independent person. Except for eating and drinking—in moderation—he has never done anything real from the day he was born. He has frequently not even faced the common challenge of matrimony. Still more frequently is he childless. He has never traded or manufactured. He has drawn his dividends or his salary with an entire unconsciousness of any obligations to policemen or navy for these punctual payments. Probably he has never ventured even to reinvest his property.

He is acutely aware of possessing an exceptionally fine intelligence; but he is entirely unconscious of a fundamental unreality. Nothing has ever occurred to him to make him ask why the mass of men were either not possessed of his security or discontented with it. The impulses that took his school friends out upon all sorts of odd feats and adventures struck him as needless. As he grew up he turned with an equal distrust from passion or ambition. His friends went out after love, after adventure, after power, after knowledge, after this or that desire, and became men. But he noted merely that they became fleshly; that effort strained them; that they were sometimes angry or violent or heated. He could not help but feel that theirs were vulgar experiences, and he sought some finer exercise for his exceptional quality.

He pursued art or philosophy or literature upon their more esoteric levels, and realized more and more the general vulgarity and coarseness of the world about him, and his own detachment. The vulgarity and crudity of the things nearest him impressed him most—the dreadful insincerity of the press; the meretriciousness of success; the loudness of the rich; the baseness of the common people in his own land. The world oversea had by comparison a certain glamour. . . . Nobody took him by the collar and shook him.

If our world had considered the advice of William James and insisted upon national service from everyone, national service in the drains or the nationalized mines or the nationalized deep-sea fisheries—if not in the army or navy—we should not have had any such men. If it had insisted that wealth and property are no more than a trust for the public benefit, we should have had no genteel irresponsibles. These discords in our national unanimity are the direct consequence of our bad social organization. We permit the profiteer and the usurer; they make the resentful employee, and the genteel Whig inherits their wealth.

But that is by the way. It was, of course, natural and inevitable that the German onslaught upon Belgium, and civilization generally, should strike these recluse minds not as a monstrous ugly wickedness, to be resisted and overcome at any cost, but merely as a nerve-racking experience. Guns were going off on both sides. The genteel Whig was chiefly conscious of a repulsive vast excitement all about him, in which many people did inelegant and irrational things.

This child of the ages, this last fruit of the gigantic and tragic tree of life, could no more than stick its fingers in its ears and say: "Oh, please! Do all stop!" And then, as the strain grew intenser and intenser, set itself, with feeble pawings now, to clamber "*au-dessus de la mêlée*," and now to—in some weak way—stop the conflict—"*au-dessus de la mêlée*"—as the man said when they asked him where he was when the bull gored his sister. The efforts to stop the conflict at any price, even at the price of entire submission to the German Will, grew more urgent as the necessity that everyone should help against the German Thing grew more manifest.

The Freaks of War

Of all the strange freaks of distressed thinking this war has produced, the freaks of the genteel Whig have been among the most remarkable. With an air of profound wisdom he returns perpetually to his proposition that there are faults on both sides; to say that is his conception of impartiality. I suppose that if a bull gored his sister he would say there were faults on both sides—his sister ought not to have strayed into the field; she was wearing a red hat of a highly provocative type; she ought to have been a cow, and then everything would have been different.

In the face of the history of the last forty years the genteel Whig struggles persistently to minimize the German outrage upon civilization and to find excuses for Germany. He does this not because he has any real passion for falsehood, but because, by training, circumstance and disposition, he is passionately averse from action with the vulgar majority and from self-sacrifice in a common cause; and because he finds in the justification of Germany and, failing that, in the blackening of the Allies to an equal blackness one line of defense against the wave of service that threatens to submerge his private self. But when at last that line is forced he is driven back upon others equally extraordinary.

You can often find simultaneously in the same pacifist paper, and sometimes even in the utterances of the same writer, two entirely incompatible statements: The first is that Germany is so invincible that it is useless to prolong the war, since no effort of the Allies is likely to produce any material improvement in their position; and the second is, Germany is so thoroughly beaten that she is now ready to abandon militarism and make terms and compensations entirely acceptable to the countries she has forced into war. And when finally facts are produced to establish the truth that Germany, though still largely wicked and impenitent, is being slowly and conclusively beaten by the sanity, courage and persistence of allied common men, then the genteel Whig retorts with his last defensive absurdity: He invents a national psychology for Germany.

Germany, he invents, loves us and wants to be our dearest friend. Germany has always loved us. The Germans are a loving, unenvious people. But beware of beating Germany, beware of humiliating Germany; then, indeed, trouble will come. Germany will begin to dislike us. She will plan a revenge. Turning aside from her erstwhile innocent career, she may even think of hate. What are our obligations to France, Italy, Serbia and Russia? What is the happiness of a few millions of Belgians—whose numbers, moreover, are constantly diminishing—when we weigh them against the danger of incurring permanent German hostility? . . .

A Frenchman I talked to knew better than that.

"What will happen to Germany," I asked, "if we are able to do so to her, and so? Would she take to dreams of *revanche*?"

"She will take to Anglomania," he said; and added after a flash of reflection: "In the long run it may be the worse for you."

Some French Opinions

All the French people I met in France seemed to be thinking and talking about the English. The English bring their own atmosphere with them. To begin with, they are not so talkative, and I did not find among them anything like the same vigor of examination, the same resolve to understand the Anglo-French reaction, that I found among the French. In intellectual processes I confess that my sympathies are undisguisedly French; the English will never think or talk clearly until they get clerical "Greek" and sham "humanities" out of their public schools, and sincere study and genuine humanities in; our disingenuous Anglican compromise is like a cold in the English head, and the higher education in England is a training in evasion.

This is an always lamentable state of affairs; but just now it is particularly lamentable because quite tremendous opportunities for the good of mankind turn on the possibility of a thorough and entirely frank mutual understanding between French, Italians and English. For years there has been a considerable amount of systematic study in France of English thought and English developments. Upon almost any question of current English opinion, and upon most current English social questions, the best studies are in French. But there has been little or no reciprocal activity. The English in France seem to confine their French studies to *La Vie Parisienne*. It is what they have been led to expect of French literature.

There can be no doubt in any reasonable mind that this war is binding France and England very closely together. They dare not quarrel for the next fifty years. They are bound to play a central part in the World League for the Preservation of Peace that must follow this struggle. There is no question of their practical union. It is a thing that must be. But it is remarkable that, while the French mind is agog to apprehend every fact and detail it can about the British, to make the wisest and fullest use of our binding necessities, the strange English "incuria"—to use the new slang—attains to its most monumental in this matter.

So there is not much to say about how the British think about the French. They do not think. They feel. At the outbreak of the war, when the performance of France seemed doubtful, there was an enormous feeling for France in Great Britain; it was like the formless feeling one has for a brother. It was as if Britain had discovered a new instinct. If France had crumpled up like paper, the English would have fought on to restore her. That is ancient history now. Now the English still feel fraternal and fraternally proud; but in a mute way they are dazzled. Since Verdun the French have achieved a crescendo. None of us could have imagined it. It did not seem possible to very many of us at the end of 1915 that either France or Germany could hold on for another year.

There was much secret anxiety for France. It has given place now to unstinted admiration. In their astonishment the British are apt to forget the impressive magnitude of their own effort—the millions of soldiers; the innumerable guns; the endless torrent of supplies that pours into France to avenge the little army of Mons. It seems natural to us that we should so exert ourselves under the circumstances. I suppose it is wonderful; but, as a sample Englishman, I do not feel that it is at all wonderful. I did not feel it wonderful even when I saw the British aëroplanes lording it in the air over Martinpuich, and not a German to be seen. Since Michael would have it so, there, at last, they were. Michael had been a tiresome fool to insist upon it.

There was a good deal of doubt in France about the vigor of the British effort until the Somme offensive. All that had been dispelled in August when I reached Paris. There was not the shadow of a doubt remaining anywhere of the power and loyalty of the British. These preliminary assurances have to be made, because it is in the nature of the French mind to criticize; and it must not be supposed that criticisms of detail and method affect the fraternity and complete mutual confidence which are the stuff of the Anglo-French relationship.

Now, first, the French have been enormously astonished by the quality of the ordinary British soldiers in our new armies. One colonial colonel said something almost incredible to me—almost incredible as coming from a Frenchman; it was a matter too solemn for any compliments or polite exaggerations. He said, in tones of wonder and conviction: "They are as good as ours!" It was his acme of all possible praise.

That means any sort of British soldier. Unless he is assisted by a kilt, the ordinary Frenchman is unable to distinguish between one sort of British soldier and another. He cannot tell—let the ardent nationalist mark the fact!—a Cockney from an Irishman, or the Dublin from the Essex note. He finds them all extravagantly and unquenchably cheerful, and with a generosity "like good children." There his praise is a little tinged by doubt. The British are reckless; recklessness in battle a Frenchman can understand, but they are also reckless about to-morrow's bread and whether the tent is safe against a hurricane in the night.

British Methods

He is struck, too, by the fact that they are much more vocal than the French troops, and that they seem to have a passion for bad, lugubrious songs. There he smiles and shrugs his shoulders; and, indeed, what else can any of us do in the presence of that mystery! At any rate, the legend of the phlegmatic Englishman has been scattered to the four winds of heaven by the guns of the Western Front. The men are cool in action, it is true; but for the rest they are, by the French standards, quicksilver.

But I will not expand further upon the general impression of the English in France. Philippe Millet's *En Liaison avec les Anglais* gives, in a series of delightful pictures, portraits of British types from the French angle. There can be little doubt that the British quality—genial, naïve, plucky and generous—has won for itself a real affection in France wherever it has had a chance to display itself. . . .

But when it comes to British methods, then the polite Frenchman's difficulties begin. Translating hints into statements and guessing at reservations, I should say that the French fall very short of admiration of the way in which our higher officers set about their work; they are disagreeably impressed by a general want of sedulousness and close method in our leading. They think we economize brains and waste blood. They are shocked at the way in which obviously incompetent or inefficient men of the old army class are retained in their positions, even after serious failures; and they were profoundly moved by the bad staff work and needlessly heavy losses of our opening attacks in July.

They were ready to condone the blunderings and flounderings of the 1915 offensives as the necessary penalties of an amateur army, but they were surprised to find how much the British had still to learn in July, 1916. The British officers excuse themselves because, they plead, they are still amateurs. "That is no reason," says the Frenchman, "why they should be amateurish."

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GOOD YEAR AKRON

(Concluded from Page 28)

No Frenchman said as much as this to me; but their meaning was as plain as daylight. I tackled one of my guides in this matter; I said that it was the plain duty of the French military people to criticize British military methods sharply if they thought they were wrong. "It is not easy," he said. "Many British officers do not think they have anything to learn. And English people do not like being told things. What could we do? We could hardly send a French officer or so to your headquarters in a tutorial capacity. You have to do things in your own way."

When I tried to draw General Castelnau into this dangerous question by suggesting that we might borrow a French general or so, he would say only: "There is only one way to learn war, and that is to make war." When it was too late—in the lift—I thought of the answer to that: There is only one way to make war, and that is by the sacrifice of incapables and the rapid promotion of able men. If old and tried types fail now, new types must be sought; but to do that we want a standard of efficiency. We want a conception of intellectual quality in performance that is still lacking. . . .

Mr. Joseph Reinach, in whose company I visited the French part of the Somme Front, was full of a scheme, which he has since published, for the breaking up and recomposition of the French and British Armies into a series of composite armies that would blend the magnificent British manhood and material with French science and military experience. He pointed out the endless advantages of such an arrangement—the stimulus of emulation; the promotion of intimate fraternal feeling between the peoples of the two countries.

"At present," he said, "no Frenchman ever sees an Englishman except at Amiens or on the Somme. Many of them still have no idea of what the English are doing. . . ."

"Have I ever told you the story of compulsory Greek at Oxford and Cambridge?" I asked abruptly.

"What has that to do with it?"

"Or how two undistinguished civil-service commissioners can hold up the scientific education of our entire administrative class?"

Mr. Reinach protested further.

"Because you are proposing to loosen the grip of a certain narrow and limited class upon British affairs; and you propose it as though it were a job as easy as rearranging railway fares or sending a van to Calais. That is the problem that every decent Englishman is trying to solve to-day, every man of that Greater Britain which has supplied these five million volunteers, these magnificent temporary officers and all this wealth of munitions. And the oligarchy is so invincibly fortified! Do you think it will let in Frenchmen to share its controls? It will not even let in Englishmen."

The Military Oligarchy

"It holds the class schools; the class universities; the examinations for our public services are its class shibboleths; it is the church, the squirarchy, the permanent army class, permanent officialdom; it makes every appointment; it is the fountain of honor; what it does not know is not knowledge; what it cannot do must not be done. It rules India as its back garden; it will wreck the empire rather than relinquish its ascendancy in Ireland. It is densely self-satisfied and instinctively monopolistic. It is on our backs; and, with it on our backs, we common English must bleed and blunder to victory.' . . . And you make this proposal!"

The antagonistic relations of the British military oligarchy with the greater and greater-spirited Britain that thrusts behind it in this war are probably paralleled very closely in Germany; probably they are exaggerated in Germany, with a bigger oligarchy and a relatively lesser civil body at its back. This antagonism is the oddest outcome of the tremendous demilitarization of war that has been going on. In France it is probably not so marked, because of the greater flexibility and adaptability of the French culture.

All military people—people, that is, professionally and primarily military—are inclined to be conservative. For thousands of years the military tradition has been a tradition of discipline. The conception of the common soldier has been a mechanically obedient, almost dehumanized man; of the officer, a highly trained autocrat. In two years all this has been absolutely reversed.

Individual quality, inventive organization and industrialism will win this war. And no class is so innocent of these things as the military caste. Long accustomed as they are to the importance of moral effect, they put a brave face upon the business; they save their faces astonishingly; but they are no longer guiding and directing this war; they are being pushed from behind by forces they never foresaw and cannot control. The aëroplanes and great guns have bolted with them; the tanks begotten of naval and civilian wits shove them to victory in spite of themselves.

The Symbolism of Spurs

Wherever I went behind the British lines the officers were swaggering about in spurs. Those spurs got at last upon my nerves. They became symbolical. They became as grave an insult to the tragedy of this war as if they were false noses. The British officers go for long automobile rides in spurs. They walk about the trenches in spurs. Occasionally I would see a horse. I do not wish to be unfair in this matter; there were riding horses sometimes within two or three miles of the ultimate Front, but they are rarely used. From morn to eve the spurs ring everywhere.

I do not say that the horse is entirely obsolete in this war. In war nothing is obsolete. In the trenches men fight with sticks. In the Pasubio Battle the other day one of the Alpini silenced a machine gun by throwing stones. In the West African campaign we have employed troops armed with bows and arrows, and they have done very valuable work. But these are exceptional cases. The military use of the horse henceforth will be such an exceptional case.

It is ridiculous for these spurs still to clink about the modern battlefield. What the gross cost of the spurs and horses and trappings of the great British Army amounts to, and how many men are grooming and tending horses who might just as well be plowing and milking at home, I cannot guess; it must be a sum so enormous as seriously to affect the balance of the war.

And these spurs and their retention are only the outward and visible symbol of the obstinate resistance of the British official mind to the clear logic of the present situation. It is not only the external equipment of our leaders that falls behind the times; our political and administrative services are in the hands of the same desolatingly inadaptable class. The British are still wearing spurs in Ireland and in India; and the age of the spur has passed!

At the outset of this war there was an absolute cessation of criticism of the military and administrative castes; it is becoming a question whether we may not pay too heavily in blundering and waste, in military and economic lassitude, in international irritation and the accumulation of future dangers in Ireland, Egypt, India, and elsewhere, for an apparent absence of internal friction.

These people have no gratitude for tacit help, no spirit of intelligent service, and no sense of fair play to the outsider. The latter deficiency, indeed, they call *esprit de corps*, and prize it as if it were a noble quality.

It becomes more and more imperative that the foreign observer should distinguish between this narrower, older official Britain and the greater, newer Britain which struggles to free itself from the entanglement of a system outgrown. There are many Englishmen who would like to say to the French and the Irish and the Italians, and India—who, indeed, now feel every week a more urgent need of saying—"Have patience with us." The Riddle of the British is very largely solved if you will think of a great modern liberal nation seeking to slough an exceedingly tough and tight skin. . . .

Nothing is more illuminating and self-educational than to explain one's home politics to an intelligent foreign inquirer; it strips off all the secondary considerations, the allusiveness, the merely tactical considerations. One sees the forest not as a confusion of trees, but as something with a definite shape and place.

I was asked in Italy and in France: "Where does Lord Northcliffe come into the British system—or Lloyd George? Who is Mr. Redmond? Why is Lloyd George a Minister, and why does not Mr. Redmond take office? Isn't there something called an Ordnance Department? And why is there a separate Ministry of Munitions? Can Mr. Lloyd George remove an incapable general?" I found Mr. Joseph Reinach particularly penetrating and persistent.

I explained that there is this inner Britain, official Britain, which is Anglican or official Presbyterian; which, at the outside, in the whole world cannot claim to speak for twenty million Anglican and Presbyterian communicants; which monopolizes official positions, administration and honors in the entire British Empire, dominates the court, and—typically—is spurred and red-tabbed. It holds tenaciously to its positions of advantage, from which it is difficult to dislodge it without upsetting the whole empire; and it insists upon treating the rest of the four hundred millions who constitute that empire as outsiders, foreigners, subject races and suspected persons.

Inner Set and Outer Set

"To you," I said, "it bears itself with an appearance of faintly hostile, faintly contemptuous apathy. This is the Britain which irritates and puzzles you so intensely; so that you are quite unable to conceal these feelings from me. Unhappily it is the Britain you see most of. Well, outside this official Britain is Greater Britain—the real Britain. It is in perpetual conflict with official Britain, struggling to keep it up to its work; shoving it toward its ends; endeavoring, in spite of its stupid mischievousness, to keep the peace and a common aim with the French and the Irish and the Italians and Russians and Indians. It is to that outer Britain that those Englishmen you found so interesting and sympathetic—Lloyd George and Lord Northcliffe, for example—belong.

"I do not want to exaggerate the quality of Greater Britain. If the inner set is narrowly educated, the outer set is often crudely educated. If the inner set is so close knit as to seem like a conspiracy, the outer set is so loosely knit as to seem like a noisy confusion. It is only beginning to realize itself and find itself. For all its crudity there is a great spirit in it feeling its way toward the light.

"This is the Britain of the great effort; the Britain of the smoking factories and the torrent of munitions; the Britain of the men and subalterns of the new armies; the Britain that invents and thinks and achieves. It has quite other ambitions for the ending of this war than some thin, haggled treaty of alliance with France and Italy. It begins to realize newer and wider sympathies; possibilities of an amalgamation of interests and a community of aim that it is utterly beyond the habits of the old oligarchy to conceive."

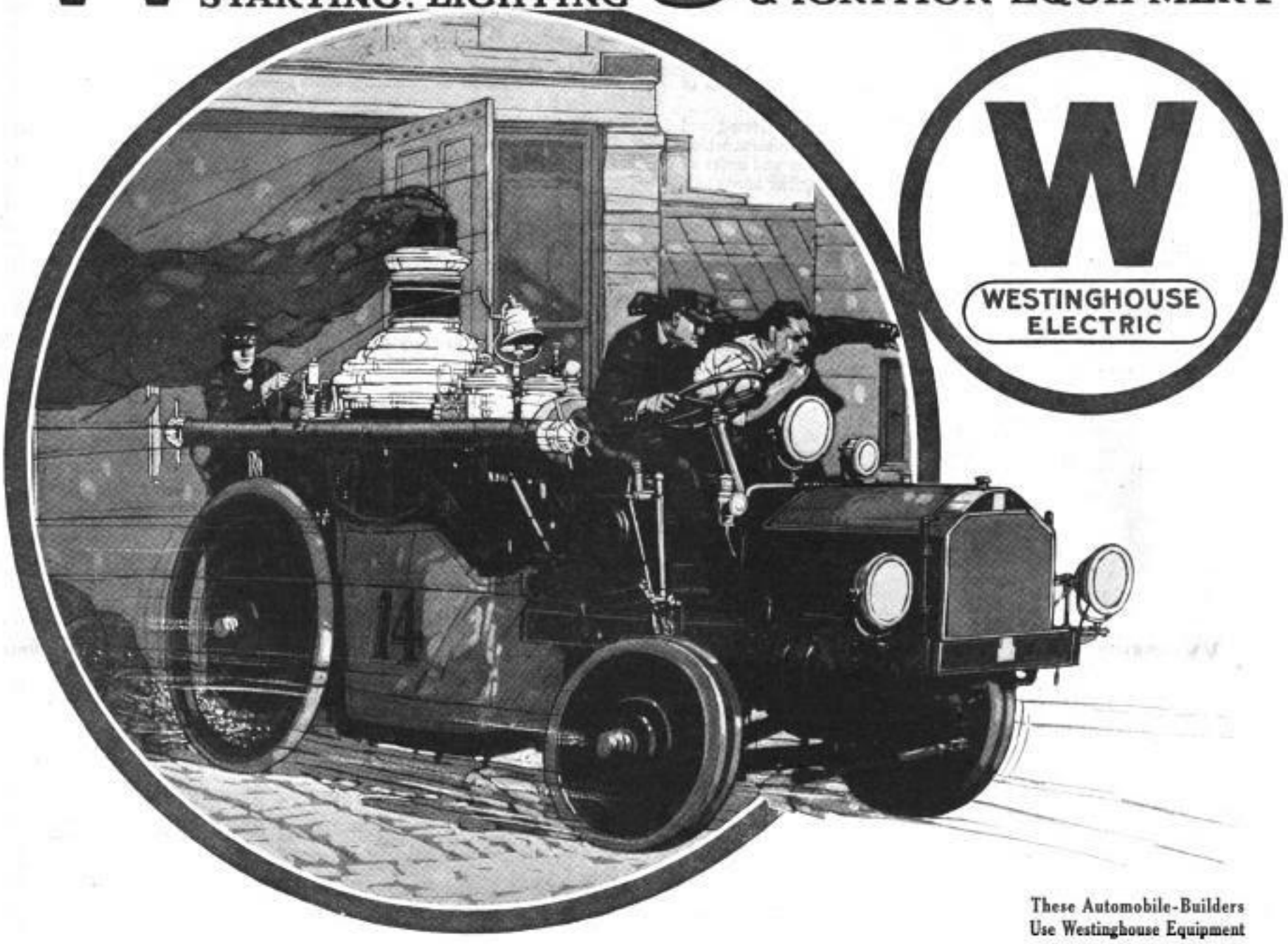
Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Wells.



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Westinghouse

STARTING, LIGHTING & IGNITION EQUIPMENT



Getting Away at the Gong

Westinghouse Equipment is Relied Upon Where Seconds Saved in the Start May Mean Lives and Property Saved in the End

Clang! Clang! What portent of destruction is the alarm of fire.

Doors fly open, firemen leap to their places aboard the apparatus, there is a whirr, then a throb of engines and away they go.

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That's why two of the largest manufacturers of automobile fire engines—the American-La France Fire Engine Co., of Elmira, N. Y., and the Seagrave Company, of Columbus, Ohio—rely upon Westinghouse Equipment—Westinghouse Generators to do their part in keeping the storage battery fully charged and Westinghouse Motors to make sure of a quick start in any kind of weather.

The same dependability that makes Westinghouse Equipment the choice of the builders of American-La France and Seagrave fire engines has led fifty builders of pleasure-cars, trucks and other motor-driven vehicles to adopt it, though it costs more.

This is a greater number of automobile manufacturers than use any other make of electrical equipment and includes manufacturers of such cars as Pierce-Arrow, Locomobile, F. I. A. T., Hupp, Stearns, Chalmers and others.

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Automobile Equipment Department
Shadyside Works **Pittsburgh, Pa.**

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Bartholomew Co., Peoria, Ill.
Ben Hur Motor Co., Cleveland, O.
Bimel Automobile Co., Sidney, O.
Chalmers Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.
Crawford Automobile Co., Hagerstown, Md.
Cunningham, Jas., Son & Co., Rochester, N. Y.
Daniels Motor Car Co., Reading, Pa.
Dart Motor Truck Co., Waterloo, Ia.
Dorris Motor Car Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Dort Motor Car Co., Flint, Mich.
Drummond Motor Car Co., Omaha, Neb.
Duplex Power Car Co., Charlotte, Mich.
Enger Motor Car Co., Cincinnati, O.
Federal Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich.
F. I. A. T., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Gerlinger Motor Car Co., Tacoma, Wash.
Gramm-Bernstein Co., Lima, O.
Garford Motor Truck Co., Lima, O.
Gray-Dort Motors, Ltd., Chatham, Ont.
Hupp Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich.
Kelly-Springfield M. T. Co., Springfield, O.
Kline Car Corp., Richmond, Va.
Lexington-Howard Co., Connersville, Ind.
Locomobile Co. of America, Bridgeport, Conn.
McFarlan Motor Co., Connersville, Ind.
Michigan Hearse & Motor Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Milwaukee Locomotive Mfg. Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
Mitchell Motors Co., Racine, Wis.
Mutual Motors Co., Jackson, Mich.
Murray Motor Car Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.
National Motor Vehicle Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
Nelson & LeMoon, Chicago, Ill.
Ogren Motor Works, Chicago, Ill.
Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Co., Buffalo, N. Y.
Riddle Coach & Hearse Co., Ravenna, O.
Schoeneck Co., The, Chicago, Ill.
Seagrave Co., Columbus, O.
Service Motor Truck Co., Wabash, Ind.
Singer Motor Co., New York, N. Y.
Stearns, F. B., Co., Cleveland, O.
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Stewart Motor Corp., Buffalo, N. Y.
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To every motorist who feels the need of a better speedometer and a better clock

The Waltham Speedometer is the product of the genius, scientific experience, mechanical skill and manufacturing facilities of the world's greatest makers of fine timepieces. It bears the Waltham guarantee—insuring Waltham accuracy, Waltham thoroughness, Waltham durability, and Waltham distinction of appearance as well as of performance.

This new Waltham Speedometer has been perfected and manufactured so that the public may have an instrument which gives correct and dependable service at all times and under all conditions. Its use is a safeguard against the familiar annoyance of a speedometer "out-of-order."

The Packard Motor Car Company has adopted and is using the Waltham speedometer for standard equipment on its 1917 cars, which, together with the fact that the Waltham Watch Company manufactures and guarantees it, assures the public of an instrument of positive scientific precision.

The Waltham Speedometer will appear on other high grade cars in the near future. (Names to be announced later.)

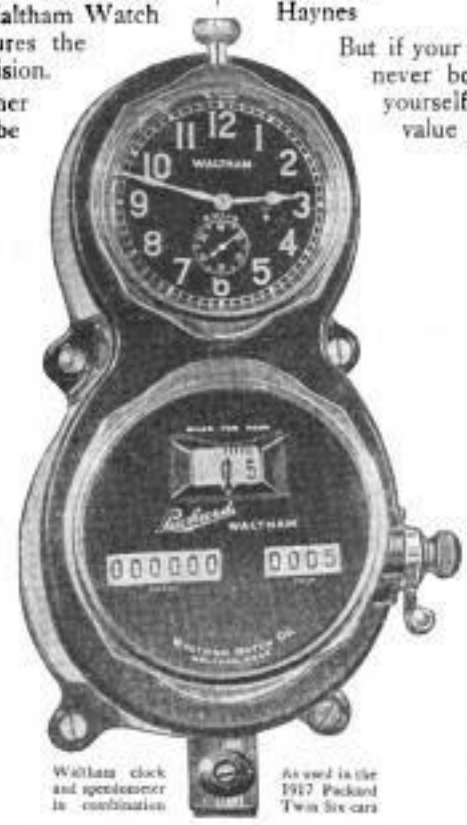
If you are the owner of a Waltham-equipped car, then you *know* what a perfect instrument of accuracy and beauty the Waltham Automobile Clock is. You *know* what an advantage it is to have an *absolutely reliable* timepiece on your car. You have ceased to consider an automobile clock an accessory. You consider it a necessity,—just as do the makers of the following cars, who now include the Waltham in their regular equipment:—

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Cadillac	Locomobile	Pierce-Arrow
Cole	Lozier	Rauch & Lang
Crane	Marmon	Rolls-Royce
Detroit-Electric	Mercer	Simplex
Franklin	Owen Magnetic	Stearns
Haynes		Winton

But if your car is *not* Waltham-equipped, and if you have never bought yourself a Waltham, you are denying yourself a comfort and convenience of the utmost value to every motorist.



Durable and accurate.
Legible from tonneau.
Proof against heat and cold.
Patented driving shaft of extraordinary strength.
Registers instantly.



Waltham clock and speedometer in combination

As used in the 1917 Packard Twin Six cars



Fifteen jewels.
Two mainsprings.
Rewinding signal on dial.
Adjusted to all temperatures.
Proof against road shocks.
Runs 11 days with one winding.

Waltham

Speedometer

The principles that have been applied to this speedometer are extremely simple—so simple as to be "fool proof." This overcomes at the start many of the speedometer difficulties so generally experienced by motorists. Special attention has been given to the flexible driving shaft (patented), which obviates a frequent source of trouble to the car owner. The Waltham shaft (patented), made of a special heat-treated nickel steel, is practically indestructible. This has been proven under severe laboratory and road tests.

The Waltham Speedometer is not affected by the extremes of heat, cold, altitude or climate incident to motor travel. Its registration of every speed of the car is instantaneous and accurate; moreover, the speed dial and odometer figures are legible not only from the driver's seat, but from the tonneau of the car. For test trips or touring with the "Blue Book," the trip odometer can quickly be reset to zero or any mileage desired—an exclusive and very desirable Waltham feature.

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Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co., 2025 Euclid Ave., Cleveland.
Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co., 157 West 54th St., New York.
Automobile Equipment & Service Company, 1435 Vine St., Philadelphia.
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Other stations to be established.

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It successfully resists the roughest shocks of the roughest roads, the wear and tear of vibration, and any and all changes of atmosphere or climate. It is the only automobile clock *always* accurate and *always* reliable under such handicaps, because it is the *only* timepiece in the world scientifically designed and constructed for automobiles and nothing else.

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A SCRAP OF PAPER

(Continued from Page 25)

It was an impasse. Unless Jackson could be made to reconsider this, there was no use in going farther in the effort to render harmless the bombshell which Kirby Rowland promised to fire. The financier was silent a moment.

"Look here, Jackson," he said at length, "be reasonable. It's a mighty vital situation. I can't even talk about it, can't even approach the subject unless I have assurance that my words will be kept secret."

Jackson thought in his turn.

"Masterman, you just mentioned some force that menaced something—probably yourself. Is it possible that I shall hear of this force from someone other than yourself?"

"It is," said Masterman. There was nothing else to say.

"Then go ahead—talk," said Jackson. "If I hear of this elsewhere I shall not be bound by my promise to you."

"Certainly not," said Masterman. "Not bound by a promise, but bound by patriotism. Listen: A certain paper was signed by certain men, who in that paper agreed, with other men, to follow a given course of action. I can be no clearer. That paper has been lost. The person who has found it threatens to take the paper to the newspapers. The publication of that paper would mean anarchy. I mean that. It is as serious as that, because the contents of the paper would be misunderstood by the people. Have I your promises, gentlemen, that, out of patriotism, you will refuse to print the contents of that document if it is offered to you?"

"In so serious a matter," said Cowdray pompously, "I am certain that none of my brethren of the press would think of printing it. You, Mr. Masterman, are not given to idle utterances. What you say is received with consideration. I think my colleagues agree with me."

There were nods of assent. Jackson sneered.

"How much of your bond issue did Masterman handle, Cowdray?" he laughed. "You'll have to do better than that, Masterman. I'll print such a paper if it's offered to me."

"Even though it wrecked business?" inquired Masterman.

Jackson smiled, crossed his knees and brought the tips of his fingers together.

"Of course, Masterman, it's clear that you and some of your precious friends signed this mysterious document, and it is equally clear that it must be inimical to the interests of the people. A newspaper's business is to print the news. What you do is news. What you do inimical to the interests of the people is tremendous news. If I get a crack at that paper I'll certainly print it."

"Though it might mean the end of the present order?"

"If this republic can't stand the exposure of the schemes of you and your fellow highbinders, Masterman, then heaven help the republic!"

"You have no patriotism!" cried Masterman.

"Patriotism, my dear man," smiled Jackson, "is capable of many definitions. I do not define it as love for a government; I define it as love for a people. I do not love the people—I despise them; but I am very sorry for them, sorry that they have been cheated out of their rights so long. If to restore to the people their rights it became necessary to tear down the system you have corrupted, then—I'd tear down the system. Am I clear?"

"Exceedingly," said Masterman.

"Thank you," said Jackson. "Now, then, why are we here? You did not call us here to tell us in inchoate terms of this document. You called us here to get our attitude in order that you might know what to do in case of our refusal to be gulled by you. That alternative has a news value, of course, or you would not have invited us to be present to-night. You have something else up your sleeve, Masterman. What is it?"

"Will you gentlemen excuse us a moment?" Masterman asked the others.

Obsequious assents were swiftly given. In response to a nod Jackson followed Masterman into another room. There the financier took out his pocketbook; he opened it.

"We are still speaking in confidence, Jackson? Well, I had doubts of your attitude in regard to the matter we have just discussed. I telephoned Mr. Warren Sheldon this evening. He immediately wrote and sent me this note. I shall read it to you:

"'*My dear Mr. Masterman:* Permit me to answer your telephonic question of ten minutes ago, to this effect: I have for Mr. Lindley Jackson the highest esteem and respect, though he has seen fit to pillory me as a conscienceless political boss times without number. But even though it has been my misfortune to oppose him in the past, it will be my good fortune to stand behind him in the future if you so wish. If your interests will be served by his nomination for the governorship, rest assured that it is a pleasure to me to serve you. With the highest esteem,

"'Yours sincerely,

"'WARREN SHELDON.'"

Warren Sheldon had, the year previously, snatched a nomination from the hands of Jackson. And now the great boss was to stand behind him—if Jackson willed. Jackson smiled.

"Because I have sometimes admitted that I do not believe the people have, as a mass, any common sense, people like you think I am a hypocrite in fighting for their rights. I don't blame you; small minds understand only small natures. But confound you, Masterman, I can't be bought. I'm a newspaper man first, last and all the time! I want the news, and the public wants me to give it to them! The public I serve because it ought to be served, whether it appreciates service or not. I want no more of your confidences or your bribes. You have news for my paper? Then give it to me now!"

There was a silence in the room, broken, as an hour earlier, by the strokes of the clock in the near-by tower. Only this time the clock struck twelve. And before its last deep tones had died away, in the next room Martin Masterman was making an announcement.

"To-morrow morning, gentlemen," he said, "the transportation lines of this city will issue universal transfers to all passengers. I bespeak, on behalf of the corporations interested, your own and the public's tolerance until the new system has had a chance. It will take time to print the millions of transfer tickets needed. There will be necessary reconstruction of many things." He paused. The cup of defeat was bitter. "This step is being taken for the benefit of the public, because the companies feel it is the public's due," he concluded.

Only Lindley Jackson dared to laugh at the last words of the grim-faced man who, all understood vaguely, had waged some sort of losing fight that night, but the gravity of whose defeat not even Jackson could guess at. Martin Masterman had invoked the aid of the press, and had lost! For if ninety-nine papers conceal what another paper prints, to the hundredth shall come the victory. This is one of the reasons why the press must be honest.

Silently and swiftly the publishers departed. News articles must be written, editorials prepared. At twenty minutes past one the first editions were on the street, declaiming, in deep headlines, the news which was to save a million nickels a day to the people of New York, and which was really the announcement of the first victory of Kirby Rowland's war.

XI

IT WAS Grant's first intention to call upon those of Kirby's friends with whom she might have taken refuge, but his second thought showed him the folly of this, not to speak of the waste of time. It would be better to telephone, though his anxiety for her safety could hardly brook the time required for telephoning. But if Greenham knew enough to find out Kirby's address, the chances were that he knew enough to put men to work tracing Kirby's social relationships. One of the Greenham men might have found Kirby already. He would be losing time, chasing from place to place. Four numbers he called without result; Kirby was not at these places, nor had her friends seen her. But the fifth call was answered by a voice that always thrilled young Grant.

"Kirby!" he gasped. "Then you're all right?"

"Why, how did you know? Aren't you in ——"

"Be right over," he interrupted.

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Every Goodyear Blue Streak Bicycle Tire is a promissory note bearing our name.

It is a promise that the bicycle tire endorsed with the great name of Goodyear truly typifies the principle underlying all Goodyear products—

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This plan has vital advantages for both purchaser and dealer that are found in no other time-payment plan. It is simple, inexpensive and dignified. Free from legal complications and red tape. We have received communications from over 14,000 purchasers indicating their satisfaction with the Guaranty Plan.

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(Please write clearly)

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He had phoned from a drug store that was not many blocks distant from the apartments where Kirby's friend lived. A car left him a few steps from her door in five minutes. Another minute and Kirby had admitted him to the apartment.

"Alone?" he asked.

She blushed; whereupon he put his arms round her. Then she led him into the drawing-room.

"What happened?" he demanded.

She told him of her escape, and of her coming to the apartment of Jessie Sigmund, a fellow artist.

"I wanted to get somewhere, to think, to plan. I phoned Jessie and told her that I wanted her to put me up for the night. Jessie isn't the kind to ask questions, you know. She told me to come over, and offered to break an engagement she had made for the evening if I wished her to. But I didn't. So, as she was going right out, she left the key with the elevator boy. But why aren't you in Jersey? How did you know ——"

He told her of his experiences.

"Mack," he said thoughtfully, "saved us both. Why?"

"Underneath his crookedness and cruelty," she suggested, "he must have a streak of chivalry that made him ——"

"Not Mack!" laughed Grant. "He had his reasons, but chivalry was not among them. It wouldn't account for his tipping me off that you weren't at home, but that someone else probably was there. No, not chivalry. And yet, what was his reason? He hadn't experienced a change of heart, Kirby. He wants that paper for the money in it. It's beyond me!"

"Me too," she said. There was silence while both thought.

"Dick," she asked at length, "what are we going to do—you, I mean? You won't leave the city?"

"I've thought it all over," he answered, "and I absolutely refuse to leave you alone to face Masterman and Mack. I'm going to stay."

"Where?"

"Oh, I'll find a hundred places," he answered easily. "But you? Where will you stay?"

"Here, with Jessie."

He laughed. "How long before Greenham's men will be here looking for you? You slipped away once, Kirby, but they'll take care not to let you again. We must think ——"

The doorbell rang. They started.

"Don't answer," whispered Kirby.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"The hallboy knows I entered."

He had started for the door, but she ran in front of him.

"If it's one of Greenham's men I may be able to put him off. Don't let him see you."

She half pushed him into the little den off the drawing-room, and then she opened the front door. His eye at a crack in the den door, Grant saw a man face Kirby.

"Miss Sigmund?" he inquired.

"Well?" said Kirby.

"I'm looking for a friend of yours—Miss Kirby Rowland. Is she here?"

"Miss Rowland? There is no other woman here," said Kirby.

Though her back was to him Grant guessed the expression on her face: the slightly raised eyebrows, the faintly quizzical expression, with a touch of superiority in the eyes; the hint of a haughty curl to the lips.

"Then you ain't seen her to-day, Miss Sigmund?" persisted the man, politely abashed.

"And if I had, is there any reason why I should inform utter strangers of the fact? What is your business with Miss Rowland? You look, if I may say it without offense, like a detective."

"No offense at all, ma'am. That's me. I'm lookin' for the young lady, and I want her bad."

"Want Kirby Rowland? What on earth has she done?" Amazement was in every syllable.

"Why nothin', ma'am—leastwise, nothin' criminal, I don't think. But I got a friend that's mighty anxious to see her and ——"

"I can't believe any such thing," snapped Kirby. "You—you're insulting! Miss Rowland is well known to me. Good evening!"

She closed the door upon an utterly crestfallen detective. It was not what she had said; it was the *timbre* of her voice, the lightning play of expression upon her mobile features. There was abjectness almost in the man's manner as he backed away. Kirby Rowland could play the *grande dame* as well as any tragedy queen. She laughed as Grant emerged from the den.

"Did I do well?" she asked.

He did not answer as he walked swiftly across the room, raised the shade a few inches, and knelt on the floor, peering from the side of the window lest the electric light cast his shadow and betray his watchfulness.

"You did, Kirby," he then said softly, "but the game isn't over yet." He watched a moment, then beckoned to her. He made room for her to look out. "In that areaway opposite. See him—just a blotch in the shadows?"

Kneeling side by side they looked at each other.

"And what does that mean?" she asked nervously. "Didn't he believe that I was Jessie?"

He rose and helped her up.

"Undoubtedly he did—and does. But, Kirby, I wonder if either of us realizes the immensity of the forces we've set in motion against ourselves? That was a Greenham operative, as they call them, no doubt of that. Why did he come here? Because he had learned that Miss Sigmund is one of your friends? Why, not finding you here, hasn't he gone on to some other of your friends? Because, Kirby, there's a Greenham man watching the home of every friend of yours in the city. Already! I'll wager my life on it."

"Absurd," she scoffed. Yet her lips quivered slightly and her eyes took on a hunted look.

"That would take —— Oh, I know scores of people—over a hundred whom I meet round at various places."

"And if there were a thousand homes to watch, the Greenham shrewdness and the Masterman money would supply those men by noon to-morrow, Kirby. As it is ——"

"More absurd!" she said, though her expression belied her words. "How would they know my friends? And so soon? Of course I often call up Jessie, and the hallboy at the studios could have given her name and address; but the others? The ones I never telephone to and do not see often, but that are yet good friends?"

"Every newspaper office keeps a department devoted to clippings from its own and other papers," he answered. "Your name is there—lots of clippings about you, without doubt, for you're getting known in the art world. Moreover, you attend various functions given by people not without some social prominence. How simple! One of Greenham's men looked up 'Rowland—Kirby' in the clippings. He sees your name among the list of guests at various affairs. And the Greenham men are shadowing every one of those other guests, who may or may not be intimate friends of yours."

She was appalled.

"Not really?"

"I don't say that it's been done already to that extent. At least I doubt if every person whose name has been mentioned in the same item with yours has been shadowed. But by to-morrow—yes! Kirby, think what's at stake! What is the spending of a few thousand dollars to Masterman now? Miss Sigmund will be home—at midnight, you said? Well, leave it to that man across the street to find out the name of every person that enters this apartment house from now on! We were lucky just now. The night boy has come on since Miss Sigmund left; he didn't know that you'd got her key from the day boy. But when she comes home that man across the street will make inquiries."

"And what can they do now that we are prepared—that you are with me?" she demanded. "They don't dare ——"

"The Masterman influence can get a warrant for your arrest on any charge," replied Grant soberly. "For mine too. And we'd never reach the police station. It would be a case of kidnaping, pure and simple. Unless we took some other person into our confidence and had them threaten Masterman—but that wouldn't do. Too many people knowing of it—it would be public property in a day or so. And that means—we'd almost rather lose than see anarchy destroy this city, this nation, wouldn't we, Kirby?"

She shuddered.

"But what can I do?" For a moment she was helpless, looking to him for suggestion. But she was the kind that rallies quickly. "Of course! I can go to some hotel. Now!"

(Continued on Page 37)

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SEE THESE CARS AT THE AUTO SHOWS

All Have Adopted

WARNER-LENZ

At the auto shows in New York, Chicago and other cities you will see famous cars like the Packard, Marmon, Stutz, Hal (H. A. Lozier), Singer and McFarlan equipped with Warner-Lenz. Each has adopted Warner-Lenz as standard equipment, recognizing this invention as the final solution of night driving problems.

Between the writing and publication of this advertisement there will be several other cars added to the list.

This remarkable endorsement—together with sales to car owners of 300,000 pairs—is striking evidence of the general belief in the motor world that Warner-Lenz are certain to become universally used.

Solves Night Lighting

Automobile engineers, illumination experts, police and traffic officials and knowing drivers have not been slow to recognize the unusual merits of Warner-Lenz. Introduced but a few months ago, the popularity of Warner-Lenz has been phenomenal. Other leading cars are bound to adopt them as standard equipment—other thousands of drivers continue to buy in increasing volume.

Warner-Lenz give a diffused light, penetrating and wide-spread. The whole road is shown ahead, yet you blind no one. And no car equipped with Warner-Lenz blinds *you*.

Safety—Comfort

Warner-Lenz make night driving as safe and pleasant as daylight driving. In crowded city streets or on strange country roads. Nervous tension is replaced by a new freedom.

Any written description, however, is inadequate. You must drive behind Warner-Lenz to fully appreciate them.

Wait no longer. You'll buy sometime. So gain protection and comfort *now*.

Your nearest accessory dealer will supply you. If he hasn't them and will not order them for you, write to us direct, giving name and model of your car.

Prices of Warner-Lenz Per Pair

Diameter in Inches	East of Rockies
5 to 9, inclusive,	$3.50
9¼ to 10, inclusive,	4.00
10¼ to 12, inclusive,	5.00

West of Rockies 25c per pair extra

Please Read These Directions Carefully

Merely send us the name and model of your car with diameter of your present lens.

THE WARNER-LENZ CO.
918 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago



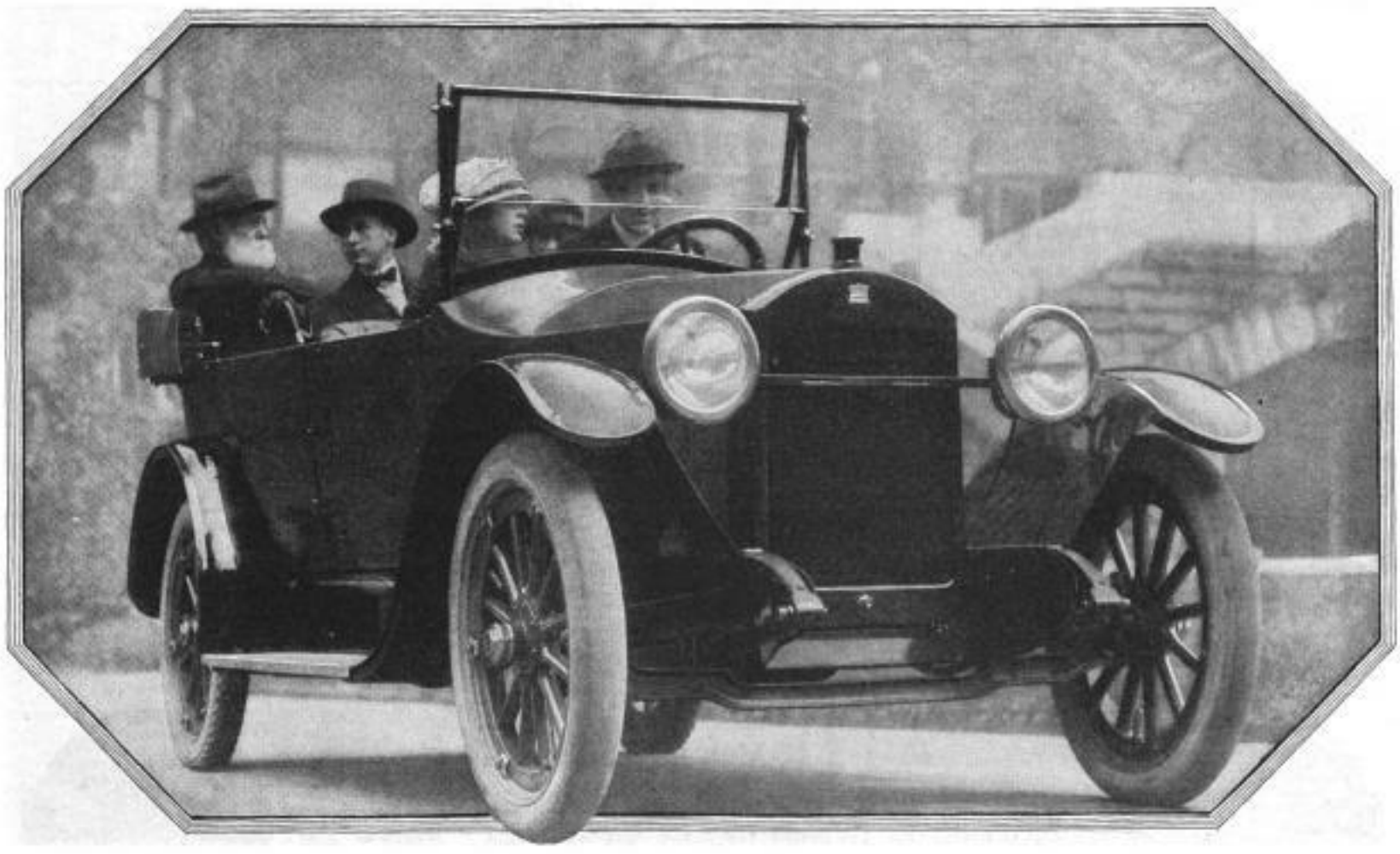
HAL
TWELVE





McFARLAN
SIX

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The Success of the Liberty

THE success of the Liberty is that it meets the demand for a quality car, at a medium price, embodying every feature of owner comfort. The car itself is its own best salesman. It is self-selling—to motorists who know. That's why the Liberty is covering the country.

Liberty salesmen don't argue over this car. They let their prospect drive—they let him ride—the car does the rest.

The Liberty will sell itself to you in just this way—on performance. Go to your dealer's—or see the car at the automobile shows. Ride in it—drive it.

Compare the Liberty for driving ease and riding comfort with every other car made. Make your own investigation—for your own protection. Buy on facts.

New Driving Ease

Get into the driving seat. Your hands and feet fall naturally into correct driving position.. Controls are where you would place them yourself—for comfort—for safety.

Try that surprising gear shift. Make even the unusual shift from third to second at full speed! Smooth—silent—no clash—mechanical perfection.

Try the clutch, which on most other cars requires hard pushing—and consequent fatigue. The Liberty clutch yields almost to the weight of your foot—yet it engages at a pressure of over a ton—smoothly—surely.

Try that infallible emergency brake applied with a pull *of one finger*. It stops the car instantly without a jolt—but without a doubt.

New Riding Comfort

A ride in the Liberty is a revelation. Ride anywhere—over car tracks and cobbles, ruts and breaks. You don't have to pick out the best road. Perfect springs and deep seats give a long, easy swing that means complete relaxation and solid comfort. You sit *in* the Liberty—not *on* it.

Get These Facts

Does your car steer hard? Steer the Liberty. Does your clutch throw hard? Try the Liberty clutch. Does your car ride hard in the back seat? Try the Liberty over the cobbles and the ruts. If you can't stop your car instantly, with a finger pressure, at full speed, try the Liberty emergency.

This is the straightforward way the Liberty sells itself to you—who know cars. It's a new kind of motoring because it is motoring planned, designed and built for one thing—your comfort, ease, convenience and pride. That's why the Liberty succeeds. Get into one today. Take this statement along and check it up—word for word. If it's true in every detail, you want a Liberty car.

See the Liberty at the National Automobile Shows, New York—Grand Central Palace—third floor—January 5th–13th; Chicago—Armory—January 27th–February 3rd. Five-passenger Touring Car and Four-passenger Close-Coupled Car, $1095. Detachable Sedan, $1295. Shopping Brougham, $2350.

LIBERTY MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT

LIBERTY SIX

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(Continued from Page 34)

"Only Greenham and one operative have seen you so far, eh—at least, so far as we know? That would help a little, but mighty little. You don't realize the whole extent of the Masterman power and the Greenham shrewdness, Kirby. I'll bet my last cent that every hotel in the city is on the lookout for a pretty girl that answers your description. Every young woman that enters any New York hotel to-night or to-morrow will be looked over, shortly after registering, by a Greenham agent. Every house detective will have his eyes peeled for you, not knowing why you're wanted, but simply knowing that you are wanted. That man who just came in here—the last thing in the world he expected was that you yourself would answer the door at his ring. Moreover, the light was in his eyes, while your face was in shadow, and you've put on something of Jessie's, haven't you?"

She nodded.

"She told me I could when I phoned her. We're about the same size."

"Well, that helped some. He was looking for a girl who wore the same sort of clothes you had on when Greenham saw you. But at a hotel—where every girl will be scrutinized, and where you couldn't always have your face in the shadow, and where suspicion will be pointing toward you because you are young, pretty and alone—it won't do, Kirby."

"I don't suppose it would," she answered thoughtfully. "But there are hundreds of boarding and lodging houses. There no one would suspect anything, unless my description were printed in the papers, and Masterman dare not do that, for fear of what I may do in retaliation."

"Right," he admitted. "But, Kirby, you can't be chasing round to a lodging house to-night. You have no baggage, either."

"Jessie's," she said. "I could borrow a suitcase and stock and to-morrow return the things, after buying others for myself."

"It might be done," he agreed slowly, "and still ——"

Again a ring at the door. Like a flash he leaped to the window and, kneeling, looked out. The blotch was still visible in the deepening shadows of the areaway. He rose and tiptoed into the den. She looked a question at him. He pointed toward the window.

"Still outside, so it's not he," he whispered. "Open."

From behind the den door, as before, he watched, ready to leap to her rescue if need arose. He dared not answer the door himself lest another Greenham detective be there and his presence in some manner arouse suspicion. While Kirby was probably being sought more earnestly than himself, she had deceived the first Greenham man and it was probable she could do the same thing again. It was not cowardice that made him seek concealment, it was common sense. For if this were a Greenham agent ringing at the door, the failure of Kirby to open it as she had done for the other man would inevitably make the man anxious for a good look at her. Whereas, if she went to the door her very boldness would win again. Then he laughed silently from his watching place as Kirby opened the door and disclosed the cause for all this wild reasoning—a diminutive messenger boy, with a very deep bass voice and a most worldly manner.

"Miss Jessie Sigmund, lady? Message for youse, ma'am. Kin'ly sign here, an' don't forget the han'some blond that brings the good nooze. I always loves to bring telegrams to the ladies, ma'am, because they're so gen'rous. God bless their lovely eyes."

He inhaled smoke from his cigarette, tipped his cap a trifle to one side, and looked at Kirby with all the harmless impudence of a cocky young sparrow. He was about sixteen, but an old man in experience. Silently Kirby tipped him and closed the door upon his thanks.

"Did you see his eyes, Dick?" she asked. "There were pouches beneath them, and they were old, old! And his hand shook. Sixteen or seventeen—no more. And look at him! He never was a child; he has had no youth. It's for him, and thousands like him, that we are fighting—that they may have a fairer chance; that the children may see green fields and breathe fresh air! At times to-day I've wondered if I dared go on. But there are thousands of boys like him, right in this city, who will never have a chance unless those who make conditions that raise a boy like that are forced to make better conditions. Dick, the universal transfer is but the measure of our sword. If we succeed in our first move, what more may we not accomplish? We can't, we won't give up!"

"Give up, Kirby? Why, the fight is hardly started. But what about that telegram?"

She was holding it at arm's length. Telegrams held for her the dread they hold for all women who receive them rarely. She continued to stare at it.

"Poor Jessie!" she said slowly. "Her father may be dead."

Grant laughed.

"Kirby, a moment ago you frightened me. I thought you were an avenging angel, and angels, as I understand it, never marry. Now I know you're a woman, and women do marry, don't they?"

She flashed a smile that was his answer.

"But what shall I do with this?" she asked.

"Why, put it on a table where Jessie will see it the first thing when she comes home."

"But supposing it's very important. She'd want to know."

"You know where she went? Then phone her and tell her that it's here."

"And frighten her half to death! Men are so silly!" she exclaimed.

"All right," he chuckled; "we're back where we started. Put it on the table."

"But supposing it's very important? It will be hours and hours ——"

"Then open it yourself," he suggested. "If it's news she ought to have, telephone her. If it isn't you can easily explain ——"

"I wonder if I ought to?"

"I refuse to make the final decision," he smiled. "You know Jessie pretty well; it wouldn't be prying curiosity that would make you open it. She couldn't very well be offended."

She opened the message and read it; then she looked at Grant. Tiny lines appeared at the corners of her eyes; her mouth pursed bewitchingly in puzzlement.

"Listen," she commanded. She read:

"'Inform Mastermans cannot leave Denver for three weeks. Going on camping trip.

"'ADELE.'"

"What's the answer?" he inquired.

"You don't read the art news, do you? Not so much as I do, anyway. This telegram is from Adele Rohan, a great friend of Jessie's—they were together in the Latin Quarter in Paris. She's a portrait painter who's created a *furore* in the last year. A genius, with all of genius' eccentricities. It was in the papers a month ago that Masterman had commissioned her to paint the portrait of his little girl. You've read of her—Laurel Masterman, his invalid daughter? Jessie told me at the time that she'd be surprised if Adele ever executed the commission. She hates the very rich. She's half French and half Western, you know, with the exuberance of both temperaments. This is her method of flouting Masterman's millions. She wires a friend to inform Masterman: doesn't bother to inform him herself. Going on a camping trip when a ten-thousand-dollar commission is awaiting her pleasure! And Jessie told me that Masterman and Adele had never met. He simply saw some of her portraits of children at the last exhibition at the Academy, and wrote to her. He's never seen her!"

Her words were crisp and clear and her teeth met sharply over the last of them.

"Well?" said Grant.

"He's going to see her to-night!"

"Still I don't understand, Kirby."

"Men are stupid," she smiled. "Look, m'sieu, upon Ma'mselle Rohan, combination of cowpuncher and danseuse! Look! For you may not have a chance again, m'sieu. I might flout you in a second and refuse to talk with you. I am a genius; no mere worker at miniatures, unknown and humble. I am Ma'mselle Rohan, m'sieu, and if you read the papers and believe them, you must know that I have all the grace of a Frenchwoman and all the strength of a bronchobuster. Also, I am eccentric, rude and careless as to whom I offend. I despise millionaires. I work when it suits me; I come when I choose and I leave in the middle of a portrait if the mood seized me. For, m'sieu, I am Adele Rohan, and a genius before whom mere riches bow down. Do you understand? Look!"

And she tore the telegram across and then across again, dropping the pieces in a wastebasket.

"Kirby, you wouldn't! It's madness. I won't permit ——"

"We aren't married yet, Dick, you know."



"Oh, no trouble at all! My case is a Belber—Fitall-equipped, you know—so I can get out comb, mirror or any toilet article I want, anywhere, any time."

Belber
TRAVELING GOODS



STYLE No. 870: The "Belber Ocean Greyhound" Wardrobe Trunk—garment hangers mounted on "pull-out" trolley so all clothes are in reach instantly; drawers capable of holding largest hats; secret drawer for valuables; garment-section lined with high grade Keratol.

THE QUALITY OF BELBER Traveling Goods extends to the most minute detail. Belber Fitall Bags and Suit Cases have an adjustable strap holder for your own toilet articles. Belber Wardrobe Trunks have a finesse in appointments that provides not only a place for everything, but the handiest and best arrangement possible.

There are many ways in which you can be deceived in buying Traveling Goods. There is one way to be safe—ask for Belber Traveling Goods and see that this trade mark is branded on the trunk, or bag, or suit case you buy—

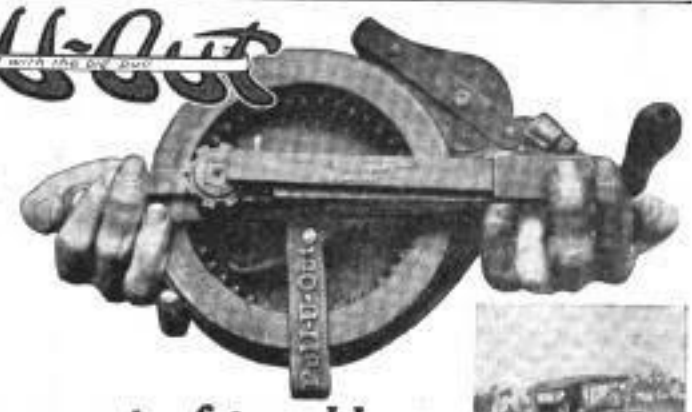
BELBER TRADE MARK TRAVELING GOODS
"Outwear Travel"

On sale at good dealers' everywhere

Send for the beautiful book, "Outwearing Travel," illustrating and describing Belber Traveling Goods of every style for every purpose,—it is free.

The Belber Trunk and Bag Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Pull-U-Out
The little thing with the big pull



Consists of a winding drum, lever crank, 40 ft. of steel cable, two 7-ft. chains, 3 stakes. Weighs only 28 lbs. and goes in space 4x6x14 in.

Pulls you out of trouble

Here is the little machine you've heard so much about. Small enough to go into your tool box, yet powerful enough to pull the biggest auto out of mud or ditch. Simply drive in the stakes, hitch on, turn the crank. Out you come without delay, damage or cost.

Pull-U-Out is wonderful. It combines a rescuing device and a tow line—two things every auto should carry. It is also invaluable as a hoist about the house or garage. In public garages and factories it is better and cheaper than a chain block.

Does things no other machine can do

Will work in any position. Lifts or pulls. Is light, portable and inexpensive. Can be rigged up to do all manner of jobs which now require several men. *Guaranteed to deliver or money back.*

Pull-U-Out Portable Crane

We build a portable crane, which, used with Pull-U-Out, is a wonder. Weighs only 300 lbs. Costs much less than other cranes of same capacity, has longer reach and is quicker; can easily be moved about. Ask about it.

Write for booklet

Tells all about this marvelous little Pull-U-Out and the amazing things it does.



The old way—Everybody helps



Ever have to do this?



The new way—Let Pull-U-Out do it

Pull-U-Out Sales Co., 2025 Market Street, St. Louis, Mo.

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Swift's Four Cut-out Calendar Dolls

Send to-day for your set

These big darlings, each with four beautiful costumes—all sixteen strikingly colored—are more than 18 inches tall, big as live new babies, can stand alone! Each doll is worth 25c. You will say you never saw such unusual calendars, even in the famous Swift's "Premium" series.

How your children will love them! How their little hearts will thrill with joy, when they dress and undress these big beauties!

You too must be stony-hearted if you will not find yourself smiling every day of 1917 as you look at these winsome little faces, and enjoying each season's change to a gay new costume.

Their Characters and Costumes

Who could resist Dashing Donald, the handsome boy doll, in any of his three gay sporting suits or his *surprise* costume?

Coy Clarabel with her bashful brown eyes, red lips and curly black hair would melt the heart of an iceberg. Nothing could be more fetching than her red, blue and green costumes.

Everyone loves Sweet Sylvia for her dewy violet eyes, and hair as golden as her nature. How pretty she looks in her white, rose, blue and red costumes!

As for Merry Myrtle, her brown hair and twinkling blue eyes are irresistible. In a pretty blue or pink or tan or scarlet costume she is sweet.

Send for these calendars—daily they will remind you of the rare quality of

Swift's "Premium" Ham and Bacon

How to Get the Calendars

One doll with four costumes, forming a complete calendar for 1917, will be sent to any address in the United States for 10c, in coin or stamps,

or—Trade Mark end of five Swift's "Premium" Oleomargarine cartons,

or—4 labels from Swift's "Premium" Sliced Bacon cartons,

or—4 covers from Brookfield Sausage cartons,

or—6 Maxine Elliott Soap Wrappers,

or—20 Wool Soap Wrappers.

[If you live in Canada send ten cents extra on each doll ordered to pay duty.]

NOTE—All four dolls—with four costumes for each, making four complete calendars, sent for 40c or four times the number of labels or wrappers required for each doll.

Swift & Company, 4117 Packers Ave., Chicago

DINGEE ROSES Sturdy as Oaks are always grown on their own roots. 66 years' experience. Satisfaction and safe arrival guaranteed. Dingee "Guide to Rose Culture." Describes over 1000 varieties of roses and other flowers and how to grow them. It's free. Send today. The Dingee & Conard Co., Box 143, West Grove, Pa.

FUNNYBONE No. 4 is now ready. It contains the latest monologues, sketches for two males, and male and female, minstrel first-parts, parodies on popular songs, sidewalk patter; comic stories for after-dinner Speakers, etc., by the same author who writes for Al Jolson, Nat Wills, Frank Tinney and Nora Bayes. FUNNYBONE No. 4 costs 35 cents; or $1 per year (four issues), subscriptions can begin with No. 1 if desired.

FUNNYBONE PUBLISHING CO., 1493 Broadway, New York.

What 15c Will Bring You from the Nation's Capital

The little matter of 15c in stamps or coin will bring you the Pathfinder 13 weeks on trial. The Pathfinder is an illustrated weekly, published **at the Nation's Center**, for the Nation; a paper that prints all the news of the world and tells the truth and only the truth; now in its 23d year. This paper fills the bill without emptying the purse; it costs but $1 a year. If you want to keep posted on what is going on in the world, at the least expense of time or money, this is your means. If you want a paper in your home which is sincere, reliable, entertaining, wholesome, the Pathfinder is yours. If you would appreciate a paper which puts everything clearly, fairly, briefly—here it is. Send 15c to show that you might like such a paper, and we will send the Pathfinder on probation 13 weeks. The 15c does not repay us, but we are glad to invest in new Friends. The Pathfinder, Box 42, Washington, D. C.

¶ A breath of mountain air without leaving town.

Beech-Nut Wintergreens 5¢



Tasteful Confections that Melt on Your Tongue
Have a Package in your Pocket at the Play!

Also Beech-Nut Mints, Beech-Nut Cloves, Beech-Nut Chewing Gum

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY, CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.

"But the risk! Masterman may not know Miss Rohan, but his friends ——"

"I told you she was eccentric. She knows no one in New York but Jessie. She divides her time between Colorado and Paris; she is in New York merely between ocean liner and transcontinental train. And even if someone who has met her in Paris or Denver should see me—there is risk in everything, Dick. Where else can I go in safety? Some boarding house? I refuse. The risk of this other scheme tempts me. And, besides, what was it you said a moment ago? The man who came here—the last thing in the world he expected was for me, in flight from his fellows, to answer the bell. Will Masterman dream that I dare go to his own house? Remember Poe's story of the purloined letter. The safest hiding place is the most obvious; no one thinks you will be there. I am going to Martin Masterman's."

He knew how useless it was to battle against her will when this reckless mood was upon her. Moreover, there was hard common sense in what she proposed. She must go somewhere to hide. Why not in Masterman's house? Still he objected.

"Supposing Miss Rohan comes on after all? You'd be arrested as an impostor."

"I can risk that, Dick, in a war like this."

"But how will you manage? You haven't clothes ——"

"I'll take Jessie's suitcase with a few things; I'll leave a note telling her what I've borrowed. To-morrow I'll go shopping. I'll say my trunk is on the road somewhere. I have plenty of money; I took all that was in the apartment—two hundred dollars." She looked suddenly at him. "And you, Dick; have you any money?"

He smiled assurance.

"All I own in the world is in my pocket, Kirby. I'm stronger financially than you are. I have three hundred dollars. Not enough to make it worth while to bother with a bank account, and it's always with me. I'm all right. Do you really insist on going to Masterman's house?"

"I do. From there I'll dictate terms and never be suspected. And you can telephone me in perfect safety. Ask for Miss Rohan. Dick, what we've started we must finish, mustn't we? I am certain God is with us."

"He is always on the side of justice," he answered.

"Then since we work for justice, there is no wrong in my impersonating Adele Rohan. And luckily I can paint a large portrait as well as a miniature. By the time she is due here I will have worked out our plans—with your help, for we must see each other. And after that let Masterman find out; I don't care. But where will you be?" she asked with quick concern.

"In some lodging house," he told her. "I'll be safe; but, Kirby, go slow. Let's see how this transfer business works out before we demand more. You know it's the custom of the ages after all, and you and I—well, let's go slow."

"You don't believe we're doing wrong?"

"No, not that. But we want to see how it works out."

"It will work out for the benefit of the people whose war we wage," she answered.

She disappeared into a bedroom, where she put some things of Jessie Sigmund's into a suitcase. Then she reëntered the little parlor and wrote a note to Jessie. It was a request to keep her visit secret and to forgive her for not waiting to see her friend.

"It will do," she said, after reading it to Dick. "Jessie is my dearest girl friend, and what would make another suspicious will not have that effect on her."

"But you don't tell her about the telegram," remonstrated Dick.

"And give the whole game away? That would be bright!"

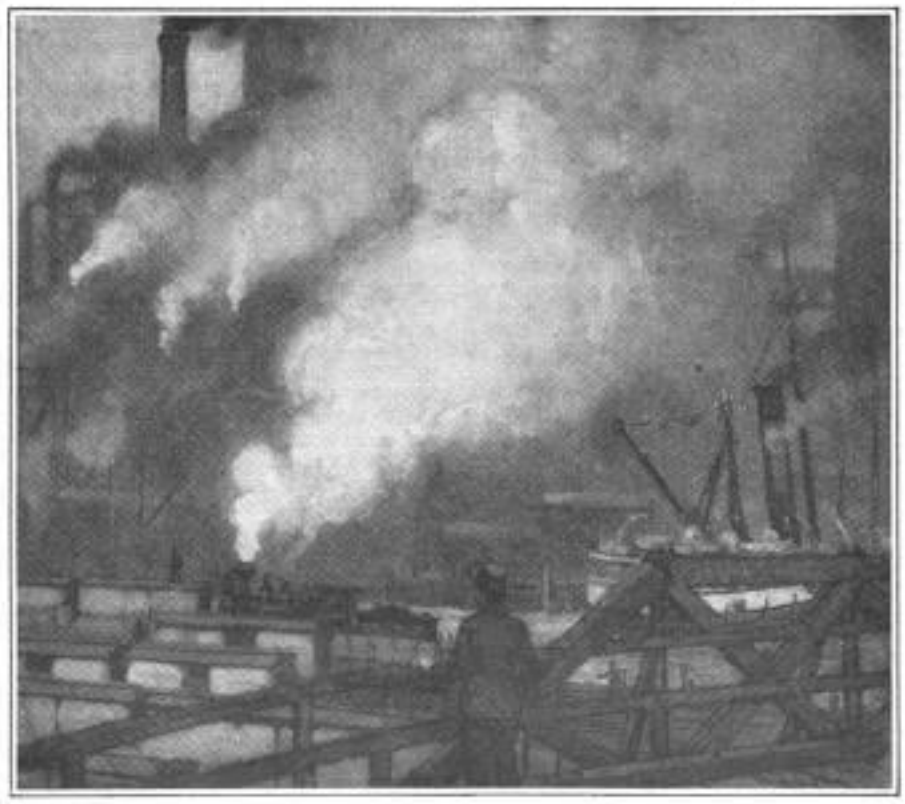
He flushed.

"I'm dull. But we'd better not leave the pieces of the message." He drew them from the basket and burned them. They looked about the apartment as a shipwrecked couple might look at the island that had given them succor, and which they dreaded leaving for the flimsy craft they had constructed themselves.

Then, having telephoned for a taxi and learned that it waited below, they left the apartment. Kirby gave the key to the night hallboy, and did not wait to notice if he was surprised. Undoubtedly he was, for the Greenham operative had given him a generous tip, and almost immediately he crossed the street and told the waiting detective that it could not have been Miss Sigmund who had opened the apartment door for him. But by that time the taxicab had rounded a corner and was gone. Later its chauffeur informed the Greenham operative that he had dismissed his charges at the terminal, but no one there remembered having seen a couple who answered to the descriptions of Kirby and Dick either take a train or another taxi. The reason was obvious. They had separated. Kirby had crossed the street and taken a taxi alone, for the house of Martin Masterman. Dick had gone to the express office and ordered the suitcase sent to Miss Adele Rohan, care of Martin Masterman. Then he had vanished into the subway.

While Terence Greenham reported to Masterman, and while the obstinacy of Lindley Jackson prevented Masterman from defying Kirby's demands, that young woman, thoroughly worn out by her exciting day, was sleeping in an apartment provided by the nervous, elderly wife of Masterman, who, born to comparative poverty, had never really grown used to wealth—at least, not so used to it that she dared snub genius. And genius had very brusquely refused to talk, but had demanded to be shown her room. She even refused to look at the sleeping child whom she was to begin painting on the morrow or soon after. For Kirby had heard Terence Greenham's voice as she passed the financier's library, and bed seemed the safest haven for her.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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ONE YEAR of the HUDSON SUPER-SIX

A year ago a stranger—an enigma. A new invention with astounding claims. It perfected the Six and turned interest back from added cylinders. It showed the way to real efficiency. Holder of all worth-while records. Applauded by 25,000 enthusiastic owners. The Largest Selling Front Rank Car.

A STORY UNPARALLELED IN AUTOMOBILE HISTORY

Two years ago, with us and with others, the trend was toward motors of the V-type.

We were then the foremost builders of the light-weight Six. Its advantages and limitatiops were fully understood by us.

Its smoothness of operation quickly made the Six the accepted type over Fours. But as the motors were developed limitations were encountered which prevented the realization of engineering ideals.

The problem was approached principally from the standpoint that if added cylinders were adopted, all such limitations would be banished.

For a time it seemed the Six would cease to command the leadership it had maintained.

Just before the New York Automobile Show one year ago, all interest centered in motors of the multi-cylinder type.

But at the Show, the Hudson Super-Six made its début. Then instantly interest swung to it.

We claimed a new type. The factor which had limited the efficiency of all types—Fours, Sixes, Eights and Twelves—had been discovered and overcome.

A new principle in design had been revealed.

What had been sought by leading engineers for years had been found by Hudson.

The simplicity of the Six could be retained. Motor limitations had been removed. Added cylinders were not needed.

So leadership, because of that, was accorded the Super-Six.

The trend to the multi-cylinder was arrested.

Numerous makers gave up their Eight and Twelve cylinder plans.

Let us review the year's developments:

The Super-Six Showed the Way

Hudson engineers approached the problem from a new angle. They solved it with a mathematical principle upon which a basic patent was granted.

By that single invention the most sought-for solution to motor car problems, regardless of the number of cylinders, was found.

Greater power was obtained. More flexibility was shown and when the car was tried for endurance it successfully met tests never imposed on motor cars before. These things we think essential to efficiency. *They are efficiency*. You will see by what the Super-Six has done in winning all worth-while stock car records that our claim to 80% increased efficiency is a modest boast.

Greater Proof of Endurance

Until the coming of the Super-Six practically all records for speed, acceleration, hill climbing and endurance were held by Fours. The Sixes had not done much.

A few records had been won by cars of the multi-cylinder type.

But the Super-Six instantly changed that condition.

We first proved the endurance of the Super-Six motor by running a stock chassis 1819 miles in 24 hours. That beat the best previous endurance record by 52%. It is perhaps the world's most coveted record.

We showed greater power by winning the Pike's Peak Hill Climb, the greatest "non-stock" event of its kind. And we defeated twenty famous contenders in the world's most trying power test.

We proved road service by driving a 7-passenger Super-Six Touring Car from San Francisco to New York in 5 days, 3 hours and 31 minutes.

Then we turned around and went back, completing the round trip in 10 days and 21 hours. Thus twice in one round trip with a single car we established America's greatest proof of endurance. It was the first car ever to attempt the round trip against time.

Our invention gives more power without added cylinders or weight. It gives quicker acceleration and adds a yet unknown degree to the endurance of the motor.

All this came from the solution of that one problem which engineers had been unable to solve. The power that had been wasted in the motor itself was delivered where it was useful and available.

This Turned Interest Back to the Six

But many did not distinguish between a Six and the Super-Six.

As a result all makers of Sixes profited. Many buyers thought by what the Super-Six had shown that any good Six could do as well. So when they found it difficult to get prompt delivery of a Super-Six they accepted a Six.

Now they know there is no similarity between Sixes and the Super-Six save in the number of cylinders used.

They know that without the Super-Six invention all motors are limited as to efficiency. They know that with the Super-Six invention any motor of one, two, four, six, eight or twelve cylinders delivers more power—is more flexible and will give longer service, many times over.

And they know that being patented such efficiency is exclusive to the Hudson Super-Six. It is the only known principle by which such efficiency may be obtained.

The Gasoline Saver

The Super-Six possesses many other exclusive advantages.

One is the gasoline saver, a device which adds gasoline mileage. By it the low-grade gasoline now on the market is made more efficient. At a nominal charge it can be quickly installed on any Hudson Super-Six not so equipped.

Note the variety of models in which the Hudson Super-Six is produced. Every taste is met. Every comfort provided for.

It is a fine car in every sense of the word. Men who want the finest will not be content with less.

One year of the Hudson Super-Six convinces us it is the only permanent type thus far produced.

Phaeton, 7-passenger	$1650	Touring Sedan	$2175	Town Car	$2925
Roadster, 2-passenger	1650	Limousine	2925	Town Car Landaulet	3025
Cabriolet, 3-passenger	1950	*Prices f. o. b. Detroit*		Limousine Landaulet	3025

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

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PAIGE

The Most Beautiful Car in America

Introducing-

"THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA"

At the Automobile Shows in New York and other principal cities, we shall introduce what we sincerely believe to be the most beautiful car in America.

This, we admit, is a bold and sweeping statement.

It is probably the most sensational announcement that has ever been made by a manufacturer of medium-priced automobiles.

But we mean precisely what the words imply, and only ask that you reserve final judgment until you have seen our exhibits with your own eyes.

It is not our purpose, in this advertisement, to describe one single detail of the latest and greatest Paige Achievement.

We merely invite you to attend the Automobile Shows—key your expectations up to the very highest pitch—and determine for *yourself* whether or not we have been guilty of exaggeration.

A moment's reflection, however, must convince you that we would not and could not make any such claim unless it were substantially correct.

Our entire reputation and position in the motor car industry depend upon the accuracy of our public utterances.

Knowing this, it is not likely that we would voluntarily assume responsibility for a statement which could be refuted to our everlasting discredit.

If, though, you are still inclined to doubt, please remember that Paige has been one of the truly *creative* factors in the motor car industry.

From the very beginning our body designs have been absolutely unique and refreshingly distinctive.

If imitation is the most sincere form of flattery, we should indeed feel elated, because it is generally admitted that Paige designs have served as the models for practically every quality car in the industry.

Nothing could more strikingly emphasize the fact that Paige has *always* built beautiful cars—and can be logically expected to produce—"The Most Beautiful Car in America."

So far as the mechanical features of our product are concerned, you need only consult the thousands of owner records which have been established during the past seven years.

The Paige motor and chassis are world famous. They have been developed by the ripest engineering genius that the industry affords.

In them, we have incorporated every improvement, every refinement, that could possibly increase the efficiency of a smooth-running, ever-dependable motor car.

As we have said time and time again, you can only expect to get out of an automobile precisely what the manufacturer puts into it.

There is no substitute for basic quality. To build the truly great things in this world one must work with his Heart quite as well as with his Hands.

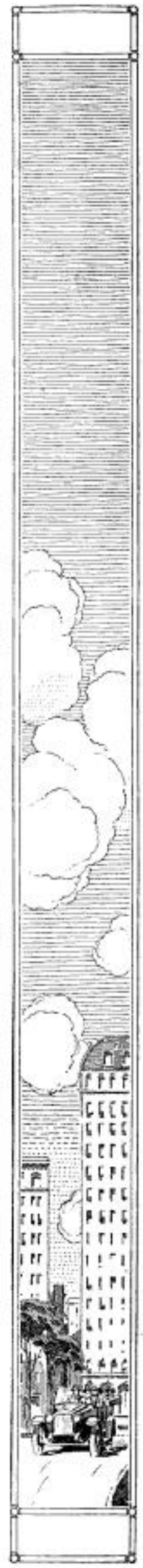
But for the present, we are going to say no more. When the doors of the first Automobile Show are thrown open to the public, our case will be in the hands of the jury.

It is then that we want you to remember this advertisement—every word of it—and determine for yourself whether or not our claims are justified.

Will you make it a special point, please, to see—"The Most Beautiful Car in America"?

At the New York Show—Space A-4

THE PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICH.



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THE WRONG PEW

(Continued from Page 7)

She pushed a wall key, a center chandelier of frosted electric bulbs springing into radiance. In its immediate glare Mrs. Loeb regarded her daughter-in-law, inert there beside the window.

"Get your embroidery, Sadie, and come down by me and Etta till the men get home to supper. I want her to show you that cut-work stitch she's putting in her lunch napkins."

"Ugh!"

"What?"

Mrs. Bertha Loeb approached with the forward peer of the nearsighted. Time and maternity had had their whacks at her figure, her stoutness in no way enhanced by a bothersome shelf of bust, but her face—the same virile profile of her son's and with the graying hair parted tightly from it—guiltless of lines except now, regarding her daughter-in-law, a horizontal crease came into her brow.

"You want to go sit a while by *Grossmutter* then?"

"No. Gee, can't—can't a girl just sit up in her room quiet? I'm all right."

"I didn't say, Sadie, you wasn't all right. Only a young girl with everything to be thankful for don't need to sit up in her room like it was a funeral, with her mother and sister and *Grossmutter* in the same house."

On the mahogany arms of her chair Mrs. Herman Loeb's small hand closed in a tight fist over her damp wad of handkerchief.

"I—I ——"

"What?"

"Nothing."

"Sadie, you been crying again."

"What if I have?"

"A fine answer from a girl to her mother."

"I—you—you drive me to it—your questions ——"

"I shouldn't have the interest of my own son's wife at heart!"

"Can't a girl get—get blue?"

"Blue?"

"Yes, blue."

Mrs. Bertha Loeb reached out her hand with its wide marriage band slightly indented in flesh; the back of that hand was speckled with large, lightish freckles and trembled slightly.

"Sadie, ain't there just no way we can make you feel happy in St. Louis? Last night through the door to my room I couldn't help hear again you and Herman with a scene. Take your feet down off the plush, Sadie."

"Oh, yes, you heard, all right."

"Ain't you got a good home here, Sadie? Everything in the world a girl could wish for! A husband as good as gold, like his poor dead father before him. Ain't we done everything, me and my Etta, to make you feel how—how glad we are to have you for our Hermie's wife?"

"Oh, I know, I know."

"What maybe we felt in the beginning—well, wasn't it natural, an only son and coming such a surprise—all that's over now. Why, it's a pleasure to see how *Grossmatter* she loves you."

"I—I'm all right, I tell you."

"Didn't we even fix it you should go in a flat on Berlin Avenue housekeeping for yourself, if you wanted it?"

"Yes, and tie myself down to this dump yet. Not much!"

"Well, I only hope, Sadie Loeb, you never got in your life to live in a worse dump. I know this much, I have tried to do my part. Did I sign over this house to you and Herman for a wedding present, giving only to my own daughter the row of Grand Avenue stores?"

"I never said you didn't."

"Have you got the responsibility even to run your own house, with me and Etta carrying it on like always?"

"Am I complaining?"

"Do I ask of you one thing, Sadie, except maybe that you learn a little housekeeping and watch how I order from the butcher, things what every wife should know if she needs it or not? In the whole year you been my daughter, Sadie, have I asked of you more than you should maybe help the upstairs girl a little mornings, and do a little embroidery for your linen chest, and that maybe, instead of sleeping so late till noon every morning, you should get up and have breakfast with your husband?"

"If you begin going over all that again I—I'll just yell!"

"With anybody pouting in the house I just ain't got heart to do nothing. I don't see, Sadie, you had such fine connections in the East that ——"

"You just leave my friends in the East out of it. If you wanna know it, they're a darn sight better than the wads of respectability I see waddlin' in here to swap *Kaffee Klatsches* with you!"

"Just let me tell you, Sadie Loeb, you can be proud such ladies call on you. A girl what don't think no more of her husband's business connections than not to come downstairs when Mrs. Nathan Bamberger calls! Maybe our friends out here got being good wifes and good housekeepers on the brain more as high kicking in New York; but just the same Mrs. Nathan Bamberger, what can buy and sell you three times over, ain't ashamed to go in her Lindell Avenue kitchen, when her husband or her son likes red cabbage, what you can't hire cooked, or once in a while a miltz."

"Say, if I've heard that once, I've ——"

"Then too, Sadie, since we're talking—it's a little thing—I haven't liked to talk about it, but I—I got the first time I should hear the word Ma on your lips. You think it's so nice that a daughter-in-law should always call me Say, like a bedpost?"

"I—I can't, Mrs. Loeb—it—it just won't come—mother."

"Don't tell me you don't know any better! A girl what can be so nice with poor old blind *Grossmutter*, like you been, can be nice with her mother-in-law and sister-in-law too, if she wants to be. I didn't want I should ever have to talk to you like this, Sadie, but sometimes a—a person she just busts out."

And then Mrs. Herman Loeb leaped forward in her chair, her small tight fist pounding each word:

"Then let me go! Whatta you holding me here for? Let me go back, Mrs.—mother! Let me go! I don't deny it, you're too good for me round here. I don't fit! Let me go back to the old room and—my old roommate where—where I belong with my—my crowd. You tell what you just said to Herm! Get him to let me go back with him on his trip to-morrow night. Please, Mrs.—mother—please!"

"You mean to New York with him on his business trip for a visit?"

"Call it that if you want to, only let me go! You—you can tell them later that—that I ain't coming back. I—I've begged him so! I don't belong here. You just said as much yourself. I don't belong here. Let me go, Mrs. Loeb. Let me go! You tell him, Mrs. Loeb, to let me go."

Mrs. Bertha Loeb suddenly sat down, and the color flowed out of her face.

"That I should live to see this day! My Herman's wife wants to leave him! Oh, my son, my son! What did you do to yourself! A di—a separation in the Loeb family! I knew last night when I heard through the door and how worried my poor boy has looked for months, that it didn't mean no good. Since her first month here I've seen it coming. I did my part to ——"

"Yes, Mrs. Loeb, and I done my part!"

"Oh—oh—oh, and how that boy of mine has catered to her! Humored her every whim to keep her contented! I always say it's the nix-nux wifes get the most attentions and thanks from their husbands, I ——"

"I done my part. I tried as much as you to make myself fit in out here. I—I just ain't your kind, Mrs. Loeb. Yours and—Etta's. I—I can't be saving and economical when I see there's plenty to spend. I—I was raised with my brother down in Shefsky's theater, where nobody cares about monogrammed guest towels and about getting up before noon if they don't want to. The evenings here kill me! Kill me! I hate pinochle! I gotta have life, Mrs. Loeb. I hate *Kaffee Klatsches* with a lot of—I—I tell you I got different blood in my veins, Mrs. Loeb, I ——"

"No, no, Sadie Mosher Loeb, that kind of talk don't go. You got just the same *shaddos* like us. Saturday is your ——"

"Yes, yes, I'm in the right church all right, Mrs. Loeb, but I'm in the wrong pew. Mrs. Loeb, please can't you understand I'm in the wrong pew!"

And all her carefully confined curls, springing their pins, fell forward a shivering mass.

(Continued on Page 43)



Here, Indeed, *Is*

E. H. SOTHERN

As Angelo, the deformed and irascible banker of Naples, and again as the uncanny Duke d'Vesuvius, E. H. Sothern is indeed E. H. Sothern.

In all the splendid program offered during its twenty years of leadership among motion-picture producers

THE VITAGRAPH COMPANY

has released no more unusual, intensely dramatic photoplay than

"THE MAN OF MYSTERY"

A Drama of a Man Who Returned from the Valley of the Shadow, to Live Again Among Those Who Thought Him Dead.

Supported by the popular actress, Miss Charlotte Ives, Mr. Sothern weaves the spell of his genius through all the tense situations of this unusual play.

"The Man of Mystery," and its two classic predecessors, "The Chattel," and "An Enemy to the King," record Mr. Sothern's genius incomparably on the motion-picture film.

See "The Man of Mystery" Now at Your Local Theatre

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THE NATIONAL SPIRIT OF COMMERCE

REPUBLIC INTERNAL GEAR DRIVE TRUCKS, with their remarkable efficiency, fittingly represent the Spirit of Commerce. More than 10,000 Republic Trucks in service in the forty-eight states, and eleven foreign countries, are making new service records. Enormous demand makes possible the Republic's low prices. More than 23,000 Republics will be built in the coming year in the largest factory in the world exclusively devoted to truck manufacture.

FIVE REPUBLIC SIZES Republic Dispatch Model 9, maximum capacity 1500 lbs., furnished complete, express body with canopy top, side curtains, glass front, electric light with generator and storage battery and electric horn, $750; or with solid panel body, $775; Model 10, 1-ton, with stake or express body and bow top, $1095; Model 11, 1½-ton chassis, $1275; Model "A," 2-ton chassis, $1675; Model "T," 3½-ton Dreadnaught, $2550.

Dealers and Service Stations in over 500 Principal Cities. Write Dept. Y for catalog of model in which you are interested.

REPUBLIC FOR SERVICE

REPUBLIC MOTOR TRUCK CO. INC.

ALMA MICHIGAN U.S.A.

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(Continued from Page 41)

In that surcharged moment and briskly exuding a wintry out-of-doors, Mr. Herman Loeb entered and stood for a moment in the open doorway, in the act of removing his greatcoat.

"Herman, my son! Oh, my son!"

"What's wrong, ma? Sadie!"

"It's come, Herman, like I always predicted to Etta it would. Your wife, my poor boy, she wants to leave you. This should happen to a Loeb yet—a separation in the family! My poor boy! My poor boy!"

"Why, ma, what—what's Sadie been telling you?"

At that Mrs. Herman Loeb raised her streaming face, her eyes all rid of their roguery and stretched in despair.

"I didn't want to let out to her, Herman. I wanted to make a quiet get-away, you know I did. But she nagged me! She nagged me!"

"Ma, you shouldn't ——"

"She heard us last night and heaven knows how many nights before that. She's wise. She knows. She knows it's been a year of prison here for ——"

"Oh, my poor boy! Prison! A girl like her finds herself married into one of the most genteel families in St. Louis, a girl what never in her life was used to even decent sheets to sleep on!"

"Ma!"

"Till three o'clock in the afternoon she told me herself how her and them girls used to sleep, two and three in a boarding-house room, and such a mess!"

"Ma, if you and Sadie don't cut out this rowing I'll put on my hat and go back downtown where I came from. What is this, anyway, a barroom or a home out on Washington Boulevard? You want *Grossmutter* to hear you? Ma! Sadie!"

"My poor boy! My poor boy!"

"I didn't start it, Herm. I was sitting up here quiet. All I ask, Herm, is for you to take me back to New York to-morrow night on your trip. Let me go, Herm, for—for an indefinite stay. It ain't this house, Herm, and it ain't your mother or your sister and—and it ain't you—it ain't any one. It's all of you put together! I can't stand the speed out here! There ain't none!"

"I guess she wants, Hermie, for her bad-girl notions, you should give up the best retail business in St. Louis and take her to live in New York, where she can always be in with that nix-nux theatri——"

"No, no, he knows I don't want that!"

"If she did, ma, we'd go!"

"Herm knows it was all a mistake with me. I didn't know my own mind. I wanna go back along where I came from and where I belong! It ain't like I was the kind of a girl with another man in the case ——"

"We should thank her, Hermie, there ain't more scandal mixed up in it yet!"

"Ma!"

"My poor boy, what could have had his pick from the first girls in St. ——"

"Ma!"

There was an edge to Mr. Loeb's voice that had the bite of steel. He tossed his greatcoat to the snowy bed, walking between the bed end and the mantel, round to the crouched figure of his wife.

"There, there, Sadie!" he said in his throat, and stooping over her; "I give in! I give in!"

Her head flew up.

"Herm!"

"My son!"

"No, no, ma, it's no use trying to put anything but a jingle-bell harness on poor little Jingle Bells. She don't understand us any more than we—we can understand her!"

"That's it, Herm; that's why I say if you'll only let me go!"

"Oh, my God! A separation in the Loeb family! My poor dead husband! My daughter Etta, president of the Ladies' Auxiliary! *Grossmutter* ——"

"Sh-h-h, ma, you want *Grossmutter* to hear!"

"My son, the cleanest, finest ——"

"Ma!" There were lines in his face as if a knot at his heart were tightening them. "You mustn't blame her, ma; and, Sadie, you mustn't feel this way toward my mother. Nobody's to blame. I been thinking this thing over more than you think, Sadie, and I—I give in. She's a poor little thing, ma, that's been trapped into something she can't fit into."

"Yes, Herm, that's it."

"It's natural. My fault too. I carried her off like a partridge. Don't cry, little Jingle Bells! To-morrow night we leave for New York, and when I come back you're going to stay on with ——"

"Sylvette says ——"

"With friends, indefinitely. Don't cry, little Jingle Bells, don't! Sh-h-h, ma! There, didn't I tell you you'd rouse *Grossmutter!*"

With her hands stuffed against rising sobs, his mother ceased rocking herself to and fro in her straight chair, her eyes straining through the open door. A thin voice came through, querulous, and then the tap-tap of a cane.

Mr. Herman Loeb answered the voice, standing quiet at the bed end.

"Nothing is the matter, *Grossmutter*."

"Come and get me, Herman."

"Yes, *Grossmutter*."

He hastened out and reëntered almost immediately, leading Mrs. Simon Schulien, her little figure so fragile that the hand directing the cane quavered of palsy, and the sightless face, so full of years and even some of their sweetness, fallen in slightly, in presage of dust to dust.

"Bertha?"

"*Ja, Mutter.*"

"Here, *Grossmutter*, by the window is your chair."

He lowered her to the red velvet arm-chair, placing her cane gently alongside.

"So!"

She moved her sightless face from one to the other, interrogating each presence.

"Sadie?"

"Yes, *Grossmutter*."

"How you holler, children. Everything ain't right?"

"Yes, *Grossmutter*. Ma and Sadie and me been making plans. To-morrow night Sadie goes with me to New York on my trip. A little pleasure trip."

The little face, littler with each year, broke into a smile.

"So, little Sadie-sha, you got good times, not? A good husband and good times! New York! To New York she goes, Bertha?"

"*Ja, Mutter.*"

Mrs. Schulien fell to crooning slightly, redigesting with the senility of years.

"To New York! Nowdays young wives got it good. How long you stay, Hermie?"

"It's just my Pittsburgh-New York trip, *Grossmutter*."

"Sadie, come here by *Grossmutter*."

She approached with the tears drying on her face, her bosom heaving in suppressed jerks.

"Yes, *Grossmutter*." And patted the little clawlike hand, and the bit of white hair beneath the fluted cap, and a bit of old lace fastened with an old ivory cameo and covering the old throat.

"You got good times, not?"

"Yes, *Grossmutter*."

"And you'm a good girl, Sadie. Eh? Eh?"

"Y-yes, *Grossmutter*."

"When you come back from New York, you bring *Grossmutter* a fine present, not?"

"Yes, yes, *Grossmutter*."

"A quilted underjacket wholesale, for when *Grossmutter* rides out in wheel chair."

"Y-yes, *Grossmutter*."

To the saturnine, New York of its spangled nights is like a Scylla of a thousand heads, each head a menace. Glancing from his cab window one such midnight, an inarticulate expression of that fear must have crept over and sickened Mr. Herman Loeb. He reached out and placed his enveloping hand over that of his wife.

"Well, Sadie, you take good care of yourself, girl. No matter how we decide to—to end this thing, remember you're my wife—yet."

"Yes, Herman," said Mrs. Loeb through a gulp.

"Don't stint, and remember how easily you get cold from drafts."

"I won't. I will."

"If you find yourself too crowded in that room with your friend, get a better one farther away from the theaters, where it isn't so noisy—maybe by yourself."

"I'll see."

"You won't be afraid to go back to that room now with Sylvette still at the show?"

"N-no."

"If I was you—now mind, I'm only suggesting it—but if I was you I wouldn't be in such a hurry about getting back in that roof show, Sadie. Maybe in a few days something better may show up or—or you'll change your mind or something."

"I gotta get back to work to keep from thinking. Anyway, I don't want to be sponging on you any longer than I can help."

"You're my wife, aren't you?"

(Concluded on Page 45)



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"You have confidence in a man who lives up to his promise."

You like and trust a man who lives up to his promises.

You like and trust a tire that lives up to *and beyond* its promises.

That is why motorists have used United States Tires so consistently that our sales increases the past year on all the five types of tires are simply phenomenal and unprecedented.

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United States Tire Company

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(Concluded from Page 43)

She sat, a small cold huddle in the center of the cab seat, toward him, her quivering face flashing out as street lamps bounced past. They were nearing the great marble façade of the Seventh Avenue Terminal.

"Herman I—I hate to see everything bust up like this—you—you such a prince and all—but like Syl says, I—I guess all fools ain't dead yet!"

"You've had time to work this thing out for yourself now, Sadie, but like I was saying before, anybody can play stubborn, but—but it's a wise person who ain't ashamed to change his mind. Eh, Sadie? Eh?"

They were sliding down a runway and drew up now alongside a curb. A redcap, wild for fee, swung open the cab door, immediately confiscating all luggage.

"No, no, not that! You carry that box, Herm. It's the padded underjacket for *Grossmuller*. Tell her I—I sent it to her, Herm—with—with love."

"Yes, Sadie."

She was frankly crying now, edging her way through the crowd, running in little quick-steps to match her pace to his.

At the train side during the business of ticket inspection she stood by, her palm pat against her mouth and tears galumphing down. With a face that stood out whitely in the gaseous fog, Mr. Loeb fumbled for the red slip of his berth reservation.

"Well, Sadie girl, three minutes more and ——"

"Oh—oh, Herm!"

"If you feel as bad as that, it's not too late, Sadie. I—you—it takes a wise little girlie to change her mind. Eh? Eh?"

"No—no, Herm, I ——"

He clenched her arm suddenly and tightly.

"If you want to come, girl, for God's sake now's your time. Sadie, honey, you want to?"

She shook him off through gasps.

"No, no, Herm, I—I can't stand it—it's only that I feel so bad at seeing you—no—no—not—not now."

The all-aboard call rang out like a shout in a cave.

He was fumbling at his luggage for the small pasteboard box, haste fuddling his movements.

"I'll be in Pittsburgh to-morrow till seven, honey. Sleep over it, and if you change your mind catch the eleven-forty-five St. Louis flyer out of here to-morrow morning, and that train'll pick me up at Pittsburgh."

"Oh, I ——"

"You be the one to bring this box home, with your own little hands, to poor *Grossmuller*, honey, and—and if you don't change your mind, why—why, you can send it. You be the one to bring it to her, honey. Remember, it's a wise girlie knows when to change her mind!"

"Oh, Hermie—Hermie!"

"All—aboard!"

With her hands clasped and her uncovered face twisted, she watched the snake-like train crawl into oblivion.

When she reëntered the taxicab she was half swooning of tears.

"Don't cry, baby," said the emboldened chauffeur, placing the small pasteboard box up beside her.

In the great old-fashioned room in Fortieth Street—of two beds and two decades ago—she finally in complete exhaustion slid into her white iron cot against the wall, winding an alarm clock and placing it on the floor beside her.

Long before Miss Sylvette de Long, with her eyelids very dark, tiptoed in and rubbing the calves of her legs in alcohol undressed in the dark, she was asleep, her mouth still moist and quivering like a child's.

At nine-thirty and with dirty daylight cluttering up the cluttered room, the alarm clock, full of heinous vigor, bored like an awl into the morning.

THE LUCK OF A SOURDOUGH

(Continued from Page 12)

"Worth lookin' at, eh—when he draws a salary of a hundred thousand a year?" says a young lad beside me.

"Who? He does?" I says, too miserable to care much; but he had spoke decently.

"Yup! That's Lounsberry. He draws it; and just sticks at that desk with nothing on it. Some salary! He's a managing director for his companies."

After a spell it reached me—a hundred-thousand salary! I leaned on the mail box, looking up. Once the gray man glanced out and I looked away; then back when he was writing on a pad. It came noon, and he was still there; and so was I, thinking mighty bitterly how one year of his pay would make the Group into a producer. Suddenly a spruce chap in blue serge came down the steps and hung round a bit before he asked:

"Did you wish something with the offices?"

"No," I says.

I was too melancholy to leave. I just kept staring. A hundred thousand a year! The Group could make me that, once started. The gray one took up a phone presently and looked out at me; then he got up nervously. About then another fellow came out and asked:

"Was you looking for somebody?"

"Just at a man who can draw a hundred-thousand salary," I says sadly.

Soon the gray guy inside spoke in the phone again, smiled abruptly, and next minute walked forth and says to me:

"Is that really all you wanted?"

"Yes, sir," I says. "It's a lickin' big wage."

"I work for it. I don't get much vacation," he says; and, lower:

"Wish I did. Had your lunch? Then come and eat with me; we'll go to the club and be peaceful."

"All right; I'll go you," I says; for in the North we are friendly quick.

He had pie and tea, and so did I, for I could not eat in the city like when at home; it made my head buzzy. He said it did his too; and he had just been East and the heat laid him out.

"Where you from?" he says. "A long way, I think."

"From the North—Alaska," I says, and I got uncomfortable—I wasn't going to even tell the locality, for fear something about the Group would come out; and I was through feeling like a kicked dog.

He didn't know it was my last day, but I let that out somehow, and he kept asking more—was I in Southeastern or Southwestern Alaska? And to my nodding to the last he said:

"Come down with something to promote?"

"No," I says.

"Mining man, though? I can nearly always spot 'em."

I ate my pie and the quiet waiter brought a good-smelling smoke, which he lit for me; and we got to speaking of climates, and whether rubber or leather was the best footwear for where I was, and if ladies ever took trips in there. I said sure they could, in the right clothes, with a guy who didn't mush too fast or too far with them. Of course the road-house bunks are pretty hard.

"I got a swell spring and mattress on my bed," I says; "bought from an outfit that was drilling through there and gave up. And I got a camp in the prettiest little valley in that section—water at the door and a fine garden, the hills flamin' with fireweed right now, an' salmonberries ripe. My mine's farther up the hill—a tough climb too; but you can see the whole world when you git there. You ought to see Bingo, my otter—friendly little sport!"

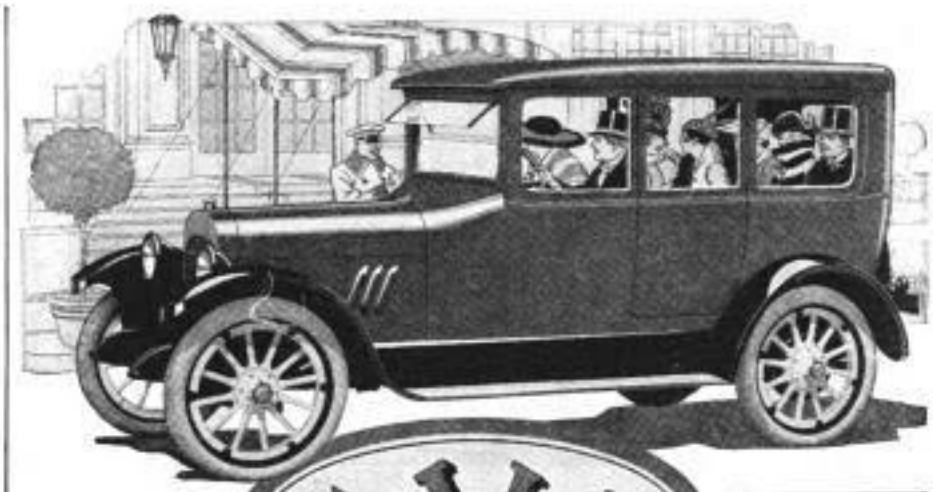
"How tame will they get?" he says, excited. "I had a fox when I was a kid in Dakota. My wife would be crazy over your place; she hates a town!"

"I sure got no cause to like 'em, bein' called a liar and a thief, and more," I says, and heard myself breathing noisy as I thought back. "I was made a mark of by a smilin'-eyed, honest-seemin' girl—six hundred and eighty blowed in two days on her! And then—she was in a show."

"There's others—good ones," he says. "Me and the missus met on a Saturday, and Monday began a wedding trip, with a couple of pack horses, from Denver to Laramie. We had the stock, and she said we'd save the train fares to buy furniture. We been together ever since; I ain't took one trip alone."

After a minute he showed me a little picture, and said that was his boss.

"If I had somebody I could go home and grind along a couple more years, till I open up some more, because capital's comin' into



DAVIS

A Car You Can Trust for Life

For Seven Years Heartily Endorsed by Owners

The Davis has passed the acid test of motor-car worth with flying colors.

For seven years owners have enthused over its performance—its quiet, powerful, sweet running motor, its dependability under all conditions, and its beauty, riding comfort and staunchness.

But by more than enthusiasm have Davis owners here and abroad shown faith in the car that has served them so well. A surprisingly large number still drive the Davis they purchased, not only recently, but as far back as four, five, six and seven years ago.

Our records also show that of those who have bought new models an astonishingly large percentage have re-chosen a Davis in preference to any other make. We believe no car in the country, of whatever class or price, can show such a tremendous proportion of re-sales, the practical endorsement of those who know the car best—the owners themselves.

Built with the utmost care, of the best standard parts on the market, the Davis is a car you can trust under all conditions. There is perfect harmony in its design—absolute honesty in its construction.

The Davis will give you perfect content and lasting satisfaction—a permanent possession you will be proud of in *any* company. Made in four models.

Model H—Light 6, Seven-passenger Touring Car, $1195.

Model J—Big 6, Seven-passenger Touring Car, $1495.

Model I—Light 6, Five-passenger Club Roadster, $1195.

Model K—Davis-Springfield, Seven-passenger Sedan, $1795.

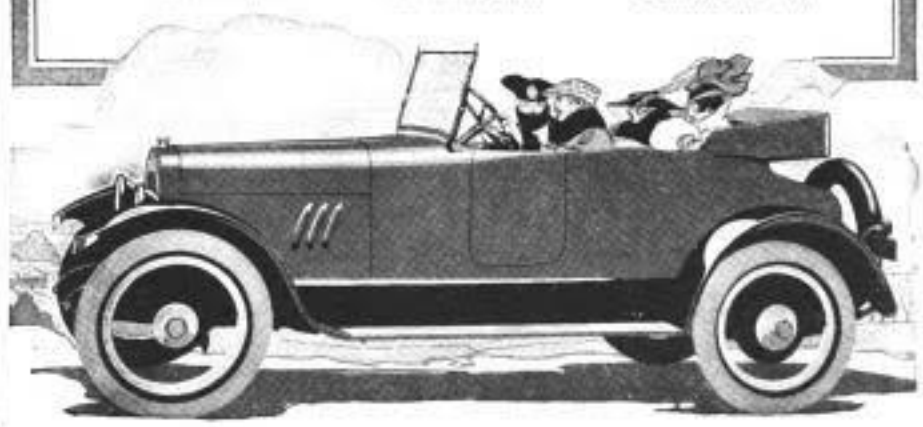
All models have **Continental** motors, **Delco** starting, lighting, ignition, **Warner** transmission and steering gear, **Columbia** axles, etc.

See it at the New York and Chicago Shows, at any of the long established distributors here listed, or write us for catalog, particulars and the name of your nearest dealer.

GEO. W. DAVIS MOTOR CAR CO., Richmond, Ind.

Established 1902

Davis Motor Car Co. of New York, Inc., 1836 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.
Frick Auto Sales Corp., 1027 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Garwood Motor Sales Co., 2248 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio
Whitcomb, Littlewood Auto Co., 30 Eighth St., N., Minneapolis, Minn.
Worth More Motor Sales Co., Main and Seventh, Fort Worth, Tex.
C. M. Stone, 159 Broad St., Providence, R. I.
Langham Motor Car Co., 162 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.
Olson & Pauly Auto Co., 441 Jackson St., Milwaukee, Wis.
Kessler Motor Sales Co., 207 S. Main St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
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Western Motor Co., 1702 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.
Davis Motor Co., 2644 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
F. H. Cole Motor Co., Front & Prairie Sts., Bloomington, Ill.
Conant Automobile Co., San Jacinto & Walker Sts., Houston, Tex.
Neal Simmons Motor Co., Commerce & St. Mary Sts., San Antonio, Tex.
W. T. Wilson Auto Co., 1910 Farnam St., Omaha, Neb.
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Do your curtains flap and gap? Stop it with "Lift the Dot" Fasteners

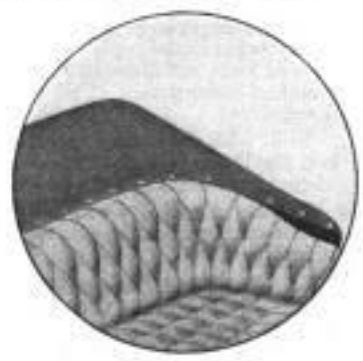
They stay fastened. No gust of wind can pull them loose. No careless push from an elbow can dislodge them. They hold the curtains flat and snug and secure. They are an ornament to the car.

"Lift the Dot" are the only self-locking fasteners made. They are easier to close than any other fastener. Then when you want to unfasten, simply "lift the dot" and the fasteners open more easily than the buttons on your coat.

"Lift the Dot" Fasteners have many uses on the modern car. Not only curtains, but dust covers, slip covers, pockets, floor carpet and extension tops are held more securely and are far neater and better looking when held with "Lift the Dot."



For side and rear curtains, "Lift the Dot" Fasteners are desirable. They simply cannot work loose. They hold the curtains flat and close. They add "tone" and cannot get out of order. They are fastened in a jiffy and open with a single pull when you pull from the end with the dot.



Many makers of cars are fastening dust hoods with "Lift the Dot" Fasteners instead of with straps. This avoids the necessity of lifting the rear seat cushion to buckle straps. It saves time. The dust cover fits closer and more neatly. The upholstery looks better without straps. No unsightly gaps show under the dust cover. The whole appearance of the car is improved.

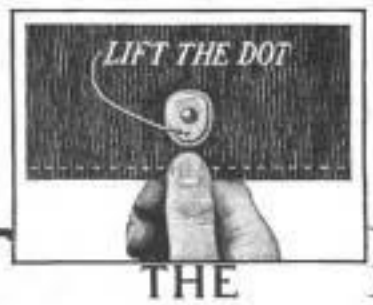
More than 75 leading American Cars and 29 European Cars use "Lift the Dot" Fasteners regularly, notwithstanding their higher cost. Ask for "'Lift the Dot' Fasteners throughout" when you buy a new car.

If you are troubled with flapping curtains on your old car, it is easy to put on "Lift the Dot" Fasteners and end all bother. Write for booklet and information.

CARR FASTENER COMPANY

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., AND DETROIT

INTERNATIONAL FASTENERS LTD., Leicester, England



"LIFT THE DOT"

our section; but not fast," I says. "I'm goin', anyway, of course, while I got money for a duckit left."

"What was the sticker here? Who was it you took your proposition to?"

"The sticker was them Hemitt & Ross people takin' me for a bunk," I says; and I got hot again. "I mighty near swung on one of those old coots. Why, at an average width of six feet I've got a surface showin' two thousand feet long that carries a hundred and thirty dollars gold to the ton; but it ain't on transportation or I could 'a' got backin' in the coast towns."

"Couldn't you snake an arrastra up the mountain and crush enough ore to pay wages for a small gang of men to keep on developing?"

"No. It ain't a free-millin' ore; too much sulphide. I'll have to build a concentrator down in the valley and tram over a bucket line from the hill."

Then I shut up; for I was not going to trouble a busy guy with something out of his line.

"And Hemitt & Ross wouldn't listen?" he says, reflecting as he signed our check. "You said it takes seven or eight days to your nearest port, eh? That's Seward? Grub pretty fair on the boats?"

"Seems so to us sourdoughs, who got to cook for ourselves at home," I says. "They claim that when the bakers run out of cranberries they paint a red fillin' in the pies. You ought to take your missus North."

It was killing hot when we went into the street. The wind had quit, and even he, who was used to it, rubbed inside his collar with a handkerchief.

"Well, so long!" I says when we had shaken hands at his corner and he had asked what was that name of mine again. I hadn't told it until then.

"I'm goin' home on the Mariposa Saturday night."

"Keep on hoping, pard," he says, and gave me another grip.

I tried to grin. I was on the Seattle train when I thought of not having asked who paid him that hundred-thousand salary; but it didn't matter. There was no lettering on his windows. It was 105 in the car, and full of females, all yap-yapping and ringing for the porter and asking how soon would we see Mount Shasta. It took most of two days and a night; and I was so hot, worn and gloomy that I just set there, dying by inches, hating Lucette, and wishing for Dan and Polo. We wouldn't have got on, with her disliking dogs—that ought to have warned me.

It was useless to peddle the Group in Seattle, where a chap might raise money for small Northern quick-return placer properties, but nothing big. I ought to have gone to the East, but it was too late now, with a hundred and forty left in the poke. I was going to stop off at Juneau and try for a job under Phil Bradley in the big Treadwell—stope bossing, or running a machine or mucking if I had to, so as to get together what I owed Logan.

With my ticket bought, I got a room way down Yesler Way, and went for dinner into a cheap flytrap in Railroad Avenue, where the docks are. It was awful hot and thick-aired in Seattle, with a mist coming from the Sound, and the sun baking the pavements. Inside this lunchroom a big blond girl, in a starched blue dress, showing some of her neck and strong plump arms, was serving and helping to cook. The guy who seemed owner went out as I reached a stool and ordered pork chops.

It was fierce over that range; but she kept spry, collecting from some longshoremen just finishing, doing a great panful of dishes—rinsing 'em very carefully—and washing out the dishtowels later, and jiggling my chops. You could tell she would never have a busted ruffle dragging. As I stared, eyes as blue as the pretty dress looked over the chop smoke at me. I stared more; and suddenly I remembered something that hard luck had drove from my head, and I says:

"You got a wonderful small waist; and I want——"

"Another word—just dare to breathe again—and I'll throw you out!" she cried; and even her soft neck flamed. "You loafing, insulting ——"

"No; I ain't!" I says, and I grabbed at her fist that was coming across the counter, while she hissed:

"Let go! I've seen your kind here, and they just come once!"

Her wavy light hair let loose a cute curl when she angrily jerked her hand free. I jumped myself, for the skillet was in her other hand; and I said that all I meant about the waist was I'd tried to buy a corset for a lady shaped like her and had a lot of trouble.

"Liar!" she says contemptuously. "Coward too! And you looked like a man!"

I tore out of the door then. In six minutes I rushed in with a long, lean box, and yanked out that rose-pink satin thing them women had pretended to dart in, and hadn't touched; but it was the Hemitt & Ross day I measured, and, though I phoned and said it was an outrage, that manager dared me to start a battle, and I had lost my spunk, and kept it.

"They swore to dart it in; but the darned corset'd fit me," I says; and she laughed.

Washing her hands quickly, she set it round herself over the blue dress; then removed it, saying that the styles were sickening this season.

"Your wife?" she says.

"No, ma'am," I says; "Etta Noble—she's cookin' for an outfit; and I think her and the foreman figure to wed when her clothes all come. She trusted me. Would you take a tenner for your time and go buy her a rose-pink satin one that's right for you?"

I put thirty-five on the counter. Her face had cooled; but it got red again, and she says:

"Not the ten till I earn it; then it'll take me out of jail—out of this. I had fifty saved, and sixty'll get me home. I've had enough city!"

"Where do you live?" I says; but she seemed not to hear.

Over in the room I set, sweating and wishing for brains. I could see them blue eyes, no matter what I was thinking. Her teeth were even and very shiny white—not like Lucette's. She would not be asking, the second you set at a restaurant table, if it was one of those provincial places where they didn't let women smoke—like Lucette.

It was about three in the afternoon when I kept hearing sounds in the next room, like a woman and kids crying. After a bit I went and tapped, but the sobbing was so loud they couldn't hear; so I turned the knob, and huddled on a bed were Nadia and the two youngest, looking like the end had come.

"Nadia, woman! Here now, quit, Henry and Tessie! Tell mamma it's Griff," I says; and poor little dark-skinned Henry blubbered and snugged up to me, and Tessie was wailing for some salmon.

"Oh, Griff! Oh, Griff!" the squaw says like she was dying. "Three day Jim go 'way to git one drink a' hooch; don't come no more. Children so hungry, an' I hiyu scare; no grub—three day."

"And left you broke? He ain't himself," I says. "Git ready to eat now."

"We got lots a' money; but hiyu scare—how we know? One time I go to downstairs; too much people—I too scare!"

She like to fainted, being so weak. I sopped cold water on her face and cooled that oven they were in by opening the door for a draft—Jim wouldn't have savvy to take 'em somewhere better. I slicked the kids while Nadia staggered round in her mussed yellow dress. She got her black hair into a nubbin, with a big red ostrich-feathered hat over it; and she took Tessie's hand and then hung to me; and I lugged Henry. All of them screeched and tried to run, at every auto truck—I ain't stuck on feeling they'll nip off at least an ankle, myself; and when a train rolled down the street Nadia stopped and made a Greek Church prayer.

"This is Jim Logan's family, and he hadn't been to a city in thirty years. They ain't fed for three days," I says to Blue Eyes when I got in the lunchroom, Nadia crying and Tessie bawling for her papa. "Go down the line and put all there is before 'em. Will I take 'em back to that box?"

"Gimme the little boy. There, darling! Oh, gracious alive, how terrible!" she says; and she rushed them where it would be private, in the box.

And in a minute she was back at the range. Henry gave her a wan smile, and she kissed him.

"Strong broth from a real chicken I had on for the boss' supper," she says. "Quick! Make 'em drink it. Will we have a doctor?"

"No; the Aleut blood's made to endure," I says. "They can just suffer and not whimper."

I set with them, keeping Henry from slopping; and after steak, potatoes, fresh tomatoes, beans, bread and coffee, the three

(Concluded on Page 49)

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Cadillac Prestige is founded upon reason

THE *willingness* of so many thousands of people *to pay the Cadillac price* must, of course, be *founded upon reason.*

The *refusal* of so many other thousands *to pay more* for a car than the Cadillac price—notwithstanding their abundant ability to do so—must likewise be *founded upon reason.*

In one sense, the question of price does not occur to them at all—what they want is the *greater smoothness,* the *greater steadiness,* the *greater constancy* and the *greater comforts* which the Eight-Cylinder Cadillac provides.

They want the wonderfully *swift acceleration;* they want the *luxury of traveling* practically one hundred percent of the time *on high gear.*

They want the *sturdiness* and *dependability;* they want the *day-in-and-day-out, year-in-and-year-out service* and *satisfaction* which have always distinguished Cadillac cars.

They want that *comprehensive efficiency* which manifests itself in the Cadillac, not merely now and then, but at *all speeds and under all conditions.*

Every moment is a more pleasurable moment for them in the Cadillac—every hour an hour of greater ease—every mile a smoother, steadier mile.

Believing that *the Cadillac meets their ideals* of all that a motor car should be, is it not perfectly logical that the Cadillac should enjoy a *larger ownership* than any other *truly high grade car* in the world?

Body Styles

CADILLAC coach-builders have provided eleven styles of bodies from which Cadillac purchasers may choose, as follows:

Seven-Passenger Touring Car
Four-Passenger Phaeton
Two-Passenger Roadster
Four-Passenger Club Roadster
Four-Passenger Convertible Victoria
Seven-Passenger Convertible Touring Car
Four-Passenger Coupé
Five-Passenger Brougham
Seven-Passenger Limousine
Seven-Passenger Imperial
Seven-Passenger Landaulet.

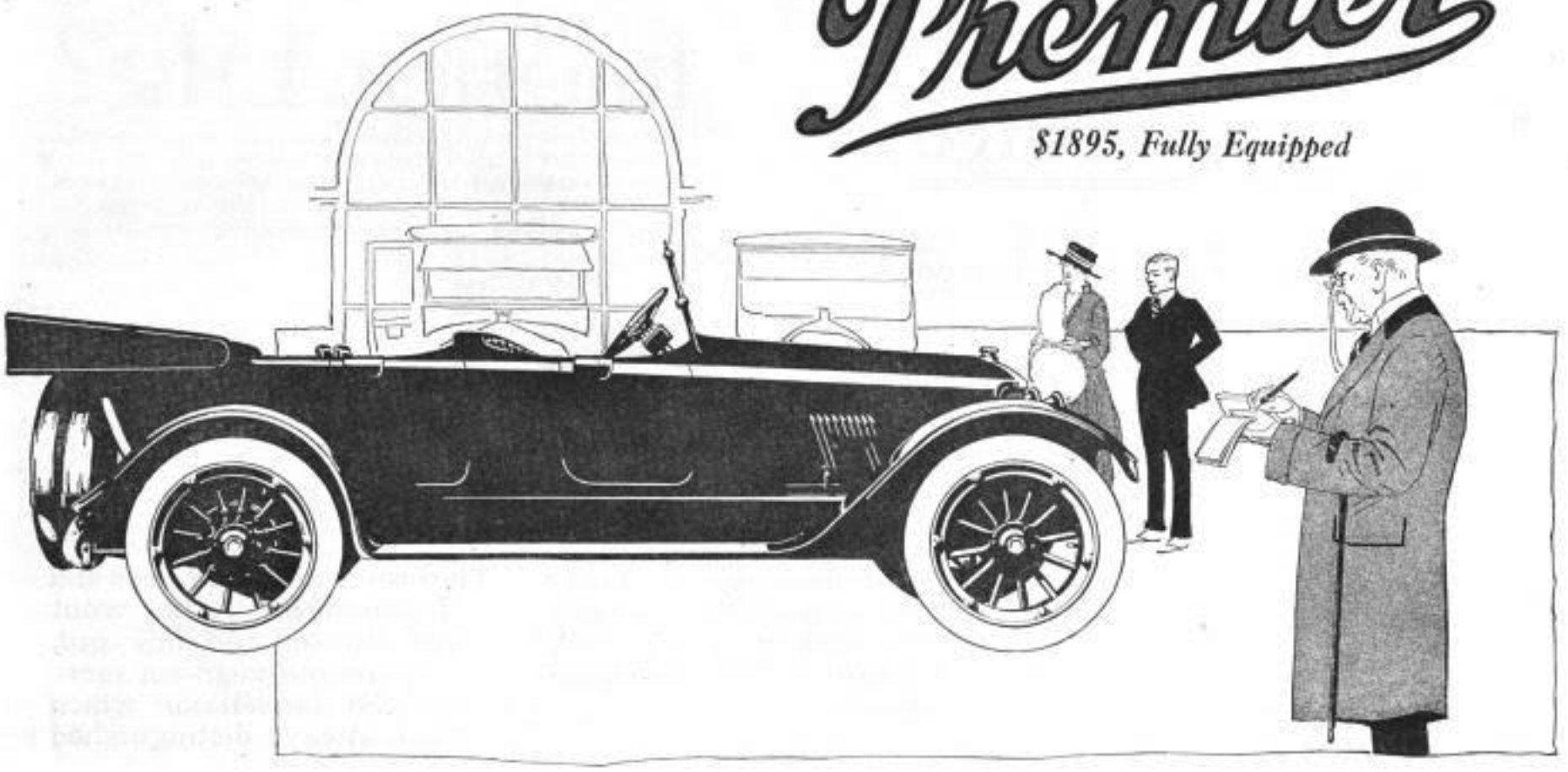
CADILLAC MOTOR CAR CO.
DETROIT, MICH.

Cadillac
Standard of the World

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Premier

$1895, Fully Equipped



The Aluminum Six with Magnetic Gear Shift

We ask you to compare this new Premier in every detail with the most expensive cars on the market, and when you have finished, you yourself will echo the question of thousands: "How do they do it at $1895?"

Here are the features of the one car that will make the Shows of 1917—*historic.*

An Aluminum Motor, designed and built in the Premier factory under the personal supervision of Earl G. Gunn, our chief engineer and the original American builder of aluminum motors. With only 300 cubic inches piston displacement, this overhead valve, six-cylinder motor develops upward of 72 horsepower. We question whether any motor in America can climb a difficult hill "in high" as slowly as *Premier*. Ask for a demonstration.

C-H Magnetic Gear Shift, as regular equipment and without extra charge, has been adopted by Premier. In so doing Premier leads the world as the car which first gave motorists this crowning and long-needed convenience as regular equipment. The mechanism which, by means of push buttons, controls Premier's gears, is the product of the world's greatest builders of electrical controlling apparatus, the Cutler-Hammer Manufacturing Company of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Cutler-Hammer manufacture the electrical controlling apparatus on United States battleships and submarines. The action of the device is simple and positive. Push a button and the gears obey. It keeps the control of your car right under your thumb—you can change gears on an up-hill climb without losing momentum. You can change gears in traffic in one-half the time required by the hand gear shift. It is as great an advance as was the electric starter. This device is unqualifiedly guaranteed by both the Cutler-Hammer and the Premier companies. Ask for a demonstration.

New Premier "Bullet Body Lines" supplant the conventional stream line which has characterized practically all motor cars for years. To this new mode, Premier adds the charm of an exquisite *gun-metal velours* body finish combined with wheels of natural wood. From a standpoint of durability and texture, Premier's finish is unsurpassed by that of any car. Premier's beauty is growing proverbial.

The Turning Radius is so short that the driver of a Premier car can almost spin it on its own axis—this must be seen to be believed. Ask for a demonstration.

An Eight-Inch Bridge Girder Frame, deeper by 50 per cent than the frame in most cars, forms such a solid and rigid foundation that body squeaks and rattles are almost impossible; and the frame's rigidity makes the car hold the road better at sixty miles an hour than most cars do at twenty-five.

More Body Room has been obtained on Premier, through clever and space-economizing design, than has ever been considered possible on a wheel base of 125½ inches—compare it with your present car.

The Driver's Comfort has been carefully studied. The new-type tilting steering wheel, the push-button gear shift, the design of the driving seat, and the easy-reach placement of everything that enters into driving, give him a chance to take a joyous part in the ride.

Points of Luxury are everywhere. The auxiliary seats are roomy and interfere with no one's comfort. The instrument board is solid walnut, finished like a boudoir table, with ammeter, oil gauge, Warner speedometer and a nickeled dash-light which becomes a spot-light on a 15-foot cord by merely pulling it out of its socket. The upholstery is of the finest—Marshall Sanitary cushion springs and real leather. The tonneau rug is of natural undyed wool. The nickeled robe rail can't rattle or sag. The genuine Pantasote top is custom tailored in our own shop and bound with aluminum. There is a tonneau light that illuminates the running board. Not a detail is omitted. All these points conspire to make Premier a car that women will love.

"Rides Like a Liner" is an expression used by a connoisseur who soon found out that you don't have to brace yourself for the bumps in Premier—thanks to the 58-inch semi-elliptic Perfection rear springs, to the perfect balance of the car, impossible without the use of an aluminum motor, and to the ballast of the 8-inch frame. The axles on Premier are Timken. The electrical equipment is Delco—everything is of the best. And on the hills and through traffic the car is a revelation. It has worlds of power and jumps under the gas like a blooded horse hit with a whip. It throttles to almost nothing in high—without bucking or quitting. The car as shipped weighs only 3245 pounds.

Finally, we believe that eventually a car without a magnetic gear shift will be as obsolete as a car without an electric starter. Go to the Premier booth at any of the Shows this year, or to any Premier salesroom and—*ask for a Demonstration.*

Catalog of the new Premier Aluminum Six with Magnetic Gear Shift on request—Address Department B

Premier Motor Corporation, Indianapolis, USA

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(Concluded from Page 46)

livened some, but a glance would have Nadia weepy again. And Blue Eyes, who had Tessie on her lap, told me to beat it out and hunt for Logan.

"Say, you're a mighty fine, kind-hearted girl!" I says as she went to the door with me. "Busy as you are and botherin' with them little critters!"

"Poor babies, with their papa lost!" she says; and her eyes were sure sweet. "I love 'em all."

"And you like dogs, don't you?"

"Had four at home," she says. "We let 'em in the house too. Maybe you don't?"

"My old Dan and Polo got bunks as good as mine!"

"I think you got a pretty kind heart," she says.

And we stood there, talking so a fellow having eggs couldn't hear, while I told her where I had come from, and how I was starting back that night—and being called a bunk by old Hemitt.

"From Alaska!" she says thoughtfully. "If that isn't strange! I presumed you were from east of the mountains. For my part, I thought I'd do some marvelous things in the city—and I'm what they call a hasher!"

"Just so you're on the level, it's no matter. But are you really goin' to give up?"

She nodded, saying she was glad to; and I got my nerve up and says:

"Is there—some guy waitin', back there?"

She shook her head, blushing; and I kept looking and thinking, until I says:

"I want that address, Blue Eyes; and when I've sold my Group —— Do I git it?"

"You wouldn't positively have to sell the Group," she almost whispered.

I grabbed her hand, and the blue eyes looked at me; and Lucette, and such daffy notions, went out of my mind and stayed!

While I was nosing into Second Avenue hotels hunting the bars for Jim, it was like I could still feel her warm strong fingers inside mine.

Falling out of the Louvre Saloon, at eight o'clock, came Jim Logan.

"Hello, Griff! Con-con-gratul-grat'lations!" he says. "Some rustler, ol' kid! Some pro-pr'ter-pro-mo-ter, landin' Group down South!"

"You fat drunk mutt, come on to the folks, or I'll pack you on my back!" I growled, yanking him forward. "I ain't promoted nothin'. Dog-gone you, that woman ain't eaten while you been lushin' round here—nice way to put them kids into a fancy Outside school! Come on, I tell you!"

He mumbled about being sick; but, sick or not, I urged him toward Railroad Avenue, he begging for a slower pace, he was so dizzy.

"Did so pro-promote!" he says, blinking. "Ol' foxy Griff nailed bigges' bug 'f all—heard 'im tellin' in Sea-S'lattle Hotel lobby; goin' straight f'r Griffith—Group!"

"You dope, lay off it! Guess you mean me—I'm goin' back to the Group, though I'll work for wages first to pay my debt to you. I sail to-night."

"Na-naturally," he says with care, and set down in the street until I jerked him up.

Guys ought to glim themselves when boozed. I never had so much as a glass of beer in my life—it is poor truck, all of it. We was near the lunchroom when a heavy whistle roared through the still hot night—the Mariposa's port call, a long and a short. Half hour! I carried him then, for I had a lot to tell my blue-eyed girl. My heart was galloping as I pushed him in and looked for her.

"Where is she?" I says, staring at the owner, who was cooking over the range. "Name? I d'know it! Her in the blue dress—she said she'd wait."

"She quit to-night—went home," he says, grinning. "This is for you, hey? Told me to deliver it sure. Your friends are still in the back."

"There's a message?" I says; and my heart went on again.

I hardly noticed Nadia and the kids come swarming out at Jim, who had gone limp and hung over a stool, mumbling. One corner of the note, stuck under the string of the corset box, was heavy with some coins; and she had written:

"Have darted it in myself; and as it fits me it will her. It was too beautiful to waste and I had little time to shop; so here is your fifteen dollars, and I paid myself that ten. "FLORENCE MARIE STUART."

"Say, you're pale! Want a little shot o' liquor?" says the owner; but I couldn't answer—just leaned on the counter while he went on: "I think she's from prominent people; but she didn't let on where. She was excited to-night."

"You got no notion—her address?" I says faintly; and he says:

"No, old pal, I haven't; but if I had, dogged if you wouldn't get it from me! She had me goin' too; but she wouldn't look at me!"

Jim was hiccuping that he'd take the wife and kids to a grand hotel—ride in autos and elevators; see the big Smith building; and find that school.

"Ah, no, papa; we see hiyu plenty city! Three day no grub! I think I die maybe; an' I don't let my child'en go no school Outside. You want go 'way from mamma, Henry?"

The kids was both sniffling how they didn't like it any more than she.

"Up, papa! Griff, please ketchum road-house bill an' tell all thank you very much. Some day maybe they come our road house; we good to them too. Papa, take Tessie by hand—we goin' with Griff right now!"

"Oh, say! Without the swell clothes or seein' a thing!" I protested.

"I see hiyu plenty," she says, crying again.

The lunchroom man had fried a doughnut man for each kid. Another whistle roared—fifteen minutes! I gave one despairing look at that letter from the girl and ran the Logans to our Yesler Way hotel. I took Henry, my suit case and Jim's big hide warbag. Nadia had a bundle in one mitt and held to my coat with the other, and little Tessie harried the wabbly Jim with shrill orders. Heading through Railroad Avenue, we pushed down the dock.

"That's the five-minute one!" I says as a whistle nearly lifted the dock's roof.

So we was started, and a part of the crowd there was shouting to a bigger crowd on the pier. I was going North, and them hopes that had flared inside me withered into nothing—just ashes! It didn't seem that honest eyes like hers could lie; but she hadn't waited. Her sense must have told her to side-step a big dub she had only knew a day.

"Wha's a' matter, Griff?" says Henry, who set on my shoulder.

"Oh, just misery, kid," I says; and wished I was little like him.

I turned, because Jim was wabbling toward the rail and Nadia was staring.

"Look, mother! That'shim!" says Jim—"him I heard in the Sea-S'lattle Hotel, that's goin' —— Oh, my head!—goin' to the Group with Griff. Lounsberry!"

"Who?" I says; but it was just a whisper.

Up that plank, from which quartermasters were pulling hand ropes and stakes, calmly strode the gray guy from San Francisco. He had on a soft hat and a soft collar, and motioned off a steward who reached for two big grips. A small lady, in a swell plain dark suit and nice but not fussy hat, was with him, carrying a dispatch case and a fishing rod and two guns.

"Jim Logan," I says, "git your wits, if you got any left. Who is that guy?"

"Why, Lounsberry," he says, taking it slowly—"J. J. Lounsberry, managin'—managin' d'rector them great Nevada—Utah an' Ari-Arizona prop'ties. His people's takin' up gold ground now. Tol' reporter goin' up—visit his frien' Griffith; an' crew comin' do ten-day samplin'. Crew next boat. But you know 'im, Griff!"

"I never thought of the copper people," I muttered. "No letterin' on his window! Goin' to my Group!"

They cast off. No more women, now, for me—and I had seen her in the camp in my valley! My mind had been laying out the next fifty years for us.

Because I'm tall, Lounsberry seen me over all the other heads, and he yelled:

"Hey, there! Hello, Griff!"

"Hello, yourself!" I says.

And, seeing him coming, my old heart began to pound; for if his men sampled the Group he'd go South with a Northern property, because he couldn't turn it down! I had a mine up there on the mountain!

"Oh, Nadia!" I says. "Why—why couldn't you begged an' prayed that blue-eyed girl to just wait till I could get back?"

"Come down more," says Nadia; and she was giggling as I bent. "Griff, that girl she live in Afognak, to the westward of us; an' her on this ship, goin' home! What you think of that?"

The lighted hills got black and then grew light again before it got to me. Then I says:

"She won't never get there!" And she didn't.

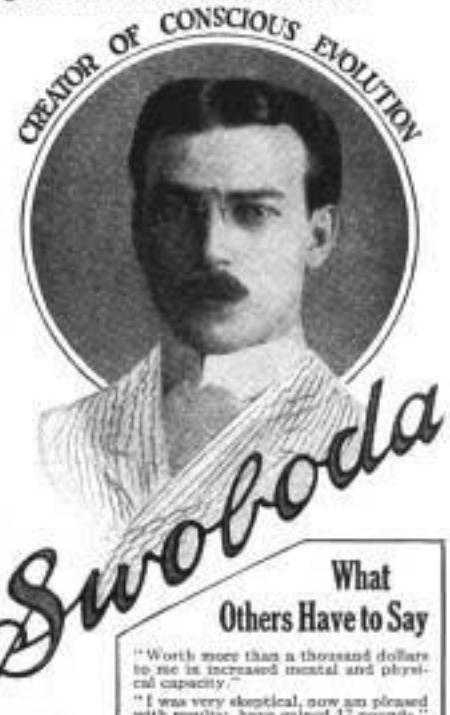
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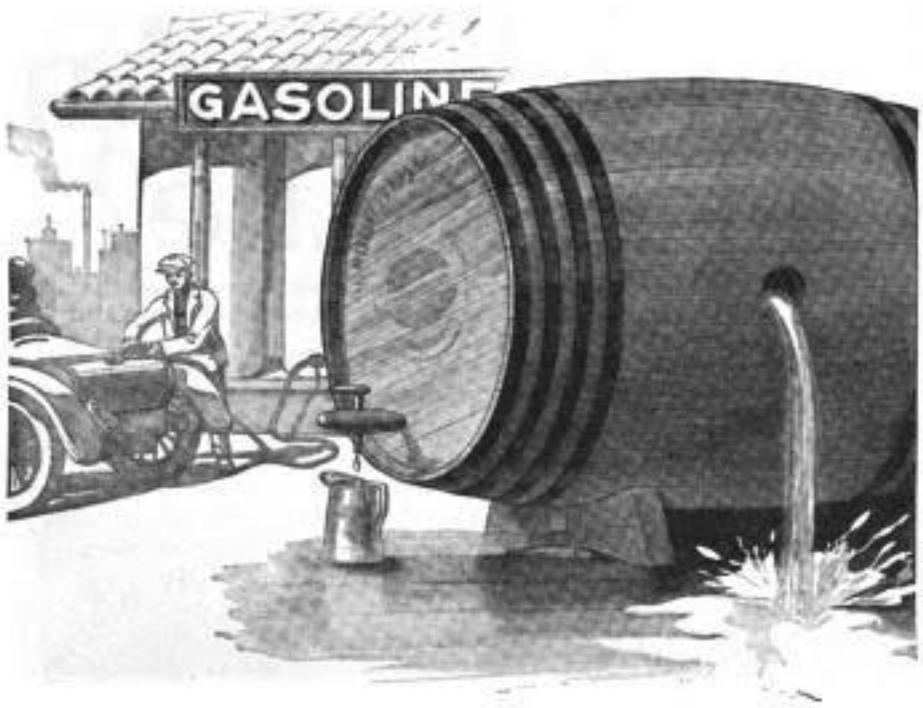
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THE GOLD TOKEN

(Concluded from Page 15)

She had touched the wrong string. She marveled at the dexterity of his overlarge spongy hands with the cards, and was silent for a long while.

"Do you mind if I talk?" she asked at length.

"No," he said without looking up.

"Something you said at breakfast this morning has puzzled me greatly. We had been talking of labor waste as the only form of absolute waste in the world, and you said—I think I have it exactly—you said that, as the people who were ultimately to be most benefited by labor-saving devices had always and stubbornly resisted them, so now they were opposed to the gold-money standard. I don't see that."

Before answering her he put down the cards, lighted a terrific cigar, held it at half arm's length, and waved it gently to achieve a certain effect in spiral blue smoke.

"You can see that money at all is a labor-saving device?"

"With a little thought I might," said Helen. "The idea is new to me."

"People," he said slowly, "are continually engaged in producing and exchanging goods. A man who has produced a thousand bushels of wheat more than he needs for his own consumption wishes to exchange it, let us say, for cloth, of which another man has produced a surplus that he will be willing to exchange for wheat. Without money in general use, those two would have to make physical contact. That would entail a needless expenditure of time and labor. It is more complicated. The man who has a surplus of wheat does not wish to exchange all of it for cloth—no more than the other wishes to exchange all of his cloth for wheat. Each produces a surplus of one thing to be exchanged for a variety of other things. Now we invent money. It is simply a labor-saving convenience, universally adopted among civilized people—a thing of small bulk in which the exchange value of all things is instantly expressed."

"Yes; I see it now," said Helen.

"Then, if we admit that money of any kind is a labor-saving device, does it not logically follow that, as between several kinds of money, we should choose the greatest labor saver?"

"That is ——" said Helen.

"A ton of gold will do the work of eighteen tons of silver. The cost of moving a ton of gold from place to place is no greater than the cost of moving a ton of silver."

"I should never have thought of money like that," said Helen.

"It is a simple question of tools. So long as our competitor countries, or most of them, used the silver-money tool, it did not matter; but as all the countries with which we really compete have adopted the more efficient money tool, which is gold, we cannot afford to continue using silver.

"In 1873 the German Empire, having gained command of a large supply of money by extorting a huge war indemnity from France, proceeded to reform her monetary system. She adopted the gold tool. That displaced a large amount of silver from circulation in Germany, which, offered for sale on the world's silver market, caused the price of silver to fall. Then the Latin Union—France, Italy, Belgium, Switzerland and Greece—abandoned the inefficient money tool and ceased to coin the five-franc silver piece. That caused silver to fall more. It is clear that, if we are to hold our own with Europe in the world's trade, we too shall have to work with the money of highest efficiency."

"Yes," said Helen.

"The larger and the more valuable the exchanges that take place between people," he said, "the more important it is. You can judge the capacity and prosperity of a people by the money with which they work. The poorest country in the world is probably Korea. The Koreans produce hardly any more than suffices for their own consumption. An individual income of four or five dollars a month is thought large. For their exchange, as you might suppose, they use the least efficient metal money known in the civilized world. It is nominally copper, but really a kind of spelter—five hundred pieces to the dollar.

"Imagine trying to conduct the exchanges of a great nation with money like that! What a waste of labor and time it would mean! If cheap money could make people prosperous the Koreans ought to be the most prosperous people in the world."

That finished the exposition. Leaving Helen to her digestion of it, he returned to his solitaire.

"People talk emotionally about a thing they imperfectly understand," she said. "That was what impressed me most this evening. Why not give wide publicity to the simple explanation you have made to me? It is very convincing."

"Nobody would believe it," said Cæsar shortly. "It's too obvious. A labor-saving device must win on its sheer utility, as this one will."

"You are sure of the outcome, then?"

"Absolutely! We had only to keep the country gold-solvent until election. That was provided for to-day. Here; look at this! It's probably the finest collection of its kind in the world." He handed to her from the table a beautifully printed foreign catalogue of rare tapestries, and went on with his solitaire.

"It must be almost priceless," said Helen after ten minutes.

His game just then came out successfully. He pushed the card table from him and said:

"It is. I bought it this afternoon."

As they were leaving the library together, the extension telephone instrument on the table sounded an alarm. Helen, being nearest, picked it up at a nod of permission from Cæsar.

"One of your young men wants to speak to you," she said, putting the instrument down and holding out the receiver to him.

Cæsar impatiently put the receiver to his ear. "Who is it?" he asked.

A voice answered:

"It is Postgate. I ——"

Cæsar banged the receiver up.

That was the only way in which Sammy could hope ever to reach the ear of Cæsar again. It had failed. Very well! He would show even Cæsar that he could be dangerous. He went early to the bank the next morning and cleared his desk of private papers. Then he went and took a desk in the office of his broker; and at ten o'clock he waited, as everybody else did, to see the stock market fall into a terrible panic.

That did not happen. The market opened weak, rallied, and closed strong. It was rumored again that the house of Cæsar was buying stocks. The broker asked Sammy, who said he didn't care who bought stocks; the country was "busted!"

On the next day Samuel Postgate published a demonstration of the statistical bankruptcy of the United States. It was presented as the work of the foreign-exchange expert of one of the great international banking houses. It produced a sensation and caused speculators to sell a lot of stocks; but they sold them all to Cæsar.

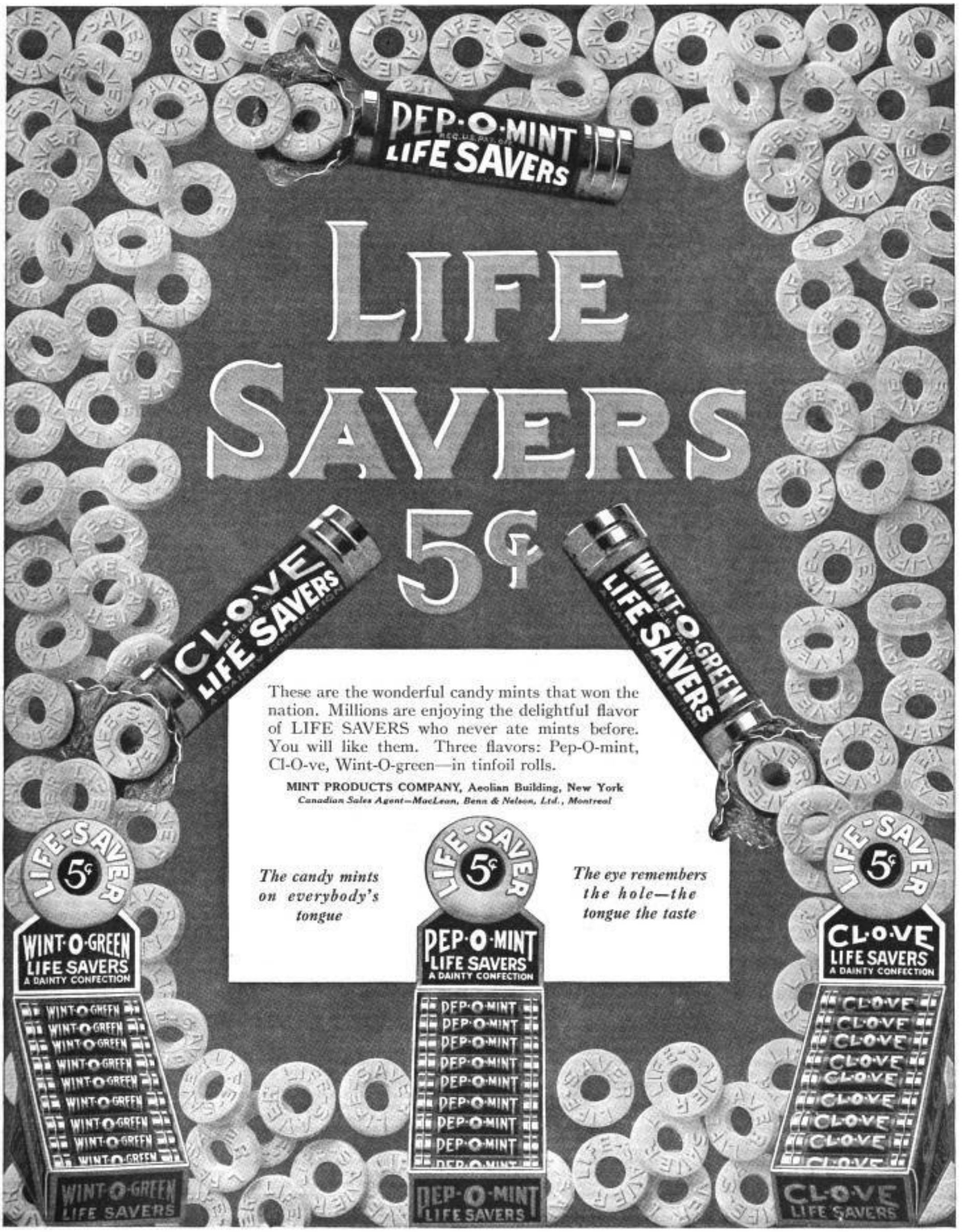
The wall of silver ruin and bankruptcy, thought to be like granite and a thousand feet thick, was only a sheet of brown paper, and Cæsar had poked his finger through it at the psychological moment. The cause of silver was lost on the second Tuesday of the next November, but the cause of gold had already been won on the day he formed a pool to sell one hundred million dollars of foreign credit, to be remitted to Europe in lieu of gold. It was purely psychological.

Nobody wanted gold to hoard if he was sure he could get it, and the line of people, with greenbacks, at the United States Subtreasury dissolved. Cæsar's pool never sold so much as ten million dollars of foreign credit. Confidence was restored by daring. Europe never wanted to be paid off in gold, or at all—provided she could be; she was willing to take dividend and interest bearing securities instead of gold. And she took so many more of these than was necessary to pay our debt abroad, and so many goods besides, that, even before Sammy had lost the whole of his fifty thousand dollars, treasure ships were arriving at New York instead of leaving.

Postgate became, then, a customer's man in a broker's office and received a salary for advising other people how to speculate.

And, otherwise, it was as the old cashier had said: Other physical traces of that crisis have been effaced and people have forgotten how silly they were; but to this day strangers in Wall Street, who notice everything, pass the United States Subtreasury, look at the bronze figure of George Washington, and wonder why the man who started to clean it up, and got as far as the knees, never finished his job.

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PUTTING ON PERCIVAL

(Continued from Page 17)

glasses and meek, thick braids, and from these prejudicing attributes Percival's eyes wandered to a little girl with taffy-colored hair and bright china-blue eyes.

In some strange fashion, however, he always had to dance with Becky. And as the frustrated little figure, in its shiny black pumps and white kid gloves, guided the grateful Becky through the waltz the nurses in the hall, peeping through the open doorway—each of the class had, of course, to be brought and taken away by a nurse—whispered among themselves: "I suppose they'll marry when they grow up."

As for parties, both Percival and his sisters gave many of these. On the evening of Percival's eighth birthday, for example, thirty little boys and girls arrived at the Fifth Avenue mansion under convoy of their respective nurses. For the occasion, the gardener of the Oaktops Estate had sent in several hundred dollars' worth of flowers; men in livery served the refreshments to the tiny guests; a small orchestra was there for dancing; and for a fee of one hundred dollars a specialist in children's entertainment devised games and put on a Punch and Judy Show.

From his corner of the room Mr. Agley Rasher viewed with undisguised dismay those thirty small faces, waiting for their amusement to be laid out for them.

"Just like their elders—always have to have a bunch of Metropolitan singers or a few cabaret artists cutting up for them," thought he. "No wonder these rich people never learn to amuse themselves."

Presently he voiced these sentiments to Miss Finch.

"Too much of the shredded stuff," murmured he.

"I beg pardon?" said this lady.

"I mean to say," said the young tutor, "that I don't believe in this elaborate sort of thing for children. Look at Percival now," and his eyes followed the staid, immaculate little figure in its Tuxedo coat; "he'd have a good deal better chance of getting some resources of his own if he were jumping round, saying 'Come on; let's play charades.'"

Miss Finch looked at Mr. Agley Rasher with the equivocal expression of one admiring a sunset from a barbed-wire fence. If only his chin had not been nipped out in exactly the right place these views of his would have been even more uncomfortable.

After he had been in the Fifth Avenue house for several weeks Mr. Rasher laid out a course of reading for his charge. "If he can't meet anybody in real life except his own set, let him meet them in books," was the line on which he moved. And he gave the eight-year-old boy David Copperfield.

Rasher Does His Best

Percival read thirstily of the little boy of Blunderstone Rookery, and it was plain that he considered David's misfortunes almost a privilege. Looking up one day from the chapter that tells of the hero's vicarious meal at Canterbury, Percival said:

"Gee, only my age and doing all those things by himself!" He gazed dreamily into space for a moment and then looked up suddenly. "I say, Mr. Rasher," he asked, "do things ever happen to rich boys?"

Mr. Rasher gazed curiously at his charge. It was the first time he had ever heard him allude to his wealth.

"Who told you that you were rich, Percival?"

"Why, nobody at all; but I must be, you see, because if I weren't I'd be living like boys in books."

Yes; in spite of Miss Finch's care that no reference to money should ever occur, Percival had drawn his own conclusions. How could he otherwise, indeed? Mr. Rasher thought he would have been very stupid not to have done so; in fact, he had always sniffed at the tale of a friend of his who had been tutor to the very richest little boy in America.

"Would you believe it!" had related this friend in support of his contention that rich children of wise parents were brought up in absolute unconsciousness of their surroundings: "That boy smashed his camera one day and came running up to me. 'Oh,' cried he, 'I've broken it, and where shall I ever get enough money to buy a new one?'"

"Humph!" had snorted Mr. Rasher. "His powers of observation must have been limited."

"Well, yes, Percival"—and the tutor turned his tidy profile about—"you are rich—that's true."

"What am I going to do about it, anyway? How am I ever going to get a chance to fight or—or do anything?"

Percival looked at Mr. Rasher appealingly. Already he had commenced to love the tall young man with the chin clipped out in just the right way and the kind hazel eyes. Like Freda, Mr. Rasher was someone with whom you could talk. He hung now on his answer.

"Oh," responded the tutor cheerfully, "there are lots of rich boys who have done things—got famous, you know."

Percival's face lighted up.

"Who are they?" he asked.

Mr. Rasher looked at his watch.

"Five o'clock," said he; "time for you to dress for dinner now. But I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll make out a list of rich boys who have done things, and have it for you to-morrow."

Rich Boys Who Made Good

With this promise, the boy departed for his room. Beyond the studiously draped curtains of red and black he found Tompkins laying out his Tuxedo coat, his dress shirt and his pumps.

"My bath ready, Tompkins?" asked he.

"Yes, Mr. Percival; and I shall wait 'ere to 'elp you get into your things."

Since Grunwald's departure the fourth-floor footman had valeted Percival; and his services for the boy differed in no wise from those he would have performed for a grown-up man. Each morning and evening he drew Percival's bath; each morning and evening he laid out his proper clothes. After a suit was taken off he took it downstairs, cleaned and pressed it. In similar fashion the shoes were gathered up each evening, cleaned, and returned in the morning.

Nor were Tompkins' duties by any means trivial. Percival's wardrobe now cost an annual sum of several thousand dollars. A boy's tailor made him suits costing anywhere from thirty-five to fifty dollars, and overcoats costing seventy-five. His shirts, of specially selected materials, were made to order at twelve dollars each; his neckties were all of the finest silk; and a bootmaker made his various boots and shoes. Then, too, his varied activities had to be met by many types of costume. There were riding togs and tennis togs and sports clothes; there was a lightweight Tuxedo suit for summer and another for winter; there were several long-trousered and short-jacketed Eton suits, and any number of overcoats. The truth of it was, in fact, that the wardrobe of this miniature society man was little less fitful and expensive than that of his father.

The next day Mr. Rasher appeared in the nursery with his reviving list of rich boys. He had half a dozen or so names, ranging from that of Marcus Aurelius to young Van Rensselaer, the last of the Dutch patroons. In between were set Frederick Barbarossa, Henry the Fifth, of England, and that clever de' Medici boy, son of the rich old Lorenzo, who, afterward Pope Leo X, became a cardinal at fourteen. For days the tutor entertained Percival with tales of these youths. To them the boy listened greedily; but to any personal application of their success he constantly demurred.

"But, Mr. Rasher," he protested, "those boys all had countries they could rule over, or something like that; and there were Crusades going on, and all sorts of fights. Look at that Henry the Fifth—how he got into battles when he was only thirteen or so. Miss Finch would never let me get into a battle—now you know she wouldn't!"

The picture of the half-buttoned English lady bundling her charge into a limousine and sending him off to the field of battle with a tutor and a nurse tugged at the corners of Mr. Rasher's mouth.

"Well," said he, "perhaps not. But you can go into politics, you know—be a governor, or something like that."

Meantime Percival's two sisters had gone on their several ways of development. Marian was graduating from school the following year, and Hildegarde was now away at one of those easy-going schools in the country where horseback riding was the main feature of the curriculum.

The wisdom of this last step had been revealed by an examination given Hildegarde.

"Write me," said the teacher, "the twelve things you are sure you know."

In response to this Hildegarde had submitted a list commencing with Longfellow's Psalm of Life and ending in this piece of pure empiricism: A cockroach!

"Whatever can she mean by that?" wondered the teacher.

At last a light dawned on her. The science class had been responsible for it. Here Hildegarde had been asked to give an examination of this insect worthy of his position as a leading orthopterous citizen.

The result of this was that her father and Miss Finch decided to let her follow her natural bent, which was—briefly—a horse.

Yet Hildegarde was not a representative rich girl. She would have been just as likely to happen in any circle of life. The only proof needed of this fact was the high standing of her sister Marian. Marian, who was now sixteen, was, in fact, the kind of pupil who inspired her teachers to say: "The rich girl in our classrooms is just as interested and alert and resourceful as the girl who is brought up in a less guarded atmosphere."

Though, together with her maid and the one remaining governess, Mademoiselle Cauchois, the older Van Hook girl still lived on the fourth floor, she was already being trained for her flights into the outer world. This training came largely in the schoolgirl luncheons, which from time to time she was permitted to give in the big downstairs dining room. Here the girl was intrusted with the privilege of selecting her floral decorations, with the supervision of the menu and the seating of her guests.

In making out her lists for luncheons Marian always had conflicts with Miss Finch.

"What!" said the deputy mother one day, when looking over the list of guests invited to one of these luncheons. "You're not going to invite that Grafter girl, are you? What do you think of that, Mrs. Dulcimer?" And she turned to that militant lady, now staying in the house.

"Grafter!" screamed the old society leader. "Those dreadful people whose grandfather kept a pastry shop! Why, of course Marian can't have her! I declare these schools nowadays are nothing but derricks to pull *nouveau-riche* parents into society. Those Grafters have tried everything else and failed; and now this! Woodticks—just worming themselves in!"

Marian's supreme battle came, however, when she announced her intention of going to college.

"What!" exclaimed her father, looking dazed, as though she had just said she was going to a Tibetan monastery. "Oh, come now, Marian; what do you want to do that for? Well, well; see your grandmother."

The grandmother echoed Mr. Van Hook.

"What put such a notion as this into your head?" asked she.

"Because," said the seventeen-year-old girl, "I want to have an interest in life—not just this empty society round."

"Empty!" ejaculated Mrs. Dulcimer. "My life's been just about as empty as an automobile at a football game."

"But I want it to be filled with other kinds of things."

Grandmotherly Diplomacy

The old lady looked at her with her polished onyx eyes. In her long and successful career of keeping other people from doing what they most wanted to do she had learned one fast principle—always to yield the future. She wrapped it up now and handed it to Marian.

"Very well," said she gently, after a long silence; "I'll let you go to college—— Just wait; there's a condition: I'll let you go if you promise to come out next November."

The girl gave the promise with a light heart—one year was not very long to wait, after all. At eighteen, therefore, Marian made her début, and that same autumn Percival was sent away to school. The two events were about equally significant.

When it came time to leave, Mr. Rasher put out his hand and looked solemnly down into the boy's face.

"Good-by, Percival," said he. "Don't forget me, or what I've told you about those rich boys who made good."

The boy could not speak. He only gave one long look at the well-molded chin and the clear hazel eyes. It was as though he were committing to heart the beloved landmarks of a familiar scene, which he now might merely visit again. Freda, and now Mr. Rasher! It was too much. And the little ten-year-old boy, whose loves had all been salaried, whose communions were scattered like pollen before the wind, went to his room and cried. It was no wonder that already he had a deep conviction of the perishability of all relationships.

The school to which he was sent was one of the most fashionable of such institutions. This meant that it was one of the most simple. Pupils here were not permitted to have either motor or saddle horse. Even the democratic bicycle and canoe were tolerated only by special permission. All the boys were forbidden to leave the school boundaries. They could not go home for Thanksgiving; and even the legendary boxes from home were restricted to fruit.

Taken away from the stimulating curtains, removed from the ministrations of Tompkins, Percival slept now in a tiny room not much larger than a ship's cabin and curtained from that of his neighbor by a mere scrap of most "unimaginative" cretonne. For the first time in his life the boy now dressed himself and drew his own bath. Indeed, the sole relics of past pomp were the tortoise-shell toilet things, crested and initialed, with which Tompkins had stuffed his bag.

Percival Goes to School

Mr. Agley Rasher had cherished some hope of what Simpgelt might do for Percival; and, in a way, the hope was well founded. The school insisted upon a satisfactory scholarship. Its enrollment included a number of boys from families of comparative poverty. And in the classrooms absolutely no discrimination was made between poor boy and rich boy.

Mr. Rasher, however, had not counted on certain subtle discriminations. He had not counted, for one thing, on Mrs. Huckster Bluesang.

This lady, the wife of the head master, was round and dark, and as sweet as a chocolate cream; and she passed herself to only a favored few of the school's pupils.

Percival was doomed to be one of these few. When he was first received in Mrs. Bluesang's apartments she was standing on a handsome Bokhara rug, given to her by the richest member of last year's graduating class, and immediately in front of a vase of orchids, given to her by this year's wealthiest sixth-form man.

"And so this is Percival Dulcimer Van Hook!" dripped the lady, taking the boy's hand. "We are glad to have you, Percival; and I'm sure you are going to like it here."

"Yes, Mrs. Bluesang; I am sure I am," replied the well-bred little rich boy.

"I'll tell you what to do next Sunday—you come over to see me and we'll have a good time. I have a collection of butterflies that all my boys love—you like butterflies, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Bluesang," responded Percival enthusiastically; and the following Sunday he went.

When he got back to his corridor he dropped into the little room adjoining his. This was occupied by Norman Maldoon, an eleven-year-old boy from one of the New England cities. The son of a physician of that place, he had been brought up in comparative poverty; and the tuition at Simpgelt of one thousand dollars a year represented a great deal of pinching on the part of his parents.

"Where have you been?" asked Norman, turning round from his little chiffonier.

"Over at Mrs. Bluesang's. Why weren't you there? Say, she's got the daisiest collection of butterflies!"

The other boy gave his red hair a savage sleek. Norman's brushes were not real tortoise shell. They were celluloid and shabby.

"Why wasn't I there!" he repeated sneeringly. "Say, who do you think I am? My father isn't worth any fifty millions."

"Is mine?" asked Percival, turning wide-eyed to his neighbor.

"Oh, come now; quit your kidding! Don't tell me you don't know."

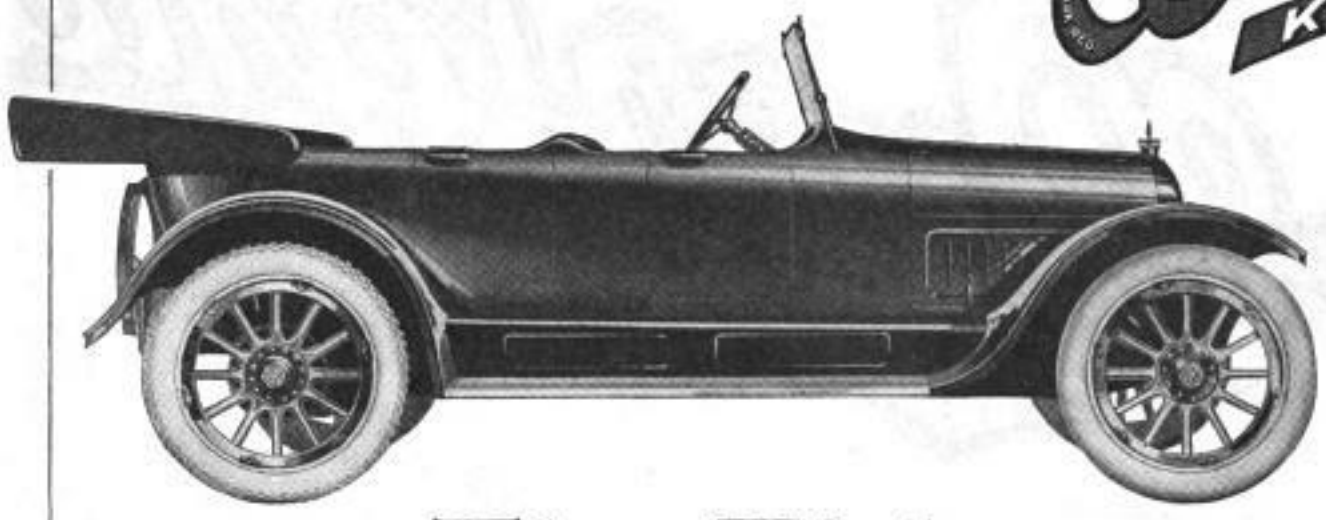
"Honest!" said Percival, and he stared in bewilderment at that archipelago of freckles. "Who told you so?" he asked.

"Why, hasn't it been in the newspapers right straight along?—all about your thousand dollar party last Christmas; and the tree that had to be grown for you special,

(Concluded on Page 56)

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Willys KNIGHT



The Eight

In offering the public the first complete line of cars ever produced by one manufacturer we take particular pleasure in announcing the luxurious Willys-Knight Eight.

Everyone is now familiar with the epoch-making performance of the Knight motor.

Last year we marketed 12,000 Knights.

This is more Knights than all American manufacturers combined ever before built.

These matchless motors with their silent sliding sleeve-valves are daily growing more and more efficient; are daily making new history and new records for efficiency, power, life and economy.

For several years our engineering staff has been designing, developing and perfecting a Knight Eight.

It is now ready for the market—for you.

For a brand-new sensation in driving luxury this Willys-Knight Eight will give you a decided thrill!

It is super-efficient. Its efficiency is almost uncanny!

Think of eight cylinders free from the noise, wear and tear of valves and cams!

Think of the unlimited and reserve power and flexibility of eight silent sliding sleeve-valve cylinders.

It seems to be propelled by air—so quiet, positive and vibrationless is the smooth motion.

It seems to pick up and dash without hesitation, halt or any noticeable mechanical action. It glides up hill on high with the ease of coasting down.

In it you lose all sense of being driven. At all speeds you move with complete rest and repose.

A Willys-Knight Eight stock model taken right off the show room floor is the smoothest-riding thing on wheels!

After the first 1000 miles it is better; after 1500 miles it is still better; after 2000 miles still better—and so it continues to improve month in and out—indefinitely!

This Eight, we believe, sets a new mark several notches above the best that has heretofore been offered in motor performance.

It is the last word in mechanical development and body refinement.

It is the car for you.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

"Made in U. S. A."

Manufacturers of Willys-Knight and Overland Automobiles

WILLYS-KNIGHT

Eight $1950

Seven Passenger Touring

Willys-Knight Four Coupé	$1650
Willys-Knight Four Touring	$1295
Willys-Knight Four Limousine	$1950
Willys-Knight Four Sedan	$1950

f. o. b. Toledo

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Overland

TRADE MARK REG.



The Light Four

Five Passenger Touring

Specifications

Wheelbase 106 inches

4 cylinder en bloc motor with Helical Gear Camshaft Drive

42 inch Cantilever rear Springs

Auto-Lite Electric Starting and Lighting system

4 inch tires—non skid rear

Tillotson Carburetor

$665

f. o. b. Toledo

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Overland

A Complete Line of Automobiles

All New Values

From your point of view this announcement is most important.

For herein we set forth the achievement toward which this company has aimed for the last eight years.

This achievement, in a word, is the completion of our gigantic organization to a point where we could make and market a complete line of automobiles under one head.

One executive organization,
—*one* factory management,
—*one* purchasing unit,
—*one* sales expense,
—*one* group of dealers plan, produce and sell the entire line.

Buying power is concentrated. Costs are distributed over all these cars. The savings are enormous.

As a result we are producing cars of exceptional quality —and marketing them at unusually low prices.

Every car is built to a rigid standard of performance, comfort and appearance.

The new Light Four at $665 is a striking example.

It has good style—built low with harmonious and full sweeping body lines. It is a beautiful car in every sense of the word.

The motor is powerful, quiet and of sturdy construction. The turning radius is short. The car has a quick acceleration and is built to tour safely and comfortably from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

And with all these good qualities *it rides beautifully*. The soft cushions, the long and resilient cantilever rear springs, the large tires (31x 4) and the proper balance in construction absorb all types of jolts—the choppy cobblestone, the cuppy macadam and the heavy ruts and thank-you-ma'ams of the American highways.

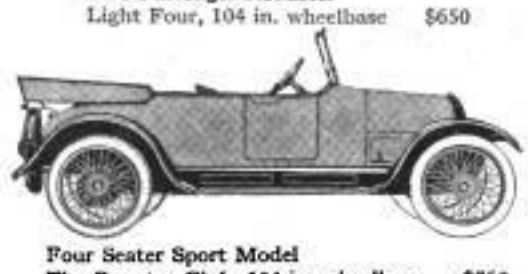
Yet this is but one of the new Willys-Overland values.

Never before have the economies of vast production been available for buyers of every class of car.

And the Overland Policy of greater production, higher quality, lower price is exemplified in every model and type.



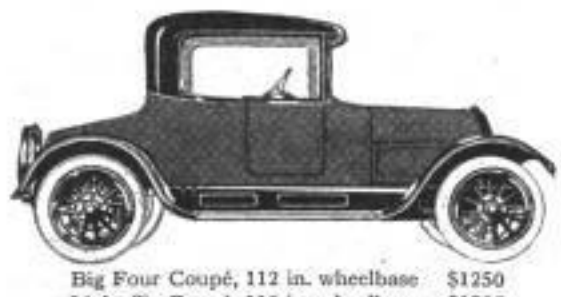
Two Passenger Roadster
Light Four, 104 in. wheelbase $650



Four Seater Sport Model
The Country Club, 104 in. wheelbase $750



Big Four Roadster, 112 in. wheelbase $835
Light Six Roadster, 116 in. wheelbase $970



Big Four Coupé, 112 in. wheelbase $1250
Light Six Coupé, 116 in. wheelbase $1385



Big Four Touring, 112 in. wheelbase $850
Light Six Touring, 116 in. wheelbase $985



Big Four Sedan, 112 in. wheelbase $1450
Light Six Sedan, 116 in. wheelbase $1585

All prices f. o. b. Toledo

The Willys-Overland Co., Toledo, Ohio
Manufacturers of Willys-Knight and Overland Automobiles
"Made in U. S. A."

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Unable to secure copper to replace the lip of this huge resin retort, a Pensacola, Fla., concern faced a ninety-day shut-down of their plant. It was welded in three days by Prest-O-Lite Process, the portable outfit being brought to the job.

Welding saved this concern 87 days' shut-down

By avoiding a tie-up or delay in production through the quick, permanent repair of some important piece of machinery, one use of this process in your plant may save you many times its cost. You can probably avail yourself of the increased strength, economy and simplicity of welding in the manufacture of metal parts, as thousands of others are doing. It will also pay you to investigate its use in repair work.

Prest-O-Lite PROCESS

Oxy-acetylene welding *fuses* two pieces of metal by intense heat into one piece with the strength of the original metal.

It is easily understood—any workman who understands metals can learn quickly to do efficient work. We furnish high-grade welding apparatus for $60 (Canada, $75); Prest-O-Lite Acetylene Service and special blowpipe for cutting metals at extra cost.

Prest-O-Lite Dissolved Acetylene is furnished in convenient cylinders, making the welding outfit portable for use inside or outside the shop. The Prest-O-Lite system of exchanging empty cylinders for full ones insures universal, perpetual service. Avoids the initial investment and depreciation incurred in making crude acetylene in carbide generators. Insures better welds, quicker work and lower operating costs.

If you use a bolt, rivet or threaded joint in the manufacture of any metal product, it will pay you to learn the savings in time and material, and the added strength and neatness offered you by oxy-acetylene welding.

Our illustrated literature probably describes a profitable use in your business. Write for it.



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Dept. I, MERRITTON, ONT.

WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF DISSOLVED ACETYLENE

(Concluded from Page 52)

up in Vermont; and the moving pictures you gave that night, which cost five hundred dollars; and all the expensive things you gave to your guests!" Each item came out with a whack of the brush. Norman was like the *tricoteuses* of the French Revolution, bookkeeping with their needles in aristocratic heads. "And how about that five-thousand-dollar cradle of yours they hunted all over Europe for? Do your six nurses and governesses and tutors still rock you to sleep in that?"

The well-bred little rich boy left the ill-bred little poor boy with an overwhelming bewilderment. They wrote about him in the newspapers! Perhaps boys and girls in Japan and Finland knew about him and his Christmas parties! What was that Mr. Rasher had said about being famous—why, here he was famous already, and without lifting a hand! And through the bewilderment ran a dizzy sensation of triumph. The preëminence all boys love was here, already prepared for him.

The breadth and depth of the triumph were all the greater because of their unexpectedness. Mingling heretofore entirely with children of his own class, he had never been the object of particular attention. At Bailey's Beach and Miss Leapton's everybody else had much the same apportionment as his own. The question of how much he was really worth had never entered his head. It had certainly never occurred to him that mere money could make him a hero.

In the course of the next few weeks, however, he was to be converted more and more to the general impressiveness of millions. One occasion, in particular, stamped him deeply. This was an incident arising from Simpgelt's rule to the effect that boys in the lower forms should not be given more than a quarter a week for spending money.

One Monday morning Percival, in company with Norman Maldoon, walked up to the head master for his allotment. Just in front of them a boy of twelve—Quentin Millrick, whom Percival had known all his life—was in conversation with Mr. Bluesang.

"Here you are, Quentin," said the head master finally; "here's your quarter."

"Oh, don't trouble yourself, Mr. Bluesang," retorted the boy; "keep it for the canary bird's seed. I think I can get by on this." And, pulling from his pocket a thick roll of yellow-backed bills, he walked away.

"Gee!" remarked Norman to Percival some moments later. "Think of having all that money!" It was plain that he was dazzled, and Percival felt that his own prestige was endangered.

"How much is Quentin Millrick's father worth?" asked he suddenly of Norman as they walked over the campus.

The $100,000 Débutante

"Oh, 'bout ninety millions, I guess," said the careful tabulator of figures.

Percival felt, more than ever, that he had been beaten at his own game. He would write home for one of those sheaves of bills to show Norman Maldoon. And that moment there was born in the boy that competition in lavishness which was fostered by all his later associations.

When he arrived home that Christmas his sister Marian had been formally presented to society. This event had been highly endowed. The débutante's clothes, including an eight-thousand-dollar set of furs, a one-thousand-dollar wrap, and six sets of underclothes, made by Docile at two hundred dollars for each set, had cost twenty thousand dollars. Even more than this, too, had been expended on the great Arabian Nights' Ball which marked her entrance into society. This affair, like that of every fashionable and wealthy débutante, was given at Madeira's; and its background was tastefully composed of rugs, tapestries and Metropolitan singers.

For the Christmas celebration the Van Hook family always went to their country place on the Hudson. This year, as Percival sat down to the family dinner he looked curiously at his sister Marian.

"Is it true," asked he, "that father gave you a fifty-thousand-dollar string of pearls when you came out?"

"Why, Percival," cried Miss Finch, "what a vulgar thing to ask! Who told you such a thing?"

"Oh," said he carelessly, "a boy at our school; he read that Marian was called the hundred-thousand-dollar débutante. Tell me, Marian"—and he turned to his sister eagerly—"did you cost more than Quentin Millrick's sister?"

Marian gave a little laugh. She was now a lovely looking girl of eighteen, with the glossy gold and brown tints of a violin. To this resemblance the small head on the long throat, the slender line of the waist and the bounding curve of the body gave a final persuasion. And Marian was like a violin. She could be tuned to any key. Just as she had been absorbed by the life at school, she was plainly vibrating now to her new surroundings. Already the competitions and exhilarations of wealth were claiming her, just as they were claiming Percival. Her old grandmother had risked nothing in giving her the future.

Marian's adaptability was not by any means a chance thing. It was the product of a system of acceptance. All her life she had had education, amusement and travel laid out before her. It was not strange that now, when life offered her an unworthy and trivial program, she should prove just as tractable. In the close-companioned, dependent and weakening childhood of this system was found the reason why Mrs. Van Hook had submitted to her mother's will in giving up the young diplomat with whom she had been in love. It was equally responsible for Percival's easy acceptances.

Money, Money, Everywhere

During the next few years, it is true, Simpgelt showed no records of any failure on the part of the boy. There he was known as a fine, unassuming little chap, who was a good student and entered briskly into all the school activities. In spite of this fact, there was growing up more and more in the boy a consciousness of his separation from the rest of the world. This was particularly emphasized by his association with Norman Maldoon.

One day, when the boy was thirteen and in the third form at Simpgelt, he looked in at his neighbor pounding away at Cæsar's campaigns.

"I say, Norman," he asked curiously, "what are you going to do when you grow up?"

"I'm going to be a lawyer, first of all; but then I'm going into some big business. There's more chance to make money in business, father says."

Percival looked at the freckled face rather enviously.

"You want to make money?" asked he.

"Sure, I do!" He looked up at Percival. "What are you going to do?"

Percival looked rather vague.

"Oh," said he, remembering Mr. Rasher, "I don't know—I guess I'll be a politician."

"Betcha you never do a thing!" And the redhead stared up maliciously.

"Betcha I do!"

"What's the use? If I were as rich as you I'd never turn my hand."

In these first years the rich boy tried hard to keep the memory of Henry the Fifth and Frederick Barbarossa before him. They, too, had been blighted by money. Somehow, though, that was different. In those days people were fighting battles with money for something else. Here at Simpgelt all the poor boys were fighting, like Norman Maldoon, for money, and money alone. There was no Holy Land to restore; no kingdom to extend. And to battle for some vague ideal was much like fighting for a basket ball when everybody else was engaged in a scrimmage for a football. Such solitary aspirations were certainly the last thing for which his whole life—his life of being with somebody—had prepared him.

So, though he still had the desire to make something of himself, the boy somehow felt outside the combat. There was nothing to do but compete in lavishness with those boys whose background was the same as his own. As the result of this, Percival found himself at fifteen in possession of two cars—one closed and the other open—a special chauffeur; a motor boat, with a captain to run it; a sailboat, with a man to sail it; a valet; and some thousands of dollars' worth of clothes.

During the summer that he was fifteen Quentin Millrick, now one of his best friends, came to visit him; and in his honor Percival arranged a party for twenty boys and girls, all of whom were to motor over from neighboring estates.

"What are you going to give them?" asked Quentin when Percival was making the arrangements.

"Why, must I give them something? I hadn't thought of it."

"Oh, I'd give 'em some little trifle—the whole thing oughtn't to cost you more than four hundred. That's about all I spent on a party last week; just gave the girls card-cases and the fellows gold stickpins—that's all."

"But," stammered Percival, "I've overdrawn my allowance something fierce and I don't believe father would stand for it."

"That's easy," said Quentin cheerfully; "just go up to town and order them, and charge them to the office. Your father will never even notice it."

Percival hesitated for a moment.

"Oh, come now, Perc," urged his friend, "don't be such a boob! Say, I pulled a good one off on mother the other day. I asked her for seventy-five dollars, to go into town with Old Beetles, my new tutor; and—say, there wasn't a thing we didn't do, from the roofs down to Marie Doro's eyelashes! Right straight along Old Beetles had been footing the bills, and when we got home he asked me for the seventy-five. 'Not on your life!' says I. 'You'll get that over my dead body—no other way. You can just charge that up to the office.' Wasn't that a good one?"

Before this courageous and crafty Greek, how could the memory of Mr. Rasher prevail, any more than the faded rose in your album against the brand-new June? Mr. Rasher and Freda—both of these affections of the boy were pressed flowers, that was the trouble. They represented only isolated and solitary roses—not the garden of family affection, blooming on from one phase of development to another. And in the lack of that steady and accompanying source of affection and ideals the boy's will tumbled. He pressed the button there in his bedroom. The competition in lavishness was on.

The Grafter Girl Wins

Nobody came in response to the bell. He rang again—furiously, petulantly. At last one of the footmen appeared.

"Order Stiles," said he; "I want to go into town."

"Yes, Mr. Percival," replied the man, in his summer livery of whipcord. "The open car, of course, sir?"

"Of course."

A few moments afterward Miss Finch came into the room where the two boys were talking.

"Percival," said she severely, "I wish you wouldn't ring the bells so furiously. It makes such confusion. I've told you about it often."

The sulky-looking boy stared at her insolently:

"And I've told you often that I think we've got the slowest servants in New York. Why don't you get somebody who hasn't housemaid's knee?".

After that the boys motored into town and charged five hundred dollars' worth of gifts for the party. On their return they found the house in confusion. Even as they drove up to the door, in fact, both of Percival's sisters—now married to wealthy men—ran out between the two footmen.

"Oh, Percival," cried Marian, "we've just had such frightful news—a cablegram from father ——"

"Dead?" asked Percival stolcally.

"Married!" shrieked both sisters; and they drew him into the living room.

"Married!" he gasped. "Who to?"

"That dreadful Grafter girl!" said Marian—"the one I used to go to school with. Grandmother was always fighting me about having her to luncheons; she said she was a dreadful climber."

"If she hadn't been she never would have married father," commented Hildegarde pleasantly. "Past fifty, and with that red face and fat tummy!"

"Why, she's young, then!" Percival's face grew white. "She'll have ——"

"Of course," said Hildegarde; "a warren of them!"

"Tough luck, old man!" said Millrick, grinning from the corner. "Never mind; you'll probably get the most of it—eldest son, you know. They don't generally like to cut the estate up into breakfast food."

"You don't know father, then," said Percival; "he's a regular fool! Anybody can get round him—can't they, Hildegarde?"

"Indeed they can!" chimed in both girls.

"Well," said Percival, "I'm done for!" And, with the tremendous rage of having his competition in lavishness suddenly cut short, he stalked out of the room.

It was for this noble emotion that the Sforza cradle, the careful nurses, the deputy mother, the Persian forms, the numerous lessons and the guarded atmosphere had preserved Percival Dulcimer Van Hook.

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THE NEW ENGLISHWOMAN

(Continued from Page 22)

That is one of the reasons why the improvement and care of child life has interested me so much; for infants are the potential citizens upon whom England will have to depend in her period of reconstruction."

Lord Northcliffe, who before the war was looked upon by the suffragists, militant and otherwise, as a living menace to their cause, has been completely won over by the marvelous war work done by England's women.

"The war enthusiasm, which has killed all sorts of social amusement, which has converted young men and maidens who thought that golfing, lawn tennis, lunching and dining were essential to life, has effected what I believe to be a permanent change in the British life outlook," Lord Northcliffe told me. "I do not for one moment believe that when this terrific upheaval is over the frivolous life of hotels and seaside resorts will ever return.

"The war has proved that women are able to accomplish much more than was ever expected of them. I will take one case in point: For many years the London telephone service has been the stock joke of Londoners and visiting foreigners. To-day, by actually timing all calls, it is as good as any I know of, despite the fact that the masculine element has been completely eliminated from its administration.

"War seems to have the faculty of increasing human energy to an extent not hitherto conceived. The young women you see acting as car conductors were probably last year engaged in handing out ribbons; to-day they are taking fares for eight or nine hours a day and seeing to it that they are properly paid. The wages are ten or eleven dollars a week. They are provided with well-managed restaurants for themselves, rest rooms and medical attendance, and have proved to be every bit as efficient as men. To such an extent has this become the case that men are now ashamed to be seen doing this kind of work, and will all explain to you that they have been either wounded or discharged from the army.

"You will find no men—except very old men—acting as floorwalkers in stores, for example. Women are found to be quite as capable. Such work as running the dining cars on railroads is now in the hands of women, and is most effective. These, however, are small tasks compared with those of running the gigantic munitions factories we have established all over the country, which are employing between a million and a million and a half women; and it is interesting to note that there is competition among them to get the dangerous work."

The End of Class Distinctions

"We are not a very demonstrative people. Very little has been said about all these immense and intricate changes; but the fact about the war in its one-hundred-and-tenth week is that, while raising an army of five and a half millions, we have maintained our export trade at almost the highest figure it has ever reached. This is due to two reasons: First, the patriotic rush of women into every sort of occupation which could help the war and thus relieve men for the many tasks for which they are physically unfitted; and second, the command of the sea enables us to sell our goods to any people desirous of buying them.

"The war has broken down class distinctions in a way that nothing else could have done. Who, two years ago, would have imagined that wealthy young Mr. Jones would be serving as a private under a man who at that time was acting as his golf caddie? I know a lieutenant colonel, twice wounded and mentioned in dispatches, who two years ago was the janitor of an apartment house and had no more knowledge or thought of war than the average man has of the management of wild animals. In two years we have created an absolutely democratic army, and one whose obstinacy and tenacity, combined with the intervention of the British fleet, constitutes Germany's most gigantic blunder—that is, the blunder of Von Bethmann-Hollweg, consisting in not realizing that these vast forces would be put into opposition to the German schemes of the acquisition of Belgium, France and Russia.

"A great many people are worrying themselves about after the war, and what is going to happen to all the women now doing men's work. Well, we have found out that a great many men have been doing women's work. Lots of young men in your country who read this would soon find that if they did the sort of work they are doing in the United States in any of the war countries, their existence would be rendered impossible by the attitude of women. A very nice young American soldier, who was in London lately but of course not able to wear uniform, being an officer in the United States Army abroad—told me he simply could not stand the stares and whispered comments of women on the streets.

"All our banks are being run by women clerks. I do not think any young man will be able to take up that sort of work any more. My own bank, which is as old as the United States, has found that women clerks are quite as able as men. Men club servants have had their last day. The whole races of butlers, footmen and flunkies have gone. Each day sees a disappearance of some of John Bull's most cherished institutions. The butler seemed the most firmly intrenched man in the land two years ago. To-day the manservant who has enlisted, and goes home from the trenches on two or three days' leave, expresses very volubly his sentiments that he will 'never do that sort of work any more.'

"What will become of these young soldiers? Many of them will return to the business in which they were, but not in clerical capacities. They want to be higher up or have land of their own. Statistics collected lately as to what the young soldier at the Front wants when he comes home show that he wants land; and that fact I imagine will lead to a complete upheaval of landlords—not only in England but in the whole world. The Canadians and Australians are laying themselves out to catch these lusty young gunners and trenchdiggers; but we do not mean to let too many of them wander from the old country; and I have no doubt that very attractive propositions will be offered to retain them."

The Husbands of the Future

"The war has seen the practical disappearance of the horse as a source of amusement. The war has seen the checking of such games as football and cricket to an immense extent, and I do not believe they will ever be revived on anything like the scale we had them.

"Instead of people disliking soldiering, it has been found that, with all its hazards and horrors, war is a game that young people really like. Those who are now preparing for the struggle are so eager that they fear they may not arrive in France or elsewhere in time for a battle. The war has shown that women can run hospitals quite as well as men. Gardening is essentially a feminine occupation—and why not? Women operate elevators quite as well as men. Women are quite as good chauffeurs as men. Tradesmen's delivery wagons will, I am sure, never again be driven by men in England. A girl of eighteen can do it quite as well as any man.

"When these changes first began, the men did not like it. They felt that they had been robbed of a good deal of their importance. Many a man goes from his suburban home at Newark, Orange and Paterson, leaving his womenfolk in the delusion that he is going forth to do some wonderful task. Many men went forth—for generations, indeed—deceiving Englishwomen in the same way; they know better now. They know there is not much mystery at the end of the ride.

"As for husbands in the future, I imagine that, though there are not enough husbands to go round in Great Britain, there are probably quite enough in the vast areas of the British Empire, such as Australia, New Zealand and Canada. I believe the war will result in a much more speedy development of Canada. I have always thought that Eastern Canada was never sufficiently developed; and when the young people went from Eastern Canada to the West they left behind them ample opportunities for people who prefer ready-made farms to the task of breaking up the new soil of the Far West.

"The terrible depletion of the aristocracy, all of whom have lost numberless of their stock, is akin to the losses they incurred in the Wars of the Roses and the Civil War of 1640; but history has proved

(Concluded on Page 61)



Dyneto Factory in 1896

growth!

TWENTY years ago, the Dyneto "factory" was a little, frame—well, there's a picture of it up in the corner. Not much to look at, perhaps, but nevertheless almost sacred in the memory of those pioneers who pooled their time and talents there in serious, constructive industry.

Nothing succeeds like a successful idea. You can get some notion of the success of the Dyneto idea when you consider that the Dyneto Electric Company has moved five times since 'ninety-six—each time into larger, better quarters.

Dyneto STARTING-LIGHTING SYSTEMS

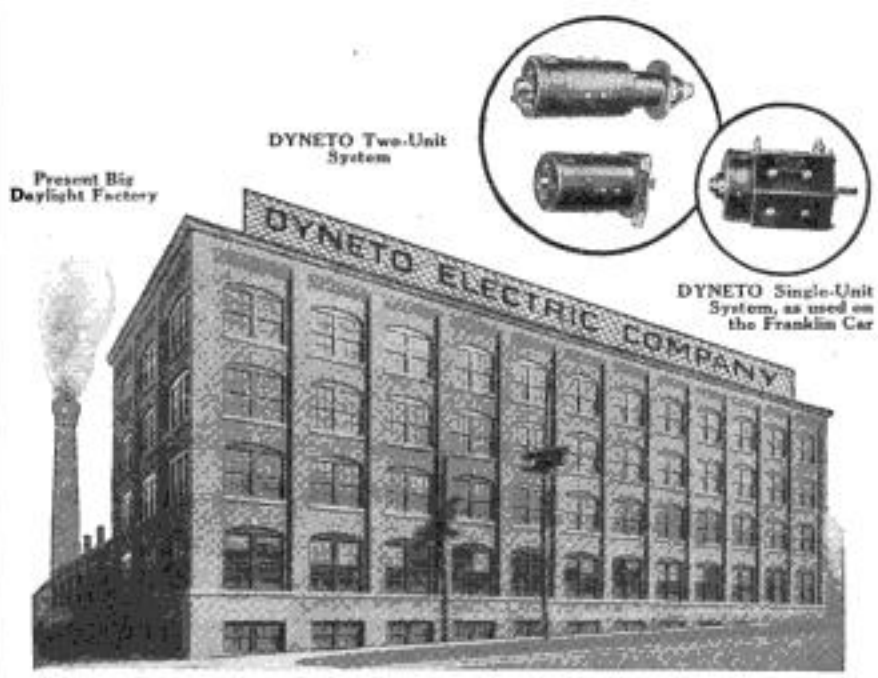
have become standard equipment on many of America's foremost motor cars. The big, new factory at Syracuse is running night and day on orders in hand for Dyneto Starting-Lighting Systems and Dyneto Electric-Lighting Plants—the simple, compact, make-your-own-light-and-power plants for farm, suburban and isolated places.

A starting-lighting system can make or mar the modern motor car. It is the very *heart* of the whole works. A car equipped with Dyneto Starting-Lighting is pretty sure to be a car that is efficient all around—a safe car to buy.

You cannot be too particular about the starting-lighting equipment. It is very, very important.

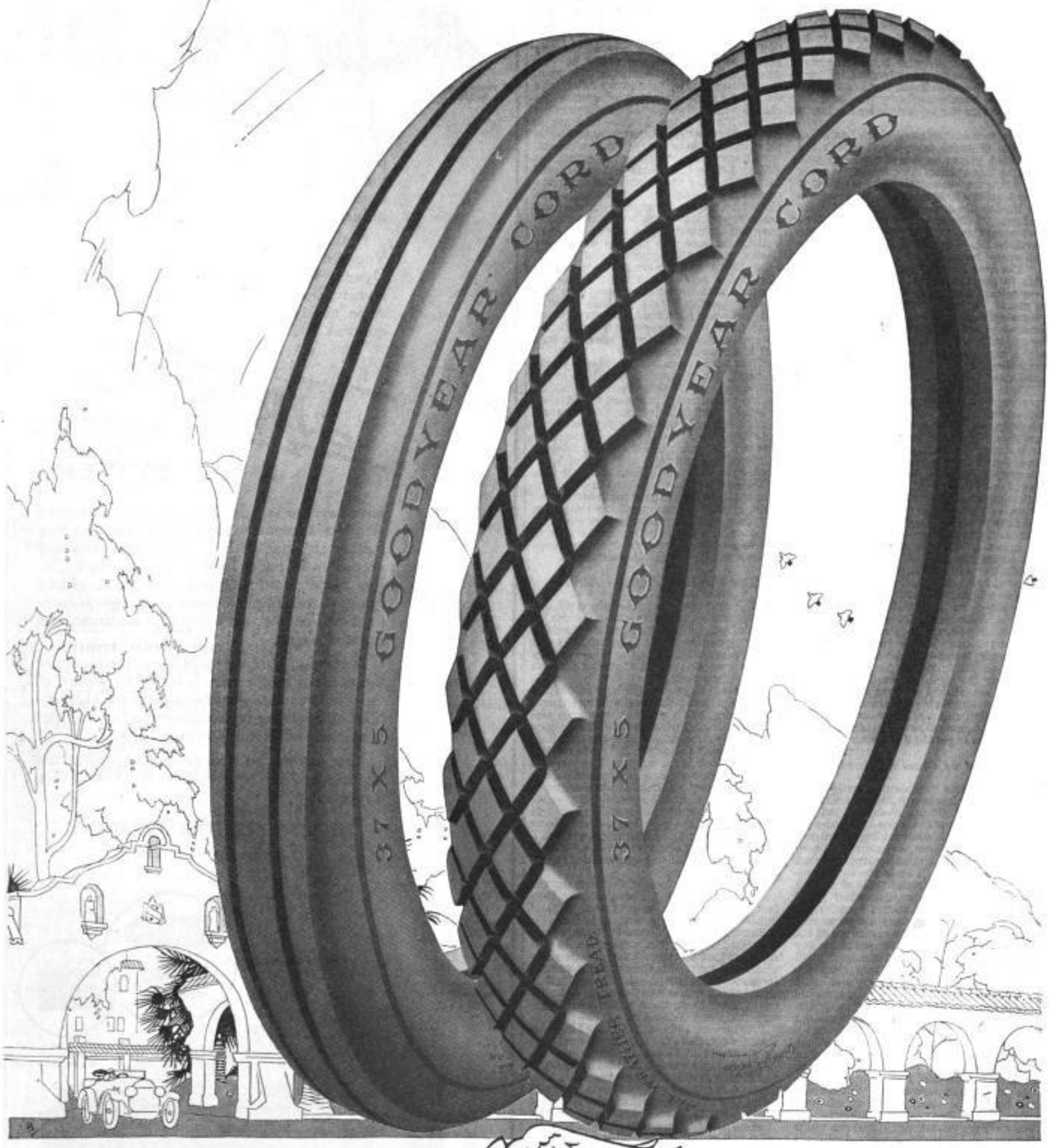
DYNETO ELECTRIC COMPANY

Syracuse, New York



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Mission entrance before the Glenwood Hotel, Riverside, Cal.



GOODYEAR

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BOTH TIRES ARE GOODYEAR CORDS

Contrary to an impression more or less widespread, the Ribbed tread is not an infallible identification of a Cord tire.

The tread, as a matter of fact, has little to do with the separate and peculiar advantages the Cord tire affords—it is the shield upon the warrior, that is all.

We use two types of tread on Goodyear Cord Tires—All-Weather and Ribbed—and the basic tire-structure in both cases is the same. Both types surface a Cord tire affording all Cord tire advantages.

The All-Weather tread, which is our own design, we have found particularly effective on rear wheels.

Studded with big, rugged, clean-cut blocks, it grips the earth like a panther's paw, exerts the maximum tractive effort, and offers obstinate resistance to side-slip or skid.

Its double-thick construction grudges even slow wear to the thrust and drag of starts and stops, and in connection with the powerful carcass, prevents most punctures.

The Ribbed tread we use, of European design, has no pronounced non-skid virtue, and we recommend it rather for use on front wheels.

It is particularly advantageous there, in that its narrow ground contact makes steering easy. Like the All-Weather tread, though not quite to the same extent, it is thicker than is the rule, hence it also wears longer and prevents punctures better.

Both Goodyear treads have a part in the superiority of Goodyear Cord Tires, but the major causes of that incomparable performance which sets them apart from other types, spring from a deeper source—from sharp differences in principle and construction.

Goodyear Cord Tires are made of thousands of tightly-twisted long-fiber cords, densely strong, built up into a carcass layer by layer, without cross-weave.

These cords are surrounded by pure rubber, veritably upholstered with it, and the layers are insulated one from another by a substantial cushion of pure rubber. The cords move freely in the tire without contact, without friction, and their multiplied strength is knit to the unhampered elasticity of the rubber itself.

The result is a tire amazingly strong, surpassingly resilient and astonishingly efficient—a Goodyear Cord Tire.

A tire that travels stoutly, exultantly, securely—and in utter comfort.

A tire that serves better, goes farther, and lasts longer.

A tire that, while luxurious, also is economical; while distinctive, also is thoroughly serviceable; while livelier and swifter, also is more enduring.

Goodyear Cord Tires, because of their unusual flexibility, reduce gasoline consumption and engine effort, increase acceleration and car speed, defend car and occupants from strain and road-shock.

Because of their unusual strength they yield more mileage, greater ease of riding, wider freedom from trouble, delay and inconvenience.

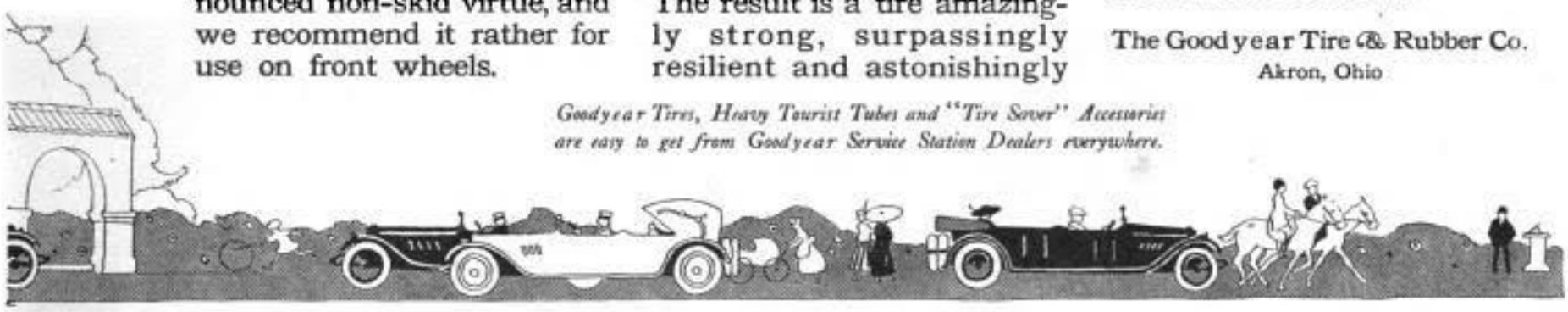
They are, in a word, the peak and zenith of tire accomplishment — abler, sounder, worthier than anything that has gone before.

Their quality makes them higher-priced—and *better*.

Goodyear Cord Tires come in No-Hook and Q. D. Clincher types, in both All-Weather and Ribbed Treads, remember; for gasoline and electric cars.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.



CORD TIRES

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Oakland

The Sensible Six

Sturdy as the Oak

A Great Car from every standpoint — that's the country-wide verdict on the new Oakland *Sensible Six*.

It's a big car — a roomy car — a car of *sensible* operating cost — one that any member of the family may drive with ease, pleasure, comfort and safety.

Its performance is a little short of astonishing. On the hills or in bad going the powerful, valve-in-head motor climbs and pulls in a way that delights even the veteran driver.

And in easy-riding quality, the *Sensible Six* is a revelation. The long, semi-elliptic springs and oversize tires smooth out the roughest going.

From every standpoint the *Sensible Six* is a *great big value* at the price. Send for our new booklet.

The *Oakland Eight* at $1585 is a big, powerful 7-passenger touring car for those who demand the utmost in speed, flexibility, and luxurious appointments.

(40)

OAKLAND MOTOR COMPANY, Pontiac, Mich.

$875

F. O. B. Pontiac, Mich.



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(Concluded from Page 57)

that strong family strains survive. You have certain dominant family names in your country, and I imagine that our dominant families will regenerate. They were the first to dash into the war, thus showing their virility; and I imagine that the vital forces left in their kinsmen will revive these families, just as I most firmly believe that, with all its tragedies, the war has been a very splendid awakening for the British people."

The Viscountess Wolseley, whose family is one of the oldest and most historic in her land, has already done for the young women of England something of which she is justly proud. It is the establishment of her school of gardening at Glynde, in East Sussex, where young women from the well-to-do middle classes are being taught practical farming and gardening in order to take the places of the men who have been taken away from the land by war.

"My school has proved a great boon already to our country, and the demand for women gardeners is far beyond the supply. Queen Mary only recently sent to me for five gardeners for Buckingham Palace and Windsor, each, as no men are being kept in home service of any sort who can be turned into soldiers. I believe that the land, and its cultivation, is England's best asset, next to munitions, at this time; and no young woman can better serve her country than by becoming a practical gardener. We need food, we must have it, and the land must produce it; so I am using every bit of my time and thought upon getting strong, healthy girls in all parts of England to become interested in truck and other gardening, and in the culture of medicinal herbs, and in fruit growing. There are, to-day," Lady Wolseley says, "fifty thousand women registered already in England as women workers on the land."

New Conditions and New Methods

"A tremendous upheaval in method is ahead of us; and where perhaps we were indifferent before the war to the freedom and practical educational methods employed in the United States, in its woman education, we shall find ourselves glad to profit in our own training by your methods," added the viscountess.

"I believe that such methods will be adopted in England after our war is over. We have been wrong in our training of girls. They—particularly girls of the upper middle class—have been brought up with the ideal of no work, and equipped with an education that means nothing to them, based upon a standard of economic valuations. This war, with its terrific loss of men, and with women becoming of necessity independent of man protection, shows glaringly the faults of an educational system that makes no provision for the vocational and professional training of our own women of the upper classes; and it is to those women that England in the future must look for her best assistance in working out after-war problems. I have been for years imbued with the idea that our upper middle-class girls could be trained to useful occupations, and it was for that reason that, many years ago, I founded The Glynde College for Lady Gardeners. Our work has now come to be recognized; this war has proved the need of special vocational training. I can say that I have had more demands for women gardeners than we have been able to supply; and at excellent wages too."

Many fear the effect of the changed economic status of women of the lower and lower middle classes of England after the return from war of the men left, to again take their places at desks and positions they occupied before they enlisted. It will indeed be a problem, which cannot be arranged either by committees or by Acts of Parliament. Women in the mass have, for the first time in their history in England, proved their power, their efficiency; and they have felt that strength which comes from wages sufficient to give them food, clothing and shelter, without the aid of man. Will they give up these positions and go back to the less-than-living wage that was theirs before war made havoc of all industries operated in all branches by man labor?

After talking, as I have, to representative women in every class in England, I should say no. The war has given woman her opportunity—she has proved her efficiency in places where male prejudice and usurpation have deprived her heretofore; and not only will she demand a higher economic compensation but she will demand better educational advantages, better economic equipment, and more definite understanding of her place in the political, social and economic life of her land. This position, taken by the lower classes, is already making itself felt throughout the web and woof of all English life.

"What are we going to do after the war?" a great English lady asked me, throwing up her hands in dismay. "Why, at the present time, with our maids taking the places of our butlers and footmen gone to war, they have developed an impertinent attitude hitherto unknown in the serving classes. But what can we do? If we are not satisfied with them—why, off they go; and it is no easy matter now, with all the girls looking for lucrative places in munition factories, as conductors, as postwomen and as telephone girls, in our big cities, to get women who will be satisfied with the wages that are given to maids and household servants!" she exclaimed.

"What of it?" another equally great English lady—Lady Henry Somerset—asked. "Why should working girls be satisfied by underpaid positions and by waiting on ladies at a time when ladies' occupations are gone?" By "ladies' occupations" Lady Henry Somerset intends to convey the "empty babbling and remorseless show" of former London fashionable life, with its court presentations, extravagant balls and dinners; its week-end house parties, given over to license and untold luxury; its "shooting" weeks; its Derby week; its annual routine of just one pleasure after another. She, like hundreds of other splendidly poised men and women of England—the clear-visioned scouts, as it were, of the army of social reconstruction—is thinking into the future, but accepting the now with fortitude and philosophy.

Though Lady Somerset once lived in the most fashionable section of London, in a great house, she now lives in a tiny studio, tucked away in Gray's Inn Square, in Holborn, London; and last spring even that little apartment was almost swept away by a Zeppelin raid, when its living room, bedroom and dining room were completely demolished. Her son, heir to the great title, is now at the Somme Front, doing his bit with the rest of them. And yet Lady Somerset works away at the war job with the same beauty and dignity that in other days marked her as one of the great hostesses of London, and of the "Priory," where King Edward was wont to spend his Whitsuntides.

Lady Somerset's Views

Said Lady Somerset: "There have been, in the past, too abrupt distinctions between the classes, which war will in a large measure do away with; and it will be a splendid thing for England that this is so. Women of the protected upper classes will have to face a future which may mean they will have to go out into the economic world. There will be thousands of women left widows, and other thousands whose chances of marriage will be gone. This is a very big problem, with many serious sides. Just what will be done is largely a matter of conjecture; but it is something we shall have to face squarely.

"Our women have it in them to do, as this great war has proved beyond conjecture. They have proved that, thus far, they can be trusted with the vote if their future conduct keeps up to its present high mark. Women must learn discipline. If they do not burst out with demands, if they will only keep quiet and let their works, instead of words, speak, there is no doubt of their recognition in the matter of suffrage after the war, I am convinced. But they must keep themselves well in hand, for otherwise their present conduct will not count for them in after-war decisions."

The question of education is one Lady Somerset believes of vast importance to the women after the war:

"There will be a different attitude, I believe, toward woman's education, to meet the demands of the new conditions. It will be more practical and vocational. To-day a woman of the upper classes and the upper middle classes is in great need of definite vocational training. Whatever talents and capacity she has cannot economically be of the highest value to the war or to the country."

As for after-war England, Lady Somerset believes that much of the pomp and splendor and formality of the present system will vanish.

"The chastening influence of war—the terrific loss of life—will be felt in every circle; and most keenly in the upper classes, where nearly every family has lost or will have lost so many of its men. Social conditions can never revert to the careless, easy footing of former years, for such suffering and loss cannot leave us without a deeper, clearer vision and a more definite idea of the essentials. It is so easy to forgo the routine of pleasures that existed before the war. This has been proved by the past two years of practically suspended social life in this country. All the sorrows and losses will make, in the end, for a finer manhood and womanhood, with the delusions of the non-essentials swept from under. It is from the women of the morrow that England must expect much—and, I believe, can expect much," said Lady Somerset.

She is firmly convinced that the breaking up of the great land holdings, which will be one of the first radical measures to be dealt with by the government after the war, will be the best thing that can happen:

"Our soldiers must have land; it is wicked—worse than foolish—for us to hold on to these great estates for selfish pleasure; land so rich in future promise to thousands, and which is only enjoyed by the few at the present time. This in itself will remake England socially; and we, with England's best interests at heart and with confidence in her future, hail the day."

Mr. H. G. Wells' Forecast

In summing up the status of Englishwomen after the war, H. G. Wells says:

"In every way the war is accelerating the emancipation of women from sexual specialization. It is facilitating their economic emancipation. It is liberating types that will inevitably destroy both the 'atmosphere of gallantry,' which is such a bar to friendliness between people of the opposite sexes, and that atmosphere of hostile distrust which is the counterpart in the minds of the oversexual suffragettes. It is arresting the change of fashions and simplifying manners.

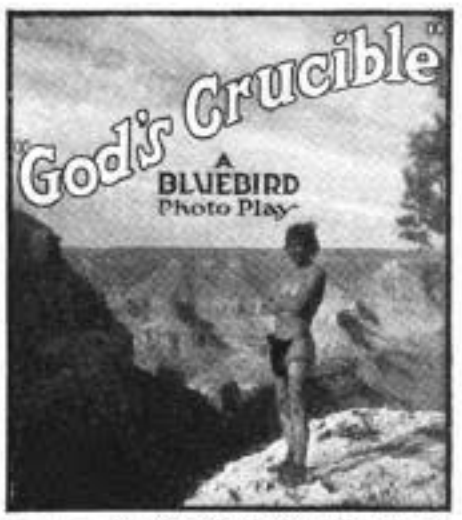
"Once, to be married was a woman's whole career. Household cares, a dozen children, and she was consumed. Now to be married is an incident in a woman's career, as in a man's. Nor will there be much wealth or superfluity to make levity possible and desirable. Winsome and weak womanhood will be told bluntly, by men and women alike, that it is a bore. The froufrou of skirts, the delicate mysteries of the toilet, will cease to thrill any but the young men.

"Marriage, deprived of its bonds of material necessity, will demand a closer and closer companionship as its justification and excuse. A marriage that does not ripen into a close personal friendship between two equals will be regarded, with increasing definiteness, as an unsatisfactory marriage. It is likely to be an affair of diminishing public and increasing private importance. People who marry are likely to remain, so far as practical ends go, more detached and separable. The essential link will be the love and affection, and not the home.

"And a type of marriage where personal compatibility has come to be esteemed the fundamental thing will be altogether more amenable to divorce than the old union, which was based on the kitchen and the nursery, and the absence of any care, education or security for children beyond the range of the parental household.

"This war is accelerating rather than deflecting the stream of tendency, and is bringing us rapidly to a state of affairs in which women will be much more definitely independent of their sexual status, much less hampered in their self-development, and much more nearly equal to men than has ever been known before in the whole history of mankind."





Staged and Photographed in the Grand Canyon of Arizona

YOU who love the fascination of Nature; who love the charm and grandeur of the great outdoors of the Grand Canyon region; you who believe in smiling courtesy and good will as against crabbedness, sourness and hatred,—will fully appreciate the appealing and unusual BLUEBIRD Photo Play—"GOD'S CRUCIBLE."

This remarkable and typical BLUEBIRD Photo Play will give you the greatest possible dramatic entertainment. It is more than a drama; and its presentation is possible only on a moving picture screen.

It's a
BLUEBIRD
Photo Play

The scenes laid in the Grand Canyon are beyond description; the play itself wonderfully directed, splendidly acted. We urge you to see it. You will enjoy it immensely.

Be sure also to see the following BLUEBIRD Photo Plays—"THE BUGLER OF ALGIERS"—"THE EAGLE'S WINGS"—"THE SIGN OF THE POPPY"—"THE PRICE OF SILENCE"—"THE HONOR OF MARY BLAKE"—"THE RIGHT TO BE HAPPY" (from Dickens' immortal classic, "A Christmas Carol"). Watch for coming BLUEBIRDS announced in this publication each week.

BLUEBIRD
"The Plays The Thing"
Photo Plays

1600 Broadway, New York City

If it's a BLUEBIRD it's got to be good

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Real Worth

"What is it worth?" is often confused with "What is the price?" by those who do not think deeply.

But worth is a term indicating intrinsic quality, honesty of materials and construction, reliability in performance.

Price is purely relative, depending on temporary considerations—it is low when labor and materials are cheap, high when they are high.

Willard advertising has been first to tell car owners frankly what constitutes real worth in a battery, and why it cannot be cheapened without jeopardizing car owners' satisfaction. Willard Batteries have never been built to meet a price but to preserve that intrinsic quality, no matter what the temporary cost of rubber, lead or labor.

Over a million Willard Batteries in use indicate public approval of that policy.



Proper Care

Batteries must not only be well built, they must be well cared for. Fortunately this care is not difficult, nor does it require much time on the part of the owner.

But it does imply some knowledge of the operating of a starting and lighting system, of the causes of battery troubles and how to avoid them.

Willard advertising has been the first great national campaign of education by which car owners have learned these things.

It has already brought about a better understanding of the storage battery and saved car owners thousands of dollars that might otherwise have been spent for unnecessary repairs and replacements.

Below is one of many Willard advertisements that have given real information to millions of car owners.





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Expert Help

Even the best of batteries with the best of care will wear out some day.

Even the best of starting and lighting systems will sometimes get out of order and injure the battery.

Even the most careful of car owners may sometimes make unreasonable demands on his battery.

Then he needs expert help, for service by the ignorant or the amateur is often worse than no service at all.

Therefore, Willard maintains Service Stations at which are Willard-trained experts, able to give reliable advice, competent to charge, repair or rebuild a battery.

If every new car owner would visit the nearest Willard Station *as soon as he gets his car*, without waiting till he has trouble, batteries would last longer.

And this is, in fact, becoming common practice.



The Result

Year after year the overwhelming majority of the builders of Electrically Equipped Cars include Willard Batteries in their regular equipment.

Abbott-Detroit
Am. La France
Anderson
Anger
Apperson
Armleder
Austin

Bell
Brockway
Bull Moose
Burford

Case
Chalmers
Chandler
Chevrolet
Commerce
Crow
Cunningham
Cutting

Daniels
Dart
Davis
Day-Elder
Denby
Detroiter
Dixie Flyer
Dodge Bros. Motor Car
Dort
Diesel
Drummond

Eagle-Rotary
Elcar

Empire
Excelsior

Federal
F. I. A. T.
Fostoria Light Car
Franklin
F. W. D.

General L. C. E.
Gersix
Glide
Graham-Bernstein
Grant

Halladay
Haynes
Herff-Brooks
Hollier "Eight"
Houghton
Hupmobile

Imperial
Inter-State

Jones

King
Kissel-Kar
Kline
Knox

Lane
Lexington
Liberty
Lippard-Stewart
Locomobile
Loxier
Luverne

McFarlan Six
McLaughlin
Macver
Madison
Marion
Marmon
Martin
Meteor
Metz
M. H. C.
Mitchell
Moline-Knight
Monarch
Monitor 4-30 6-40
Monroe
Moon

National
National Motor Truck (Canada)

Old Hickory
Overland
Owen Magnetic

Packard
Paige
Patterson
Pathfinder
Peerless
Penney
Pratt
Premier

Reo
Republic
Richmond
Riddle
Roamer

Sayers Scoville
Scripps-Booth
Simplex
South Bend
Spaulding
Standard
Stanley
Stearns
Stephens
Studebaker
Stutz
Sun

Thomas

Velie

Westcott
Willys-Knight
Winton

Willard Storage Battery Company
Cleveland, Ohio



STORAGE BATTERY lad

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THE PIKER'S MARKET

(Concluded from Page 4)

broker's insurance, for whether the order is to buy or to sell, it cannot be executed usually on the Exchange until the odd-lot broker on the floor has sufficient odd lots in hand to make up one 100-share transaction. If he hasn't, the price may change long before he has, thus entailing a loss.

This market has seen the development of the odd-lot margin business. The older, more conservative of the brokerage houses look down on it, but the business is growing rapidly. One house that started in with a single seat on the Exchange and a capital of a few hundred thousands now has seven floor members employed in its trade, while its capital is rated in the millions.

The stories that come out of these places are epic. Nothing illustrates any better the fact that all the country's pikers are piking away in the market—that is, all those who already haven't gone broke. The stories, of course, deal largely with those dabblers who have run a shoestring into a fortune; but if one digs a little deeper, the tragic side of Wall Street gambling develops much more fully. Fortunately, however, there is enough that is humorous to leaven this.

One of the stories is about a man who early last January came down to an odd-lot house in lower Broadway. The man, it developed, was the driver of a beer truck. He was six feet tall, weighed more than two hundred and fifty pounds, and besides his accent, which was so thickly Teutonic you could have cut it with a cheese knife, he brought with him a hundred-dollar bill.

The Philosophical Truck Driver

The bill was ragged and frayed, looking as if it had been hoarded for years in a stocking. He wished to buy stocks, he said. When asked to state what stocks he wished to buy he answered artlessly he didn't know. All he did know was that he'd heard millions were to be made in Wall Street; therefore he wished to make them.

He was advised to buy Crucible Steel. Crucible, at the time, was low for the year at 52¾. Promptly Crucible went up. After it had gone up nearly ten points the beer-truck gentleman came round again. He wished to know about pyramiding, it seemed. The same man who had told him about making millions in Wall Street had revealed also that pyramiding was the way it was done. So by request the brokerage concern not only explained, but it carried the method into effect.

It proved very successful—at any rate, for a time. The truck driver found himself possessed of more money than he'd ever had in his life before; and resigning his job he took quarters for himself at a Broadway hotel, bought a motor, and, since he had himself run a motor for a living, he now hired a chauffeur to run his.

For three months he lived high. Every morning his chauffeur brought him downtown and at night he took him home. Then came the turn—the inevitable. There was a brief, momentary flurry in the market; and as the dabbler had pyramided too closely, paring down his margin to the danger point, the market in an hour cleaned him out. Not only that, he was left owing the brokerage concern something like $1100. However, having discharged his chauffeur, he sold the car for $1400, this paying the brokers as well as his hotel bill and leaving him with just $100 net.

A Shoestring Worn Thin

"Vell," he observed, when one of his fellow dabblers tried to condole with him—"vell, I got my hundred dollars yet, ain't it? And for three months I have a swell time, don't I?"

He is now back at his old job again, driving a brewery truck.

Stories like these, however, are not exactly the favorites in Wall Street. Instead, one hears on every hand tales of men who have made a killing, a knock-out. To be sure, most of these stories, on investigation, prove to be exaggerations; but still there are hundreds, if not thousands, of ordinary persons who have made fortunes in the last two years. Some of these—not a few—have made as much as a hundred thousand dollars on a shoestring. One man, a former clerk, is credited with having cleared $750,000 on a preliminary capital of $350. It can be done, of course; but the fact remains that the $750,000 winner already has dropped two-thirds of his winnings. The game is getting him, you know—getting his money—as in the end it always does. The fact is that for every dabbler who takes a dollar out of Wall Street, another hundred, perhaps a thousand, dabblers leave a dollar behind.

In one of the odd-lot houses there is a curious case. The dabbler in question was formerly a lawyer. The game got him, and giving up his law practice he transferred himself to the brokerage shop. In six months he was cleaned out, all that was left him of a former capital of $3000 being the margin on five shares of Steel Common on which he happened to be short. As also it happened, that he still had this was due to an error on the part of the margin clerk. Instead of having margin enough to cover his trade in reality he owed the firm $25.

"Don't close me out," he pleaded; "give me till to-night to make it up."

The leeway was given him, and that evening he came in looking rueful. He had been able to borrow only $75, and since he owed $25 and the management required a twenty-point margin on Steel, his margin was still shy. The management, however, stretched a point and let the account stand. Since then this dabbler has run his shoestring of $50 close up to $50,000, and there is a fair chance he will get away with it. Why he may is because he has few illusions. He himself will tell you the market always gets the dabbler in the end; and to provide against this, every week he draws out of his brokerage account every cent of profits above the $2000 or so he requires to margin his trades. The profits he gives to his wife. These she salts away in her own name; and as he himself has told her: "If you die in the poorhouse now, it'll be your own fault."

In this same office there is another instance of a dabbler who got away with winnings. The client was a scrubwoman, employed in the building where the broker's office is. She had been there long enough to get a smattering of Wall Street talk and methods; and one day she appeared with a roll of bills—$150 in all. The amount represented her savings for years.

"Scrubwork ain't no business for a lady," she announced. "I want to win enough to open a manicure parlor."

She invested the $150 in International Nickel and won. The winnings she put into Steel Common. She won in that too. "In Harlem," she said, "there's a place I c'n open for $1200. When I get that much I'll quit."

Beginners' Luck

To cut the story short, she made the $1200; and when she quit, as she said she would, she delivered herself of the following terse oration:

"Never again will y' catch me here again! Divvle a night's sleep have I had these three months gone! I'd rather earn me money on me knees next time!"

A doctor from Brooklyn is one of the same firm's clients. He came to the place with a shoestring of less than $500, saying that he wished to speculate and frankly confessing he didn't know one stock from another. Having looked over the board, he gave an order to buy ten shares of Republic Iron & Steel. The reason he chose the stock was because its initials on the quotation board—"R B C"—were the same as his. His guess was lucky. Republic rose, and in time he ran his shoestring into a profit of almost $40,000. Then came the U-boat panic last September; and his account, which at the time was heavily pyramided, was swept away overnight.

In the same flurry a young Cuban, a sugar planter, was among the dozens in this office who were caught. In three weeks this individual had run $30,000 up to $150,000. The day before the crash the manager of the office begged him to cash in. He refused, however, saying that he meant to run his profits up to a quarter of a million. In ten minutes after the opening, the Monday following that Nantucket business, he was wiped out clean.

It may be said, perhaps truthfully, that these stories are exaggerations, that they are only individual experiences. At the same time, grotesque as they are, they are by no means exceptional. Every brokerage office, if it sees fit, can hand out a hundred like them. Even in the bigger, the more conservative houses, where odd-lot marginal trading is frowned upon, the same condition exists. The bulk of the trading is being done by outsiders who have no business in Wall Street. They may trade in hundred-share lots or they may even trade in thousands; but the difference between these and the shoestring odd-lotters is only in the size of their trades. The number of those among them who have any real knowledge of what they are doing is negligible.

There is other evidence of this. To-day, in the financial quarter, most of the big investors, the real people with real money, seem inclined to put the bulk of their wealth into solid, conservative securities. What they fancy most now are the rails. The speculative crowd, however, hoots at this. In one group of accounts totaling 15,000 shares were only 350 shares of railroad stock. The rails, in fact, when contrasted with the industrials, the war brides, war babies and their ilk, seem almost neglected.

When the Ticker Lags

Just what this mass of indiscriminate speculation is doing to the stock market machinery is also evident. On December 4th no less than 264 listed securities were dealt in. The ticker, as a result of this, is often minutes behind the market. On November 6th, for example, it was twenty minutes behind the current quotations on the Exchange. When the market is steadily climbing, this does not matter so much, the truth being, as the Wall Street adage has it, that "the suckers always buy." All that happens is that they pay more for what they buy; but in a feverish market more than one dabbler has been cleaned out because the ticker was behind.

There was a case that illustrates this the day Baldwin Locomotive took to cutting up. The ticker that day was far behind the market; but when Baldwin showed at 120 the dabbler in question ordered the broker to buy. Instantly the stock ticker began to clack and splutter furiously, a mass of quotations showing on the tape. In a few minutes the price soared to 150⅛, when the dabbler gave the order to sell. He figured that his first order, at the worst, must have been filled round 130, and the order to sell anywhere round 145. What actually had happened, though, in the few minutes he hung over the tape, was that he'd bought at 150¼, the extreme high, and sold at 133—a loss of 17 points. He was cleaned out. The brief flurry had swept all his money away.

This fever of speculation, the thirst for money, that just now has the market by the throat, is not confined, however, to the market on the Big Exchange. It also is present on the Curb. Copper stocks have been the favorites, though stocks like Electric Boat, Midvale and Gulf States Steel have also shared in popularity. Where the most money has been made on the Curb—and, incidentally, lost as well—is in the Copper stocks.

As this is written raw copper, the metal, is selling round 33 cents a pound. The result of this has been that a vast number of copper securities, many of them the stock not of mines but of mere prospects, have been handed out to the public. The majority of these are destined to fail, but along with them have come a dozen or more that have proved to be "killings"—that is, the means of making fortunes overnight.

Soldiers Make a Peaceful Killing

United Verde Extension is the most sensational of these. In 1915 this stock sold at 80 cents a share. To-day it is selling round $42 a share and it has sold as high as $46.50. Magma Copper is another. In the same period it has risen from $15.50 a share to $69.50. Butte Copper & Zinc, selling at $5 in 1915, is now held at $21 a share. Tuolumne, issued at 50 cents this year, is now quoted at $2.50; Howe Sound, at $4.50 in 1915, is $9 at the moment; Calaveras, at 75 cents a year ago, is $6 now.

Green Monster is still another. It is said that the soldiers, the militia stationed on the Mexican border, made a killing in this, buying the stock at 70 cents a share. It is now selling round $3. However, all the copper stocks mentioned here have had something back of them. Contrasted with these there are a hundred fly-by-nights buzzing round on which the buyers are bound to lose all they've spent on them. The Curb management has of late been cautious about what stocks it will permit trading in, but even so, just as in the Big Exchange, manipulations and crooked deals sometimes get by.

How long this market will continue rising—any of these Wall Street markets, for that matter—this article does not pretend to forecast. It may last out the war, as some prophesy; or, on the other hand, it may not. Even in brokerage houses, whose biggest business is in margined accounts, the tone of talk is cautious. No one, in fact, seems able to forecast anything. There is so much money already in the country and so much more is in sight, already rolling in, that there is little use in forecasting just what will come about.

"Will the market last out the war?" one broker was asked.

"Don't ask me," he answered, "ask the war."

The general opinion, however, is that the end will come when the war ends. Before that, however, there is likely to be more than one raid made against the market as it now is going.

Already that active inside speculative interest ever present in Wall Street has begun to raid the public. A recent deal in the stock of one of the big industrial companies is an instance of this. There is still another instance in the stock-jobbing deal attempted by the interests in control of another manufacturing concern.

Take the first job: On the market's preliminary bulge, that of 1915, the company's stock rose from round 28 to very nearly par. Part of this was due to healthy prosperity, a part to manipulation. Round par, however, the interests that control the concern sold their stock and bought the company's convertible bonds. These, it should be understood, are convertible at any time into stock, so that the insiders stood in no danger of losing control of the concern. However, what they figured was that once their support was withdrawn, the stock's market value would contract. The bonds, though, even if stock support were withdrawn, would still hold their own. They might go down a few points—say five or so at the most—but then, what difference did that make?

Manipulation by Insiders

It was all as planned. The insiders, all directors in the concern, sold their stock; and once their support was withdrawn, from round par the stock sagged to a low level of 54. At that point the insiders reversed the operation. They sold their bonds and again bought the stock. To-day shares in that particular company are selling round par; and once more the inside coterie is leaking out its holdings and converting them anew into bonds.

The case of the other company is rather different. At the outset of the present market all the stock was held privately by the owners. It was a good stock then; it was earning good dividends; but the trouble was that the owners couldn't stand prosperity. Not satisfied with what they had, by a carefully conducted campaign they run the quoted price to a point above $300 a share. The problem then became how to feed out the inflated issue to the public. As no stock selling as high as 300 and over looks good to the public eye, par value of the security was reduced from $100 a share to $25 a share. The quadrupled issue was then reissued at an arbitrary price.

For some reason the public didn't nibble. Consequently, as a fresh bait to make it bite, the stock being then on a 12 per cent dividend-paying basis and no one wanting it even then, a fresh dividend was declared, this consisting of two stock bonuses of five per cent each. To-day this company is still leaking out its stock. Sad to say, however, it is not doing so well as it expected. From the underwriting price its stock has sagged to about one-half its first price. It should reach, presently, a figure that the public considers represents its true value.

These two instances are each but single cases. A hundred could be cited. However, what alarms Wall Street the most—the real Wall Street, the big interests that control finance—is not the amount of stock-rigging deals that are going on. Instead, the source of their fear is what is going to happen.



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A GLIMPSE OF MAXWELL MANUFACTURING EFFICIENCY

MANUFACTURING efficiency consists, not in speeding up the processes to the detriment of the product—but in eliminating all waste of time and expense in manufacturing. The progressive final assembly in the Maxwell factory at Detroit is a demonstration of the efficiency that characterizes the making of Maxwell Cars from raw material to finished product.

The various parts have been made—ready to be composed into a motor car. Each part is so accurately finished that it will fit into its place as well as any other similar part. It must be so or the rapid work of assembling the car, as it passes from one group of workmen to another, would be impeded.

A frame is first placed upon the rack, which moves along a few inches per minute. Paint is sprayed upon the frame before it passes through a drying oven—then it is ready for other parts to be built around it.

At one station the axles, springs and wheels are added—then the engine swings into place—next the radiator—now the transmission—wiring—steering gear. Soon the chassis is complete—it has taken just 15 minutes.

Meantime, the body has been moving slowly along a similar track. Part by part has been added until it is complete. At a given point bodies and chassis meet and are united, making the complete car ready for testing and shipping.

The Maxwell plan of assembling cars would greatly increase the cost per car to a maker of few cars. But considering the large volume of our business—almost 600 cars a day—it produces enormous savings, insures an almost perfect product and materially aids in making the Maxwell *"The World's Greatest Motor Car Value."*

MAXWELL ENCLOSED CARS: Sedan, $985; Town Car, $915: Cabriolet, $865. All prices f. o. b. Detroit. All models completely equipped, including electric starter and lights.

IN CANADA: Touring Car, $850; Roadster, $830, f. o. b. Windsor, Ontario

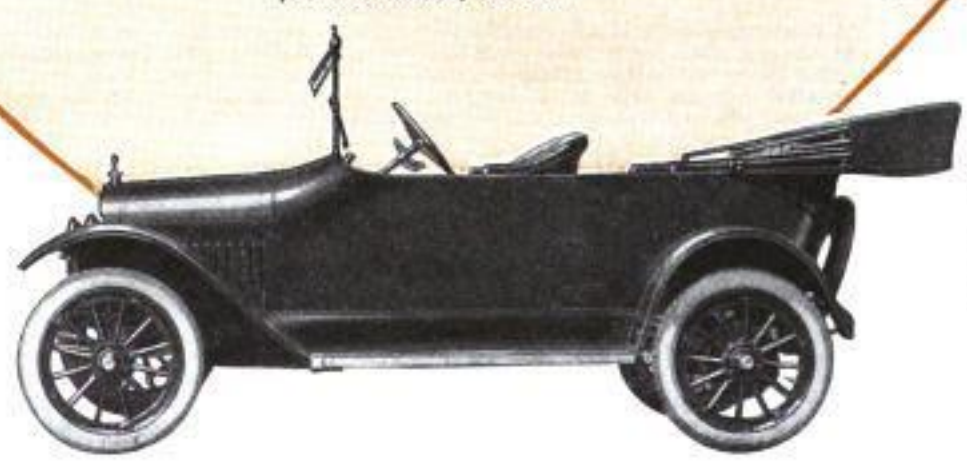








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Business Fashions Change

By FRED C. KELLY



IT USED to be that a man who was a seller of goods was also a buyer—of food and drink and entertainment. To-day the professional buyer is just as likely—maybe a little more so—to buy for the seller, as for the seller to buy for the buyer. The old-fashioned salesman proceeded on the assumption that anybody who bought stuff from him was bestowing a personal favor and should be fussed over accordingly. Yet, when you stop to think about it, if an article is worth having, and the price is right, why is not the buyer of it just as much under obligation to the seller as the seller to the buyer? The man who buys the article prefers it to the money he pays for it, else he wouldn't take it.

I knew a young man once who was a bit of a soldier of fortune. He had a habit of running out of money at inopportune and unexpected places. On one of these occasions he had to choose between eating at cheap restaurants at his own expense and eating at high-priced hotels at the expense of somebody else. He picked the latter course, inasmuch as he felt at home—so he told me—only in an atmosphere of more or less grandeur. The cheap places jarred on his tender sensibilities.

His first step toward having his meals bought by others was to go to the Public Library and read up on the technical points of certain kinds of high-priced machinery manufactured in that city. Equipped with this information, he called up the head salesman of a big machinery concern and asked the salesman to call at his hotel. He gave out the impression that he was representative of a big firm in another city, which was in the market for such machinery.

He contrived to have different salesmen take him to dinner—and even to breakfast—for three or four days, until he got ready to leave town.

The point to all this is that this gracious grafter might have more difficulty in working a game like that at the present writing. He might have to go and get in line and endure a long, irksome wait before he would have a chance to talk with the head salesman. A man selling an article of real merit is often so busy just now in pacifying customers who are complaining about slow delivery that he hasn't any time left for entertaining prospects.

New-Style Motor Selling

A good example of this is in the automobile industry. Only a dozen or so years ago a great many automobile salesmen were somewhat the same type as wine agents. They were affable entertainers, and it was not unusual for them to abandon hope of selling a man a high-priced car unless they could do so when his mind was not altogether clear. To-day, if you buy any of several autos, you will probably try to work a personal pull with the agent in order to get more prompt delivery than some other customer. The chances are that you will not even ask for a very elaborate demonstration, but will buy on hearsay—that is, on the general reputation of the car. A great many autos—even of the higher-priced makes—are sold over the telephone, just like butter and eggs or any other staple commodity. No one expects his grocer to come round and buy him a drink before landing an order.

Just a few weeks ago a friend of mine determined to buy himself a small auto. He thought the thing over a long while before making up his mind, and the proposed purchase was discussed in his family until it naturally took on a lot of importance. It marked an epoch, in a way, such as when he got married and the time he bought his home. The passage from the pedestrian class to the automobile class was no trifling event. So, when he went to the marts to buy, he felt that he had coming to him a great deal of deference.

"I'm thinking," said he to the agent of the car he had selected, "of buying a car."

"All right," agreed the salesman pleasantly. "If you place your order to-day I might be able to get you delivery inside of a month."

He was courteous enough, but he talked in an offhand tone as if he had been saying:

"Will you take it with you or shall we send it round on the afternoon delivery?"

"I should have had a lot more fuss made over me," remarked the customer in telling of the incident, "if I had been buying a lawn mower, or even a good wrench."

When the Buyer Buys

However, the change of attitude is not so much on the part of the seller as on the part of the buyer. There is just as much selling competition as there ever was—probably more; and that is why the buyer has come to look at things from a new angle. A great many lines of goods are bought by professional buyers, and the professional buyer is the fellow who first saw the light. He found that being entertained or palavered over was costing him money—too much money. He decided that he was being played, as the saying is, for a sucker.

The seller entertains the buyer in order to place him in rare good humor and get him to buy at the highest possible price. The buyer awakened to the fact that in the long run he himself was paying for all meals and theater tickets provided by the genial and urbane persons who had things to sell. Inasmuch as he was paying the bill, then, why not appear as the host and get credit for the outlay, and make capital of it for his own purposes?

There was a chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs in the House of Representatives at Washington, not so many years ago, who used to give dinners to various dignitaries, sending out invitations in his own name and getting all credit for the entertainment, but assessing the cost among the various members of the committee.

This was, in a way, what used to happen and doubtless still happens between a great many salesmen and buyers. The buyer is entertained until he buys enough goods to pay not only for the goods but also for the entertainment.

John J. Hicks is head buyer for a great retail establishment in a Middle Western city and goes to New York several times a year to buy goods. He got a great deal of pleasure out of these trips East. What with theaters and dinners and automobile rides and one thing and another they formed bright little spots in his busy life. His host at a great many of these nice little parties was Max Izzent, or some such sounding name as that. Somehow or other the store Hicks bought for was never able to make much profit out of the goods it got from Max Izzent. Yet a rival store up the street sold a lot of the same line of goods; and from the way it pushed them, it looked as if it was making a good deal of money out of them.

John J. Hicks tried to buy the goods cheaper, but without success. He became convinced that the buyer from the rival store up the street must be getting them cheaper, else he would not have bought in such large quantities. Hicks also noticed that the rival buyer hardly ever accepted hospitality from Max Izzent. He therefore took a size-up of the situation—and bought some theater tickets. He bought them from a speculator at a fancy price, and they were for a show that was selling out, mostly, two weeks in advance. Then he went to the telephone and called up Max Izzent.

"Max," says he, "a friend of mine from Omaha was called home on account of the serious illness of his old Aunt Ella, and he gave me some tickets he had managed to pick up a week or so ago for The Cerise Nightie, up at the Juckandpudge Theater. I've been wanting to see that show, Max, but I don't want to see it unless I can have some good fellow like you along. Will you join me?"

Now Max had been taking Hicks to theaters, but that was purely a matter of business. Here, on the other hand, so it seemed to Max, was Hicks taking him just because he enjoyed his company. That was really quite flattering. He thought more of Hicks than he ever had before. Hicks was a good old scout, so he declared to himself, to prefer his society to that of anybody else in New York.

Up to that time Hicks had never felt like quibbling over the mere matter of price with Max Izzent after Max had been so hospitable toward him. Now, however, all this was changed. He was doing something for Max, which made him have a rather patronizing feeling toward Max. He could talk to him in fatherly fashion and tell him frankly that his prices were too blamed high! The consequence is that since then he has been buying things from Max for at least thirty-five per cent less than he ever did before.

Hicks Learns Diplomacy

Hicks learned the advantage of making a personal hit with the men from whom he wished to buy and winning their warm regard, instead of merely permitting them to ingratiate themselves upon him. One man with whom he had been dealing had recently built himself a big home over in a bleak section of New Jersey. Hicks found that the man was itching to entertain somebody in this fine new home, but it was so far out that his New York friends were slow to come. So Hicks drew him into conversation about nice places to live, and the man naturally fell to talking about his new house in Jersey.

"Sounds mighty good," remarked Hicks. "Why don't you ever invite me over there? You know how I hate the confusion and bustle of New York."

"Come over to-night!" exclaimed the salesman with enthusiasm, slapping Hicks on the back.

And Hicks went. It paid him to go, not only because he could do business with the man on a much more advantageous basis thereafter but because of the real pleasure it gave his host. In this instance the obligation all went toward Hicks, even though the other man was doing the entertaining. He felt grateful to Hicks for giving him an opportunity to show off his new house, just as a child is pleased when anybody seems to show a genuine interest in his newest toy. Hicks was a man more familiar with the social graces than the salesman himself, and the visit flattered him.

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That's a Beautiful Graduation Announcement, Daughter—

and I notice it is made by QUAYLE, the same engravers and jewelers who made my own commencement announcement more than thirty years ago.

College, school and social leaders are usually particular to see that announcements or invitations for occasions of moment are engraved (on QUAYLE paper) by

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announces as ready for sale the Souvenir Gold Coins authorized by Act of Congress and passed unanimously in February 1916. The Coins are a beautiful design, containing on one side a fine portrait of President McKinley and on the reverse side a picture of the building.

Remit Three Dollars to The First National Bank of Youngstown, Ohio, and you will receive in return one of these coins by Registered mail.



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RICHARD B. OWEN, 33 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

A shift in buying and selling practices seems to be taking place slowly. Understand, I do not mean that there has been a complete change—a revolution or anything like that. But there is a difference. There is one class of buyers, however, who still expect to be carried about and fussed over with considerable éclat; and these are the buyers from the smaller towns, who are usually also the owners of the establishments for which they buy. They are a little behind the professional buyers from the big cities in finding out the advantage of entertaining the other fellow instead of letting the other fellow entertain them.

There is another vast advantage the professional buyer has over the small-town merchant who does his own buying: He is so much more concerned with various other details of his business that he gives little thought to whether or not he shall buy a certain lot of stuff until a smart salesman drops in on him.

Then what chance has he? He must match his wits against the salesman, who is a specialist at talking people into buying things, whether needed or not. The salesman has been practicing on his line of argument for weeks. There is scarcely a loophole of possible escape that he hasn't thought about scores of times in advance. The merchant, on the other hand, has to combat these selling arguments with such a line of defense as he can rig up on the spur of the moment. And this is not so easy as one might think. The chances are that the merchant will fall a victim to the salesman's cleverly worked-out conversation—and will overbuy.

I asked an old, experienced salesman once why so many retail enterprises sooner or later fail. Without a second of hesitation he declared:

"It's because they do not buy with sufficient care."

He went on to say that the smaller the town and the smaller the business, the more likely the storekeeper is to overbuy. Go into almost any small country store and you will find a large percentage of goods which are practically worthless—stuff that the proprietor couldn't sell in a hundred years, except at a loss. If you were to investigate, the chances are that you would find this percentage of useless stock growing smaller and smaller as you looked into bigger establishments, until in the case of a great department store there is practically no dead stuff on the shelves at all.

The trouble is that most of the business education has been along the line of selling. There are schools of salesmanship and talks on salesmanship and magazine articles about salesmanship, but right offhand I cannot think of ever having read a treatise on how to resist expert salesmanship.

The Tact of the Hat Clerk

A high-grade salesman was endeavoring one day to obtain an order from the head of one of the leading department stores in Pittsburgh. The two were warm personal friends, yet the salesman could not get his order. He finally gave up, somewhat in disgust, and the two got to talking of other matters.

"What," asked the salesman, "do you regard as the chief secret of your success?"

"Undoubtedly," replied Mr. Boggs, "it is being able to resist a man like you. Here we are, old friends; you're a gifted salesman and your goods are always the very best of their kind. It is always a strong temptation to buy from you. But I don't need anything from you at the present time. So I must say 'No.' Except for my ability to say 'No,' I should have been on the rocks long ago."

A once-successful publisher brought a great magazine to financial ruin a few years ago for that very reason. Every time he saw a clever manuscript he could not resist buying it. Before long he had thousands of dollars tied up in manuscripts stacked away in his safe. He could not have used them all in fifty years.

A big improvement has crept into the selling end of most retail businesses in the past few years. Men who sell goods from behind the counter are vastly more clever salesmen than one used to find. There are a good many obscure-looking men working behind counters who are so efficient in their quiet way that they can earn four thousand or five thousand dollars a year. They do it by selling rapidly.

A poor salesman, working on salary and commission behind a hat counter, for instance, would take so long to sell the average man a hat that his total commissions at the end of the year would be small. But to-day, if you go into a high-grade store to buy a hat or a suit of clothes, the chances are that the first hat or suit the salesman shows you will be the one you finally buy. There will not be any need to look much farther. The salesman, if he is a good one, will size you up and know just about what you want. If you have on a black felt hat he may assume that you want a change and will show you a hat of lighter color. If you have a full, round face he will not show you a hat with the kind of brim that would overemphasize the full-moon effect. And he will be careful not to insult you by showing you a hat much cheaper than the one you have been wearing.

"Let's see," says he, reaching out for the hat you have on; "what size do you wear?"

While you're telling him that you wear a seven-and-an-eighth, he is turning back the sweatband as if looking for the size; but in reality he is looking for a price mark and taking an inventory of the general quality of the hat.

If he showed you too cheap a hat you would not only feel somewhat insulted but would question his ability to find anything in his stock to satisfy you. It would be apparent that he was simply showing you hats at random. Offering you too expensive a hat would also be a mistake, as it would make you feel uncomfortable—as if you had got into a store out of your class. You would decide that they took no interest in the wants of the humbler customers. The smart salesman gives out the impression that the kind of hat you want is the very kind they make a specialty of—the kind they find most pleasure in selling.

Time and again I have gone into a store and bought the first hat the man showed me. I learned by experience that if I took time to look at others I should probably prefer the first one anyhow.

How Sales are Speeded Up

It used to be that buying a suit of clothes was an afternoon's job. First, it took a long time to find a suit that would fit. Then you discovered the suit which satisfied you in that respect was too high-priced or too loud in pattern. To get all the desirable qualities in one suit required a lot of looking and a lot of wearisome trying on. And, from the store viewpoint, it was costly—because it required more salespeople. To-day a good clothing salesman is supposed to have enough intuition to know at a glance just what the customer's wants are, and to know his stock so well that he can go at once and lay his hand on the very suit the customer will buy.

It is the same way with shoes. Instead of hauling out nineteen varieties of shoes and getting you all confused, the clerk guesses about what shape you want. Or perhaps you have told him what number in the window display most appealed to you. And, instead of asking you for your size, the clerk measures your foot.

In the case of a woman customer this is particularly wise, for a woman will often try to make herself think she wants a smaller shoe than she ought to have. Then her feet are uncomfortable and she nurses a feeling of malice toward the shoe store. The clerk knows that the size one's feet can be comfortable in will vary somewhat according to the width. So he goes quietly and picks out what the woman ought to have, while she is quite content in the assumption that he is picking out a much smaller size than he really is, and that her feet are dainty and *chic* to a wonderful degree.

It frequently happens that one can buy the same shoe at a lower price in one store than in another; but nearly always there will be a difference in the service, to offset somewhat the saving in the shoes. In other words, the tendency is that service and value in different stores will average up about alike. You go into a high-priced store and usually a clerk comes at once to wait on you, and stays faithfully with you until the ordeal is over and you have made up your mind which pair of shoes you will make your own. But you enter a store down the street, where you can buy the same shoes for, say, a dollar less, and the chances are that one clerk will be waiting on about six people, hopping from one to another like a Swiss bell ringer. He takes off one of the new customer's shoes at once—so that if the customer gets tired of waiting he won't leave. Then, as soon as he can

(Concluded on Page 71)

1 Minute after Midnight on New Year's Morn

Fifty Hazel Brown and Black Taxicabs Arrived at the Entrance of Hotel La Salle to Serve Its Patrons Exclusively.

FIFTY limousine cars in special design, richly upholstered and luxurious in every appointment, manned by trained and courteous chauffeurs, are now ready at your instant need. Here is a typical example of the refinements of service which await you at

Hotel La Salle

Chicago's Finest Hotel

This Taxicab service is maintained solely for the comfort and convenience of Hotel La Salle guests. The charges are among the lowest in Chicago. In every department of Hotel La Salle the highest standard prevails. No matter how many guests demand attention, eleven hundred trained employees give to each the closest personal service.

RATES

One person	*Per day*
Room with detached bath	$2, $2.50 and $3
Room with private bath	$3, $3.50, $4 and $5
Two persons	*Per day*
Room with detached bath	$3, $3.50 and $4
Room with private bath—	
Double room	$5 to $8
Single room with double bed	$4, $4.50 and $5
Two Connecting Rooms with Bath	
Two persons	$5 to $8
Three persons	$6 to $9
Four persons	$7 to $12

1026 rooms—834 with private bath

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31 Extra Features
8 Styles of Bodies
Built by John W. Bate

Mitchell

$1460 For 7-passenger Six—48 h. p. 127-inch Wheelbase.
$1150 For Mitchell Junior—40 h. p. 120-inch Wheelbase Six.
Both Prices f. o. b. Racine.

Now 100% Over-Strength

Every Part Now Twice as Strong as Need Be

John W. Bate, the great Efficiency Engineer, now announces for the first time double-strength in every Mitchell part

In the new Mitchells we are ready to announce the fulfillment of a three-year ambition.

Three years ago, after one year in Europe, John W. Bate returned to the Mitchell plant.

He said, "I have one more thing to accomplish. And I learned it from the foremost European engineers.

"We build cars too fast in America. We try to build them too cheap. We give too little thought to endurance.

"I want to build you a lifetime car. I want to give every part in the Mitchell at least 100 per cent over-strength."

Now It Is Done

Mr. Bate came back. Since then he has given the Mitchell car 15 hours a day. Far into the night, week after week for three years, he has worked on this problem of strength.

He has worn out fifty cars in making tests to prove the strength requirements. When he found the strength any part required, he doubled it in the car.

He took part by part and brought each to this standard. Then he found a way to test each part to prove that it met the standard.

In last year's Mitchell we claimed 50 per cent over-strength. This work was not then completed. This year we can claim for every part twice the needed strength. And our daily tests prove this claim.

One Example—Springs

Let us cite one example—the Bate cantilever springs. You know how often springs break on the ordinary car.

These Bate springs have now been used for 18 months in Mitchells. Not one leaf in one of them ever has broken.

We have machines in our factory for testing them. These machines apply road action hundreds of thousands of times. We have thus applied months of incessant vibration to one spring. And never one has broken.

Yet these long cantilever springs are the easiest-riding springs in the world. No Mitchell owner ever needs shock absorbers. Mitchell cars have no snubbers or rebound straps. They are utterly unnecessary.

TWO SIZES

Mitchell —a roomy, 7-passenger Six, with 127-inch wheelbase. A high-speed, economical 48-horsepower motor. Disappearing extra seats and 31 extra features included.
Price, $1460 f. o. b. Racine

Mitchell Junior —a 5-passenger Six on similar lines, with 120-inch wheelbase. A 40-horsepower motor—¼-inch smaller bore than larger Mitchell.
Price, $1150 f. o. b. Racine

Also all styles of enclosed and convertible bodies. Also demountable tops.

That is simply one part—one well-known weakness. Hundreds of parts have been given equal strength. Now over 440 parts of the Mitchell are built of toughened steel, drop-forged or steel-stamped. The parts which get the major strains are all of Chrome-Vanadium. Many parts on which safety depends are almost double-size.

175,000-Mile Tests

Two Bate-built Mitchells have already run over 200,000 miles apiece. Seven of them have averaged over 175,000 miles each. That is over 30 years of rather active service.

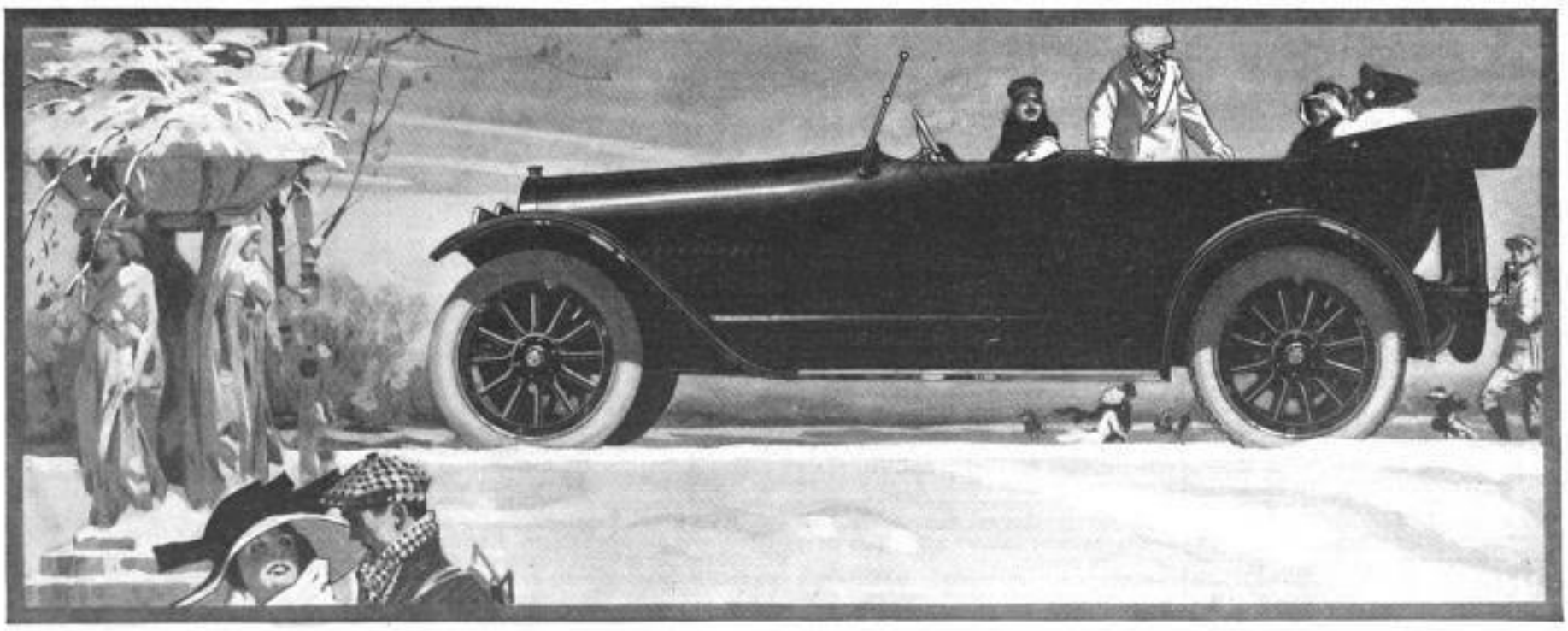
So this new Mitchell, in all probability, is a lifetime car. With proper care, you should never wear it out. Troubles and repairs are as nearly eliminated as can be.

The Lifetime Car

In times past, men bought a new car every year or two. Models were constantly changing. So a car's endurance seemed of less importance. That is why European cars so excelled American.

Now most buyers in the Mitchell class buy their cars to keep. And John W. Bate has rebuilt every Mitchell part to meet these new requirements.

That is the sovereign advantage we offer in Mitchell cars. It is not so visible as other extra features. But we figure it means double life to your car, plus safety and economy. And we know it over-tops every other result of John W. Bate's efficiency.



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20% Extra Value
Due to Factory Efficiency
John W. Bate's 18th Model

Mitchell

$1460 For 7-passenger Six—48 h. p. 127-inch Wheelbase.
$1150 For Mitchell Junior—40 h. p. 120-inch Wheelbase Six.
Both Prices f. o. b. Racine.

Now 24% Extra Luxury

Deeper Finish—Finer Upholstery—31 Extras

In this year's Mitchells, on exhibit at the Shows, we have added 24 per cent to the cost of finish and trimming, attaining the height of luxury.

These new Mitchells will also give you a new idea of beauty.

The lines of the car, in many artists' opinion, are the handsomest ever attained. But our added cost lies in scores of details which are too often skimped.

Last year's Mitchells were luxurious, you know. In every large city they were regarded as models of motor car elegance.

But this year we have added just 24 per cent to the cost of the finish, upholstery and trimming. So the Mitchells you see at the Shows this year will be superb examples of artistic detail.

Our New Body Plant Saves This 24 Per Cent

In the past few months we have equipped ourselves to build all Mitchell bodies, open and enclosed. Our new body plant, with its lumber yards, covers 14 city blocks.

The Mitchell, we believe, is the only plant which builds all the bodies for a high-grade car. The saving we make pays for all this added luxury. Now we are building, under the Bate efficiency methods, 98 per cent of the Mitchell.

But the chief fact is this: We could not buy bodies at a possible price finished and appointed as ours are. Our requirements are too extreme. So this new Mitchell luxury was out of the question until our new body plant was completed.

Heat-Fixed Finish

We have built for one thing enormous ovens which hold many Mitchell bodies. Here our finish coats are fixed by heat. This adds immensely to the lustre. And it gives a finish which endures for years.

We have added 50 per cent to the cost of our leather to give you unusual upholstery. We have added 50 per cent to the cost of our cushion springs to give you better springs.

Those are a few of our conspicuous improvements. You will see scores of others. Every touch and detail reveals an added cost. Yet all this seeming extravagance, like all Mitchell extras, is paid for by factory savings.

31 Extras This Year

In this year's Mitchells you will find 31 extra features. That is, 31 attractions which practically all cars omit. Most of them are exclusive to the Mitchell.

Each is something that you want. They will cost us on this year's output not less than $4,000,000. Yet all of them come to you without extra price, because of our factory savings.

They include a power tire pump, Bate springs, a new-type control, a light in the tonneau, a locked compartment in front, a ball-bearing steering gear, engine primer on instrument board. There are 31 extras like those.

Mitchell Models

The Mitchell is built with eight styles of bodies—

Touring Car	4-Pass. Cabriolet
Roadster	Convertible Sedan
Coupé	Demountable Top
Limousine	Club Roadster

***Mitchell Junior* is built with Touring Car and Roadster bodies only.**

Quoted prices, of course, apply only to open models.

All Due to Efficiency

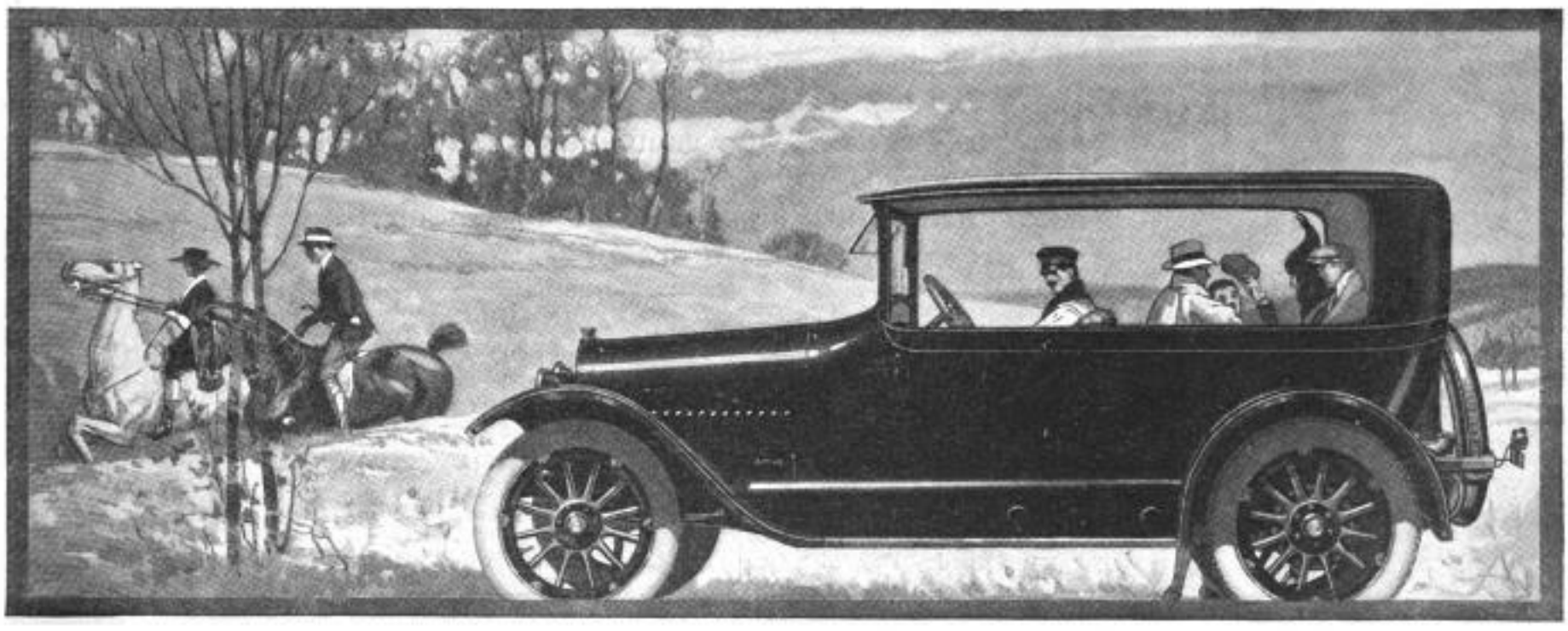
All of the Mitchell's unique attractions are paid for by factory efficiency. All this over-strength, all this added luxury, all these extra features. We owe them all to John W. Bate, the famous efficiency expert.

This model plant, which is all of his building, cut our factory costs 50 per cent. Our new body plant, by Bate efficiency methods, pays for this added luxury.

No other smart car offers anywhere near the value you get in the Mitchell. You can prove that in an hour. And that fact is due entirely to the genius of John W. Bate.

See these new cars at our showrooms or at Shows. Pass your own judgment on them. Learn what the extras mean.

MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, Inc.
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.



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The Gambler



The Motorist who does not stop to put on Weed Tire Chains before driving over wet-slippery-skiddy streets gambles with his life and the lives of others.

Some men would gamble with anything, from a counterfeit coin to life and property and all that they or others hold dear.

But at least they gamble for some stake which to them—if to no one else—seems worth the gamble. They do not risk their whole fortunes with only a few dollars to gain.

Why then, if time be precious, should they risk *all the time* allotted them here on earth, for the sake of a *few moments* of it now?

Yet, strange to say, this is just what some motorists do when *they fail to stop to put on Tire Chains before driving over wet-slippery-skiddy streets.* They gamble their automobiles, their limbs, their very lives, and the lives of others on the road—for no more than a little of their time to put on *Weed Chains, the only dependable safeguard against skidding.*

Weed Chains for all Styles and Sizes of Tires are Sold by Dealers Everywhere.

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, Inc.
SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF WEED CHAINS
Bridgeport A·C·C Connecticut
In Canada—Dominion Chain Co. Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ontario

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(Concluded from Page 67)

get round to it, he hands the customer a shoe, to keep him interested—a good deal like giving a restless child a toy with which to amuse himself.

This type of salesman is often a real artist in his line, and it is surprising how rapidly he can dispose of a whole benchful of buyers. He does it by giving each customer the shoes he wants with the least possible delay. If he had to yank down half the shoes on the shelf for each person, in the old-fashioned way, there would be chaos.

A smart salesman behind the underwear counter is quite likely not to ask a man what size he wears, but to pull a tape from his pocket and breezily take the measure of the customer's chest and waist. Then, keeping his own counsel, he fetches garments he thinks will meet the customer's requirements.

In the first place, not one customer in ten remembers his underwear size between purchases. If he thinks he wears a thirty-eight undershirt, when he really needs one of size forty, he will either be dissatisfied with the shirt—and the store—as long as he wears the garment, or he will try it on at home and then bring it back to exchange for something else—all of which means a certain amount of effort and annoyance and expense on the part of the seller.

On the other hand, if the customer does remember his size, and the salesman finds that it isn't in stock and offers him something else, the customer is certain something else won't do. Yet often another size would fit equally well. For instance, a man who has been wearing a closely-woven undershirt, size forty, can easily make out with a ribbed shirt of size thirty-eight. Or he may be right in between thirty-eight and forty, and one will do about as well as the other. So the smart clerk knows that frequently it is best to ask no questions and go right ahead in his own way.

However, there are still a great many salesmen who entertain ideas and tastes I should hesitate to adopt for my own use. It has always seemed to me that the world's worst salesmen are sought out and placed behind the shirt counters throughout this broad land.

For instance, it happens that I like to wear negligée shirts of a rather subdued, unobtrusive pattern, so that I may move among people of high or low degree without their being harassed by my shirt's acoustic properties. Yet, whenever I go into a haberdashery to buy shirts I am waited on by a young man who seems to have consecrated his soul to selling me something I do not want. He shows me a lot of shirts with color schemes that seem to have been designed to combine the attractiveness of a horse blanket and a bright new drug-store awning.

Haberdashers always seem not a little vexed when I fail to enthuse over shirts suitable only for minstrel parade and cakewalk wear. With a shirt on like that I should be haunted constantly by the fear that I might meet somebody I know. Frequently a spry young shirt salesman gives me a pitying glance, such as one bestows upon idiots and like people, opens up his vest, and proudly shows me that he himself is wearing one of the very patterns to which I have objected.

Once I went into an antique shop to look at a chair. The clerk was out for the moment and a colored porter kindly undertook to wait on me. The chair I had seen in the window proved to be not quite what I wanted, but the colored man was anxious to please his employer by making a sale. As a clinching argument why I should buy, he said to me in a confidential tone:

"I've got a chair about like that in my own parlor!"

The practice of mentioning a clerk's own preference or fondness for a given article is now considered, as they say in vaudeville, "old stuff." I know of one great department store which carefully instructs its saleswomen in the ready-to-wear departments that they must not, under any circumstances, say to a customer: "I like that on you," "That looks swell," or any such volunteer comments.

The fact that a certain type of salesgirl likes a garment might appeal to some customers as a good reason for not buying it.

This same store insists on just the right phraseology between a clerk and a customer—not only for the sake of courtesy but for greater efficiency. For instance, a clerk must not say to a customer: "Are you being waited on?" but, "Did you find what you wanted?" The latter form of inquiry has the advantage of applying to two different contingencies and the former to only one. It is drilled into clerks in this establishment that customers and possible customers in the store are the company's guests and must be treated as such. Those who look but do not spend must be made to feel that it is perfectly all right to do that very thing.

"We spend thousands of dollars every year in advertising," remarks the head of this concern. "These advertisements are invitations to the public to come in and see us—just as much so as engraved cards are invitations to a reception in one's own home. Having invited a person to see us we must make him feel at home when he comes."

Before the child-labor laws were in such general effect over the country, department stores used to take very young girls and train them gradually so that they absorbed the atmosphere of salesmanship by easy stages. To-day salesmanship is taught to inexperienced employees more by talks and class instruction. It often happens that a person who is not naturally a good salesman will be kept and encouraged because of some qualities which make a good foundation for the actual technic of selling.

A girl whose mental processes are a trifle slow—but who is especially tactful, has a courteous manner or limitless patience—may in time make a high-grade saleswoman.

A few stores of the better class aim not to employ any girl who has blondined her hair, because of a theory that, inasmuch as blondined hair is a faked article, a customer may unconsciously associate the idea of faking with the goods sold over the counter.

Be that as it may, no doubt there is a prejudice against blondined hair on the part of a lot of people, which might tend to detract from a blondined salesgirl's usefulness. I heard a store manager jokingly bewail the fact one day that his best saleslgirl in the cloak department had peroxided her hair.

"I have a notion, after this," says he, "to hire nothing but brunettes."

One of the disheartening things, this same man told me, is that girls whose characters are perhaps not entirely above reproach often make the best saleswomen. They have a kind of *savoir-faire* and an insight into human nature that prove valuable.

The tendency in all lines of selling to-day is away from the so-called "trick stuff." It is dangerous to fool a customer into buying anything, no matter how meritorious the article may be. On the dining cars of a certain well-known railroad the menu cards always carry—or at least always used to carry—both at noon and in the evening, a line, stamped on in red ink: "Special Chicken Dinner To-day, $1.25." Then the dining-car conductor comes round and calls attention to this line, remarking casually:

"We have a special chicken dinner to-day. Very nice!"

Now the idea is to convey to the customer the impression that here is something out of the ordinary. The day before or the day after, or maybe any other day in the year, he might not have an opportunity like this to buy a special chicken dinner on the dining car at a flat rate. Yet that identical special chicken dinner is on the menu of that railroad twice a day—for both dinner and supper—every day in the year, including Sundays and holidays.

I know several persons who will never buy that special dinner, no matter how much of an inward craving they have for chicken, simply because they feel there is trickery in the method of selling it.

Similarly the public dislikes to have a store insist on any business method which is too obviously designed solely for the interest of the store rather than for the customer.

For example, I went one day to a candy and soda-water establishment, accompanied by a beautiful and estimable young woman, intending to buy a round of drinks. I found that none of the salespeople would accept my order as bona fide until I purchased a check representing the amount of my intended purchase. At that moment neither of us had fully determined just what we were going to drink. We were obliged to confer on this point, and then inquire for price quotations on the drinks we had selected; after which it was necessary to go to the cashier and pay twenty cents—I believe it was—for a check. Without this check, paid for in advance, we could not enter into the picture at all.

The whole thing suggested a distrust of its customers on the part of the store—as if there was a fear that, having quenched his thirst, a man would pull his hat on tight and make a quick dash for the door without paying for his drink or his ice cream. It is not my present intention to buy anything at that place in future, and I have found a number of kindred spirits who feel about it much the same as I do.

A big store advertised a special mid-summer fur sale for two weeks in August at greatly reduced prices. There was a set of mink furs for one hundred and twenty-four dollars, which ordinarily sold for one hundred and sixty-five dollars. The day after the sale had closed last summer a woman went to that store and sought to buy the mink fur set at the special-sale price. They told her she could have it only at the regular price of one hundred and sixty-five dollars. She explained that she had been out of town during the sale and did not feel that she ought to pay forty-one dollars additional only one day after.

The salesman admitted that it was tough luck, but was firm. She asked whether they wouldn't compromise and let her have the set for one hundred and fifty dollars. They would not. So she went away and the store lost the sale.

"But," explained the salesman, "she will do us a thousand dollars' worth of advertising by telling her friends of the incident. She knows now, and they will know, that our special sales are really great bargain offers, and on the level."

THE HEART OF THE SYSTEM

By BOZEMAN BULGER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

THE report of the examining board showed five of the new commissioner's pet applicants to be deficient in hearing. Ten more had failed in the eyesight test and, to make it worse, the real Adonis of the lot was charged with having a fallen arch. All had been rejected. And these were the athletic giants that John Ridgewood had personally selected as examples of what policemen really should be.

The new commissioner had been hit from behind, and he knew it. Not unexpectedly the blow had come from the mailed fist of the system—the traditional enemy to all change and progress in the department.

"All right," he said, as a clerk, carrying an armful of official papers, began to arrange them on the big table. "If they want a fight they are going to get it."

"Were you speaking to me, sir?" inquired the surprised office man.

"Not particularly," Ridgewood informed him, "but I'd just as soon you heard it as anybody else. . . . My boy, there is going to be a fight in this department, and your new commissioner is likely to be favorite in the betting."

"I'm not surprised, sir," replied the puzzled clerk noncommittally.

"Well, you may be," the official assured him, "when I tell you that I want an order issued—and issued to-day—shifting every man on the whole force—captains, lieutenants, sergeants and patrolmen. And let me tell you something else—every pair of bad eyes, every pair of flat feet and every fifty-inch stomach—everything that catches on the teeth of my fine-tooth comb—is going on the scrap heap. I'll give this examining board a real job. This is to be a model police force and I won't have a man, not even an inspector, that's not as sound as those picked men of mine the board turned down."

Thereupon the commissioner tore the report on his pet applicants into bits and smiled inwardly as he watched the dazed look on the clerk's heretofore expressionless face.

"An excellent idea, sir," commented the office man, wondering whether he should depart or wait to hear more. To hide his astonishment at such free talk on the part of a commissioner he resumed his arrangement of the letters and reports.

"Never mind being so particular," said Ridgewood. "I can find what I want." His gesture indicated that the clerk should go and, as the commissioner fully intended, spread abroad what he had said. In an hour, the commissioner knew, the town would be buzzing from end to end.

Even as a newspaper man Ridgewood had detested detail, and this morning, in particular, his ruffled feelings rebelled at the idea of wading through a stack of letters a foot high. Petulantly he knocked over the pile, as a child would a house of playing cards. One lone letter skidded over the edge of the table and fell to the floor. The commissioner picked it up and, in preoccupation, toyed with the envelope.

He was a youngish official—this Ridgewood—but his ruddy face, topped off with a brush of reddish hair, was not that of an innocent. As a successful reporter John Ridgewood had frequently tackled the great police system from the outside. Now he was about to hit it a real blow from the inside. The flash of his blue eyes reflected the spirit with which he drew the sword, and the almost forgotten letter was rumpled in his tightening fist. Mechanically he reached for a paper cutter and ripped the envelope open. Inside was a simple request from Capt. Patrick J. Mulvaney, asking that, in the big shift, Patrolman Dennis McCarty be retained at his post on Ft. Jefferson Avenue.

"Huh!" he grunted. "So they are on already, eh?"

Ridgewood read the note again and again and with each perusal an unpleasant smile deepened round the corners of his otherwise good-natured mouth. Luck seemed to have fallen his way. The system unwittingly had tipped its hand. If that letter like the rest had waited a few hours longer he would never have known of this advance knowledge of his plans. Mulvaney had written a day too soon.

Captain Mulvaney, Ridgewood recalled, was one of the officers on the examining board that had just rejected the commissioner's ideal applicants—one of the very men that he had planned to break at the outset of his administration. And the captain's innocent-appearing request now furnished the very chance that the commissioner had been looking for—an opening through which he might shove the probe and by vigorous work reach, perhaps, clear to the very heart.

Ridgewood was entirely too familiar with police workings to attribute any mere kindliness to Captain Mulvaney's request; but, even on the assumption that the captain was after petty graft, the commissioner was puzzled to know just what Mulvaney could expect to gain by keeping McCarty in a quiet, residential street. It was a bit puzzling also to note that the captain—so prompt in his pleas for McCarty—had asked no favors for himself.

Ridgewood pressed a button on his desk. Almost instantly the door leading to an adjoining office opened and William Scanlon, confidential secretary to more commissioners than he could remember, appeared. He was a typical secretary—this Scanlon—and a valuable one. The new commissioner had reason to know that for ten years no newspaper man had been able to wheedle the slightest bit of information from Scanlon that had not been O. K.'d by his superior. To him the secretary needed no better recommendation.

(Continued on Page 75)

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ANSWERING "Give Us A

From all sections of the country came the *urgent* demand—"Give us a *one-ton* GMC." Not that there was a scarcity of one-ton trucks—to the contrary. But buyers who had learned the value of GMC pulling power, dependability and low upkeep, naturally looked to TRUCK HEADQUARTERS for these qualities in a truck of one-ton capacity. Based on past experience they reasoned—if it's built by GMC it's right.

And the new one-ton GMC *is right* in every detail. It's a rugged, powerful truck—a *real* truck in every sense of the word;—sturdy, substantial, heat-treated frame; heavy axles; powerful, economical motor; worm drive;—a truck of full one-ton capacity, with a factor of safety to withstand the hardship a truck *must* endure to be profitable to its owner.

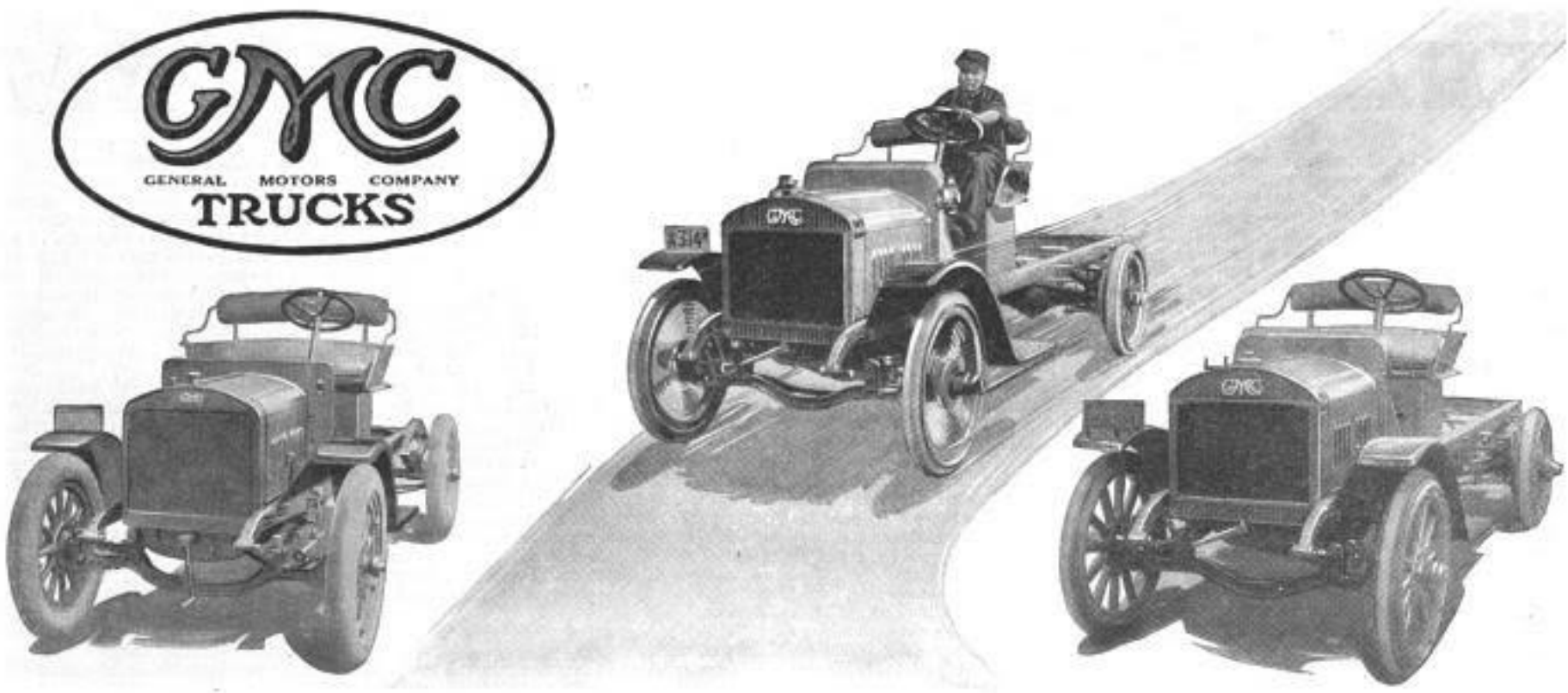
Like all GMC Trucks, it has those qualities of simplicity and accessibility which are the result of years of experience and co-operative effort of practical truck men.

It is, in our belief, the most practical one-ton truck ever built, from the standpoint of the owner, driver and caretaker.

It is built to operate successfully on either pneumatic or solid tires, and is adaptable to a multitude of uses—busses, ambulances, hearses, police patrols, light fire apparatus, etc.

The furniture dealer, the florist, the department store, the wholesaler, the expressman, the fruit grower, as well as scores of businesses requiring a truck of one-ton capacity, will find the new *one-ton* GMC the answer to every need.

GMC
GENERAL MOTORS COMPANY
TRUCKS



¾ Ton 1 Ton 1½ Ton

The New One Ton Completes The Line

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the DEMAND

One Ton GMC"



And now the GMC line is complete. There are all needed sizes—from ¾ ton to 5 tons—the one vacant space has been filled. With the addition of the new one-ton truck, any business, industry or individual requiring motor-truck equipment, can come with confidence to TRUCK HEADQUARTERS for trucks of the proper size and type to meet their particular needs.

Words are not needed to tell of the all 'round performance of GMC Trucks. In cities and towns throughout the country, at wharves, docks, railroad platforms, on the busiest thoroughfare or the secluded mountain trail—wherever there are GMC Trucks, their performance furnishes convincing evidence of their worth and ability. The records of their service furnish a dependable guide in determining what GMC Trucks can do for you.

We are ready *at this time* to make deliveries on the new *One-Ton* and on all the other GMC models. If your business needs a motor truck of any size—or a fleet of several sizes—see the nearest GMC dealer or write to "TRUCK HEADQUARTERS".

GMC
GENERAL MOTORS COMPANY
TRUCKS

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK COMPANY
One of the Units of the General Motors Company
PONTIAC, MICHIGAN
Direct Factory Branches: *New York, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis*



2 Ton 3½ Ton 5 Ton

(137)

Of GMC Worm And Chain Drive Trucks

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Heat Your Car

No need to shiver and suffer with cold.

Many manufacturers now put our heaters in the cars they build.

They're a wonderful success.

Remember this next car you buy—but don't wait till then.

The nearest dealer or garage man can easily equip the car you have with

The Perfection Heater

for Automobiles

—and you

MR. AUTO DEALER:

Don't blame the season if your factory has stocked you up with unheated cars that won't sell till April.

Equip them with Perfection Heaters and they'll sell right now.

Ask us about it.

—

The Perfection Spring Service Company

500 East 65th Street

Cleveland, O.

—

New York City, 616 West 56th St.



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(Continued from Page 71)

"Billy," Ridgewood addressed the secretary, forgetting for the moment he was no longer a newspaper man, "I'm going after this Captain Mulvaney, and I'm going to get him and his gang if it is the last thing I do."

Scanlon smiled and stood waiting. Ten previous commissioners had said the same thing.

"Get me all the reports—all the dope—you have on him, will you?" Ridgewood added. Scanlon turned to follow instructions.

"Just a minute, Billy. What do you know about Patrolman McCarty—Dennis McCarty?"

"The old fellow up on Ft. Jefferson Avenue?"

"Yes, that McCarty. You may also get me a report on him for the past few years."

In a few minutes Scanlon returned with two large, bulging envelopes; the commissioner noted with surprise that both bore the name of Mulvaney. He looked up inquiringly.

"This is all we have on McCarty," said Scanlon, in answer to the look, laying before the commissioner a single sheet of typewritten paper. It bore nothing of unusual interest. The notations were deadly official.

"Well, then, tell me what you know about him?" requested Ridgewood.

"All I know about McCarty," said the secretary, "is that he is a widower with two children; has been on that post for ten years, and never come to headquarters. Every time there is a shift a request comes from somebody for his retention, and it always has been granted. The record there, you will see, shows that he has not made an arrest in years."

The new commissioner drummed on the table with a pencil.

"Is that all?" he asked.

"All that's official."

"Now you are getting to the point, Scanlon. Tell me what you know that isn't official! Mind you, I'm not asking any information on Mulvaney! I have that!"

"Well," Scanlon proceeded, "I know that old man McCarty's main job is to escort school children across the street, and I've heard that instead of arresting anybody he tells them to go home and have a night's rest."

"Does his method work?" asked Ridgewood, smiling.

"It has so far. I'll bet that old fellow has settled more arguments than any man on the force."

"What did he do years ago, before he got so old?" asked the commissioner. "Why wasn't he ever promoted?"

"They tell me that one time, while off duty, McCarty went into a downtown building where city explosives were stored and kept two policemen, asleep on the job, from being burned alive. He couldn't expect much promotion for that stunt," Scanlon went on, "because if the newspapers got the story it would have shown up the whole police force." At this the new commissioner smiled reminiscently. "The gang paid his expenses in the hospital for six weeks, but I honestly don't believe the old fellow ever did really recover."

Ridgewood averted his face so as not to betray a glint of understanding that had come into his eyes. He had struck oil. Even Scanlon himself was apparently inclined to work for the retention of the veteran.

"All right, Scanlon, that will do," he said sharply. "Have Captain Mulvaney report here as soon as possible! And, say," he added, "no matter what comes up don't let me forget this case of McCarty."

Mulvaney's station was far uptown, and it was after the luncheon hour when he rapped on the commissioner's door. In the meantime Ridgewood had lunched alone, that he might formulate his plan of campaign. As a starter he had decided to try the outspoken and domineering bluff.

Mulvaney was a big, good-natured, cunning Irishman. His very appearance seemed to give sufficient evidence that he had fed well on the smaller graft during his years on the force; but nobody had ever been able to catch him at it. In fact, there was no record of any serious charge having been filed against him. The books, on the other hand, recorded many acts of his physical courage against criminals of the dangerous type. Mulvaney was an officer of the old school—heart and soul a part of the protective system that so often had withstood the attacks of the reformers.

"Captain," said the commissioner, reaching for the crumpled letter, "I don't exactly understand this request of yours for keeping McCarty on his post, but I am going to grant it—for the present, at least."

"You'll be blessed for that, commissioner. Old McCarty is a good soul and I could tell ——"

"Moreover," added Ridgewood, ignoring the interrupted remark, "I am going to retain you in that precinct."

"I didn't ask that, commissioner," replied the surprised officer, "but you will certainly get the well wishes of myself and the wife."

The captain faced about to leave, but caught a glimpse of his name on the bulging envelopes on the commissioner's desk. He hesitated.

"Mulvaney," announced the new commissioner with startling abruptness, as he tapped the two envelopes, "I'm going to break you!"

The captain's amazed expression was not assumed.

"And what do you mean by that—breaking me?"

"I mean that there is a motive behind this McCarty request and I'm going to find out what it is. I am pretty well informed as to your petty grafting in the past. I also know that you are in the gang that has started in to tame me. I have not forgotten that you are on that examining board.

"You think you know a lot, but, believe me, you are not butting against one of those visionary officials who come in here with no real knowledge of cops—not this time."

For a second Mulvaney merely stared at Ridgewood, to whom as a reporter he had given many a good story.

"All I know, commissioner," he said, "is the things I need to know in the performance of my duty."

"Is that so?" said Ridgewood sarcastically. "Well, how did you know that I was going to order a shift in the department?"

"Why—er—why—er—all the new commissioners have done it in the past, sir. Naturally I figured that a man as bright as yourself would change the boys round."

"And you decided to beat me to it by tipping off the rest of the force?"

"I did nothing of the kind, sir, begging your pardon. I simply felt that it was coming, and there was a spot in my heart for Mac, and I thought—well, I figured I'd better write in time. You see, commissioner, old Mac is ——"

"I am not particularly concerned in old Mac," interrupted the commissioner; "you are the man I'm after."

"Well, sir, my record is an open book and it lies right there before you. There's no living man that's got anything on me!"

"But there may be something on you before I am through," Ridgewood assured him. "Let me tell you something, Mulvaney: I came into this department to straighten it up and I am too wise to expect any help. I have looked forward to this chance since I covered my first assignment in Mulberry Street."

"And I can say," said Mulvaney, "that no reporter was ever better liked."

"Never mind the blarney, Mulvaney!" said Ridgewood. "Don't try to fix things that way! And let me tell you something else: I know the workings of your police system, and I am going to get at the heart of it, and when I do something will rip."

The commissioner turned in his chair and, taking this as a cue, Mulvaney saluted and started for the door.

"Don't forget what I said, Mulvaney," was the commissioner's parting shot; "you can go out and pass the word that John Ridgewood is going to get at the heart of this system."

II

IT WAS just after the school hour and the old patrolman stood in the middle of the street, slowing up the cars and wagons that the crowds of laughing children might cross in safety. Two blocks away a small, inexpensive car, driven by a young man attired in motor coat and goggles, approached slowly. John Ridgewood handled the wheel with caution. All his life he had wanted to do just this kind of sleuthing—sleuthing for himself and not for facts that were to be published in a newspaper.

Still moving at a snail's pace, the commissioner saw the old officer walk to the curb and take a youngster with each hand. When the group passed the center of the street the commissioner decided it a good opportunity to make his first test. Speeding up the motor, he crossed the intersecting street at a speed of thirty miles an hour. Apparently the policeman did not see him. At any rate, he paid not the slightest heed.



"Mulvaney," Announced the New Commissioner, "I'm Going to Break You!"

A block away Ridgewood turned round and came back at the same speed, violently sounding his horn. McCarty did not even raise his hand, and paid no attention to the flying automobile until a group of boys on the curb called attention to it by wild waving of arms.

"Go on, ye devil!" the policeman shouted, after the car had shot by. "It's the likes of you that ——"

But that is all Ridgewood could hear. A half block away he slowed up and, at the next corner, deliberately turned his car so that there could be no chance of McCarty not seeing the license plates. Ridgewood made a complete circle, putting both his front and rear numbers in plain view. McCarty did not call him back and, after waiting a minute or two, the young man drove downtown.

The commissioner paid particular attention next morning to reports that came into the traffic department from uptown. In them he found no complaint from McCarty.

He made a memorandum of the incident, withholding his personal connection with it, and instructed Scanlon to see that the slip was turned over to Captain Mulvaney.

Still there was no report, no charge of neglect filed against McCarty. Twice Mulvaney had called at headquarters on what he said was important business; but as it did not concern the case in question, the commissioner sent out word to report to one of the deputies.

Two days later John Ridgewood noted with interest that McCarty was on the night shift, a change that came in the natural course of routine. He smiled at a suddenly conceived opportunity for killing two birds with one stone. He would prowl round Mulvaney's precinct at night, and, at the same time, observe McCarty on his beat. As yet he had failed to find any connection whatever between the captain and the old patrolman.

Leaving his club in upper Fifth Avenue he hailed a nighthawk taxicab and ordered the chauffeur to proceed uptown. First he decided he would stop at a saloon near the station house and pick up what stray bits of information he could about the captain. He was sure of not being recognized. His youngish, man-about-town appearance was not at all in keeping with what the people of that section would naturally expect in a commissioner of police. Walking to the bar he asked a man he judged to be the proprietor to join him in a drink. A pinochle game was being fought out at a near-by table, and on this the commissioner commented jokingly.

"By the way," Ridgewood inquired casually after a time, "this is Pat Mulvaney's district, isn't it?"

"It is," said the saloon man enthusiastically, "and a good man is that Mulvaney. Deserves more notice than he gets too. You don't happen to be a newspaper man?" he suddenly asked.

"Well—yes," replied the commissioner, "but you needn't mention it."

"I thought so when you first come in," declared the saloon man. "Say," and he looked round cautiously, "if I wasn't under promise I could give you something on this Mulvaney that would put you in right. You couldn't stick round until late, could you?"

"No," said Ridgewood, "but I can come back. I'm on something else right now."

"Well," said the saloonkeeper, "you drop in here later and I'll give you a story that will make 'em set up. I can't say anything right now, because some of 'em that's concerned may be settin' round." He glanced at the pinochle players.

"I guess Mulvaney looks after you saloon people pretty well," Ridgewood suggested, now that he had the saloon man in what he thought a confidential mood.

"Oh, he gives us no trouble—just sees that things are orderly."

"And you are not the kind of a fellow—I can see that—who would forget a man like that, especially on Sunday, since the closing law has gone into effect."

"Not us," declared the saloonkeeper emphatically; "why, only last week I got a side of real Irish bacon from a ship steward, and Mulvaney went so crazy about it that I gave him pretty near all of it."

Ridgewood, in view of his intention to return and get the newspaper information, deemed it inadvisable to continue his questioning.

It was plain that the saloonkeeper suspected nothing wrong, which was a good state to keep him in.

"Don't forget about coming back!" the new-found friend whispered to the commissioner as he was going to his taxicab. "It'll be well worth your while. Don't come to anybody but me! Name's Steve Wayburn."

"This is a queer twist," the commissioner meditated, when the saloon man had gone. "He is evidently a friend of Mulvaney's and yet, for some reason, he wants to turn him up!"

At the curb the taxi driver was up to his waist in the hood of the car, tapping and hammering. Getting nothing but mumbled, irritated answers, the commissioner waited until the chauffeur's head came out.

"What's the matter, driver?" he asked. "Can't you get her going?"

(Concluded on Page 79)

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The Toursedan

Motoring reaches the highest degree of luxury in the Cole-Springfield Toursedan. The car is about the handsomest thing on wheels. And it secures the comfort and convenience of passengers against all pranks of weather or roads. Yet the Toursedan is quickly and easily convertible into an open touring car. Price $2295.

Cole

We start 1917 with a production three times as great as that of last January.

The rapidly increasing demand for the Cole Eight would allow an even larger expansion.

But we prefer to grow with great care. It tends to a sounder stability.

We prefer to increase by logical and reasonable steps rather than by too spectacular strides. We consider the ultimate consumer *first*. Therefore we always take the utmost care to protect Cole Eight purchasers by painstaking, unhurried workmanship and the use of the best materials it is possible to obtain.

We are building for the future along the lines of established permanence.

Our long experience and our extensive facilities are devoted entirely to one fixed purpose,—to one chassis—America's foremost Eight. We aim to obtain and maintain the highest standard in the manufacture of fine motor cars.

This constant, diligent and persistent effort towards bettering the best has placed us in a very advanced position in the motor-car industry.

As a result, we start January shipping 200 percent more cars than at this period last year.

United States Prices

Seven Passenger Cole-Springfield Toursedan, . .	$2295
Four Passenger Cole-Springfield Tourcoupé, . .	$2295
Seven Passenger Cole Eight Touring Car, . . .	$1695
Four Passenger Cole Eight Roadster, ...	$1695

Prices f. o. b. factory

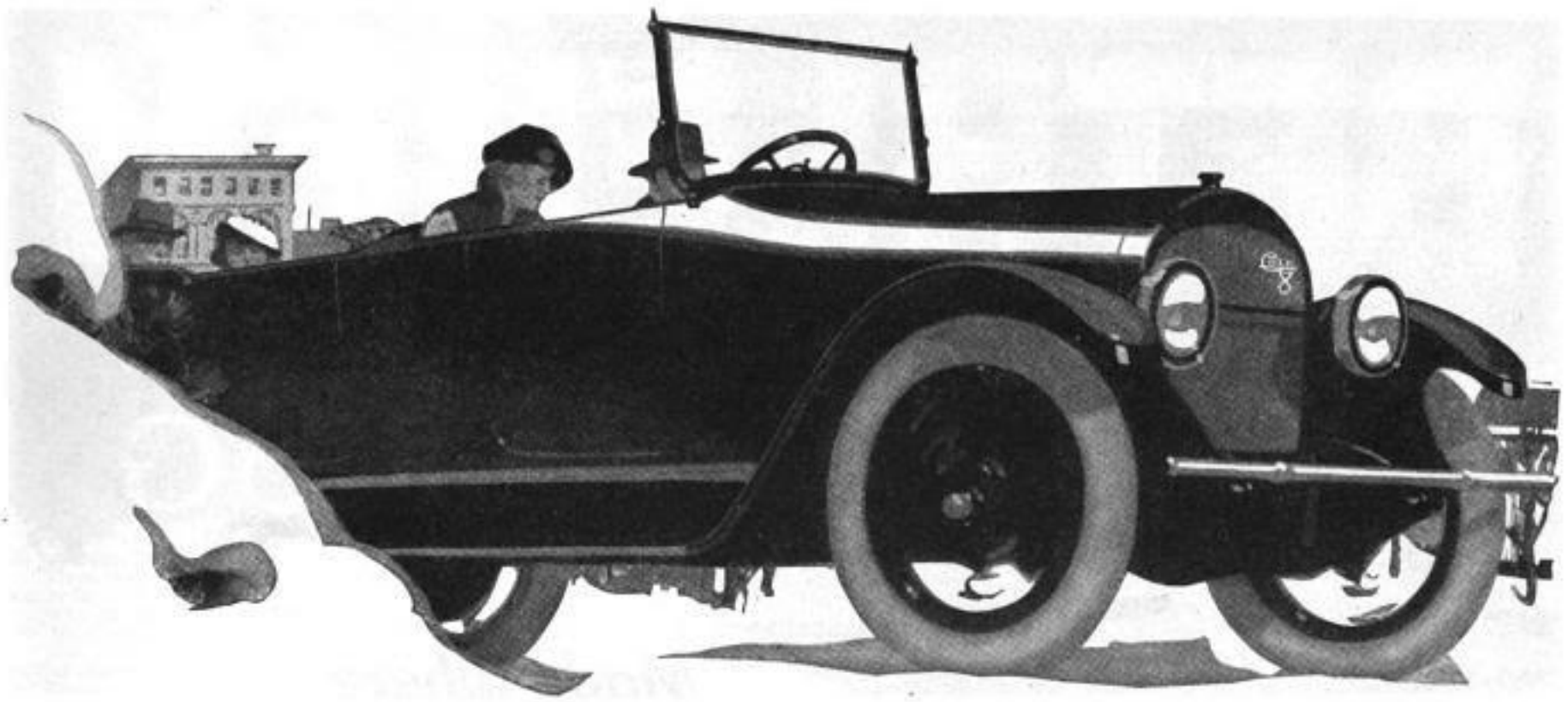
Canadian Prices

Seven Passenger Cole-Springfield Toursedan, ...	$3250
Four Passenger Cole-Springfield Tourcoupé, ...	$3250
Seven Passenger Cole Eight Touring Car, ...	$2395
Four Passenger Cole Eight Roadster, ...	$2395

Prices f. o. b. factory, duty paid

Cole Motor Car Company,

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COLE 8

The Touring Car

The Cole Eight Touring Car exceeds your highest ideals of what a car should be. It has style, beauty, comfort—everything. The 70 horsepower motor is a marvel of power, speed and endurance. It is vitality itself. Its pick-up is swift and easy as the flight of a bird—and just as silent. It is responsive to your will as your hands or feet. Price $1695.

We were the first manufacturers of eight cylinder cars to combine large size and tremendous power with light weight and economy of operation.

The famous chassis on which all Cole models are mounted is the largest, but relatively the lightest Eight built.

Last year we introduced the Springfield Type Body with such sweeping success that it was later adopted by the builder of practically every well-known car.

The Toursedan and Tourcoupé are essentially and unmistakably Cole, even to their names—as well as the details of construction.

These were the first permanent, all season cars—the first 8 cylinder automobile to offer equal comfort and convenience, both winter and summer, all in one and the same unit, at a single price.

In this as in many other important and fundamental advanced features the Cole leads.

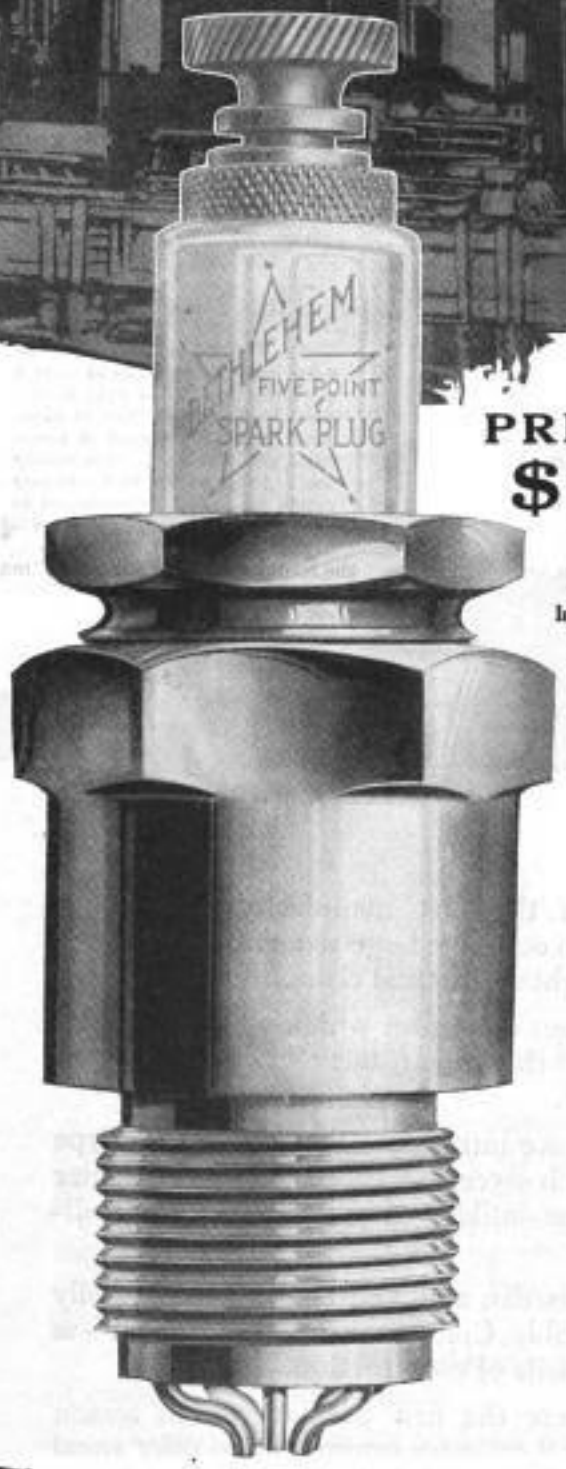
A demonstration of any of our models will show you what the Cole Eight represents in modern motor-car construction and value. Ask the nearest Cole dealer.

Indianapolis, U. S. A.

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BETHLEHEM

FIVE-POINT SPARK PLUG



PRICE $1

In Canada, $1.25

"Made where Steel is King"

BEHIND the Bethlehem Spark Plug is the most efficiently equipped spark-plug factory and organization in the world.

Into every Bethlehem Spark Plug goes the finest material that scientific methods can produce.

That material is formed, under the most exacting conditions, into the precise size, shape and synthetic balance which, through experimenting and service conclusions, have *proved* to be the best.

The steel of which the shell is built—the mica or porcelain cores—the brass mountings—the special alloy electrodes—each one of these has received special attention, each one has some firmly established merit of quality or construction to warrant its incorporation in the Bethlehem Plug.

The importance of the spark plug to the dependable, economic and efficient performance of your engine cannot be overestimated.

If you have been "getting along" with the ordinary spark plug, the Bethlehem with its sure-sparking, non-corroding, long-enduring Five-Point Construction, will be a revelation to you.

Secure a set today at your dealer's—prove to yourself what a *real* spark plug will do for *your* motoring.

THE SILVEX COMPANY
BETHLEHEM PRODUCTS
SOUTH BETHLEHEM, PA.
E. H. SCHWAB, President

If your dealer should happen to be out of Bethlehem Five-Point, write us giving make and model of car; we will forward you a set designed for your particular needs.

Guaranteed for the Life of Your Car

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(Concluded from Page 75)

"I don't know what's got into the old bus," the man answered sulkily. "I told the boss a week ago to turn her in and dig me up a better one."

"Maybe I can help," suggested Ridgewood, who was a pretty good amateur chauffeur.

Removing his coat, he joined the man; and together they worked, making test after test, until the commissioner discovered the porcelain cracked in one of the spark plugs. The driver found a fairly good one in his tool kit and, putting it in place of the bad one, they finally got the car under way, but only for a few blocks. The motor soon began skipping again and, with a couple of despairing coughs, the old machine came to a dead stop.

"Here," ordered Ridgewood, now thoroughly irritated, "let me get out! I haven't time to fool with you any longer!"

"All right, get out then," came the surly reply.

"How much do I owe you?" inquired Ridgewood, reaching for his roll of bills.

"Four dollars and eighty cents!"

"Four dollars?" exclaimed Ridgewood. "Why, that's robbery! I won't pay it! How do you figure that out?"

"Three dollars for the ride and one-eighty for waiting."

"Why, you only waited half an hour outside the saloon."

"Well, what about the time we took in getting started?" the driver demanded.

"You don't mean to say that I am charged for the time I helped you fix the car, do you?"

"That's what I said, and it goes."

"You even charge for the time you keep me waiting?"

"I've got orders to charge for everything from the time I leave on a job, and there's no use arguing. They make me pay and I make you pay. Get that?"

"It's plain burglary," announced Ridgewood, putting his bills back in his pocket. "I won't pay it! Moreover, I have a good mind to arrest you for extortion."

"You'll pay this bill or take a punch in the jaw," declared the chauffeur, drawing back his fist.

"I'll ——" But the driver interrupted with a blow that grazed the commissioner's ear. Even the head of a police department is human, and John Ridgewood let fly a sudden wallop that struck the taxi driver squarely on the nose. In another moment they were rolling over and over in the street, fighting like cats and dogs.

A few passing pedestrians stopped to cheer, and one more law-abiding than the rest started off to find a policeman.

Ridgewood was rapidly getting the better of the rough-and-tumble fight, when a strong hand took violent hold of his collar and yanked him to his feet.

"You boys'll have to stop this rough-house! Stop it, and stop it quick; d'yer hear me?"

To Ridgewood's complete astonishment—for under present stress he had forgotten the original object of his quest—he found himself facing Dennis McCarty.

"Officer," shouted the commissioner, still trembling with the excitement and indignity of his struggle, "I demand the arrest of this man."

"Yes," added the driver, "and if you don't put that guy in jail I'll report you!"

"Now you cool off," admonished the old policeman, holding them apart. "Go home and get a good night's rest!"

"I insist that you arrest this man," reiterated the commissioner, "on the grounds of extortionate charges and assault."

"I ain't on to them charges," retorted the chauffeur, "but this guy is a deadbeat and I want him locked up!"

"Now listen, me b'ys," ordered the cop: "Yez wouldn't like for yer families to know ye'd been fighting, would yez? Both of yez go home now, and come round here to-morrow when you are cooled off!"

"Look here, officer, we aren't children," began Ridgewood. "If you don't——" He was interrupted by the appearance of the roundsman, on his midnight tour of inspection.

"What's all this about?" inquired the new arrival.

Ridgewood saw that he was not recognized.

"Officer," he said, addressing the roundsman, "I have demanded the arrest of this man for extortion and assault. And ——"

"Yes," the driver interrupted, "and I want my money and I want this guy in jail."

The roundsman looked at McCarty inquiringly.

"I'm just telling the b'ys to cool off and go home," the old man explained, "and when they are cooled off, they can talk it over and shake hands."

"And I am saying to you," chimed in Ridgewood, "that if this man is not arrested right now, I'll see that your case is reported to headquarters."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," retorted the roundsman sharply. "This is McCarty's job and if you want to keep out of trouble you'd better do as he says."

"Oh, if that's the way you feel about it," replied Ridgewood, "I now demand that you, as superior officer, make the arrest.



"Say, if I Wasn't Under Promise I Could Give You Something on This Mulvaney That Would Put You In Right"

I am a citizen of this town and am fully informed as to my rights!"

The commissioner's form of speech convinced the roundsman that he was a man of education and perhaps one of importance. He shook his head in perplexity, as McCarty gradually withdrew from the discussion.

By this time John Ridgewood had calmed down and was in clear possession of his wits. After all, he concluded, there seemed to be some very definite reason for McCarty not making arrests; and realizing that he had accidently hit on a vulnerable point, he concluded to pound it for all it might be worth. Suddenly, too, he recalled Captain Mulvaney's connection with the case.

"Call up your captain and report this at once, or you'll be in wrong yourself," he told the roundsman. "There's either going to be an arrest here or a lot of trouble later."

"No use in calling up," the officer informed Ridgewood. "Mulvaney wouldn't stand for it; and, besides, he ain't there."

"Where could I find him? Quick?"

"I reckon you'd have to go clear to headquarters. He's just cleaned up a gang of mail-box thieves. I met him on my way out starting downtown with Steve Wayburn, the fellow that helped get the dope."

Ridgewood suddenly recalled the saloonkeeper's tip and promise of a story. For a second his mind was diverted from the case at issue. He hesitated.

"Well, there's no use in gabbing round here all night," went on the roundsman, preparing to be on his way. "I tell you right now that there is nothing doing. The only thing for you to do is keep your mouth shut and move along."

The insolence of this was a little too much for the dignity of a department head. Ridgewood flared up and lost his caution.

"Officer," he said, "I'm going to show you something that will persuade you to have McCarty send this man to the station house, even if he has to send me with him."

He reached for the lapel of his buttoned coat. The roundsman was quick to detect the movement.

His long experience made him scent something official. No policeman is immune from a fear of authority.

"And if you do show me," said the roundsman, "I'll tell you something that will change your mind." In the act of drawing the commissioner aside, the officer had caught a glimpse of some kind of gold badge beneath Ridgewood's coat. "And," he added, "you'll listen too—I don't give a damn who you are."

"Well, then, talk quick!"

"I don't know if you have any family," said the roundsman, "but I have and Mulvaney has and old man McCarty has."

"That doesn't interest me in the slightest," said the commissioner, glancing over his shoulder at McCarty and the taxi driver. "Listen, officer; we might as well have this out. McCarty has not made an arrest in ten years and I know it. Mulvaney is mixed up in it somewhere, and if you don't tell me the whole story in two minutes, McCarty will be off the force in two days—and you are likely to go with him."

"You know a lot, young man," agreed the roundsman, with sarcasm; "maybe you know, too, that if McCarty makes this arrest he will have to go into court."

"Well, what of it?" demanded Ridgewood impatiently. "Isn't that part of his job?"

"But you don't know that if old Mac goes before a magistrate he'll lose his job. Every new commissioner makes a holler about policemen not being able to pass the physical examination, and this newest one, they tell me, is a worse crank about it than all the others put together."

"Just what do you mean by that?" asked Ridgewood, involuntarily reaching for his coat lapel. "What's that got to do with Mulvaney and McCarty and no arrests?"

"Young man," answered the roundsman, "McCarty hasn't heard a sound since he went into the big fire after them two cops—maybe you've heard about that?—and Mulvaney's brother was one of them cops! Now show me your badge!"



"Now You Cool Off," Admonished the Old Policeman. "Go Home and Get a Good Night's Rest!"

His Regular Position

UP IN Vermont years ago there was a prominent citizen who cut quite a swath in state affairs, but who was believed to be quite extensively henpecked in the privacy of his domestic life. After figuring for many years as a factor in the Republican organization, he came out finally as a candidate for the gubernatorial nomination and made an active canvass.

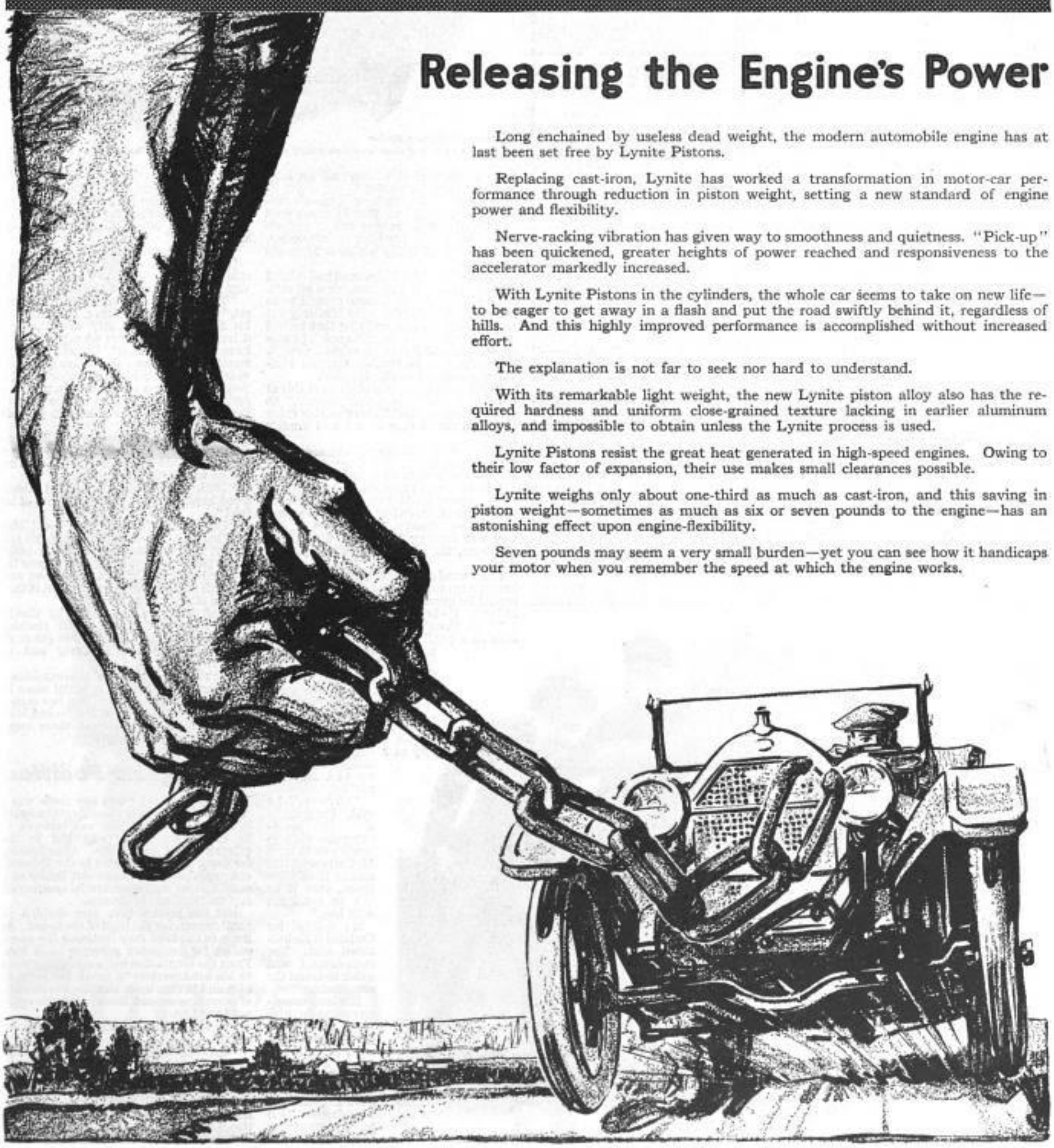
But the powers that were decided on another man for the head of the ticket. As a sop to our hero they bestowed the nomination for lieutenant governor upon him. From the convention hall a committee went to his headquarters to break the news to him, and to urge upon him the advisability of accepting second honor, since he could not have first.

The old gentleman took the tidings very calmly.

"Gentlemen," he said, when their spokesman had concluded, "I had expected something else; but I owe a duty to my party and I will consent to become your lieutenant governor. It is a post for which I deem myself to be peculiarly fitted by long experience. I have been holding down that job at home for thirty-five years!"

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LYNITE



Releasing the Engine's Power

Long enchained by useless dead weight, the modern automobile engine has at last been set free by Lynite Pistons.

Replacing cast-iron, Lynite has worked a transformation in motor-car performance through reduction in piston weight, setting a new standard of engine power and flexibility.

Nerve-racking vibration has given way to smoothness and quietness. "Pick-up" has been quickened, greater heights of power reached and responsiveness to the accelerator markedly increased.

With Lynite Pistons in the cylinders, the whole car seems to take on new life—to be eager to get away in a flash and put the road swiftly behind it, regardless of hills. And this highly improved performance is accomplished without increased effort.

The explanation is not far to seek nor hard to understand.

With its remarkable light weight, the new Lynite piston alloy also has the required hardness and uniform close-grained texture lacking in earlier aluminum alloys, and impossible to obtain unless the Lynite process is used.

Lynite Pistons resist the great heat generated in high-speed engines. Owing to their low factor of expansion, their use makes small clearances possible.

Lynite weighs only about one-third as much as cast-iron, and this saving in piston weight—sometimes as much as six or seven pounds to the engine—has an astonishing effect upon engine-flexibility.

Seven pounds may seem a very small burden—yet you can see how it handicaps your motor when you remember the speed at which the engine works.

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PISTONS

Breaking the Chain of Iron

Up and down the pistons rush—faster, faster, faster—till each makes a full stroke in one three-thousandth of a minute. One hundred times a second the useless weight of cast-iron has to be stopped dead, started again in the opposite direction and raised to full speed in the space of a few inches.

The energy required for these countless stops and starts is virtually wasted—it has no part in moving the car.

The pressure of heavy cast-iron pistons against cylinder walls still further slows up the engine.

Therefore, every ounce stripped from the pistons without sacrifice of strength and other necessary qualities obviously means better engine performance.

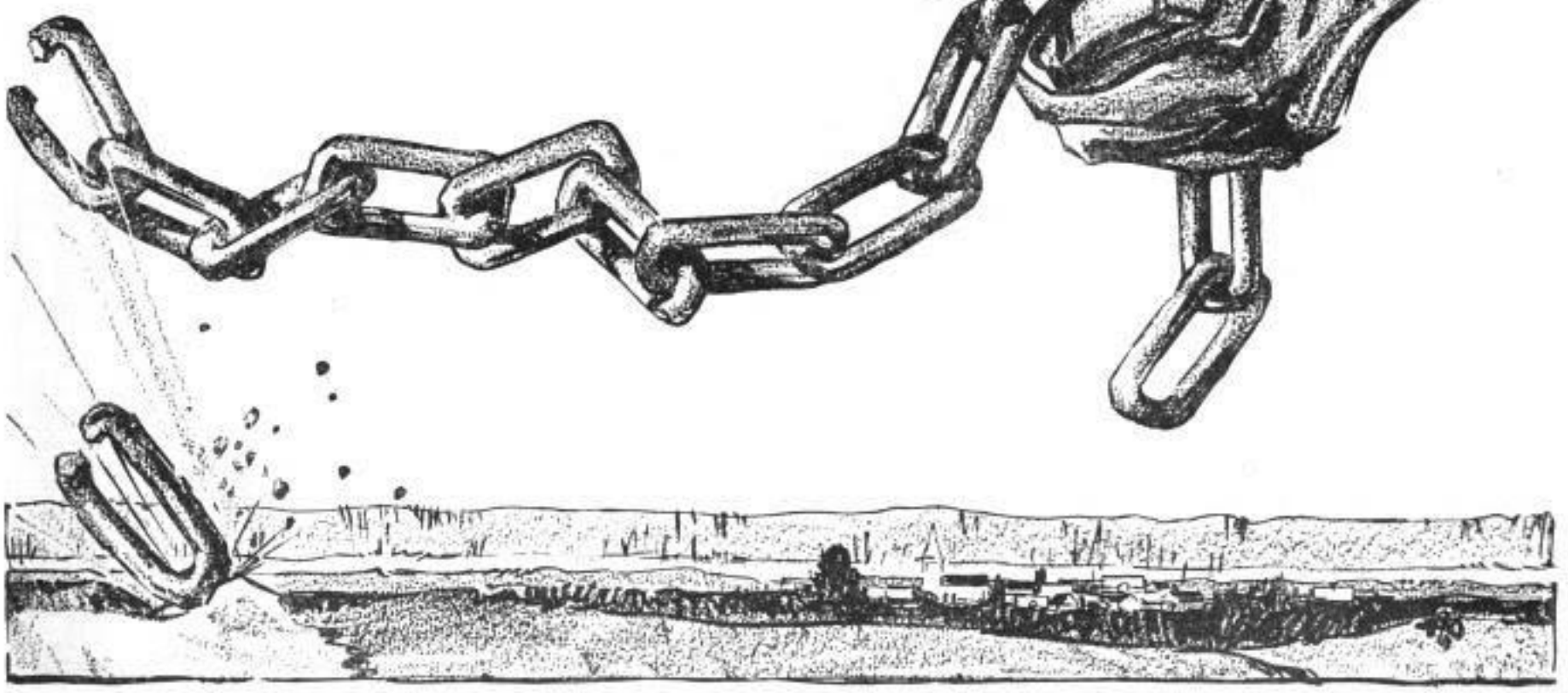
Lynite Pistons have been severely tested not only in the laboratory but in thousands of cars on race courses, city streets and mountain roads.

The most recent striking demonstration of their superiority was the winning by Louis Chevrolet, on December 2, at Uniontown, Pa., of the $3000 Universal Trophy. With a motor in which not only the pistons but the cylinder castings were of Lynite, and with Lynite at many other places in the car, Chevrolet won out over fourteen other drivers.

Lynite Pistons have been adopted as standard by the following manufacturers

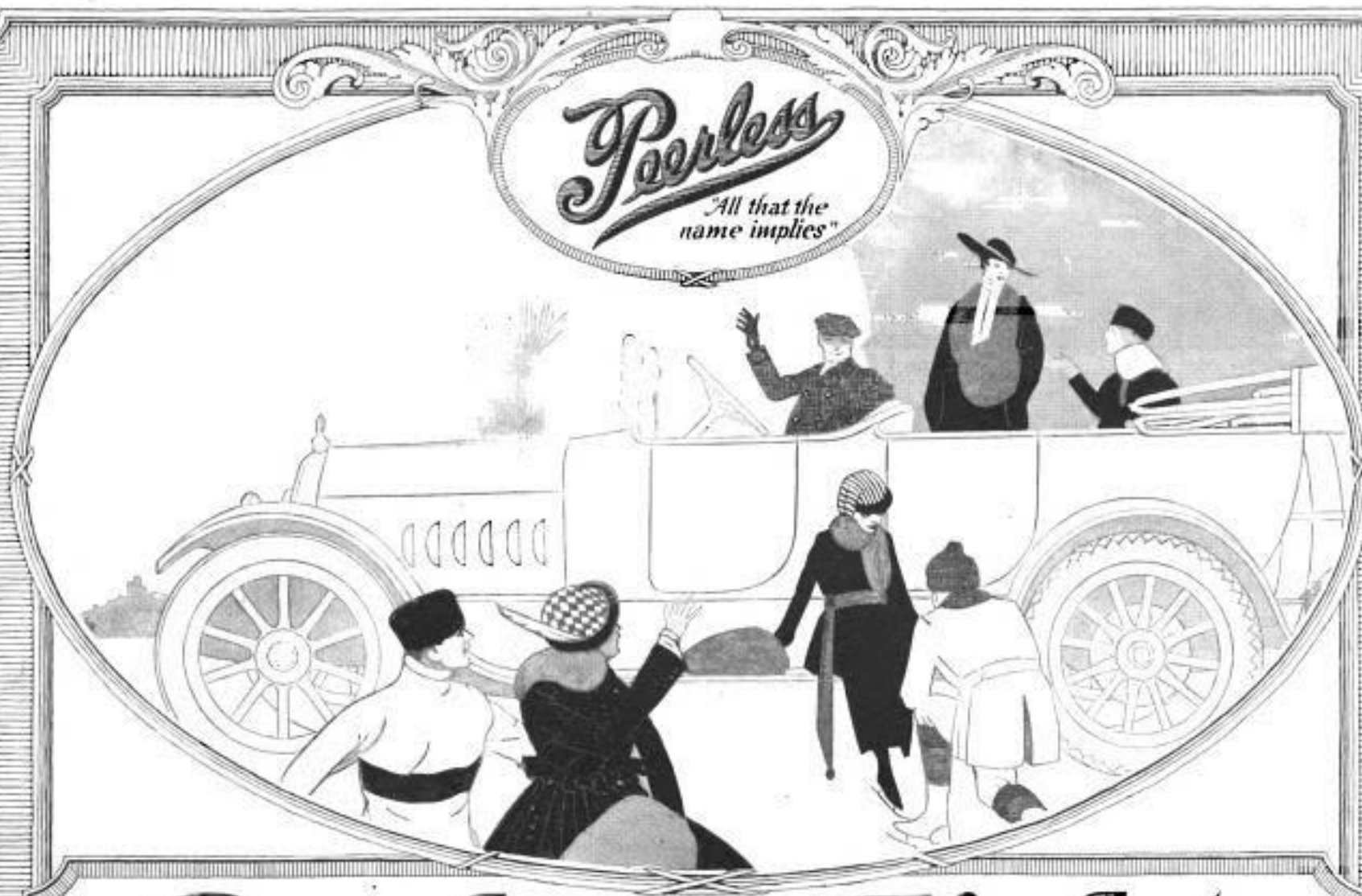
CHALMERS MOTOR COMPANY	THE HAYNES AUTOMOBILE CO.	PREMIER MOTOR CORPORATION
CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY	MERCER AUTOMOBILE CO.	SCRIPPS-BOOTH COMPANY
COLE MOTOR CAR COMPANY	NORDYKE AND MARMON CO.	SINGER MOTOR CO., INC.
JAS. CUNNINGHAM, SON & CO.	OAKLAND MOTOR COMPANY	STERLING MOTOR COMPANY
CURTISS AEROPLANE & MOTOR CORPORATION	OLDS MOTOR WORKS	THE WHITE COMPANY
	PACKARD MOTOR CAR CO.	WISCONSIN MOTOR MFG. CO.





The Aluminum Castings Company
CLEVELAND

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Peerless Eight

Two Separate Power Ranges Give The Peerless a "Dual Personality"

No real lover of the motor car can sit at the wheel of the Peerless Eight for the first time without enjoying a new thrill of delight in its unequalled range of performance.

It presents those contrasts in performance which heretofore have been possible only in totally different types of cars. It is a car of class and distinction in *every* sense.

A "Loafing" Range For Ordinary Driving

In its "loafing" range it exhibits all the admirable traits you would expect in an eighty horsepower eight of real class.

Quietly, and without apparent effort, it performs in high gear, with velvet smoothness, at any speed from almost imperceptible motion to the fastest clip permissible in town driving.

And you have a pick-up which leaves you nothing to fear from any contender in a fast get-away.

And through all its varied performance in its "loafing" range, it is automatically operating on half fuel rations—in fact it uses fuel so sparingly as to shame many a lesser powered six—even many a four.

A "Sporting" Range For Brute Power and Speed

You have only to open the throttle wider to call upon its "sporting" range.

But instead of the usual response you change the whole character of your car.

You automatically open her double poppets and give her full fuel rations.

You have exchanged the soft purr of your motor for a deep growl of brute power—you have all ordinary contenders at your mercy and with nothing to fear from even the few cars that rightly claim the distinction of real class.

The Peerless dealer will gladly demonstrate this contrasting performance which gives the Peerless Eight the characteristics of totally different types of cars.

Prices: *On orders accepted by the Factory for shipment, until February 28th, 1917, Roadster, $1890; Touring, $1890; Sedan, $2750; Limousine, $3260.*
On orders accepted by the Factory for shipment, after February 28th, 1917, Roadster, $1980; Touring, $1980; Sedan, $2840; Limousine, $3350.
All prices f. o. b. Cleveland and subject to change without notice.

The Peerless Motor Car Company, Cleveland, Ohio

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THE WRONG ROAD

(Concluded from Page 20)

"Consider it done."

"You start in five hours for the mountains."

"What! And miss the battle?"

"Miss nothing! You are going after ammunition. Dario Pez is not such a fool as to put all his eggs into one basket, Don Francisco. No; we still have enough sound cartridges cached to drive this scum from the face of the earth. So hurry!"

It did not take me three winks to get the pack train of mules ready for him. That was one thing Dario Pez taught his followers—quick obedience. He taught them, sir, by fear of punishment.

When I reported for orders Dario Pez was seated at the table where he worked, with his secretary; and in front of him was this Juan, with a soldier on each side of him, and an officer in charge.

"Beast of the worst kind!" Dario Pez was saying, and the cords of his neck stood out. "Thou hast betrayed thine own brother. Thou hast stung the hand that raised thee up. For money thou hast sent brave comrades helplessly to death. Better for thee, *hombre*, had thou never been born. But the woeful fact of thy existence shall be remedied, for thou art going to die."

On hearing this Juan began to shake, sir, and his knees would scarcely sustain him. He begged for mercy. Yes; the bold young fellow, who went about in diamonds like a fine gentleman and captivated all the girls, was at heart a miserable coward. He wept; he swore that he had been deceived and imposed upon; he promised to make restitution. In his fear he cast caution to the winds and revealed the secret of a fortune he had stolen. It was in an El Paso bank, sir, whither he had dispatched it for safekeeping.

Instead of appeasing Dario Pez, the confession drove him mad with rage. His temper was always terrible, sir; but never had I seen anything to approach the cold fury that seized him now. He leaned forward, with his hands on the table, and glared at his brother, and I read the death sentence in his eyes.

"So!" he said huskily. "And bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh! Major Orteja, a firing squad of five. And at once!"

That was all he said in answer. This Juan made a last effort: He threw himself on his knees and, crawling in this fashion toward the table, despite the efforts of the guard to hold him, tried to seize the general's hand to mumble it. Dario Pez snatched it away and dealt a blow that sent him sprawling across the room.

"What!" he bellowed, quivering all over. "Thou wouldst shame the mother that bore us both? Take him away! Take him away, major, before I slay him with my own hand and live to regret it."

Thereupon the guard picked up the prisoner and marched him out, Juan begging and beseeching to be heard. It was awful to witness, sir. The sight of a man unmanned sickens the soul and makes one ashamed.

No sooner had his cries died away in the distance than I strode up to the table and saluted.

"Well, Don Francisco? Ready?"

"Yes, *mi general*. But kindly send somebody else in charge of the expedition."

"Why so? What is this? Insubordination?"

"No, general. But I am going to die beside your unfortunate brother."

For a moment he gaped at me, and then his expression hardened.

"Very well, Don Francisco. If you wish to share the fate of a traitor, that is your affair. We will try to spare the needful bullets. Or would you prefer hanging?"

I did not like his tone, sir. Of course I did not seriously believe that he would permit me to be executed for my devotion to his interests, but his temper was so uncertain that such might easily happen. Assuredly Dario Pez would repent immediately afterward and mourn his loyal friend; but that would not bring me back to earth, sir, and I had no desire whatever to leave it.

"Answer me! Would you prefer hanging?"

"No, general. I do not wish to die. But, rather than see you commit a terrible mistake and give your enemies a weapon against you, I would share the fate of this pitiful boy."

"Silence!" he shouted furiously. "Another word like that and I'll give you a pill of my making. Listen to me, Don Francisco—a soldier's first duty is to obey. No excuse relieves him from it. He must execute orders. Were I to command you to go out and shoot your own father, it would be your solemn duty to do so. Would it not, Don Francisco?"

"Yes, general," I answered, my father being comfortably in Paradise; "but that would harm only me and mine. When you attempt to do something that will damage your own cause irretrievably, then I must protest, even though a protest means my death warrant."

"Enough!" exclaimed Dario Pez, banging his clenched fist on the arm of the chair. "Who'll dispute me next? I have said he must die, and he dies. Get out of my presence!"

I saluted and went out. When Dario Pez was in that mood it was as useless to reason with him as with a bleeding bull. Therefore I walked briskly from the house and started to run across the garden. I knew that he must see me from the window.

"Hey! Where're you going so fast, Don Francisco?" he called.

"To die with Juan, Excellency."

And, without slackening my speed, I sped from the garden in pursuit of the firing squad, which was marching up the street, followed by a large crowd.

I did not succeed in overtaking them until they stopped at the ruins of a house on the outskirts of the city. This was the place of execution.

"Wait!" I shouted with all my might. "Wait!"

As I burst through the people, Juan was struggling with a soldier and crying out that he did not desire to have his eyes bandaged, but that he wished to direct the firing squad himself. It was, in my opinion, merely an excuse to gain time, sir. He had not the courage to look into leveled guns, with their cold, cruel mouths.

"What's the matter now?" demanded Major Orteja when I sprang to the prisoner's side.

"I have come to die with him."

"Fine!" said this scoundrel, who seemed very cheerful over the whole proceeding. "Who gets your job?"

By goodness, I took a dislike to Orteja right there! Never since then have I trusted the fellow or favored him with my friendship. But as we thus confronted each other the crowd split apart again, as though a shell had cleaved through its middle, and here came Dario Pez, hot and out of breath.

"What foolishness is this?" he sputtered, and I heard Juan give a little whimper of joy.

He thought the interruption meant respite for himself, sir; and so did I. But we were mistaken; we did not yet know Dario Pez.

"Tie this fool up," he commanded—referring to me, I regret to say, sir—"and give him a sound beating. Now proceed with the execution, major. I myself will superintend it."

Two soldiers held me while the major stood the prisoner up against the wall and blindfolded him in spite of his opposition. That done, Orteja stepped back and lined up his men.

"*Preparen armas!*"

You could have heard a pin drop as the rifles were leveled. I held my breath. Dario Pez was stern and composed.

"*Sobre el reo apunten!*" cried the major; and then a wild scream made me jump, and I saw the rifles waver.

Orteja, he held his sword half raised and glanced uncertainly round him. And as he thus hesitated the front ranks of the crowd split apart once more and a woman rushed into the open space and straight toward this Juan Pez. It was the general's mother.

"Put up your guns!" he bellowed in a terrible voice, and the squad came to attention.

Dario Pez strode forward and tried to remove the mother's arms from round Juan's neck. But, by goodness, sir, the crowd hissed, and the women in the rear shrieked at him to leave her alone, murderer that he was.

"*Madre mia!*" he begged. "Come away! You are wasting the love of an excellent heart on a traitor. Go back! This execution must take place."

But she only clung the tighter. She knew what this Juan had done—but what did that matter? It did not count a grain, sir, with the woman who bore him. She locked her arms round his neck and would not move.

"If you kill him then I shall die, too, Dario. Or, listen—I am old and useless, and have not long to live. See—set me in his place!"

Dario Pez, sir, groaned and beat his breast.

"*Madre mia! Madre mia!*" he cried in a suffocated voice. "Come away! He is not worthy of your love. What nonsense is this? Die for him! You gave him life once. You cannot give it twice."

"Then you must pardon him, Dario," she cried; and the crowd, they huzzaed like anything, sir.

Dario Pez looked at her a while and then at the people assembled, and then at this Juan.

"I believe now," he said grimly, "that there is not a rogue on earth without luck. Take him away; but break his sword."

We had triumphed. There would be no execution. We were feeling mighty jubilant, sir. But it did not last long; for, as his mother stood fondling his hand, and the rest of us just stood there grinning at Juan, and the thoughtless crowd shouted "*viva*," Dario Pez turned and said:

"But I am not through with you yet, *hombre*. Bring him back to my headquarters in an hour."

And with that, sir, he walked off, the assembled people making way for him and yelling approval of his clemency.

What would he do next? I was in the room when this Juan was led up on the carpet, sir, and I heard all that passed. Dario Pez sat at his table and all the Staff were gathered there by special summons. The general was curiously calm.

"My orders," he began, when silence had been obtained, "are that this prisoner be given his life, though it is rightfully forfeited by his baseness. I do this in response to the pleadings of one of my most loyal officers and in token of the great love his mother bears him.

"But to thee, Juan Pez, I say this: Poor and in rags thou camest to me. Poor and in rags thou shalt go. Major Orteja, escort him to the city limits and set him on the road to Baca, according to your orders. And now to work, gentlemen. Take the fellow away!"

They led him out and we went to work. In about an hour a lady was announced.

"Show her in," said Dario Pez at once. "Don Francisco, listen well to what is about to be said. You will learn human nature, *muchachito*, and it may be useful to you in the matter of women. They tell me you need it."

Before I could reply, the Señorita Teresa Jaurequi entered, being announced by the secretary with a fine bow and flourish of words. She came proudly in, sir, all smiles and good humor; and she was dressed in her richest dress.

"Ah, Excellency, it is good of you to send for me!" she said gayly.

"That is as it may be," answered Dario Pez. "Welcome to my poor house, señorita. It is yours. Don Francisco, bring the lady a chair. Have you no manners?"

As for him, he sat there without stirring, sir; and I fetched the Señorita Teresa a nice chair. And then Dario Pez began to talk to her. He spoke gently, sir, with a curious singsong that he always affected when he wanted to be polite to the ladies; but, by goodness, what he said hurt her like a whip.

"And so," he ended, "Juanito has gone. He will be at Baca to-morrow. Love speeds on nimble feet. Doubtless Love will be waiting for him there, with clothes and food and comfort for his wretchedness."

To this, sir, the Señorita Teresa Jaurequi said nothing. First she turned red, then white; and she glanced all about her—at me and the general and the windows—as though she found difficulty in getting her breath. And all the while her toe kept tracing a pattern on the floor.

"And he has gone for—he will never return? Never?"

"Never!"

The young lady drew a deep breath.

"He is, then—no—longer agent for Your Excellency? He does not enjoy your favor?"

"He is Juan Pez, of Baca, seller of goats' milk."

"I—you—thank you, general. I must be going. My parents will be anxious if—do not put yourself out, general ——"

"Good!" cried Dario Pez heartily. "I knew Love would find a way. You will be there waiting for him, will you not, señorita?"

But the Señorita Teresa Jaurequi had fled. And Dario Pez, sir, was laughing.

"Oh, *muchachito*," he said to me, "learn human nature! Learn it and the whole round world is yours. Come! We will go find Lucita. Our little visitor is with her and we will test the truth of Juan's denial."

Well, sir, we found Lucita and the nice young girl from La Ascencion in rocking-chairs near the fountain, and they were busily engaged in sewing. Dario Pez sat down close to the nice young girl, and began to speak with her precisely as he had done with the Señorita Teresa; but now he talked very gravely, sir, and did not employ the singsong.

"And doubtless Love will be waiting for him there," he ended, "with clothes and ——"

"Oh, general," cried the girl, seizing his hand and kissing it, "how can I ever show my gratitude? I will start now—at once. Perhaps I can overtake him."

"No, no," he replied; "you must not do that. My orders are that he shall go hungry and in rags to Baca, and to Baca he goes. But you may make a detour and arrive there before him. Hey, Lucita! Wilt thou instruct this child and give her what she needs?"

Lucita gladly agreed, sir.

"A heart of gold, Don Francisco," said Dario Pez. "The most priceless treasure life can offer. I knew Juan was lying. He does not deserve such good fortune. And now to business. You start immediately for the mountains."

Sir, I did so. But about three hours out I gave my officer his instructions and branched off the trail. It was in my mind to ascertain how this Juan Pez fared and then overtake the pack train by hard riding.

It was almost nightfall when I sighted him on the white road that crosses the big mesa, and approaching him was a line of burros, loaded with firewood for the city. A ragged rascal, armed with a stout staff, was driving them. When he met the burros in the road, this Juan did not give an inch from the middle, which created some confusion. The driver came running from the rear to ascertain the trouble.

"What, you big rascal!" he was shouting as I came up. "You would hog the road from me, would you? Take that, and that!"

I turned to look at the brother of Dario Pez. He was sitting on the ground, nursing his shoulder where the driver had struck him, and he was whining like a child who has been punished. But it was his appearance that amazed me most, sir.

By goodness, he was a fearsome sight! They had placed upon him the filthiest beggar's rags that could be found in the city, giving the beggar one of Juan's fine suits in exchange.

But that was not the worst. The upper portion of his body was entirely nude, and on his back they had printed, in large letters that would not rub out: "This is Judas."

"Don Francisco!" he cried at sight of me, ceasing his lamentations. "Oh, good! You have come to help me? You are a real friend, Don Francisco. Give me something to eat. I am famished. And then, your coat. It is very little to ask from a comrade, Don Francisco."

"Aye; but more than I may give, Juan. I can give you nothing."

"Then why did you come? Why did you follow me?"

"I wanted to see you," I replied; and, sir, try as I would, some of the secret joy his situation afforded me crept into my face.

On hearing my words this Juan jumped to his feet and started to run along the road. I watched him go. Presently he came to a point where the road forked. He hesitated an instant, then turned to the left.

"Hey!" I shouted at him. "That doesn't go to Baca. You're on the wrong road."

"The wrong road!" he wailed, bursting into tears. "Always and always the wrong road!"

After a while he rose and went stumbling forward, talking to himself and making many pauses to rest his feet. And so I left him, sir, whimpering along the road to Baca.

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If This Were Our Only Chance to Tell You

If we had just this one chance to talk to *you*—If this were the one Timken-Detroit advertisement *you* would ever read—What message would we give you?

We could not tell you the whole story of motor-car axle importance; but we should certainly emphasize seven facts that every motor-car owner should know and remember:—

1 ***Human safety comes first*** in motor-car construction, and in respect to safety, the axles are beyond question the most important parts of the car.

2 ***A motor-car axle must be better than "good enough."*** It must exceed the stated requirements of the car builder in capacity to carry loads, transmit power, and stand up to the shocks and stresses of travel.

3 ***The axles must fit the car, and the car must fit the axles.*** The axle builder must see to it that his axles are of ample size and capacity to do the work required of them and that they are properly *engineered and built into* the car. The car builder should see to it that no radical increases in weight or horsepower are made after the type and size of the axles have been decided upon. For if radical changes are made it may jeopardize the owner's safety and satisfaction. In other words, axle builder and car builder must work together for a common principle.

4 ***The axle builder must be able to anticipate the future.*** He should not wait for new conditions or for his customers to demand new types and improvements in construction. He should be continually striving for something better than the best he can do today—and be the first to urge its adoption. He should make constant progress toward better design and quality.

5 ***The car owner must have assurance that the axle builder will continue in business.*** Thus, he knows that every part and piece of his axles can be furnished for replacement if the need ever arises. And that assurance can be given only by an old, established and successful organization.

6 ***Building motor-car axles is a task for a specialist;*** for to meet the requirements already mentioned will take all the experience, engineering ability, manufacturing equipment and financial resources of an entire organization, who will give it their exclusive attention. Thus, the axle builder, with his many customers, acts as clearing house for the combined experience of the whole industry.

7 ***Continued use is the test of axle-building leadership.*** It is years of continued use by many of the ablest and most successful of motor-car builders, it is the *high average of satisfactory performance in hundreds of thousands of cars,* that finally tests the soundness of the axle builder's principles and practice.

In all this we have not mentioned Timken-Detroit Axles by name. If this were our one chance to talk to you, we should devote it wholly to explaining what kind of axles we honestly believe you should have, whether made by us or by any other axle builder who can qualify under *all* of the foregoing principles.

TIMKEN DETROIT AXLES

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

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For the Points of Severest Service 160 Agree

Actual use of Timken Bearings at the points of hardest service is conclusive evidence of their superiority for use at any point in your car.

The following builders willingly pay more for Timken Bearings because they *know* they will stand up:

GASOLINE PLEASURE CARS

Anger Engineering Co.
Apperson Bros. Automobile Co.
Baker, R. & L. Co. (Owen Magnetic)
Brewster and Co.
Buick Motor Co.
Cadillac Motor Car Co.
Case T. M. Co., Inc., J. I.
Chalmers Motor Co.
City of Chicago
Columbia Taxicab Co.
Crawford Automobile Co.
Cunningham, Son & Co., James
Daniels Motor Car Co.
Detroiter Motor Car Co.
Dodge Brothers
Dorris Motor Car Co.
Duesenberg Motor Co.
Fleetwood Chassis Co.
Hudson Motor Car Co.
Hupp Motor Car Co.
Jordan Motor Car Co.
Kissel Motor Car Co.
Liberty Motor Car Co.
Locomobile Co. of America
Lozier Co., H. A.
Luverne Auto Co.
Mather Casket Co., S. W.
McFarlan Motor Co.
Meteor Motor Car Co.
Moline Automobile Co.
Moon Motor Car Co.
Murray Motor Car Co.
Netherlands Automobile and Aeroplane Mfg. Co.
Nordyke & Marmon Co.
Olds Motor Works
Packard Motor Car Co.
Peerless Motor Car Co.
Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Co.
Premier Motor Corporation
Quaker City Cab Co.
Reo Motor Car Co.
Riddle Coach & Hearse Co.
Saginaw Motor Car Co.
Saxon Motor Corporation
Simplex Automobile Co. (Crane Model Simplex No. 5)
Singer Motor Co., Inc.
Standard Steel Car Co.
Stanley Motor Carriage Co.
Studebaker Corporation
Stutz Motor Car Co.
Thomas Motor Car Co., E. R.
Velie Motor Vehicle Co.
Waldon W. Shaw Livery Co.
Wayne Works
Wescott Motor Car Co.
Willys-Overland Co.
Winton Co.
Yellow Cab Co., The

ELECTRIC PLEASURE CARS

Anderson Electric Car Co.
Baker, R. & L. Co.
Walker Vehicle Co.
Woods Motor Vehicle Co.

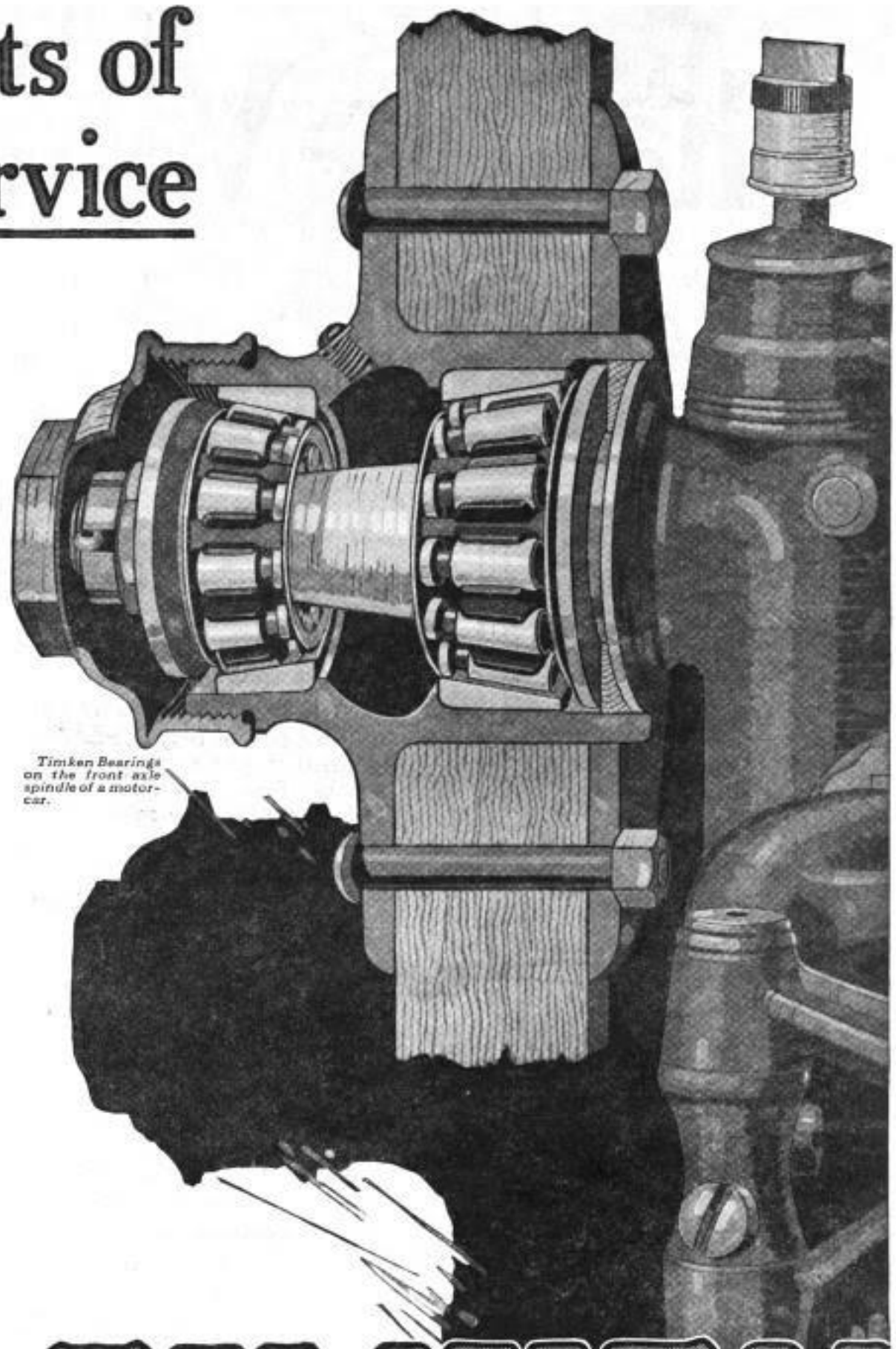
ELECTRIC, INDUSTRIAL AND COMMERCIAL CARS

Anderson Electric Car Co.
Atlantic Electric Vehicle Co.
Baker, R. & L. Co.
Buda Co.
Commercial Truck Co. of America
Elwell-Parker Co.
General Vehicle Co.
Hunt Co., C. W.
Lansing Co.
Orenstein-Arthur, Kopple Co.
Penna. R. R. Co.
Walker Vehicle Co.
Ward Motor Vehicle Co.
Way-Cleanse Co.

GASOLINE COMMERCIAL CARS

Abbot & Downing
Acason Motor Truck Co.
Ahrens-Fox Fire Engine Co.
American-LaFrance Fire Engine Co., Inc.
Armleder Co., The O.
Atterbury Motor Car Co.
Autocar Co.
Available Truck Co.
Bessemer Motor Truck Co.
Blair Motor Truck Co.
Bourne Magnetic Truck Co.
Bowling Green Motor Truck Co.
Brockway Motor Truck Co.
Cadillac Auto Truck Co.
Chase Motor Truck Co.
Chester County Motor Co.
Chicago Pneumatic Tool Co.
Corbett Automobile Co.
Crawford Automobile Co.
Croce Automobile Co.
Cross Front Drive Tractor Co., C. J.
Cunningham, Son & Co., James
Dart Motor Truck Co.
DeKalb Wagon Co.
Denby Motor Truck Co.
Detroit-Wyandotte Motor Co.
Diamond T Motor Car Co.
Dorris Motor Car Co.
Drednot Motor Truck Co. of Can., Ltd.
Ever Ready Mfg. Co.
Federal Motor Truck Co.
Fifth Ave. Coach Co.
Fitzhenry-Guptill Co.
Forschler Wagon & Mfg. Co., Philip
Gabriel Carriage & Wagon Co., W. H.
General Motors Truck Co.
Garford Motor Truck Co., The
Hahn Motor Truck & Wagon Co., Inc.
Henderson Bros.
Hendrickson Motor Truck Co.
Hupp Motor Car Co.
International Harvester Corp.
International Motor Co. (Mack)
Kelly-Springfield Motor Truck Co.
Kissel Motor Car Co.
Kleiber & Co., Inc.
Klemm, E. R.
Knox Motors Associates
Krebs Commercial Car Co.
Lassden, J. M.
Lewis-Hall Iron Works
Lippard-Stewart Motor Car Co.
Locomobile Co. of America
"Maccar" Truck Co.
Maremont Mfg. Co.
Martin Carriage Works
Michigan Auto Trailer Co.
Menominee Motor Truck Co.
Mogul Motor Truck Co.
Moreland Motor Truck Co.
Nash Motors Co.
National Steel Car Co., Ltd.
Nelson & LeMoon
New England Truck Co.
Niles Car & Mfg. Co.
Packard Motor Car Co.
Palladium Autocars, Ltd.
Peerless Motor Car Co.
Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Co.
Rainier Motor Corp.
Reo Motor Truck Co.
Robinson Motor Truck Co.
Rowe Motor Mfg. Co.
Sandow Motor Truck Co.
Sanford Motor Truck Co.
Schacht Motor Truck Co., The G. A.
Seagrave Co.
Selden Motor Vehicle Co.
Service Motor Truck Co.
Signal Motor Truck Co.
Standard Motor Truck Co.
Stanley Motor Carriage Co.
Standard Oil Co.
Stegeman Motor Car Co.
Studebaker Corporation
Tait Bros.
Tiffin Wagon Co., The
Thomas Auto Truck Co.
Towar Truck Co.
Trafford Engineering Co.
Transport Tractor Co.
United States Motor Truck Co.
Universal Service Co.
Velie Engineering Co.
Viall Motor Car Co.
Walter Motor Truck Co.
Watson Wagon Co.
Witt-Will Co., Inc.

NOTE—The number of names in the above list is larger than 160, because certain manufacturers are listed twice, both as makers of pleasure cars and trucks.

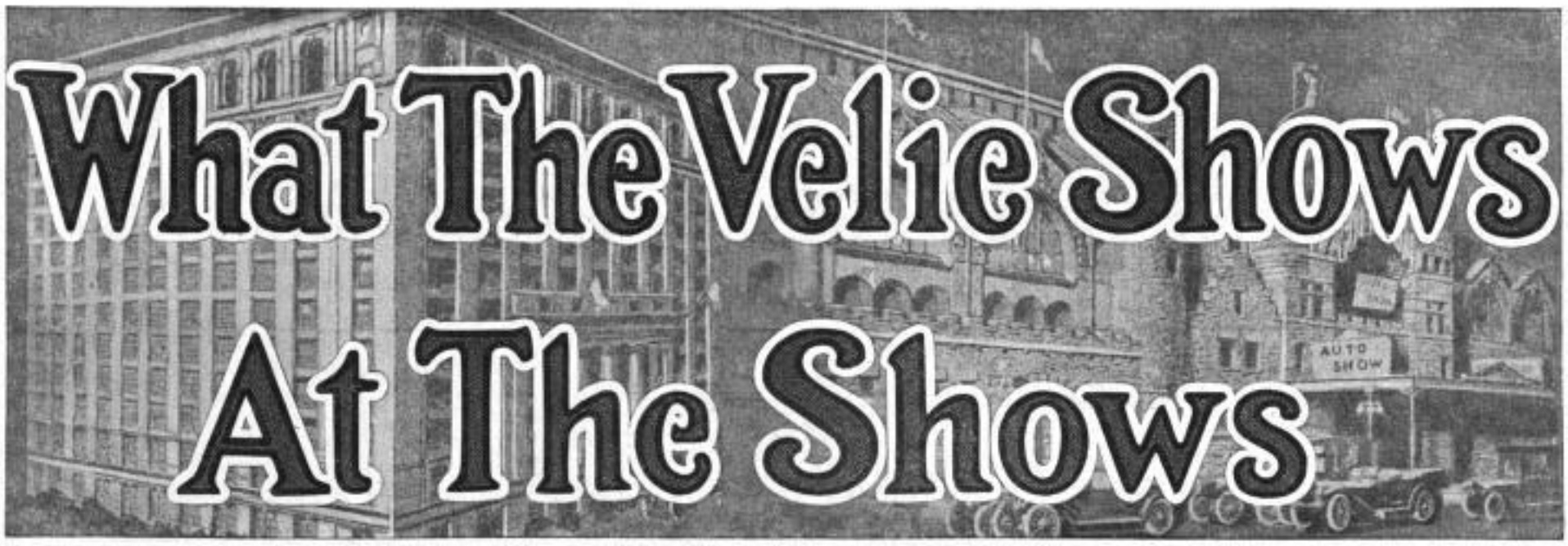


Timken Bearings on the front axle spindle of a motor-car.

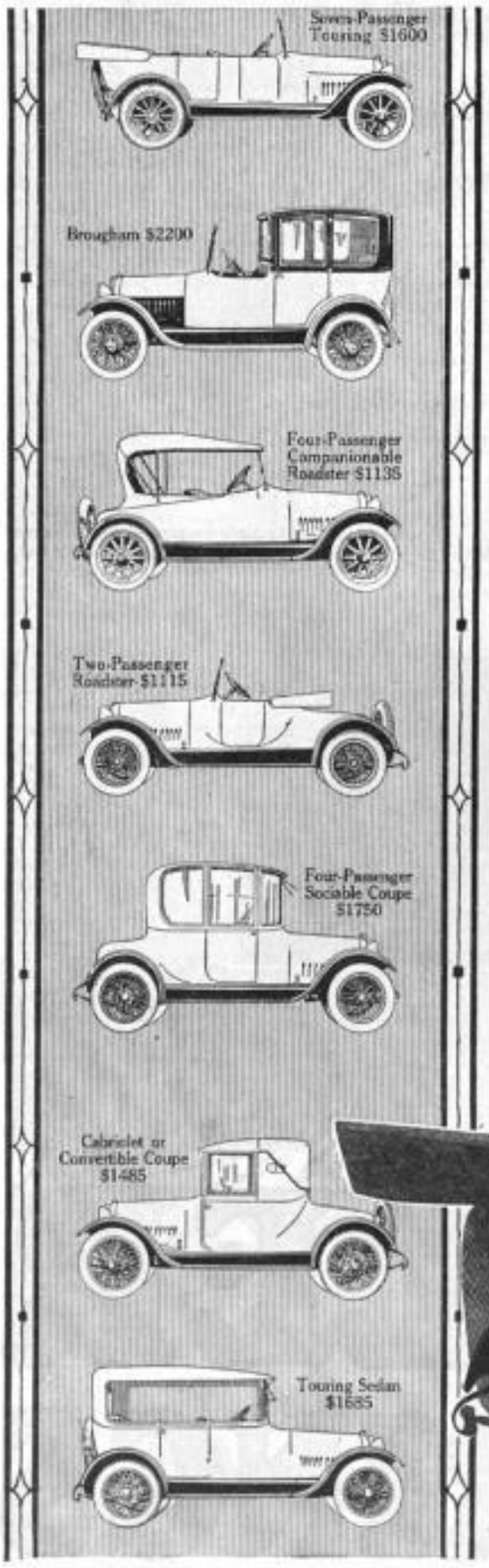
TIMKEN ROLLER BEARINGS

TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
Canton, Ohio

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A Study in Comparisons

You have an exceptional opportunity to compare Velie values at the shows.

Your comparison may be complete; whether you are a part of a large family, or alone in the world, some one model is exactly suited to your needs.

Compare the New 1917 Velie Six by highest standards you know.

Judge by quality only. What better can you find at any price than the powerful Velie-Continental motor—Timken axles front and rear—long, underslung springs—multiple dry disc clutch—Remy automatic ignition—enclosed wiring—vacuum feed—push-button starter—everything in and on?

What could be finer than the Velie's graceful new streamline body—longer—roomier—with genuine deep-tufted leather and real curled-hair upholstery—Velie permanent mirror finish—with Snap and Style and Smartness up to the last minute?

Such features are found only in a car built up to a long-maintained standard, and not down to a price. Built by an organization of the Velie's exceptional facilities—with half a century of manufacturing experience—and a mile of Velie factory—facts worth considering.

Velie cars may be seen on the main floors of the New York and Chicago Shows, or on your dealer's floor any day. See these cars—ride in them, and you'll agree comparison proves Velie values.

Catalog on Request

VELIE MOTORS CORPORATION
125 VELIE PLACE, MOLINE, ILLINOIS



Bigger—Better—More Power

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PEOPLE AND PENNIES

Links in the Drug-Store Chain—By John Mappelbeck

ALMOST the first day I worked in a drug store, as a boy just from school, the human interest of the business took hold of me. An old lady brought in a prescription yellow with age. Among other ingredients it called for five bumblebees. Even now the druggist is asked for many remedies of bygone generations, such as goose grease and skunk oil. In neighborhoods where foreigners live there is a demand for patent medicines so old that their wrappers and direction circulars give one a fascinating glimpse into the drug stores of past centuries. Bumblebees are an old-folks remedy for rheumatism.

Well, my boss was a conscientious man and a true pharmacist, with his heart in the compounding end of the business. If a prescription called for bumblebees he would put them in, if they could be obtained. We had no bumblebees in stock, so I was sent out to gather them. My knowledge of entomology was rather limited, for I was a town boy, and at the end of an all-afternoon hunt I came back with only a single specimen. Next morning the boss sent me farther into the country, and a florist allowed me to go into his greenhouses, where bees were humming. Up in one corner of the place I saw a little mud nest, with what looked like bees flying in and out. I got a pole and knocked it down, and learned the difference between bees and wasps by getting fearfully stung. By night, however, I had two more genuine bumblebees, and when I returned to the store, with a badly swollen face, the boss said these would do, for he could reduce the other ingredients in proportion, use the three bees, and make up the old lady's prescription three-fifths the quantity.

She was quite pleased when he explained it.

"You are an honest man," was her comment. "The last druggist who filled that prescription put in blowflies!"

I stayed two years with that employer and studied pharmacy under his guidance, to such good purpose that in another year I might have taken my examination and got a certificate. He was the typical druggist of his generation, a dispenser of medicine, absorbed in the technicalities, with no ability at all as a merchant. He made a customer feel that he was doing a favor in coming from behind the prescription desk to wait on him. His stock of sundries was a lot of shopworn stuff that had been on hand for years, purchased originally without any understanding of the needs of people. The boss didn't know people, in fact, and didn't like them, and had no more idea what was going on in his line than has many a small druggist to-day.

Early Cut-Rate Stores

It was fortunate for me that I quit before he made me a pharmacist too. For that might have killed my interest in people, which has been my best possession. Too much knowledge of the technicalities often blinds a man to the human possibilities. We differed over a technicality. I had become such a skillful bottle washer and handy man that he did not want to lose my services in that line by promoting me. So I left and found a new job in a bigger store downtown, and there soon saw opportunities for applying what I had learned of human nature; and I became so interested that I never studied pharmacy again.

I honestly believe that the drug business is the most human business that there is. Just think of the range of merchandise in an up-to-date drug store! There are supposed to be ninety thousand items in our trade—more than in any other line. The variety of things in even a small drug stock is so great that a man may wait on customers all day, and yet never have a call for the same article twice. Even if it is the same article, there will be some variation in its use. People go to the druggist for advice to a far greater extent than in any other line of trade, and they come in emergencies and trouble, so that there is every opportunity to know and help them.

Where all these articles come from, and what they are used for, and how they are used, and the people who buy them and want information about them, make an absorbing study—if your heart is in it—which gives constant suggestions for improving methods and stock. My heart has been in that sort of thing for thirty years. To-day I own an interest in a chain of two dozen retail drug stores, extending over several states, recognized as among the most successful mercantile enterprises in the country. It has all been built up from one store, and I had a share in the building. Our success has been based chiefly on a knowledge of human nature. We have studied people, learned what they wanted—often before they knew what it was themselves—gave it to them quicker and better than the other fellow, and if possible cheaper, kept an eye on to-morrow to see how times would change, and were ready to change our methods with them. Most of the things we have done can be done by other merchants, even the small ones—indeed, some of the small fellows have advantages over us nowadays, as I will show presently.

The Nine-o'Clock Trade

My new job was with the big cut-rate drug establishment downtown, a concern that had been opened up by people who came from some other city. My old boss hated, ridiculed and feared this cut-rate concern, and undoubtedly would have stigmatized it as a trust, had the word gained currency then. Those were the early price-cutting days. My new employers had measured the natural limitations of the drug business, as conducted by men like my old boss, and had set out to make bigger profits by increasing volume. Instead of a modest turnover of from ten to fifteen thousand dollars a year, gross, with a net profit of from ten to twelve per cent, they cut their margin of profit to five or six per cent and went after a hundred-thousand-dollar turnover. Prices were reduced on everything, goods piled to the ceiling, the store plastered with glaring signs, and special sales advertised. The business was run like a circus. Such methods were a novelty then and drew unheard-of patronage. That was the thing to do at that time.

To-day some concerns are still chasing volume with cut rates, in the same spectacular way, believing that the method is as potent as ever, and hundreds of small druggists still hate and fear the price-cutting establishments and regard them as oppressors, and feebly try to imitate their special sales. But we are now doing something entirely different, and in my opinion the days of price-cutting success are over, and the fellow who blindly chases volume is chasing the wrong thing.

We make one division of customers in our stores that throws light on present-day tendencies—nine-o'clock and two-o'clock customers. The nine-o'clock customer comes early, in response to bargain advertising. She has her mind firmly fixed on two or three articles that we are selling that day at cut prices, and will seldom buy anything else, because she wants to get away to some other store and take advantage of other bargains. It is not worth while to try building trade upon her, for she will not center her patronage in one store, and really has little patronage to give. If you advertise aggressively it is possible to clear off quite a volume of cut-price goods to nine-o'clock customers, and some merchants still imagine that this volume represents desirable business. But it cheapens the store, and the following that you might attract would melt away like frost before the sun if bargain tactics were abandoned.

The two-o'clock customer, on the other hand, drifts in placidly after lunch. She doesn't waste her time trying to save a few coppers. She is a liberal spender, seeks advice as well as goods, is open to suggestion, interested in new things, demands service, and when her confidence has been won is loyal to the store. So you can build on her endlessly.

From the customer's standpoint, the bargain is based on a wrong philosophy of buying. Regarding her as the purchasing agent for a family, the customer is matching pennies against her own time, convenience and energy, in return for goods that are seldom worth more than she pays for them. She is pitting her knowledge of merchandise against that of somebody who understands it far better than she does. That the bargain philosophy is wrong for the merchant, too, I can easily demonstrate by figures.

We saw through this bargain fallacy as soon as we began studying the important item of money received from the average customer. This record is kept in every store by the cash register, to which any merchant has recourse. Our average sale was thirty cents when we looked into this phase of the business. To-day we have reached forty-eight cents, building a penny at a time, and I doubt if any other drug store in the country has as high an average. From personal investigations I believe that the general average is not more than thirty cents. Now the merchant who attracts a big crowd of nine-o'clock customers by advertising and cut prices can dispose of an enormous stack of goods. But if he will study the amount spent by the average customer he will probably find it below twenty cents, and his effort in chasing volume has brought him neither profit nor lasting trade.

Now in our chain of stores we sell to fully ten million persons yearly. Suppose we sell each customer only a cent's worth more than last year's average! That is an additional revenue of one hundred thousand dollars. There has been practically no overhead expense in selling this increase, so we can clear from twenty-five to thirty thousand dollars net profit on it. If it were sold to additional customers then overhead expenses, of course, would reduce the percentage of profit. We keep track of the number of separate items sold to each customer, another very important factor. When we started it was just one item. To-day we sell one and a half items to each customer, and the average is steadily being pushed up.

To increase sales per customer, both in amount and items, we have what we call our running-mate system, which is true salesmanship. Every article in a drug store will sell something else if you give it a chance. Our entire stock is classified so that one thing sells another. A woman buys a toothbrush. This suggests dentifrice or dental floss, which are running mates, and to make it easier for clerks to remember and offer such articles together we place them side by side in show cases and on shelves. The clerk who sells a toothbrush is expected to sell some running mate, such as a dentifrice. Sales slips are checked up, and the record of each clerk tabulated. If a third article, such as dental floss, is sold, we give a special credit to the clerk.

Selling Toilet Articles

Name any article in a drug store, and I can instantly name several natural running mates. Hair brushes suggest combs, complexion powder necessitates chamois, an eyecup should go with an eye lotion, and so on. This system can be applied to any retail business. In our own stock we have reduced it to about a dozen broad groups, taking in the whole store. One group includes everything for the hands and feet, another group the things for teeth and mouth, another the hair and scalp, and so on—complexion goods and perfumery, soap and sponges and articles for bodily comfort, shaving supplies, infant and invalid foods, surgical and rubber goods, handy remedies such as digestive tablets, drugs and medicines proper, and the prescription department.

Medicines were the backbone of the drug store a generation ago. The pharmacist made a living as a compounder of prescriptions, with patent medicines next in importance, and a limited stock of toilet conveniences last. But now all this is changed. The keynote of the present-day drug store is bodily comfort and personal pride, and the goods and selling methods are all changed accordingly.

Take the safety razor as an illustration. When men were shaved in barber shops sales of shaving soap, massage cream, and like preparations, were moderate. When men began shaving themselves there was a great demand for new goods from men who paid more attention to personal appearance. Toilet preparations for women have also become a necessity. We sell thousands of orange-wood sticks for manicure purposes, and the sale of a stick creates a demand for emery board, pumice stone, nail polish and a dozen other things for the hands. This demand extends to all classes of people. If wages are advanced twenty-five cents a day by the street-car company in one of the cities where we have a store, we can count absolutely on getting our share of that increase, for the conductor will buy a safety razor and spend more time on personal appearance, and the motorman's wife will feel that now she can afford a fancy toilet soap. The public has changed the drug store to such a degree in these matters that the pharmacist, trying to build business on the old basis, is not likely to get anywhere. And the druggist has changed the public.

Selling from behind the counter is based on an understanding of people. Knowledge of people is picked up by an interest in them, a study of their tastes, whims and individualities. We try to get our clerks interested in people. Any observing man or woman behind the drug-store counter, with the right point of view toward his fellow man, will find each day's experience full of enjoyment.

For instance, women usually shop in pairs, and the clerk who does not understand that he must sell to the other woman will have a hard time of it. The other woman is the friend of the one who buys and has come along as an adviser. If you do not sell to her she will find fault with goods, ask to see something else, and maybe wind up by declaring that they had better look elsewhere. But if you take her into the sale from the first, accord her a position as an authority, and simply ask her to agree with you, she will do it, nine times in ten, and everything will move along pleasantly.

Suiting Blondes and Brunettes

Then that elusive, electric something that makes one woman want what another woman wants is very helpful in selling when you understand and manage it. Many a woman has been at sea in choosing a hat until she saw a particular confection on another woman—a prospective purchaser. That is what she must have, and she will move heaven and earth to get it—and usually does! Not long ago a clerk in one of our stores was showing a woman a handsome toilet set. Another woman blew up like a whirlwind and bought it under the first one's nose, practically without examining it. The clerk on duty is one of our best salesmen. He called an assistant, ostensibly to wrap the goods, but whispered instructions to show the set piece by piece to the customer, so she would be satisfied with her snap purchase. Then, turning to the first woman, he said, "I'm glad you let her have that, because I've got something much finer for you." And then he sold her a set just about like the one she had lost! The salesman does not attempt to explain the psychology of such women; he simply reckons with human nature as it comes to him over the counter.

Blondes differ from brunettes. They like light odors in perfumes—for example, the lilies and violets—whereas brunettes prefer heavy odors, such as rose and lilac. Perfume sells many of the toilet articles bought by women. Complexion powder is made out of materials costing about twenty-five cents a pound, but it retails for from fifty cents to two dollars and a half a box, chiefly on account of the odor. It is a striking fact that each of the famous perfumers has built up his business on a single popular odor, and that he has never been able to make a second odor so popular. When the French perfumer concocts a new odor, he sends small lots to be tried out by the women of New York, London, Petrograd, Rome, Buenos Aires. To the extent

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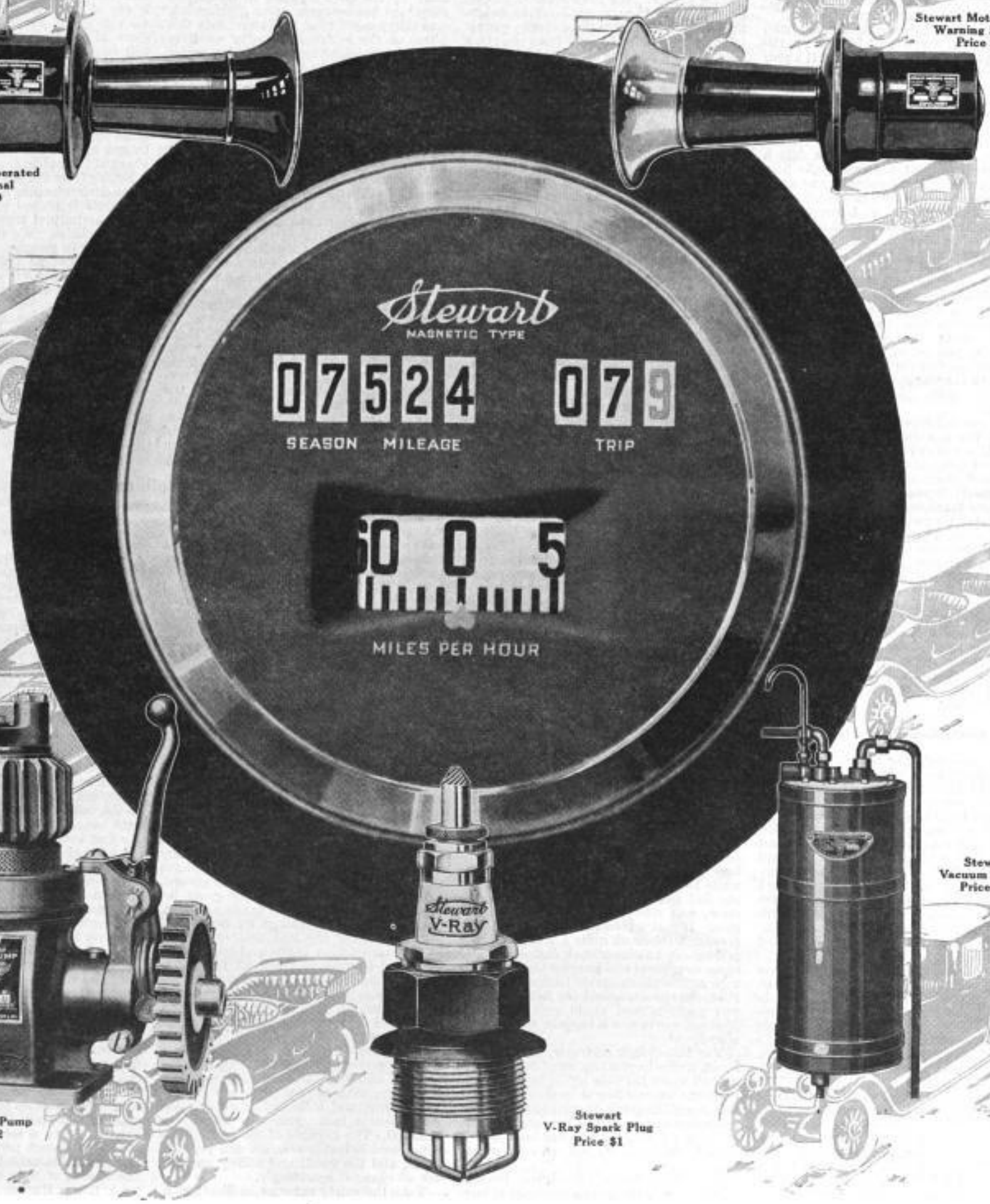
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Stewart

The World's Largest and Leading Producer Of Fine Motor Car Accessories

Stewart Hand Operated Warning Signal Price $3.50

Stewart Motor Driven Warning Signal Price $6



Stewart Tire Pump Price $12

Stewart V-Ray Spark Plug Price $1

Stewart Vacuum System Price $10

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A Tip

JUDGE the accessories on the car you buy by the factory back of them. Analyze its methods of manufacture—its reputation—the service it gives.

THAT'S the safest way to determine the value of a car's equipment. Do that—and you will understand, better than ever, why Stewart Products occupy the commanding position they hold in the automobile industry.

STEWART Products are built by the largest automobile accessory manufacturer in the world. Stewart factories are the biggest—Stewart methods the most advanced—Stewart workmanship the most expert.

STEWART Products are backed by a service that extends into every important motoring center. You get honest advice and expert, courteous attention at any Stewart Service Station. That is the best possible guarantee of satisfaction. No other article you can buy for your person, your home or your car has such a broad, comprehensive service behind it.

INSIST upon being protected by Stewart mechanical excellence, Stewart workmanship, and Stewart service. Stewart Products are overwhelmingly favored. Practically all experienced motorists demand them. For instance:

The Stewart Speedometer: Costs more—but *over 95% of all American automobile manufacturers willingly pay the extra cost.* It is the best designed—best built—most satisfactory. No other accessory so universally adopted. We shall build 1,500,000 in 1917. Have no other Speedometer on your car.

Stewart Vacuum System: Used by over 70% of all car manufacturers as standard equipment. Has replaced pressure and gravity systems in nearly every instance. Less than 30% of all car manufacturers still use these other systems. Within a very short time we believe practically all car manufacturers will use the established Stewart Vacuum System. It is *the* system that insures an even, positive flow of gasoline under all conditions. See that it comes on your car. Or, bring your old car up-to-date by installing it. Price $10.

Stewart Tire Pump: Saves you the hard, back-breaking work of pumping by hand. Keeps tires properly inflated—stops 90% of all tire troubles, adds much to tire mileage. Regular equipment on many cars, quickly mounted on any car. Don't be without it. Price $12.

Stewart Warning Signals: None better built—none so popular—none so generally used. Thousands built daily. Either motor driven or hand operated. Never fail—absolutely dependable. Be sure your signal is a Stewart. Motor Driven, $6—Hand Operated, $3.50.

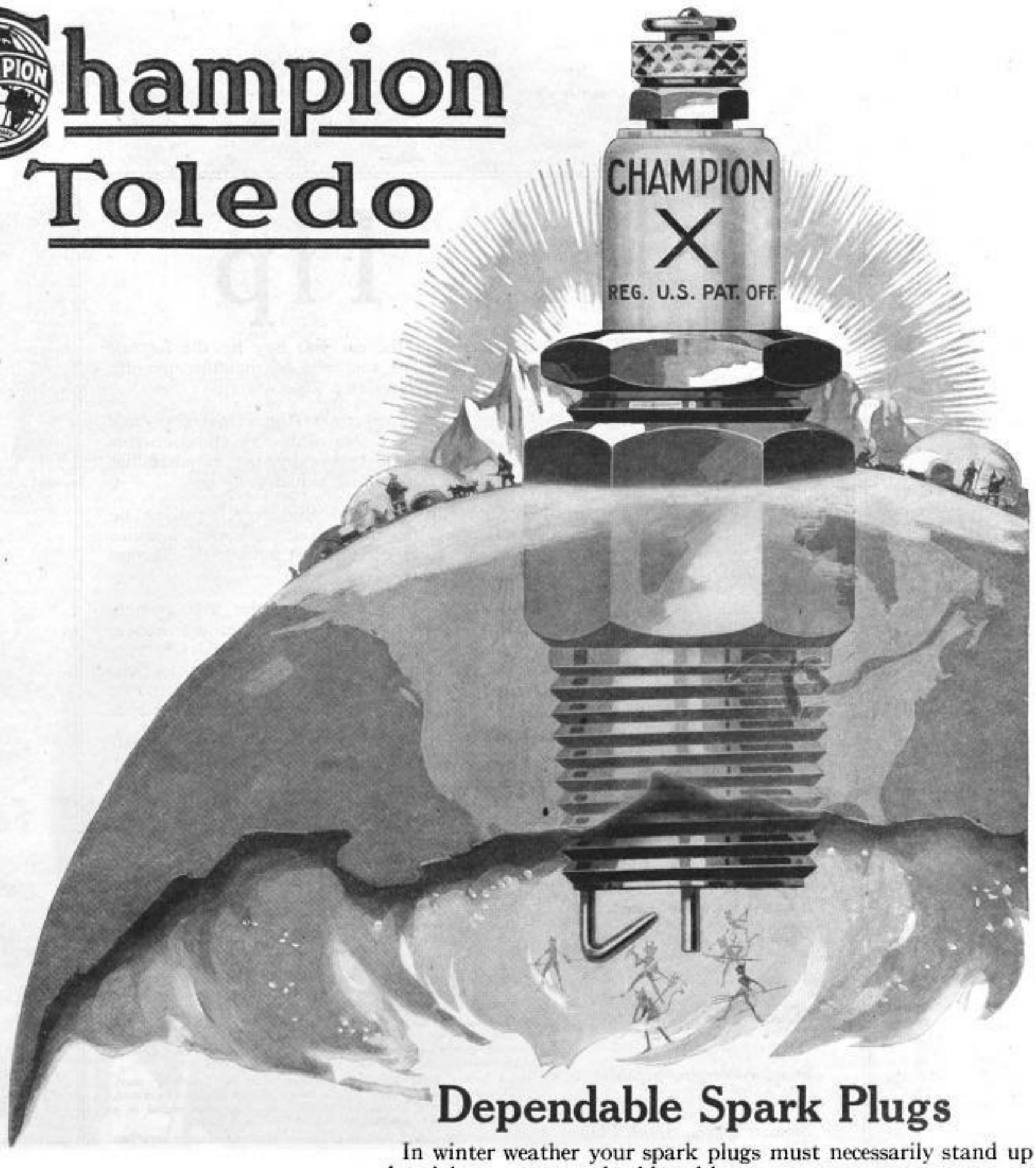
Stewart V-Ray Spark Plug: Four sparking points instead of one or two. Absolutely sure fire. Core of Petriflint—heat proof—fracture proof—oil proof. Fits any motor. Adds economy, power and flexibility. Try a set of V-Rays next time you replace your plugs. Price $1.

Special Stewart Speedometer for Fords: Most popular Ford accessory built. Hundreds of thousands now in use. Perfect in construction and workmanship. Price $10—or mounted in handsome enameled steel cowl board—$11.25. Get one if you own a Ford. Can be installed by anyone in a few minutes.

The Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

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Champion Toledo



Dependable Spark Plugs

In winter weather your spark plugs must necessarily stand up under violent extremes of cold and heat.

The porcelain insulators are subjected to most severe strains.

Champion porcelains are a quality product, scientifically constructed and tested, and cushioned against the force of the explosions in your cylinders by specially designed and patented asbestos lined copper gaskets.

Their dependability is proverbial.

Champion spark plugs are unqualifiedly guaranteed and sold by supply dealers and garage men everywhere.

The name "Champion" is on the porcelain of every genuine Champion-Toledo Plug.

Champion Spark Plug Co., Toledo, Ohio

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(Concluded from Page 87)

that a novelty pleases women in one capital it will please in all, and will sell about the same in Paris and in Rio.

The man behind the drug counter caters to the four ages of woman. First his customer comes to him as a schoolgirl patron of the soda fountain. A little later he sells her toilet waters and complexion powders, and after that more elaborate toilet preparations, eyebrow pencils and beauty spots. Last of all, a matron, she comes for baby foods and household necessities. At this stage beauty spots are apt no longer to interest her.

Men have just as many peculiarities, and to know their idiosyncrasies is useful in selling. Take those who come for medicine. One customer likes the remedy that cured grandfather, and will try nothing new, while another seeks novelty always. There is the customer who takes medicine regularly because he is afraid of germs and sickness and believes he must ward them off. Another is open to suggestion and can be persuaded that he has almost any symptom. There is the Sunday-morning procession of those who were out too late with John Barleycorn the night before. There is a corresponding class who overeat and who come for digestive tablets the next day.

Pushing Specialties

Even in an article like chewing gum the attentive clerk can soon learn to distinguish the distinct temperaments of the purchasers and be guided accordingly in his sales work. One chews gum because he is of a restless nature. Another chews it for poise—it gives him something to do and puts him at ease with people. Others chew it for the digestive effect, for the sweetness or the flavor. People are very fickle about chewing gum, and will take kindly to suggestions. It is an excellent article with which to learn how to manage customers.

It is the business of the salesmen to gauge the customers and to serve them according to their temperaments, to sell them more goods than they ask for, and at the same time not to overload them. On a Saturday afternoon, by staging a prize contest in all our stores, paying a bonus of fifty dollars to the store that sells the largest quantity of a given article like talcum powder, say, we have often disposed of a thousand dollars' worth of goods; otherwise there would have been no extra turnover. Such a sale must be well staged, however, with the powder in a new odor or in convenient container, and window and counter displays must be effective. In many lines of goods we are scrupulous about having the customer decide how much he wants, even though we try to sell him more. If he asks for an antiseptic mouth wash in the small size, for instance, we show him the large size with the small, explain the difference in price and wait for his decision.

We still do considerable cut-price trade, but the building up of a large volume of profitable business rests on several other things besides bargains. One item is careful stock keeping—having everything for which there is a call. The percentage of sales lost by being short of stock is very large and increases overhead expense on everything sold. The smallest retailer can always be well stocked. Another item that makes for success is knowing what sells and what doesn't. For instance, if we arrange a display of nail brushes on a counter near the door, we slip under the pile a ticket telling the number put there in the morning. A count and comparison at night show whether that display was justified.

We spend a good deal of money on our windows, because they bring in what we call involuntary customers. Voluntary customers are those who were coming in anyway. Involuntary customers are those who were passing the store but, seeing something desirable in the window, stopped to buy. Thus is created a profitable extra business that reduces overhead expenses.

Prices are not the only means of distancing competition. During the past few years we have built up an enormous business in ivory-white toilet goods—hair brushes, mirrors, and the like, with backs of heavy composition that can be washed and engraved like ivory. The demand for this stuff we discerned when the trade was light. Wooden-back goods were the staple then. They had certain defects. They went to pieces when washed, were unclean and lacked daintiness. The public was ready for something better. We took up ivory-white, and made it a fashion and an attraction; and now it is a staple product with us, year in and year out. The average small retailer might not have had the demand or the capital to develop such a specialty, as we had; but, supplied with both market and capital, he would need, moreover, the capacity for looking ahead and sensing future business.

Go into the ordinary drug store to-day and ask for toilet goods, and you will probably be shown the old wooden-back kind, in funereal ebony, quite unsuited to a woman's toilet table—proof that the average retailer does not see the tendencies of trade, even after they have changed.

Another indication that bargain prices are not the backbone of successful retailing was our prescription department. In the cut-rate days we did all our compounding for a very small percentage of profit over the actual cost of the best ingredients, and we fancied that low prices would bring patronage. Not so! Our prescription business never grew until we discovered that the more people pay for medicines—within a reasonable price—the more confidence they have in them. Then we raised our prices. People want service nowadays, and they are not only willing to pay for it but judge service largely by prices.

The other day a customer came into one of our stores and laid down a prescription and a lot of price tickets.

"For several years," he said, "I've been having this medicine put up here, and you've charged me sixty-five cents for fifty tablets. To-day I learned that you sell one hundred such tablets for fifty cents. Here are the price tickets to show how much I've spent with you. Do you call that fair?"

"Those tablets at fifty cents a hundred are shelf goods," explained our manager. "When you have this medicine specially compounded we put our skill and knowledge against a machine-made product. One ingredient comes from South America, another from the Chicago stockyards, a third from Switzerland, a fourth from Formosa, and a fifth is made from the bones of animals. We gather all these things and keep them on hand, though some may be called for only two or three times a year. You can take your choice of the compounded or the shelf goods, but the way you've been buying in the past has given you the best service we know how to render."

The customer left his prescription to be filled again!

In each of our stores we do a year's business averaging close to a quarter-million dollars gross. That is a sum almost unthinkable to the druggist of a generation ago, and not every druggist of to-day can figure on such a turnover even in his imagination—he wouldn't know what the items were, or where to begin laying in stock, or how to take care of the people. He knows that we reach these totals, but he believes that we do it by price cutting, or by larger capital, or by superior purchasing power, or by some other apparent advantage. But we do it mostly by simple methods that he himself might adopt.

Bonuses for Managers

Suppose, for example, that he considered himself one of our store managers and ran his own place next month with the ambition of reducing controllable expense as much as possible. We pay our managers part of all they can save on controllable expense over fifteen per cent. Some store expenses are fixed—rent, taxes, advertising, insurance. But items like light, salaries and breakage can be controlled. Our managers save on these items, not by cutting clerks' salaries or skimping on electric light, but by improving their window and counter displays, pushing goods, helping clerks sell, and watching breakage and loss.

The average small retailer could do this. He could do most of the things we do. We have advantages over him in applying our methods and economies to a greater volume of business, and in offering better positions to high-class salespeople and managers. But he has advantages over us in a lower cost of doing business. Our costs are fully twenty-five per cent, and in some of the department stores it is more. The small retailer's costs run from nineteen to twenty per cent—he pays less rent, keeps open longer hours, and does more of the work himself. Success in retail lines to-day is not a matter of size but of intelligence, and the small man's intelligence will return just as good profits as the big chain-store manager's intelligence.

GUIDES WANTED—By Enos A. Mills

LAST summer a number of mountain climbers assembled in front of an inn in one of the National Parks. They were making ready to climb a fourteen-thousand-foot peak. The first stage of the ascent would be on horseback.

The last to mount was a young college fellow. He roused the contempt of his pony by mounting on the Indian side. He pulled the reins too tightly and threw the party into confusion by causing his horse to back rapidly, first in one direction, then in another. A young woman dashed to his rescue and loosened the reins. This young woman was the guide of the party and she understood her business.

She had the young collegian dismount and then showed him how to mount properly. Taking the reins in her left hand and catching the saddle horn in her right, she reached the left stirrup with her left foot and swung quickly and lightly into the saddle, explaining as she did so that in mounting one should always clasp the horn with the right hand, and never the roll or back part of the saddle, as this would necessitate letting go as one swung into place.

What Guides Should Know

Women guides are something new, but their number is bound to increase. They are likely to set a new and higher standard for the men to follow. This guide was an athlete, a graduate of Wellesley, and had been an outdoor girl all her life. She had a good acquaintance with birds, flowers and trees; could ride, row and swim; give first aid; build and extinguish a camp fire, and cook. She possessed a knowledge of natural history and the ability to impart it. This is an essential qualification. No longer can one be a guide unless one is able to tell others the story of Nature.

A demand exists for intelligent guides in the National Parks. There are sixteen of these and more than thirty National Monuments, all possessing a variety of scenic attractions; bears and birds; vast cañons; towering and icy peaks; glaciers; splendid forests; peaceful lakes and eager streams. Other like reservations will be added early to this list. Each of these is scenic—a magnificent hanging wild garden and, also, a wild-life reservation. All are managed for public recreation and education. People in rapidly increasing numbers want a guide who can tell them of the plant and animal life. Already the demand for such guides exceeds the supply. Thousands will be needed before an equal number of competent ones are likely to develop.

Soldiers are no longer to be used to guard National Parks; but in their place are to be civilians who will be called Park Rangers. A Park Ranger and a guide need similar qualifications and equipment.

Good guides now command from five to fifteen dollars a day. I know of one who has received twenty-five dollars a day. He is, of course, equipped with character, knowledge, tact and years of experience.

To be a real guide one needs to train as for lifework. Many young men have learned the way to the top of a peak or to the bottom of a cañon; then guided for one or two years. But they knew little of natural history, and were ready to drop out to try some other work the instant it appeared attractive or offered even a slight increase of salary.

Swiss guides are justly famed for their courage and climbing skill; also for their faithfulness and willingness to do the hard work necessary for success in their profession. As young men they were thoroughly trained for the lifework before them. But, though they fit well into their work, with rare exceptions they do not possess general outdoor information; hence do not attain the ideal of the American who excels in this occupation.

The days of wild and woolly gun-carrying guides are over. Facts about Nature are more romantic than any of the fiction that may be faked concerning it. These parks are for people who wish to hunt with a camera and to seek for animal character—not for hides and horns.

Since everyone who goes into a National Park wants information concerning the objects of interest, each guide should be able to tell concisely the part and place of the glaciers; the life history of the sequoia trees; the pioneering aspen and lodgepole pines; and to describe the grizzly bear, his habits and his neighbors. He should know how to write the biography of a lake; to tell the story of the gentian and of the numerous alpine flowers. He should know intimately the lives of the ouzel, the ptarmigan, the solitaire and the eagle. The guide of to-day needs to be an educator—an instructor.

He needs to have a wide range of information and to be capable of imparting this both directly and indirectly. Knowing the way is now a minor guiding necessity. Mental development and character are the essentials.

A guide, then, should have a fund of interesting information. One day, while some climbers were resting, the guide, a man who was thus equipped, simply called attention to the abundance of paintbrush—variously called the painted cup and Indian paintbrush—which was growing near by. He said that this plant is a parasite, and that in most cases, by digging down, you will find the roots of one specimen clasped over the roots of others. Of course its parasitic habits had given in part the form to its leaves and bracts. Many of the flowers, trees, birds and animals out-of-doors have interesting habits—interesting stories. Facts concerning the character of these are just what mountain visitors like to hear.

The regularity of distribution of plant and animal life, when called to their attention, interests most people. On the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains, at a certain level, you will find cedar trees that are not found a thousand feet farther up the slopes; in the middle slopes are tree and flower growths unknown in the foothills; and still farther up, at the limits of tree growth, are trees not seen in the lower slopes. In the cañons that trend east and west the northern walls commonly are covered with spruces, the southern walls with pines; and on the ridges of east-and-west trend the northern slopes carry a spruce growth or a growth of other moisture-loving, cold-enduring trees, while the southern slopes carry trees that need less moisture and require more warmth. Each of these tree species has its peculiar insect enemies and its bird and animal neighbors. Then, too, each individual, pair or flock claims a small bit of territory and commonly lives closely within this; likewise insisting on neighbors' keeping within their own reservation.

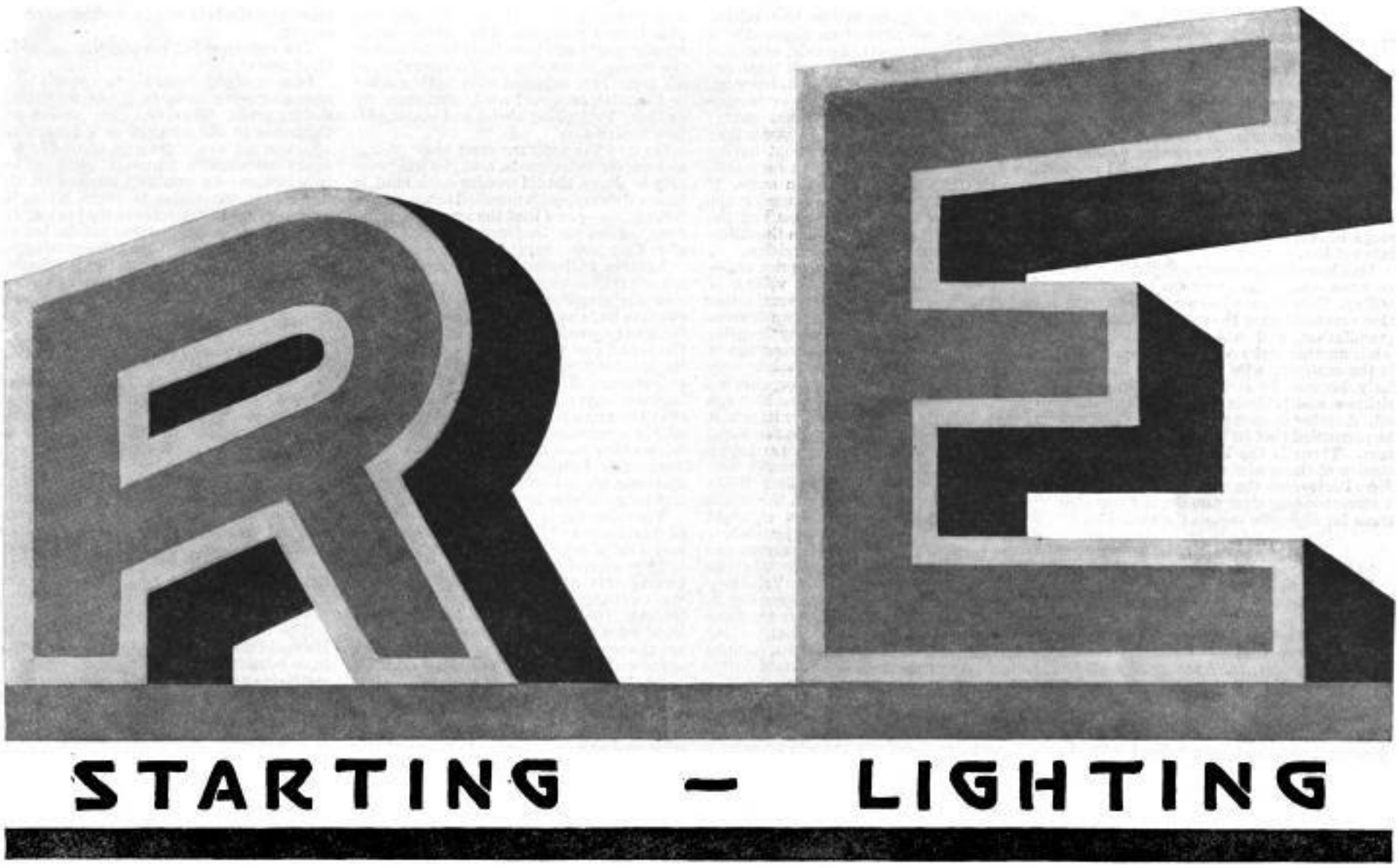
Chances to Win Success

As much skill and application, and as much experience, too, will be required henceforth for making an honorable and successful guide as are needed to make one famous as a lawyer, a doctor or an editor. But a guide has opportunities for winning success much more quickly than the others.

The requirements of the guide are many. He is intimately associated with people. One day's companionship in the wilds often better acquaints people with one another than years of ordinary association. With hard work a guide should rise to distinction within a few years. In this time a thousand children, through his guidance, should have acquired a permanent interest in facts and fairies. In this time, too, he

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Remy Keeps the Battery Charged In Winter

THE perplexing problem of battery charging, encountered in both winter and summer, with slow, average, and fast car driving, has been solved by the Remy Electric Company through an improvement covered by basic patents.

This improvement is a *thermostatic control* of the generator output. It will be incorporated in all Remy generators in due time.

In winter more electricity is required for starting and lighting than in summer.

This thermostatic control enables the Remy Company to provide car manufacturers with large-capacity generators for producing current at a high rate just when it is most needed.

At the proper moment, in both winter and summer, it reduces the high-charge rate to a safe but ample value, thus positively protecting the battery at all times.

This control is an integral part of the generator. It is entirely automatic. It never requires attention or adjustment.

CONSTANT REMY SERVICE

Remy Asks Only For Your Thoughts

THE purpose of this publicity is to attract your attention to the fine performance of Remy products wherever they are used.

All that we ask is that you will make a mental note of that fine performance whenever it comes under your observation.

If you will do that much, you are certain to form a favorable opinion of Remy.

If you, and many million other Americans, form that good opinion, more of the foremost manufacturers of motor cars, motor trucks, motorcycles and tractors will feel the pressure of your good opinion in due time.

That is all that we seek to accomplish.

Primarily, we deal almost exclusively with the manufacturer. Actually, we deal with you.

Your approval of Remy products is necessary to our permanent existence—it will be felt by the motor-car maker.

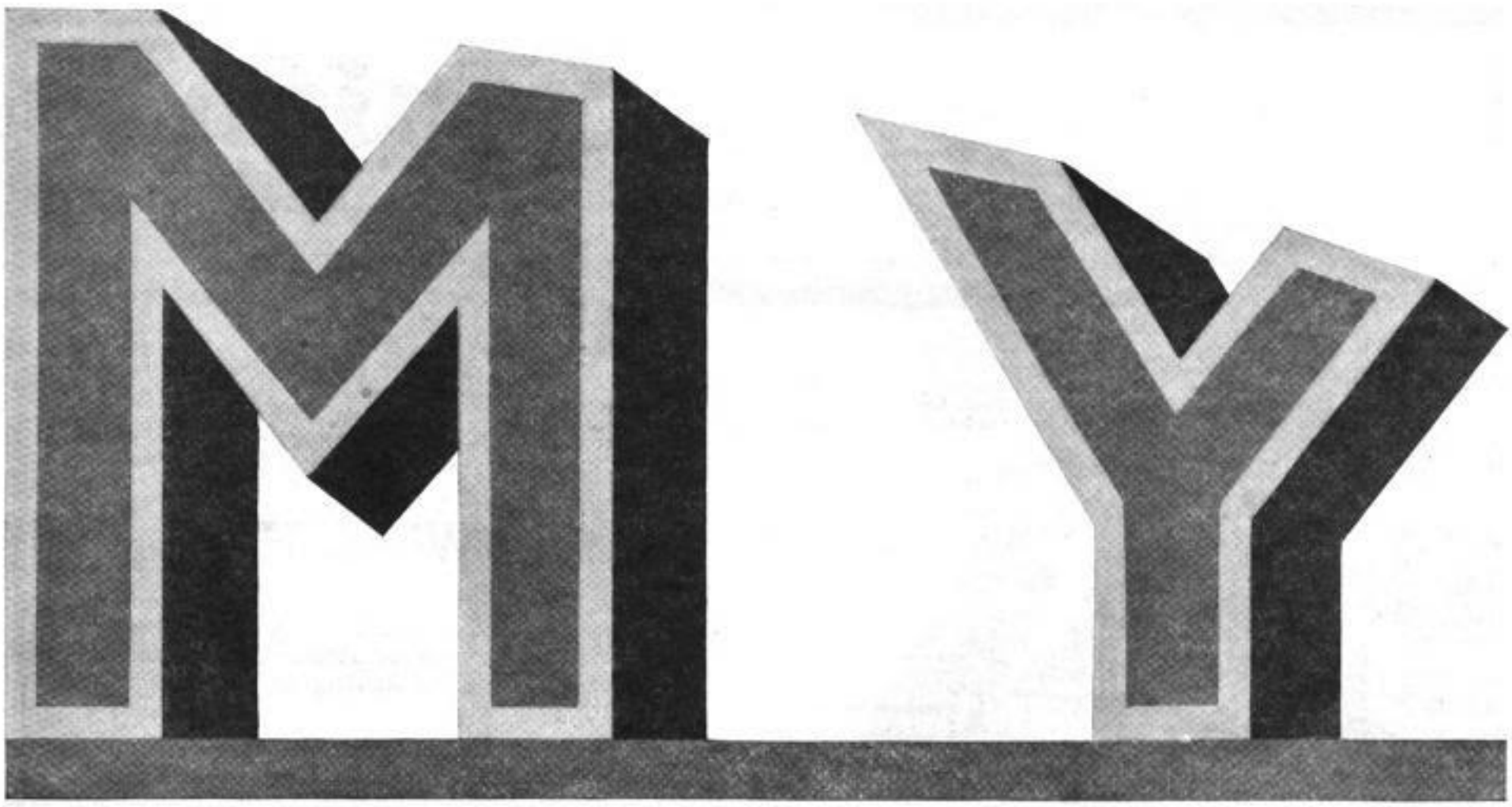
We are confident enough of our own product to feel that there is no motor car so fine but that Remy will confer added prestige upon it.

We ask you to remember Remy.

We ask you to check Remy performance in starting, lighting and ignition.

Remy will reap its reward if you will think pleasant and approving thoughts about it, and occasionally express those thoughts to others.

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Remy Was Ready When Motor Cars Came

THE name of Remy ranked high in the electrical world, back beyond the earliest days of the automobile industry.

With the advent of that industry, Remy was almost overwhelmed by a flood of prosperity.

Six years ago, it rose to an appreciation of the fact that in automobiles, as in all else, the true test is integrity, not volume.

Ever since, under the direction of new interests, the Remy business has steadfastly adhered to an ideal which subordinates everything else to the prime question of quality.

Remy experience began in 1899, with ignition devices for gas engines.

Without knowing it, Remy engineers were then solving electrical problems in advance for motor-car manufacturers.

They were ready to apply their solutions as soon as the automobile appeared.

They became, actually, automobile-electrical engineers—a combination unique even in this day.

Remy devices—Starting, Lighting, Ignition Distributor Systems and Magnetos—are applicable, singly or in combination, to motor cars, motor trucks, motorcycles and tractors. They are standard equipment on 32 makes of motor vehicles of all types.

Remy Electric Company

Sales and Engineering Offices, Detroit, Mich.
Factories and General Offices, Anderson, Ind.

Remy Expert Service Wherever You Are

CO-OPERATION with Remy users is the reason for the numerous Remy Branches and Service Stations throughout the country.

Remy's active interest continues beyond the sale to the manufacturer. It extends to the performance of its products in the service of the user.

At each Branch and Service Station are expert mechanics in the direct employ of the Remy Electric Company. They have been given a thorough working knowledge of all Remy products in the training school at the plant.

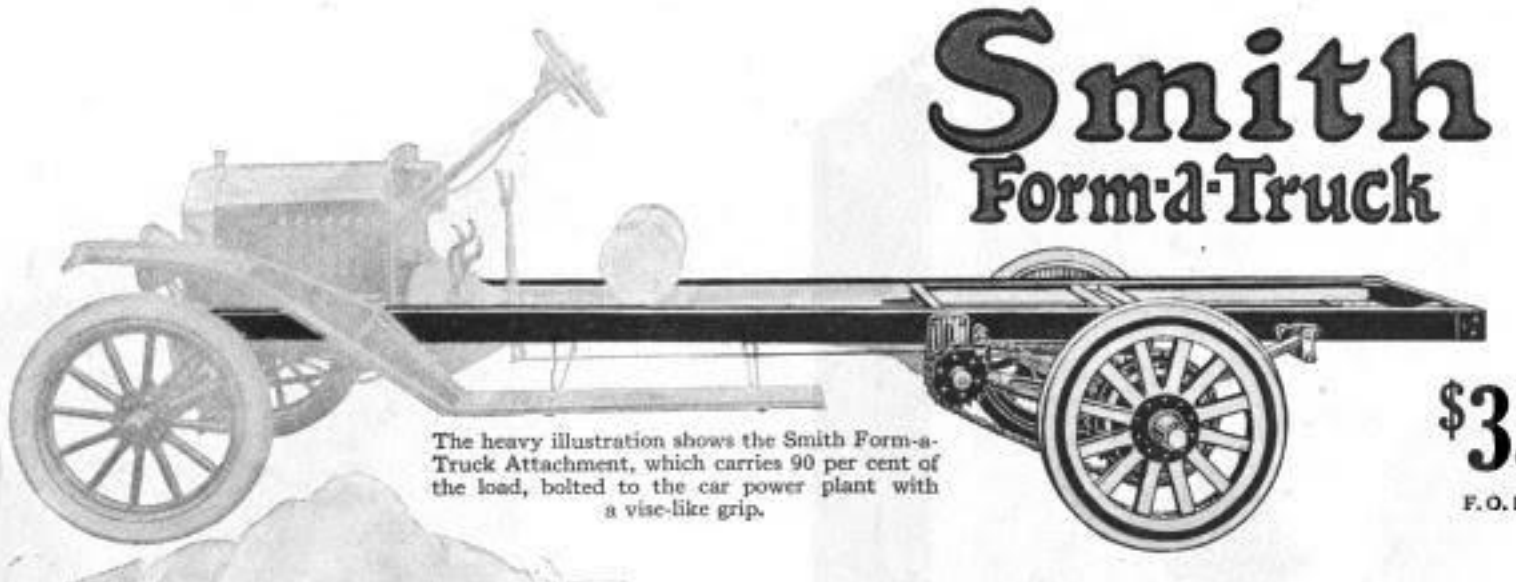
In addition, each Branch and Service Station has an equipment of special tools and testing apparatus built at the Remy factories.

The application of electricity to automobiles is a specialty. The important work of imparting to owners the special information that is necessary, and of rendering proper care, is carried out on a broad scale by Remy Branches and Service Stations.



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Smith Form-a-Truck



The heavy illustration shows the Smith Form-a-Truck Attachment, which carries 90 per cent of the load, bolted to the car power plant with a vise-like grip.

$350
F. O. B. Chicago

Best for Winter Hauling

Over 9,000 Smith Form-a-Trucks are now in use in all parts of the country. Several thousand have been in daily service for a year or more. Thousands now ordered for delivering and hauling are to be placed in service during the winter months.

The enviable reputation established by Smith Form-a-Truck as "best for Winter use" is the result of the remarkable efficiency, sturdy dependability and high economy standards in all kinds of service under the hardest conditions of winter driving. Smith Form-a-Truck is light; with the Ford it weighs about one ton. Frozen roads do not wrack it and the tires stand up without being cut to pieces. The Ford power plant used in Smith Form-a-Trucks now in service is powerful for rough roads and deep snow—is reliable and efficient even on the coldest days.

This applies equally well to power plants of Dodge, Chevrolet, Maxwell, Buick and Overland cars, for which Smith Form-a-Trucks are now made.

The Smith Form-a-Truck dealer organization is built up of many of the biggest men in the motor-trade industry—each is the leader in his vicinity.

Send for your copy of "Delivers the Goods," a booklet crammed with valuable information.

Smith Form-a-Truck Co.
1470 Michigan Boulevard, Chicago

Eastern Branch
1834 Broadway, New York

Pacific Coast Branch
Pico and Hill Sts., Los Angeles

Southern Branch
120 Mariette St., Atlanta

Kansas City Branch: 1808 Grand Ave.



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(Concluded from Page 91)

should have mastered his locality and obtained a good knowledge of the whole outdoors. He should have learned a little of human nature, and ought to be able to read and speak clearly and interestingly concerning the grand and lovely objects in Nature's wild gardens.

One of the best guides I have known is a celebrated Yellowstone Park guide, with whom I camped for a few days one summer. He had horse sense, was a genius for being ever vigilant; and the only people I ever heard him denounce were those who mistreated horses. His wilderness etiquette was faultless; he had the utmost consideration for those in his care, and a quick eye for the interesting and the beautiful. Under his direction all camp refuse was burned or buried; no scars, no junk, no remains of mutilation were left in sight. A New York lawyer who gave a picnic dinner by a campfire in the wilds won his hearty approval. The camp site was so carefully cleaned that only an expert trailer could have discovered that it had ever been used. The fire had been made upon a flat outcropping rock. At the close of the feast every scrap was buried, the rock brushed and the ashes also buried. This guide listened courteously to those with him who wanted to display their own information—even to those who indulged in Nature-faking or told stories that were whoppers; but he carefully avoided following their example. Local history he often related; and he was sure of an interested audience, for everyone enjoys local color and is glad to have past incidents brought to life. He was a true guide.

Whenever John Muir accompanied the Sierra Club members on an outing he was closely followed by everyone who could get near. Frequently he stopped to tell the life story of a tree, to describe the manners and customs of a flower. Here he pointed to the vast sculptured work of the ice; there he showed the graveyard of a lake that was born, lived its day, and now was covered with groves and forgotten.

Lessons From a Girl Guide

Think of being personally conducted to woods, lakes and streams by John Burroughs, while he bubbled over with stories about birds, their home life and their travels, chipmunks and their children, and his adventures with Nature-fakers! Who would not be delighted to go with a John Burroughs or a John Muir—with anyone who so charmingly told the stories and secrets of the wilderness?

It is splendid to have thousands of men, women and children coming home each year from their vacations talking merrily of the habits and customs of the animals and plants they learned about on their enjoyable yet purposeful holidays.

People are beginning to realize that outdoor information is a joy and a great advantage to children. One of the most helpful experiences that any child can have is a visit to a National Park with a guide who knows outdoor lore. Many of our great men and women say that Nature gave them the breadth of vision which helped them to succeed.

Each park is a wild-flower reservation, a place in which the flowers bloom in all their wild luxuriance and live their day uneaten and untrampled. Each park is a place in which guide and visitors may revel in botanical lore. Trees, protected from fire and from cutting, may here grow old and picturesque in their untrimmed and delightful individuality.

A National Park is also a wild-life reservation, and in all these parks the birds and animals under protection are becoming numerous and tame. Rare opportunity is thus afforded to study the habits of all wild life. Everyone who visits a park ought to have a camera. Photographing waterfalls, mountain sheep and other natural objects gives a definite purpose to each trip taken; and it also preserves, with startling, delightful fidelity, a picture record of the trip. A guide especially should be a skillful and an artistic photographer.

The young woman guide already mentioned, in addition to conducting her party successfully to the summit of a peak or to the shore of an Alpine lake, and bringing them back in good condition, during each trip imparted to them a great deal of outdoor information and in many ways incited keen and lasting interest in Nature.

Many an evening, round the big fireplace, her mountain climbers were enthusiastic over the incidents of the day. The matchless song of the solitaire had been heard. They had seen a cony, a snowshoe rabbit, a number of mountain sheep, or the track of a bear. With several talking at once, each would try to tell the listeners the difference between a Douglas and an Engelmann spruce. Before bedtime the girl guide was scheduled for other trips.

Once a lady and a party of children took this guide for a day at the forest frontier-timber line. The guide pointed out that the limber pines were growing upon the drier and the windswept slopes, while in the moister places were Engelmann spruce, Arctic willow and black birch. Here many of the more unfavorably situated trees were extremely small. Many of these dwarfed trees, though four or five inches in diameter at the base, and from two hundred to six hundred years of age, were not so high as the children's heads.

Here is her comment concerning a camp bird: "This is the Rocky Mountain gray jay, a confiding and quiet species of the alert, nervous and noisy jay family. Rarely does the most hardened murderer of birds shoot at it; and the woodsmen, miners and prospectors of the West are on exceptionally friendly terms with it. In the United States it is known as the camp bird or the camp robber; while in Canada it is known as the whisky jack or Canada jay." The children naturally gained more from this vividly illustrated lesson than they could gain from a textbook in the schoolroom.

One gray morning fate gave her a party of climbers who were afraid of the rain. Up to that time good fortune had coöperated with her tact and judgment in making every trip an easy success. Off they started, with the clouds drifting low. The sky continued to darken. Presently the deep thunders rolled. Then came a deluge of rain. Many of the party were apprehensive, but her unconcern gave them confidence. With a few stops she led them up the mountainside. By the time the rain came they were upon a crag from which the sun cast their shadows upon the storm-cloud's silver lining. These "folks afraid of the rain" had become so interested by this time that nothing would do for them but to descend into the dark wet clouds for the sensation of being rained upon. Lunch was eaten while all steamed by a blazing campfire.

Resourcefulness is indispensable to the guide—especially, of course, in the little-traveled regions. During one of my Canadian trips with a small party I thought it best to have a guide, and was advised to employ Dan McCloud. He proved himself one of the most companionable of mountaineers. We went on foot, but took along two pack animals. One afternoon we searched for several miles for a crossing over a narrow rock-rimmed turbulent stream. Where we stopped, this stream was confined between rocky vertical walls about eighteen feet apart and rising perhaps four feet above the surface of the water. These walls made it impossible to swim horses across and land them, even if the swift current had allowed this; but my guide was resourceful, and during my absence on a near-by plateau he bridged the place.

First, a small seasoned log was cut and dragged to the bank of the stream. Then, throwing a picket rope round a small tree on the opposite side, with one end of the rope attached to the log, McCloud hitched the other end to his saddle horn. Horsepower dragged the log to the opposite side. Here it was held, cut off the right length, put into place, and then wedged between the tops of the two rocky walls. When I returned McCloud was already busy with his ax flattening the upper surface; and upon this our two wise mountain ponies walked over. Having been a timberman in a mine, I appreciated the skill my guide had thus displayed.

Another afternoon we stopped to make camp, in a violent rain, at a place where we had hoped to spend a few days. Before I realized what was happening, McCloud had felled a spruce tree. From this he cut a short section and split it into thin shakes or boards. Wedging two poles between two trees for roof supports, he placed the shakes upon these poles, each shake overlying another, like shingles. The roof thus formed effectually shed the downpour of rain. An hour after we had stopped in the heavy rain I was writing my notes beneath this roof, while McCloud was busily engaged cooking supper under another shake shelter.

One day a porcupine walked indifferently in front of us along the trail.

"The porcupine is the stupidest animal in the woods," remarked McCloud.

"Why?" asked one of the party.

"I suppose," replied the guide, "he is so well protected, so safe from all harm, that it has ever been the business of the other fellow to keep out of the porcupine's way. Having his life thus shielded and an inexhaustible food supply in the boundless forests, he has not found it necessary to develop his wit."

I once invited a young Harvard man to go camping with me on the Continental Divide of the Rocky Mountains. He possessed an unusual knowledge of woodcraft. As he especially desired to try his skill in keeping track of the points of the compass by consulting the distribution of moss and lichen growths, one day he set off and traveled a few miles from camp. When it was time to return he examined the trees and rocks and correctly determined the points of the compass; but, not recalling the direction in which he had been traveling all day, he realized, like the Indian, that the camp was lost. Was the camp east, west or south? He had not the slightest notion. I did not look for him until the following morning. When I came upon him he simply remarked:

"Determining the points of the compass does not tell the direction to camp."

Mr. S. N. Husted is the oldest and most popular guide in the Rocky Mountain National Park. In nearly all respects he is the most capable guide I have known. He has the faculty of being entertaining, watchful, instructive and commanding, all without his party's realizing what he is doing or suspecting that he is a man with an iron hand. Many small boys and girls have been conducted by him to the summit of rugged Long's Peak. The parents of these children chose him because they realized that he was sympathetic and safe, and that he would give the children a day to be remembered.

The Man Who Could Not See

He skillfully holds a crowd of climbers together, keeping everyone alert and in good humor. Like any good guide, he is eternally vigilant in guarding against accidents, as well as watchful to prevent discord in the party.

He tells a good joke or makes some witty comment, and the next instant he is discussing the life history of the lodgepole pine, forest fires, the habits of the mountain sheep, or local winter climate. He is doing a distinct and honorable work for the world.

"I am disappointed in finding birdlife so rare," said a man one day as we sat upon the rocks. "I have seen only one bird this morning."

He was out with me on a short excursion. I had to tell him that I had seen at least twelve species of birds, and that directly before us at that moment were three species in plain sight. Why had he seen but a single bird? It was because his eyes had not been trained to see. A guide will give this training.

Guides have an excellent opportunity for gathering Nature material that may be worked up into good outdoor books. Daily association with inspiring and evervarying Nature, and the companionship of thoughtful people, mean pleasure and steady development. Few occupations offer equal opportunities for advancement. A guide may become an author, a lecturer, or may enter any field of his choice; but guiding itself is an occupation of amplitude and is a worthy lifework.

And, as before suggested, there is no reason why a number of these guides may not be women. The occupation calls for courage and refinement, for firmness, good humor and tact. There is rarely need for physical prowess or brute force. A Camp Fire Girl or a Boy Scout who has mastered the higher degrees, and who knows natural history, has the necessary guiding qualifications.

Guides who try have a fine chance of becoming distinguished citizens. May their tribe increase!

THE FAT PAY ENVELOPE AND THE THIN

(Continued from Page 9)

"In other words, some of the 'easy money' they have been getting has gone into home luxuries. Of course some of it has been spent in dissipation and reckless living; but I can take you to quite a number of canny old-timers—especially among the toolmakers—who have been consistently salting away their fat earnings. If you mix up with them and hear them talking together you will be impressed with the fact that they are deliberately preparing against a slump in conditions—at least in their own conditions—after the war is over.

"I only wish that the percentage of our workers showing this hard-headed common sense and keen foresight was not so small as it is.

"Considering the conditions under which the original force of workers was recruited, it is not strange that the men are not so thrifty as could be desired. We threw out a dragnet and had our recruiting stations everywhere. It was inevitable from this method that we should gather anything but a picked force. The process of elimination began almost immediately and about three hundred undesirables to each thousand workers put on the pay roll were fired.

"I am not sure but that the office men who have stuck to their salaries and positions in spite of the temptation to go out into the works and pull down big money have shown good judgment, instead of false pride and lack of nerve. It looks to me as if they will last long after the shopmen working on specialized piecework have gone."

At night Eddystone is a scream of light. The wheels never stop under those red-tiled roofs and within those glass walls; they will not stop until the war is over. By day, and especially at the change of shifts, the place resembles a country town upon which about fifteen big circus crowds have suddenly descended. Normally Eddystone is a town of about eight hundred inhabitants; in these militant days and nights about thirty thousand men and women, girls and boys, toil in the works of its two great munition companies. Seven special trains on three railroads daily drain the surrounding country, from various directions, of its workers, and return them to their homes at the end of their shifts. Hundreds of automobiles and motorcycles supplement the work of the trains and trolleys in moving the labor required in these sleepless plants.

It took a certain automobile half an hour to beat its way through the crowd and pass a trifling distance to the railroad station. The employment chief in an Eddystone plant, who handles thousands of workers, says:

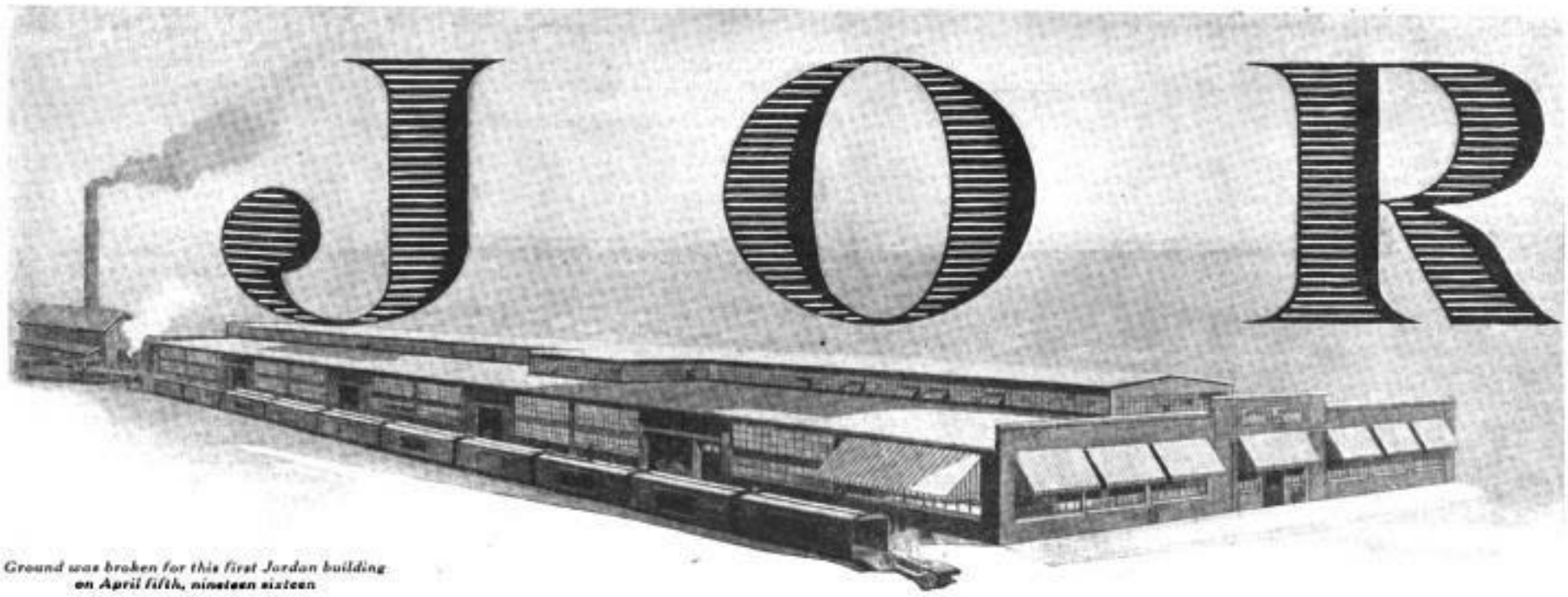
"As a rule we could get boys by hundreds at five dollars a week; now it is absolutely impossible to get them at eight and nine dollars. I don't know what the business houses in the Philadelphia district are doing for delivery boys; it seems to me we must have about all of them out here. They are on the light inspection jobs and work of similar character that brings them about thirteen dollars a week. This is certainly good pay for boys only about eighteen years old.

"Perhaps about the best indication of the extent to which the demand for labor has gone is the fact that four of the best employment offices in Philadelphia, specializing in restaurant labor and serving maids, tell us that it is impossible for them to fill our requisition for five waiting maids for our restaurant here in the plant. Evidently about all the girls in this section of the country who care to work are already in these factories, or others, where they are making at least nine or ten dollars a week, and from that up.

"Probably twenty-five per cent of our girls in this plant are on piecework. Their fingers become very nimble, which is a great consideration in the kind of work in which they are engaged. Plenty of our piecework girls are making eighteen, nineteen and twenty dollars a week. The very best of them are pulling down twenty-five

(Continued on Page 99)

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Ground was broken for this first Jordan building on April fifth, nineteen sixteen

Success

IT is with considerable gratification that we announce the complete success of the Jordan idea in modern motor cars.

The Jordan idea went over from the start. It never wavered for a minute. It went over in the first 24 hours. Jordan success was swift and instantaneous.

To start with the dealer demand was over 1000% greater than all expectations. Over 3000 important, prosperous dealers wanted the Jordan line the minute they heard of the Jordan idea, purpose, plans.

Long had the public tired of the same old common-place lines and finish of every car that passed on the street. Long had they waited for some manufacturer to offer a model well seasoned with a little of the French, Russian, German and English taste in artistic motor-car beauty all blended into a new American being.

Then appeared the Jordan!

This big beautiful six-cylinder car of mechanical perfection took America by storm. And mind you, it was not its mechanical excellence alone—which is second to none. No. It was the smart, stylish, altogether out-of-the-ordinary custom-made bodies. Their beauty; their odd contrasting and harmonious colors; their long, low lines; the saucy tilt to the windshield; the same angle on the steering column; a new luxury in comfort-giving seat cushions and springs.

It was the new vogue that all Americans had been waiting for!

Below is the now-famous four-passenger sport model. It is a car brim full of pep—a car that instantly appeals to red-blooded young men.

And the pitch of the seat cushions, their height from the floor, the studied distance of the foot rail, the distinctive floor rug all say "custom made." Some car!

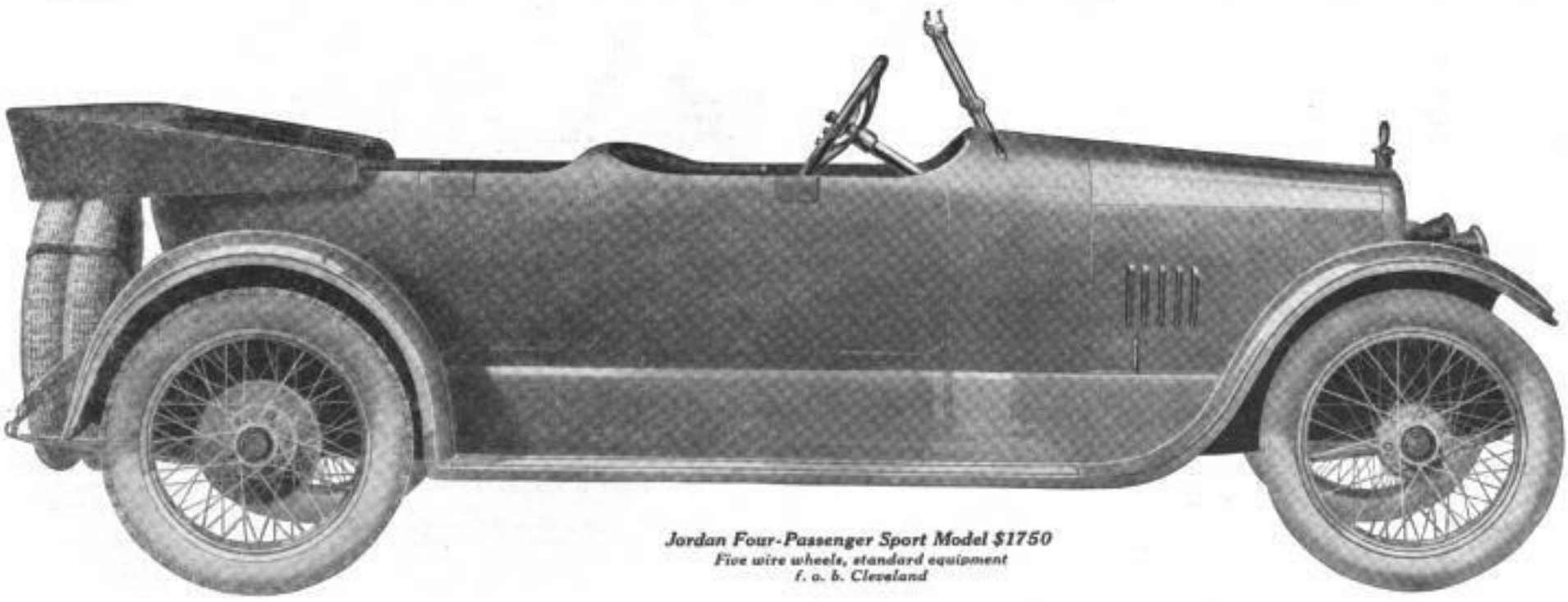
To really appreciate it, take another look—fit for a King, yet within the reach of all. $1750 complete—including five wire wheels.

So this year and next and for all time to come drive the car that by virtue of its true character and decided distinctiveness won success in 24 hours—the Jordan!

Standard Jordan Chassis

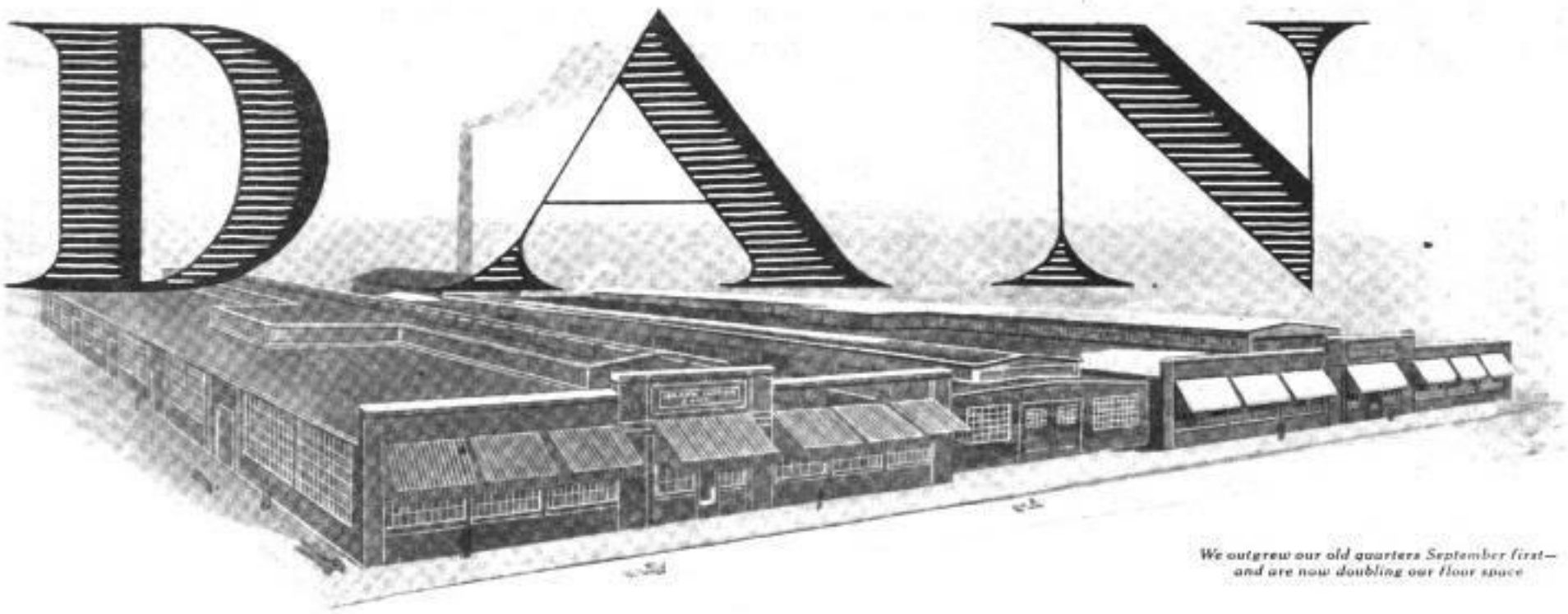
Continental Motor
Bosch Ignition
Vanadium Steel Springs
Timken Axles and Bearings
Firestone 35"x4½" Tires
Stewart Vacuum Tank
Bijur Starter

JORDAN



Jordan Four-Passenger Sport Model $1750
Five wire wheels, standard equipment
f. o. b. Cleveland

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We outgrew our old quarters September first—and are now doubling our floor space

Progress

SUCCESS is of little value unless properly backed by progress. Nothing in the Jordan plans or plants ever stands still.

Our original plant was planned for a production capacity which we did not think would reach its peak for at least a year. But in several short months we were operating to 100% capacity with orders pouring in at a greater rate than we could keep pace with.

So the Jordan plant is being doubled. Do not misunderstand this. Production will not be heedlessly increased. The Jordan plan to build carefully, slowly and under the most rigid inspection will be followed absolutely. The Jordan ideal has not changed one iota.

The new Jordan factories will simply enable us to build Jordan cars on a larger scale—*but fully up to Jordan standards.* There will be no sacrifice of quality.

That constitutes real progress. Additional factories solely because the public *demands* more Jordan cars—not an effort to increase production for the mere sake of bigness.

The care and caution with which Jordan dealers were selected has become the talk of the industry. Any dealer to get the Jordan line had to qualify. We took a good long look at his past. If he did not measure up to Jordan standards we could not do business.

His character had to be as high as ours.

The more rigidly we enforced our examination of dealers the more we attracted the best caliber of men in the business. And as a result we have gathered together the livest, most honorable, most wide-awake sales organization of important dealers in America.

That's another form of progress.

During January we will appoint a few more dealers. Those desiring full information as to territory, models, etc., communicate at once with Jordan headquarters at Cleveland.

Remember—Jordan is a success.

But Jordan success is only commonsense plus initiative which is always loved by every whole-souled American citizen.

Jordan Prices

Seven Passenger Luxury Car $1650
Four Passenger Sport Model $1750
Wire wheels standard
Jordan Sixty Roadster $1650
Jordan Sedan $2350
Jordan Coupé $2300
Jordan Limousine $3000
Prices f. o. b. Cleveland

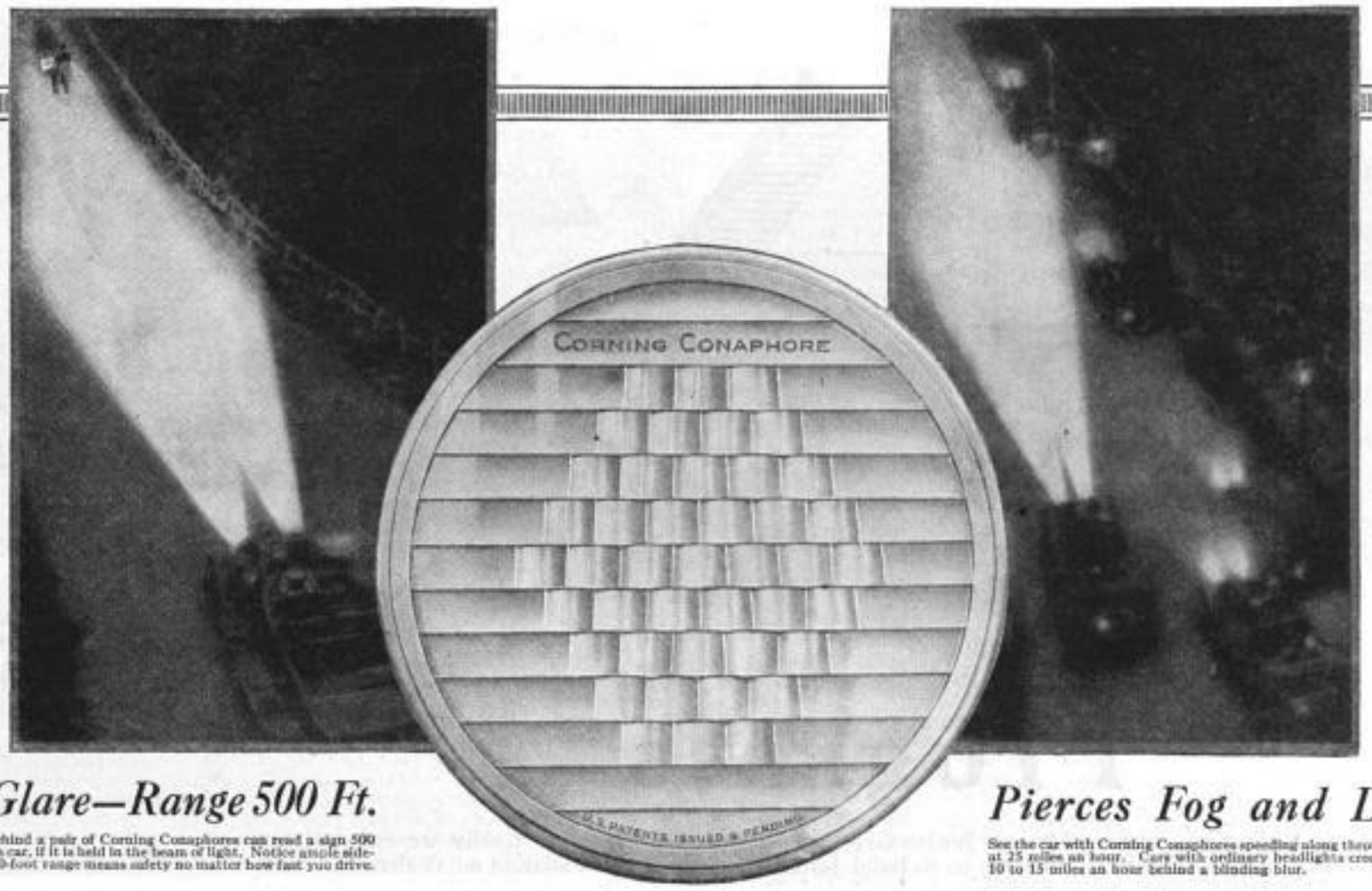
JORDAN

Jordan Motor Car Company, Cleveland, Ohio



Jordan Seven Passenger Luxury Car $1650
Five wire wheels $100 extra
f. o. b. Cleveland

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No Glare—Range 500 Ft.

The man behind a pair of Corning Conaphores can read a sign 500 feet from his car, if it is held in the beam of light. Notice ample side-light. A 500-foot range means safety no matter how fast you drive.

Pierces Fog and Dust

See the car with Corning Conaphores speeding along through the fog at 25 miles an hour. Cars with ordinary headlights creep along at 10 to 15 miles an hour behind a blinding blur.

CORNING CONAPHORE

Sets new headlighting standard

Motorists have long felt the need for a scientific headlight. They want a headlight with long range and strong side-light but no glare.

States and cities have emphasized the need for such a headlight by passing strict "anti-glare" laws in an effort to make night driving safe. A vigorous, nation-wide movement is now under way. During 1917, laws requiring the use of a scientific headlight will be enacted and enforced everywhere.

Ordinary Headlights Dangerous

The ordinary headlight is not satisfactory to motorists. It has a bulb to give the light and a reflector to reflect the light, but nothing to control the direction of the rays. The glass merely keeps out dirt and water. Such headlights may have long range, but they also have glare, because a large part of the light is projected at such a level as to dazzle approaching pedestrians and motorists. The driver has to dim continually. Tilting of lamps downward may reduce the glare, but it greatly decreases the range of the light.

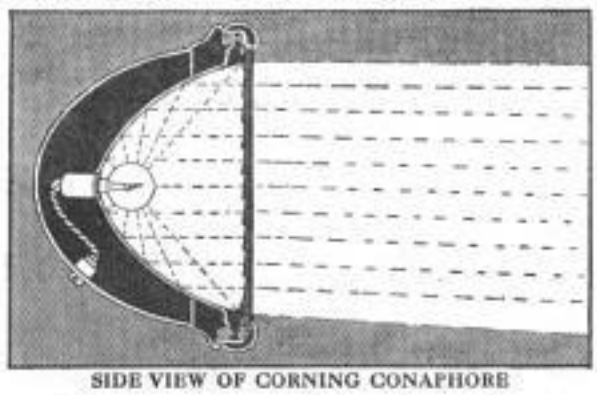
Function of the Conaphore

The headlight problem has been scientifically solved by adding to the bulb and reflector a third part, the Corning Conaphore. The function of the Conaphore is to direct the rays of light from the bulb and reflector, so that the beam will have long range, ample side-light, will not glare and will pierce fog and dust. Tests shown on this page prove the efficiency of the Corning Conaphore.

Scientifically Correct

Practically all of the signal glass used on American railroads is manufactured by the Corning Glass Works. This institution is the largest manufacturer of technical glass in the world, and maintains the *only* laboratory devoted to the study of signal glass. For many years these famous research laboratories have led the world in the art of glass making. It was in these laboratories that the Corning Conaphore was developed. This fact is the best guarantee that the Conaphore is scientifically correct in design and manufacture.

The Corning Conaphore has a smooth outer surface and a series of patented, horizontal corrugations on the inner face. This design bends down the light rays and shoots them out in a long, intense beam, never more than 42 inches above the road, which has wonderful range and ample side-light, but no glare.



SIDE VIEW OF CORNING CONAPHORE

Noviol Glass—A New Invention

Corning Conaphores are made of a new patented glass—Noviol Glass. This is a golden-tint glass which gives the Corning Conaphore a distinctive appearance.

Noviol Glass causes the beam of light to pierce fog or dust. It eliminates "back-glare." It makes the green along the roadside stand out. No ordinary headlight glass can have these features. The use of Noviol Glass is controlled by the Corning Glass Works.

Five Major Advantages

First Four Exclusive

1. Gives headlight range of 500 feet when a standard bulb of 21 candle power or more is properly focused.
2. Cuts out all the glare yet uses *all* the light, thus complying with all city and state "no-glare" laws.
3. Penetrates fog, dust or smoke, so you can easily drive 25 miles an hour under adverse weather conditions.
4. Has strong side-light which illuminates the roadside; the Noviol Beam makes the green stand out so you can distinguish bushes and ditches.
5. Never clogs with dust or mud in summer, or with ice or snow in winter, and is easily put on any car.

Made in Two Kinds of Glass

Corning Conaphores are made of clear glass as well as Noviol Glass. Clear glass Conaphores are equally efficient in giving long range and eliminating glare, but lack the added advantages possessed by the Noviol Glass of eliminating "back-glare" and penetrating fog or dust. We strongly recommend the Noviol.

Easy to Install

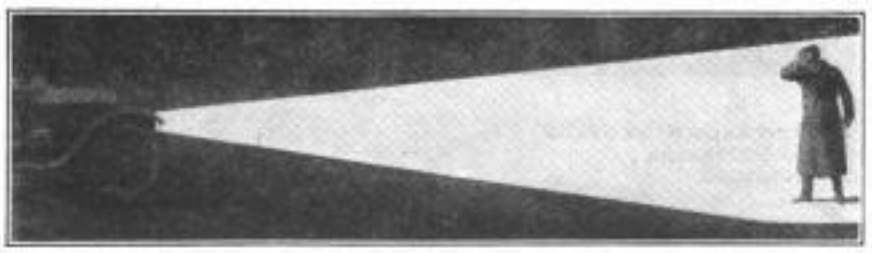
You will find the Corning Conaphore easy to install. Simply take out the glass now in your headlight and put the Conaphore in its place. Sizes are made to fit all cars. In ordering give name, model and year of your car, and diameter of your present headlight glass. All progressive dealers now sell Corning Conaphores. Put a pair on your car today.

Price List

Noviol Glass	Per Pair	Clear Glass	Per Pair
3 to 4⅞ inches inclusive . . .	$1.30	3 to 4⅞ inches inclusive . . .	$0.80
5 to 6⅞ inches inclusive . . .	2.40	5 to 6⅞ inches inclusive . . .	1.60
7 to 8⅝ inches inclusive . . .	3.50	7 to 8½ inches inclusive . . .	2.50
8⅝ to 10 inches inclusive . .	4.50	8⅝ to 10 inches inclusive . .	3.00
10⅛ to 11⅝ inches inclusive	6.00	10⅛ to 11⅝ inches inclusive	4.00

Prices 25 cents more per pair West of Rocky Mts.
Sizes vary by steps of ⅛ inch.

CORNING GLASS WORKS
CONAPHORE SALES DIVISION
EDWARD A. CASSIDY CO., Inc., Managers
510 Foster Building **New York City**



ORDINARY HEADLIGHTS GLARE
The ordinary headlight blinds you with its glare. Glare means danger.



NO-GLARE
Light from Corning Conaphores is never more than 42 inches above road.

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(Continued from Page 95)

a week, and the number of those making anywhere between twenty and twenty-five is by no means small.

"At the time when these plants were built, just after the outbreak of the war, we could get white labor at eighteen cents an hour. The price has moved up, until now we are using two hundred negroes at twenty-five cents an hour to do the roughest and cheapest kind of manual labor."

A small factory in Eddystone has published an offer of a premium of five dollars for every weaver sent to their plant, the reward to be paid after the new employee has remained a month. Storekeepers in localities combed by the Eddystone scouts complain that it is practically impossible for them to get clerks at any wage short of what the boys can earn in the munition plants. One of the special trains saps a territory in which is located a large tool factory that employs about seven thousand men. Toolmakers who were getting from thirty to forty cents an hour two years ago can now command anywhere from sixty to ninety cents an hour for a ten-hour day at the munition plants. For overtime they receive time and a half; and the pressure upon them for overtime, in making machine tools and in teaching others how to make and use them, is unrelaxing.

Of course the toolmaking plant referred to has been pushed to meet the offers of the munition makers, in order to hold the men they have trained and developed. The fact that a special train takes workers from that locality to Eddystone in quick time and without a stop, and brings them back, makes this competition decidedly acute.

No Place for Soft Hands

From a broad and industrious inquiry it would seem that the office pay in the Philadelphia district has not generally increased more than fifteen per cent—perhaps ten per cent would be a fair average—since the war started. For bookkeepers, for example, twenty dollars a week seems to be a popular salary. Of course hundreds of them are getting as low as fifteen in the district, though those in the more advanced positions receive considerably more than this. However, it is evident that the bookkeeper drawing more than one hundred dollars a month feels that he is in the upper strata of his vocation.

At Eddystone are many examples of men who have had the courage of their desires and have deserted their soft-handed callings for the fat rewards of the man at the munition lathe. The experience of a former school-teacher illustrates that there are two sides to this game of pulling down big pay as a pieceworker in a munition plant. He was making eighteen dollars a week in a clerical position, keeping output records. When he saw that machine men in greasy overalls were earning double that amount, and even more, he begged for a transfer and finally received it.

Now he is back at his old job, wearing a white shirt and a chastened smile. He declares that he will never again envy a munition-machine worker his bloated wage, and that his two weeks in overalls almost literally broke down his constitution. The munition machine, according to this former school-teacher, is no place for a man with soft hands and soft muscles. He was able to stand the pace for a bare fortnight and then surrendered to save himself from collapse. This man has plenty of company; his case is typical of many others who have left office positions for shell lathes, only to find that they are unable to endure this kind of labor, especially at the high-pressure speed demanded.

Necessarily some forms of munition-machine work are harder and heavier than others, and if the man from the office is fortunate enough to get a light job he is able to pass through the "hardening" process without breaking. One production captain in a munition plant made the interesting observation that an office man with a reasonable amount of education behind him stood an especially good chance of promotion after he had successfully undergone the severe initiation into shopwork that one now gets in the production end of the munition game. These men, he pointed out, quite generally make excellent production captains, and their chances of being retained in the shop organization after the close of the war are better than many of those who had been longer in shopwork.

"The production end of almost any business," says another man in charge of a shop force, "is a good field in which to make use of an education, of a knowledge of figures, and of a knowledge of what goes on in the office. It can be made to count for a whole lot, and some of the young fellows who have chucked their salaried positions in favor of a workman's job in this time of peculiar industrial stress are going to find that it has opened up for them a short cut to desirable and profitable places in the organization. Very likely a good many of them who would have remained clerks and bookkeepers will soon find themselves filling jobs of authority, which carry good pay, in the production force—if they have not already reached such a goal.

"This strange mix-up that we are now in, this period of unprecedented high pressure in turning out products of certain kinds, has already seen some remarkable developments in the way of bringing fresh executive talent to the front; and by the time a period of relaxation comes a whole lot of young men, unknown at the beginning of the war, will be decorated by their organization superiors and marked for big places. Such pressure as we are now passing through has many unwholesome and undesirable features; but it is certainly giving a lot of young men a chance to demonstrate their powers and attract the attention of the big men in industry, who are looking for men of forty-two-centimeter caliber to put into the big positions."

This pressure for munition production is also correcting many human misplacements. In a munition plant in the Philadelphia district is a young man who left a small bookkeeping position, paying less than eighty dollars a month, put on a jumper and took his stand at a machine. His present earnings are at least three times what he received in his position at a desk, and he feels that he has found himself and that he will never go back to his books unless forced to do so. Cases of this kind are common in munition plants, where the lure of big earnings at piecework has tempted young men to sacrifice their genteel positions and white collars for the sake of making sensational wages.

Men Off the Shelf

Another interesting development of the present abnormal labor situation is the fact that it has called back hordes of superannuated men who had come to regard themselves as permanently "shelved" because the light labor they were able to do was monopolized by boys. In the munition centers the messenger boy is almost an extinct race. His place is taken by the messenger man—whose legs are less nimble but whose mind is not so keen for crap shooting, movie shows and other allurements that beset the feet of the messenger boy who is having his first eager fling at the busy and fascinating world. One of these mature messengers, who admits that he will never see sixty-eight again, proudly remarked:

"I can carry a message just as well and just as quickly as any boy. Why not? I know how to use my head! In the long run that counts more than nimble heels. And it seems good to have something to do again—something that is light and does not tire me too much. It occupies my thoughts in a very pleasant way—besides bringing in nine dollars a week, which helps quite a bit in meeting the increased cost of living. I've been told that my work is so satisfactory that I'm to be raised to ten dollars in a few days."

In the financial district of New York dignified men who have passed the prime of life are supplanting boys as runners for the Wall Street firms to a considerable extent. They make stock deliveries mainly—a work that is simple but that calls for responsibility. The men who are filling these positions formerly held by boys are evidently giving general satisfaction. They carry their bulging stock wallets with a dignity that their youthful predecessors did not support, and they are not so speedy on the street; but it is generally admitted that they make as many deliveries in a day and with perhaps less noise and confusion than their nimble competitors of a younger generation.

Some of these venerable Wall Street runners get from eighteen to twenty dollars a week, while few of them receive less than twelve dollars.

Many stores in both Philadelphia and New York are also using old men as messengers and for other work formerly done by boys.

Everywhere in the Philadelphia munition district bankers admit a year of unprecedented deposits; there are few of them, however, who can boast of having raised the salary scale of their employees. Various reasons are assigned for this. Probably the real explanation is that the bank clerk is naturally a stayer and is less tempted to quit or change his occupation than almost any other kind of office help. Perhaps the fact that there is a certain atmosphere of class about bank work may have something to do with holding the bank clerk to his position when he sees the cost of living and the pay of the wageworker climbing to unprecedented levels while the figures on his own salary check remain the same.

A savings-bank official, who admitted that his bank had enjoyed a wonderful year, said that he could not raise his clerks' salaries because his is a mutual institution in which responsibility runs straight back to the depositors.

Another savings bank said that in the past ten months they had added nearly three thousand new accounts as against less than one thousand for the preceding year, but had not advanced salaries.

A street contractor, operating mainly in the suburbs of Philadelphia, was asked what he had to pay for the roughest and cheapest labor that he could find. He replied that he was in great luck if he could pick up a few Dagos or "Hunkies," unable to speak any English or to understand more than a few words of it, at two and a half dollars for an eight-hour day. Two years ago, he explained, he could get all he wished of this grade of workers for one and a quarter dollars a day. In New York the Irish foreman of a street gang tilted his clay pipe at an angle of disgust as he declared that if you were lucky enough to catch a green Hunkie for two dollars and fifty cents you couldn't expect to keep him at that wage for more than a few weeks, at best. Then the demand would come for two eighty-five and three dollars. He proudly confessed that he was receiving five dollars a day, himself.

Mention Wall Street in connection with War Brides, and your hearer will instantly brace himself for an Aladdinlike tale of riches made overnight by means of casting a few marginal crumbs on the tidal wave of speculation that has swept the country. There is, however, quite another side to this feverish activity in the stock market. This is the side of the Wall Street worker. A few days ago the bookkeeper for a brokerage house came out of his glass retreat to greet a friend.

"Bob," he exclaimed, "after the cruel war is over we'll swap apologies for having seen nothing of each other for six months! I'll just cover the whole situation by saying that, aside from Saturday and Sunday nights, I have been home to dinner just three nights in three months. And, even at that, I'm not so badly off as some of the men I know who are on Wall Street books. A few of the fellows have to work all night now and then—literally all night! It has been the most wonderful speculative period that ever struck the Street. Nothing to compare with it in many respects—in length of duration, for example, and in the fact that it has been almost a steady boom. We practically eat and sleep at our desks."

How Bookkeepers Fare

"What do we get out of it? That all depends on the individual. I could show you a young chap in a position about parallel to mine who is taking in about four hundred dollars a month earnings as an accountant. Of course we are forbidden to speculate to the extent of a dollar. Whatever we get must come from our bookkeeping efforts. First, there is our overtime work, and then there are many chances to do a little extra bookkeeping on the side and get good pay for it.

"The Street is full of commission brokers, men of the society type, who have a few special customers. These men are not disposed to do anything in the way of clerical work. Therefore, they are the natural meat of the experienced bookkeeper in times when trading is brisk. Men of this sort generally have desk room in the houses through which their trades are handled, and naturally the bookkeeper of the concern finds his services in demand by these commission brokers. Perhaps his own work is so hard that he can scarcely keep up with it; but the fiercer the trading, the more the commission broker is willing to pay to have his accounts kept in shape.

"The pay is so good for the time taken that the bookkeeper hasn't the nerve to refuse this side money—that is, until he has reached the limit of his capacity. When we see men by hundreds all round us who are making fortunes, it is hardly to be expected that we fellows who handle the figures should be able wholly to suppress our appetites for a little of this candy. We are shut out from going after it in a speculative way; and so it seems that we're all the more entitled to a taste of it in the form of increased salary.

"Some of the Wall Street houses have boosted salaries under this pressure; but you can bet that the advance has not been anything like the raise in the wageworkers' pay or the jump in the price of living. I'm not complaining, personally. My employer has been quite fair with me and perhaps most of the others are to their men.

"You see, I can't forget that this house carried me right along on the salary list in the dark days before the boom, when the gross commissions were almost nothing, net—and the rent went right along at the old Wall Street rate! If I'm inclined to feel dissatisfied now I remember those times and try to strike a general average. Lots of others look at it the same way.

"However, the fact remains that bookkeepers getting from twenty-five to fifty dollars a week—as many of them are in this city—can tell you that their little salary check is standing a mighty stiff strain right at the present time. I know one clerk, for example, in the stock department of a house here on the Street who gets sixty dollars a week. He is neither dissipated nor extravagant; but he finds that he has to do some rather close figuring in order to make that meet the reasonable demands of a family in these days when you cannot buy a pound of good creamery butter and a dozen strictly fresh eggs with a dollar."

The Shanghai Bus

In point of recognizing the strained situation in which the salary check of ordinary size finds itself, the action of a certain New York banking house deserves conspicuous mention. After a careful investigation into the increased cost of living this bank, according to common report on the Street, will distribute to its salaried men an emergency fund equivalent to thirty per cent of each employee's salary for the year. It is understood that other large banks will announce a somewhat similar emergency plan in recognition of the rights and necessities of the salaried men who have stuck at their posts in spite of strong temptations to quit.

The New York situation in the matter of domestic help is suggested by the experience of a certain resident of Glen Ridge, New Jersey, who offered a househelper forty-five dollars to induce her to remain with his family. She declined the offer on the ground that she could do better at one of the munition plants.

In the eyes of the established manufacturer of the Atlantic seaboard, about the most efficient engine of industrial destruction thus far devised is the Sunday shanghai motorbus which fares forth from a munition center to the mill towns of New England and the other down-East states, seeking whom it may impress. The owner of a textile mill located perhaps a little less than one hundred miles from Bridgeport, Connecticut, entered this complaint to the writer:

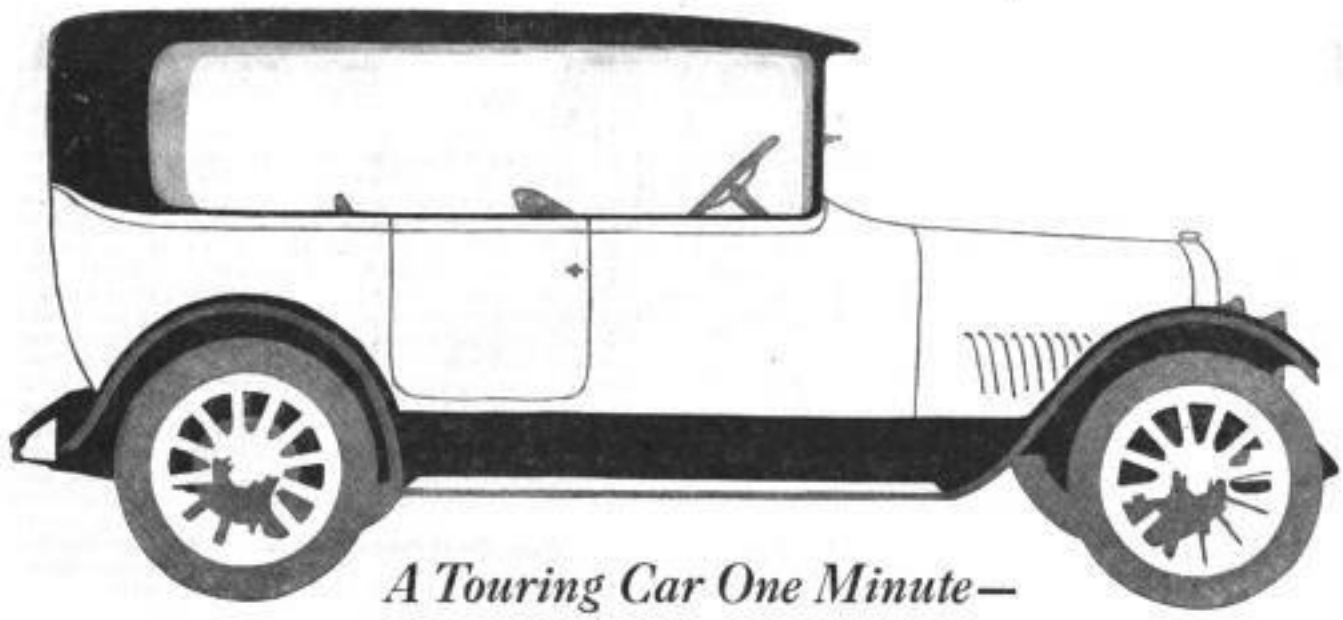
"The general public has no idea what the War Brides and their shanghai busses have been doing to manufacturers in established lines. Take it in our own case: We were far enough away from any large munition factory to feel reasonably safe about our workers; but we took the precaution to give them a substantial raise of rates, just the same. Things had begun to get into full swing down at Bridgeport when, one Sunday, two big automobiles stopped in our town. Its occupants approached a group of young men. They offered the boys cigars and then inquired where they were working. The lads answered that they were in the local textile mill. Then came an inquiry as to the wages they were getting. One of our boys replied that he was pulling down eighteen dollars a week and his partner was getting sixteen—which he allowed was a lot better than the twelve and fourteen which they drew when the war broke out. The visiting stranger laughed loudly at this and exclaimed:

"'Say, do you call that wages—sixteen and eighteen dollars a week? Lads, wake

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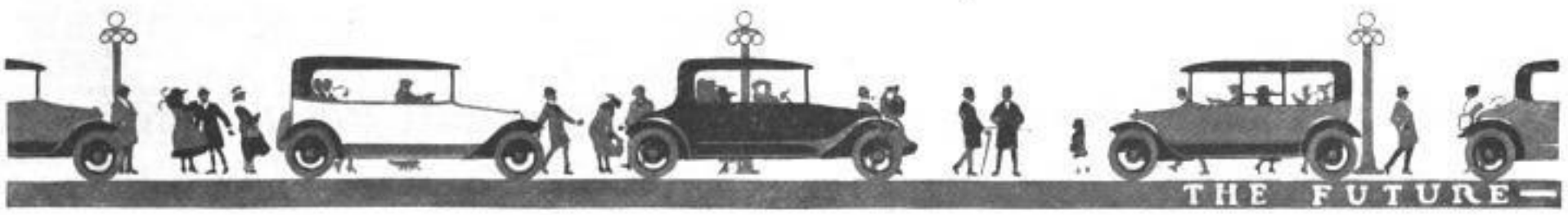
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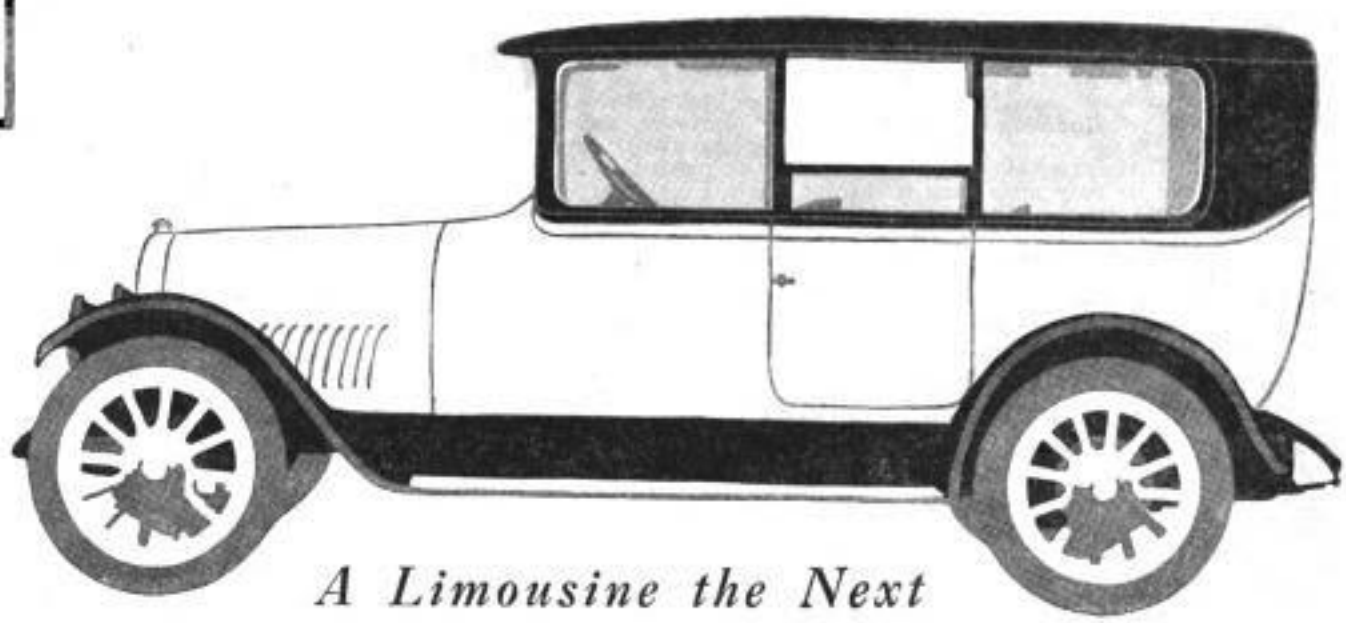
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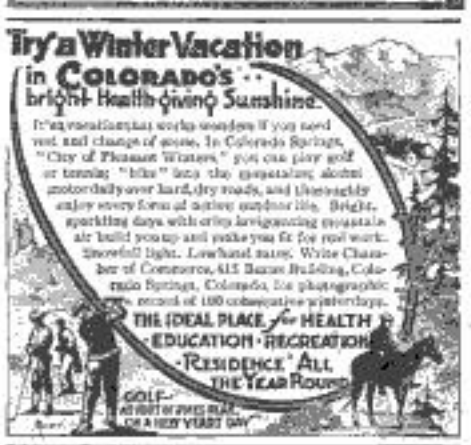
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up! How would you like to earn eight dollars a day?'

"Our boy from the finishing room granted that such a wage was beyond his dreams of avarice, and intimated that there was no such animal. Then the visitor displayed his credentials for the munition plant, and told the young men to get together a few of their friends from the mill and he would take them all down together to where munition money was falling in showers. He was in a hurry and there was no chance to fuss about giving notice to their boss. Opportunity was knocking at their town, and if they wished to get aboard there was just time for them to grab their clothes and be off. This is precisely what they did! On the way down the man explained to them that they would have to put in a lot of overtime in order to make their wages average eight dollars a day; but they were in for it then and eager for the change and excitement.

"Next morning the superintendent of our mill found that several men from the dyehouse and the finishing room had been shanghaied by the press gang from the munition plant. This set the output of the mill back a week, at least. More than that, it disrupted the whole working organization, and we knew it was the beginning of a constant drain. What could we do about it? We had already given two voluntary raises in wages or rates, and we made another advance; but, of course, it was impossible fully to meet such competition. All we could do was to show our disposition along the line of an advance and try to convince our hands—and especially the older ones—that it would be more profitable to them in the long run to stick with us, even if it did make rather a strong demand on their loyalty at the moment.

"An intimate friend in the textile business said to me a few days ago that if he could get labor enough to put through the orders now on hand he could clear five hundred dollars a day; but that, as this was impossible without paying prohibitive rates which would demoralize the business for perhaps years to come, he was going to get out what product he could without paying war prices for labor, and let the rest go. Textile millowners all over the East will declare that this is a true picture of their own situation, and that the Sunday shanghai bus from the munition plant is about the most dreaded and destructive thing they know."

Robbing the Kitchen

The influence of the Sunday shanghai bus and its busy press gang is sharply illustrated by the experience of a maker of automobile parts in the New Haven district. He must meet competition for labor, because of contracts for his product. This man declares that the Monday on which he does not have to go through his plant and hand out a line of raises is a red-letter day. He is now paying six dollars a day to mechanics of the handy-man class, who would normally be glad to get two or three dollars a day.

The startling fashions that War Brides have introduced into the field of female labor is encountered in a graphic way in this same field. A large corset manufacturer there suddenly found that hundreds of his girls were flocking to the local ammunition plant, which employs about eighteen thousand hands and has much light work to which women are specially adapted. Instead of trying to stem the tide by offering fully competitive wages, these shrewd corset manufacturers decided to meet the situation by doing something decidedly original. Though they have done what they could within reason to keep a force of their trained employees with them, they have introduced a novelty stunt in the labor struggle by starting a new factory in which all the hands will be negro girls drawn from domestic service in that district.

This clever move is the latest development in a chain of interesting circumstances that have not added to the gayety of the housewives of that locality.

First, the establishment of the original corset factory drew white working girls from domestic service and left the field very largely to the girls from the growing negro quarter of that section. These colored girls soon demonstrated their cleverness as household servants, and the adjustment of the domestic situation was supposed to be permanent and complete. Then came the call for girl munition makers, and the corset factory saw its organization of workers raided for the benefit of the War Brides. Once more it has turned to the kitchens of the community to stop the gaps and refill its trenches, with the result that the housewife of this classic district who is able to retain the services of a negro girl at a wage of less than thirty dollars a month and "found" may consider herself decidedly fortunate.

A New York business man who owns a small farm not far out gives this glimpse of what the gentleman farmer is up against in these munition days:

"I saw something of what was coming; so I made a contract with my man that, for 1916, he would be given fifty dollars a month and ten per cent on everything sold from the place—this in addition, of course, to all the perquisites and findings usually given a man in his position. Naturally he grew a lot of stuff on the place and has sold a heap of it. Of course he has been pressed by the munition-plant scouts to throw up his contract; but he has stuck faithfully. On the other hand my good neighbors have been having their troubles. One rented his house to a man at a low consideration so that the tenant would help him out over the busy season with the farmwork. The man had scarcely moved in when the scouts came along and carried him off to the munition plant, where he has worked ever since. Another neighbor had a splendid crop of peaches which he allowed to remain unpicked because he could not get help—at least at a price that was not, in his opinion, prohibitive."

Why Traffic is Tied Up

The head traffic man of a big New York concern was told by the president of his company to go out and find why shipments were from fifteen days to a month late. At one point a freight manager made this statement:

"Right there in the yards are forty cars of miscellaneous goods, and one hundred and fifty more cars of the same sort are waiting outside. If you can lead me to anybody who'll get me the men to unload those cars I'll do 'most anything for you!"

Then the New Yorker had a bright idea and asked the freight man why the road didn't bring a few trainloads of negroes up from the South to do this sort of work. This suggestion was met with the classic story that is being told everywhere in traffic circles. It relates that a big railroad system, suffering from acute traffic congestion, thought of this plan and started to put it into effect on a big scale. They assembled negroes and started North with them.

When they pulled into one of the big munition centers these hundreds of freight handlers, who were going to relieve the traffic congestion, suddenly faded. They had been met down on the road by the industrious scouts from the munition makers. The frequency with which this story is heard wherever labor and traffic troubles are discussed—whether at the Atlantic seaboard or in Chicago—almost compels the hearer to believe that it has happened—not once but repeatedly.

The manufacturer's traffic manager also investigated the question of delayed express deliveries. When he complained to a local express manager in Chicago that his goods were allowed to stand round five or six days without delivery he was told:

"Come to the stables with me, please."

After they arrived there the express man pointed to a line of twenty horses and ten wagons.

"See 'em?" he asked.

"Well," responded the New Yorker, "why don't you get them out?"

"You get me the men—men who are fit to handle horses—and I'll get them out P. D. Q.! But, remember, it is impossible to use men in this work who are not used to handling horses and who do not know Chicago. We simply can't man those teams, and that's all there is to it!"

The industrial traffic man says:

"I have about twenty carloads of stuff packed here waiting for lighter service, and cannot get it. Ship traffic is also blocked for lack of men to do the unloading. The same condition exists at every railroad transfer point. It is and has been one long series of embargoes and blockades for every class of material in every form of shipment. The price that carriers are willing to pay for labor to break the congestion seems to have little effect on the situation."

The superintendent of New York City's Public Employment Bureau puts the situation in these terse words:

"As late as the spring of 1915 you could get plenty of rough, common labor at seventeen and a half cents an hour; but by this time the rate has gone up to twenty-eight cents, thirty-three cents and thirty-five cents for this cheapest form of labor. Boys can still be had for ten dollars a week—in some localities for even eight dollars; but these boys are less interested in the futures of their jobs and more in the immediate pay than previously. Now they want cash in hand rather than promotion promises. Of course this may not always be as shrewd a policy as it might seem, but it simply indicates the mental effect of the present labor situation on the boys.

"As to the clerks and lower-grade bookkeepers, this class of workers was most in evidence during the recent period of depression. Evidently the man of this type is the first to be fired and the last to be taken on here. I attribute this somewhat to the fact that New York is greater as a commercial city than as an industrial city. The wages of this class have remained fairly constant; they are getting just about what they were when the war started—just about enough to dress respectably but not enough to permit them to marry. It is true, of course, that you can find examples of where the salaries of this immense class of workers have been raised slightly. On the other hand, those raises are the exception rather than the rule.

"One curious effect of the war is that it has not only made a place for men who were thought to be too old for work but has actually revitalized a whole lot of them. Only yesterday a man of sixty or more walked in here with his shoulders squared, his eyes bright and his voice full of confidence as he asked for a job in competition with the young fellows just out of college; and he got it, too. The fact is, this happens right along. A few months ago a man well along in years came in here for a position and told this story, which was later verified: He had been in business for himself, made a very comfortable little fortune, and retired. He lived with his son; and the son lost everything, including his own health and practically all of the father's fortune. The father secured a good position through this bureau and is now earning a fair salary and giving satisfaction."

Men of Sixty-Five Make Good

"I recall another man, of sixty-five, who is making good as a superintendent of construction work on a big breakwater project. He had large interests in Mexico, but when chaos broke loose down there he was lucky to escape with his life.

"It seems to me that all along the line there is a reaction against the efficiency theories that have, in hundreds of concerns, eliminated experienced men of middle age and put in their places sprightly youths. Evidently the heads of these houses are to some extent swinging back to the conclusion that in times of great prosperity pressure, like the present, these newcomers of the efficiency school are out after the immediate coin and will go where they can get it, where men of more mature years and longer service will remain."

What is happening all through the Pittsburgh district is suggested by the personal story of a certain man who, just before the outbreak of the war, was working two days a week and receiving a total of six dollars. He had just lost one child and his wife was in the hospital. One of the terrors before him was the prospect that he was likely to lose all the payments he had made on the home he was buying. Then the "shell game" opened, and he went into it to the limit of his endurance.

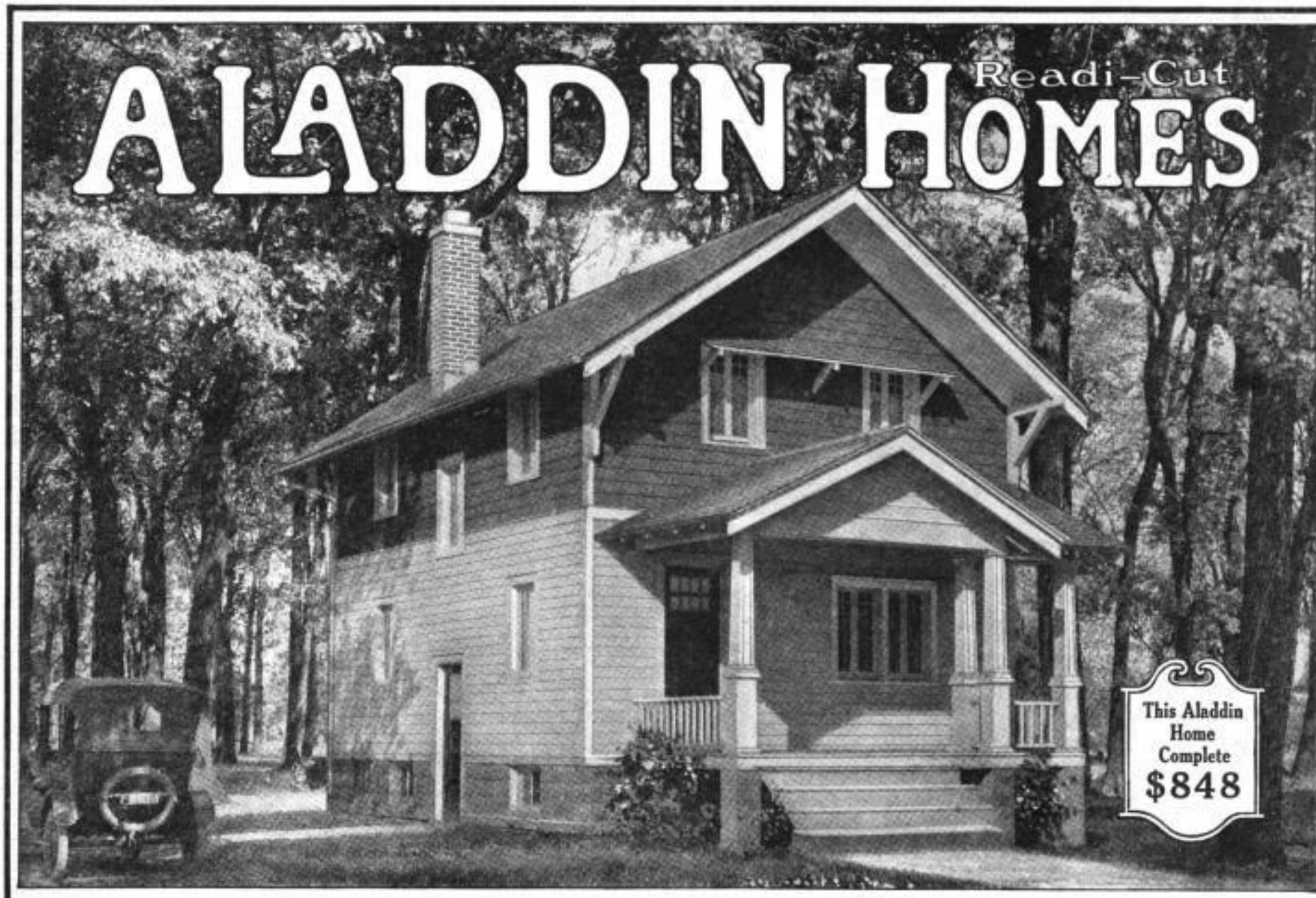
As a result in his best weeks his pay check on piecework amounted to an average of fifteen dollars a day, and his earnings were seldom less than twelve dollars a day after he had become thoroughly accustomed to the new work.

His home is now paid for and comfortably furnished, and he has a very nice nest egg stowed away in the bank. If he desired he could keep on earning at this rate until the end of the war; and, with his increased facility in the work, he could probably touch the twenty-dollar-a-day point at which so many shell workers are aiming. Instead, however, he has quit the lathe and taken a job as foreman at much less than he could make at the machine. This action

(Continued on Page 105)

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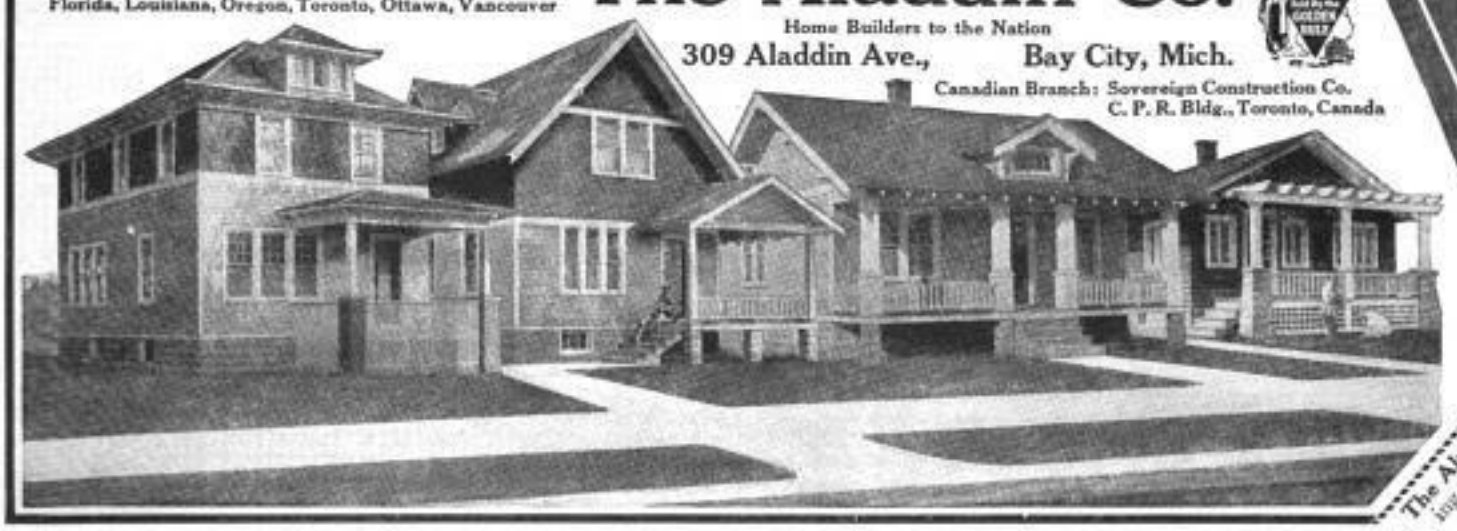
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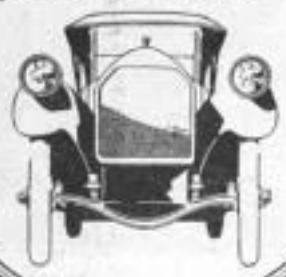
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(Continued from Page 102)

has been taken because he has been long-headed enough to look out for the future and shrewd enough to realize that he has developed to a higher plane of shopwork; in short, he has put himself up into the supervising class.

When surprise was shown at the fact that a person in authority in the shop, holding a supervising position and working with his head instead of his hands, should draw less money than the men under him, I was met with the statement that this is common.

How high the wage scale can climb in Pittsburgh under war pressure and the piecework plan is indicated by the admission, on the part of the active head of one of the great steel companies, that rollers in some of the Pittsburgh mills are making an average of twenty-five dollars a day, and that puddlers are doing practically as well.

This official declares that a very satisfactory proportion of these men are saving their money. He regards this thrift as the result, in a large measure, of the plan of encouraging employees to invest in the stock of the company, and making it possible for them to do so on very advantageous terms.

When the man earning a modest salary looks with envy upon the bloated pay envelope of the munition-machine operator, he is likely to overlook several interesting facts which it would be well for him to consider before deciding to swap his white-shirt position for a place at the shell lathe.

For example, there is the plain muscular strain incident to lifting the shells into place in the machine and taking them out again. A production captain in one of the smaller munition shops of the Pittsburgh district, who knows the weight of every shell handled, figured that a lathe man in the twenty-dollar-a-day class handled twenty-six thousand pounds a day in and out of his machine. He also declared that the hands of many of these men who are pulling down the big money and working at top speed for as many hours a day as they can stand up to the job are often so stiff when they come to work that they resemble set claws, and about half an hour of slow work is required to limber them up into good working shape.

The Pressure of Production

In this connection a certain supervisor of shell production in a large plant, where boys of seventeen and eighteen years of age are averaging twelve dollars a day and many men are keeping their daily earnings to a point above eighteen dollars, makes the interesting observation that if the experienced mechanics now working on shells had worked as hard—as many hours and at as intense a pressure—on the tasks with which they were engaged before America went into the munition business, their earnings would have been about eighty per cent of what they are now.

Of course this statement is made for the purpose of comparison and does not at all imply that these mechanics had the opportunity to work overtime at that period. They did not. On every hand, in every munition district visited in this investigation, the same spirit of wage greed was found driving men to their utmost powers. In many cases this appeared to be almost as much a matter of personal pride in the high figure on the pay envelope as a desire for the money itself.

One foreman described the situation in these words:

"The game here is something fierce! Our crack men are driving the spurs into themselves in a way that is absolutely merciless. Sometimes it seems to me they are simply wage-crazy. They are no longer content to touch the twenty-dollar-a-day point for about half the time, but they wish to put their daily average up to that figure—and a whole lot of them are doing it too. Of course the men over them are putting on all the pressure they can, because they are being pushed by the chief executives of their various companies. Again, the bonus they get is dependent upon what the workers under them do in the way of production miracles.

"No one outside the game can in the least appreciate how tremendous this production pressure is. There are shops in this district where output has been screwed up to a point that has given the supervising force a bonus of a hundred per cent; and even at that rate the crack men at the machines pulled down more money than all save one or two of the men over them. In other words, only the two men at the top of the shop's executive force drew salaries for the month larger than the pay of the best class of mechanics at the lathes."

How freely easy money is flowing in Pittsburgh is suggested by the experience of a salesman in a leading retail music store. Because of his ability in demonstrating disk machines he had been brought from a point outside the munition zone and was, therefore, unacquainted with the appearance and habits of the industrious shell-worker. He had hardly been in his new position a day when a request was received by telephone to have three of the best machines of as many different makes sent to a certain address in the afternoon, so that they could be demonstrated that evening. The person making the request explained that an evening demonstration would be necessary, because that was the only time when the head of the house could be present and that it was impossible for him to call at the store in person.

When the demonstrator found his way that evening to the cottage designated in the order he was sure a mistake had been made, and almost decided not to call and make an inquiry as a matter of form. The cottage was one of a row that he classed in his own mind as laborers' shacks. There was nothing in his past experience as a salesman to suggest to him the possibility that a family living in such surroundings could purchase the most expensive type of talking machine.

Contentment Everywhere

A knock at the door, however, brought the command: "Come in!" And he found himself in the presence of a middle-aged man, in shirt sleeves, smoking a clay pipe, who pointed in the direction of the disk machines and said:

"Shoot!"

From that instant the wife and daughter of the household took charge of the ceremonies until the grizzled smoker removed his pipe and remarked:

"That's the one for us. But, while we're about it, we may as well keep the one that was played just before this, and send it over to Mary. Then we'll want that outfit of records. Now figure up what the whole thing comes to and I'll write you a check."

The closing statement from "father" saved the salesman from extreme embarrassment, not to say heart failure; for he had been unable to bring himself to believe that he should be justified in leaving two expensive instruments in such a home without "something to show for them." The check was for a little less than six hundred dollars.

An indication of the wage strides made by the common laborer is afforded by the fact that it is easy to find huskies, who were glad to get a dollar and a half a day at the outbreak of the war, who now receive from three-fifty to four-fifty a day for rolling shells from one point of the shop floor to another. There are many cases where common labor not engaged in shell production gets five dollars and seventy cents for a twelve-hour day in the munition plants.

One of the happiest takers of War Bride money in the Pittsburgh district is an ex-janitor, who was getting seventeen and a half cents an hour when the war started and a little later secured twenty-four cents for sweeping floors. He used his acquaintance with one of the young college men who had been made a production captain in a munition shop to enter his plea for a chance at a lathe. The young man interceded for him, and for the last ten months the humble graduate from the janitor's department has made an average earning of thirteen dollars a day.

Perhaps his closest competitor, in point of satisfaction secured from the munition wage, is an ex-cigar clerk working in the same shop. Though he is not getting quite so much money as the former floor sweeper, he frankly declares that, for the first time in his life, he is making a living; and that he is also "salting down something for the day when the Dove of Peace throws the power off the shell lathes."

A shop neighbor to this greasy but contented graduate from the cigar counter is an ex-bank clerk from a Western State, who decided that a white collar, a salary of about sixteen dollars a week, and the privilege of talking to depositors through a grated window were all right for those who were either too proud or too soft of body to go up against the hard work of the munition plant; but that, as he was decidedly husky,

(Concluded on Page 107)



For Correct Styles—
For Patterns That Fit—
For Easier House-Keeping—
For a Guide in Buying—
For Fancy Needlework—
For Wholesome Stories—

More Than One Million Three Hundred Thousand (1,300,000) Discriminating Women Every Month Turn to McCALL'S MAGAZINE

We suggest that you send your subscription now to start with April (printed in March), our great Annual Spring Fashion Number.

February and March numbers may sell out before your order reaches us—buy them at 10c each at any News-stand or McCall Pattern Agency.

McCALL'S MAGAZINE

Announces a Change in Price

The pages of McCALL'S for 1916, end on end, would reach from New York to San Francisco forty-five (45) times, and weigh over ten million (10,000,000) pounds.

In 1917, raw paper, of the high grade we use (one of the biggest items of expense in publishing a magazine of large circulation), will cost nearly twice as much as we paid last year. Besides, ink, type metal, engravings, labor—in fact, everything that goes into making McCALL'S—has nearly doubled in cost.

To lower McCALL standards, or cheapen McCALL quality, is unthinkable. The one and only thing to do is to increase our subscription price and keep on improving our magazine.

McCALL'S is now ten cents (10c) a copy, seventy-five cents (75c) a year, ($1.00 Canada; $1.50 foreign), beginning with the February, 1917, number, on sale this month. However, *for a short time only*, this opportunity is given to subscribe at the old low rates.

A RECOGNIZED FASHION AUTHORITY FOR NEARLY 50 YEARS

How often you hear, "She hasn't a bit of style." You know women possessing extravagant wardrobes, yet who are never stylishly dressed. You also know women who spend a very modest sum on their clothes and you wonder how they manage to dress so charmingly. Our Fashion Editor says, "*STYLE is a matter of TASTE rather than money.*"

Taste, you will agree, however excellent, must have a reliable guide. THE McCALL COMPANY of New York, founded 1870, makers of McCALL patterns (so favorably known for their style, fit, simplicity, and economy) and publishers of McCALL'S MAGAZINE (monthly), THE McCALL BOOK OF FASHIONS (Quarterly), McCALL'S EMBROIDERY AND NEEDLEWORK, etc., enjoys a prestige of nearly 50 years' success as Fashion Publishers and offers just such a guide in its monthly style news (recognized as authority), richly illustrated in black and white and in colors, by the choicest new, approved designs, and patterns that faithfully reproduce those designs.

1917 EDITORIAL PROGRAM

You and all your family will surely enjoy these February and March features:

"The Nameless Man," big new serial story of love, mystery and surprising climaxes, just starting, by Natalie Lincoln; "Keeping House for Presidents," Helen Hamlodge; "The Strongest Pleaders," powerful love story, Mary Lerner; "The Long Way 'Round," middle-aged romance, Ruth N. Tuthill; "Mary Pickford's Movie Children," William Armstrong; "Providing for the Lean Years," practical article; "Compensation," love story, Lilian Ducey; "Latch-Strings Ajar," story of a young girl misunderstood, Katherine Kingsley Crosby; "The Church that Waked Up," Montanye Perry; etc. Stories and articles follow later from these popular writers: Helen Christine Bennett, Anne Gunter Boykin, Mariel Brady, Helen Topping Miller, William Hamby, and many others.

DEPARTMENTS THAT HELP

Many home-loving women have come to look upon McCALL'S as a "household necessity" because of these practical service departments:

Common-sense Beauty Talks, Annette Beacon; Correct Social Usage—What Priscilla Learned at Boarding-School, Mary Marshall Duffee; Words—How to Use Them, Emma M. Bolenius, text book Author; Home Millinery, Evelyn Tobey, Millinery Director Columbia University; Paris Fashion Letter, Paris Correspondent; Home Dressmaking, Margaret Whitney; Embroidery, Genevieve Sterling and Helen Thomas; Children's Page, Frederick White; Baby Welfare, Mary L. Read, Director School of Mothercraft; Foods and Food Values, Isobel Brands; Gardens, F. F. Rockwell; Household Decoration, Mary H. Northend; Parties and Entertainments, Martha Grossman; Housekeeping Exchange, Helen Hopkins.

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P. S.—Also please send items marked below:
McCall's Spring and Summer Pattern Catalogue, 2c enclosed. McCall Book of Fashions (Spring Quarterly), 25c enclosed. McCall's Embroidery and Needlework (500 Designs), 25c enclosed. Fund-Raising Plan for Churches, Schools and Societies. Bicycle Offer to Boys and Girls.$5.00 Pin Money for Spare Time. Cash Offers to Agents. Book of 300 Gifts and how to get them without money. Name and address of your McCall Pattern Agency nearest to me.

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To buy a pair of new lamps and a new fender once in awhile—to have the car tied up for two or three days—or to invest a few dollars in bumpers for the front and rear of your car? You're going to have a smash some day—isn't it good business to be ready for it?

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are the ones made on the correct End Thrust principle. They fit all cars and are furnished with diamond, channel or spring bars. They add to the appearance of the car, and are quickly and easily attached. *Ask your dealer.*

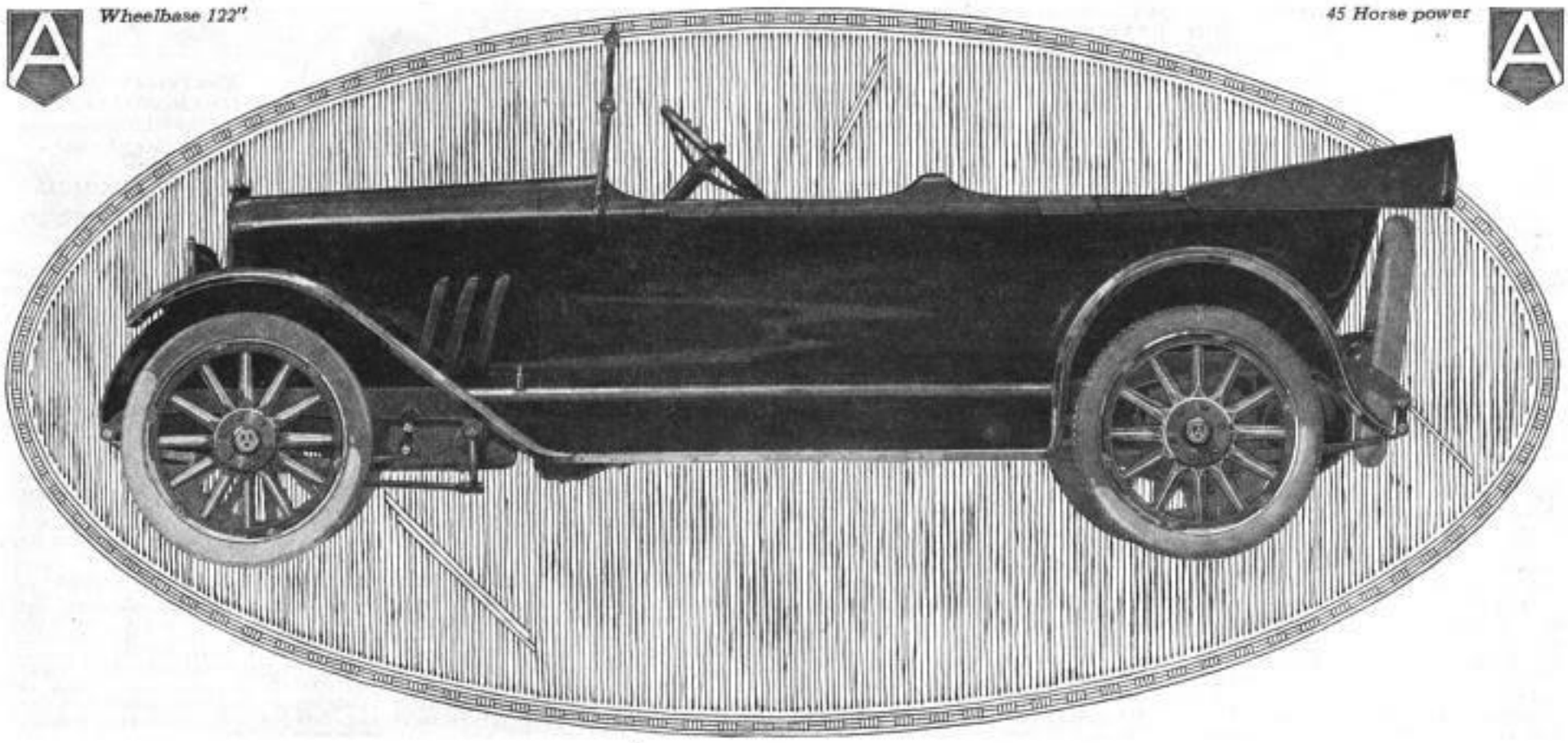
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Wheelbase 122" *45 Horse power*



WHY I SHALL DRIVE AN AMERICAN SIX THIS YEAR

Because it is a GOOD-RUNNING car, staunchly built and smooth in operation—a *perfect piece of mechanism* that will run the way I want it to run as long as I have a use for it.

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Because it is a GOOD-LOOKING car—graceful and pleasing to the eye, with a real air of distinction about it—a car that I shall not be ashamed of when it is lined up alongside my friends' *costlier* cars.

Because, finally, it is built by LOUIS CHEVROLET and a group of engineering and manufacturing experts whose skill and ability are recognized wherever automobiles are made, and therefore I know that in the AMERICAN SIX I am getting a car that is planned and built as it should be and so will perform according to the most exacting standards.

For These and other good and sufficient reasons I am satisfied that I *should* drive an AMERICAN SIX this year—*and I WILL!*

Brief Particulars of the AMERICAN SIX

Power Plant—45 H.P. 3"x5" motor, cast *en bloc*, upper half crankcase aluminum, three-point suspension, water around each cylinder, valves 1⅝", helical gears, Zenith carburetor, Gray & Davis ignition, six-volt 100-ampere-hour Willard battery. *Clutch*—Three dry-plate discs. *Transmission*—Selective sliding gear, three speeds and reverse. *Axles*—front, one-piece drop-forged I-beam; rear, three-quarter floating, spiral bevel gears, gear ratio 4⅝ to 1. *Springs*—Semi-elliptic, front, 38" x 2", rear, 52" x 2"; Hotchkiss drive. *Wheelbase*—122", tread 56", wheels 32" x 4".

The AMERICAN SIX is on display at the New York and Chicago Automobile Shows

NEW YORK AMERICAN MOTORS CORPORATION PLAINFIELD, N. J.

A Car to Compare with Costlier Cars

AMERICAN SIX $1285

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(Concluded from Page 105)

he would go after his share of War-Bride money. And he is getting it too. As he bends over a boring mill he does not cut quite so genteel a figure as he did at the counter of the country bank, but his daily wage is seldom less than twelve dollars, and sometimes more than that. He takes no small satisfaction in the reflection that his wages are at least equal to the salary of the president of the little bank "out home" in the Western town.

Within fifteen minutes' walk from the munition shops in which these young men are making such startling wages you can find thousands of clerks who are receiving salaries ranging from sixty-five to one hundred dollars a month. In fact the clerk in this district whose salary check is above eighty dollars a month feels that he is "good"—or, at least, he has felt so until the bloated pay envelope of the munition worker finally disturbed his peace.

A bookkeeper in the Pittsburgh district admits that a man in his calling who gets above one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month is not ashamed to show his salary check to anybody. It is apparently true that clerks, bookkeepers and office men—the white-collar crowd—in the employ of munition-making companies are faring rather better, as a rule, than their compatriots working in parallel positions for concerns not engaged in munition production. At the same time there is no denying the fact that the rank and file of these men are not on a compensation basis which balances with the wage of the shopworkers at the present time. I have not found a single executive who was willing to say that such a balance does exist.

On the other hand, they admit that the salaried man as a rule must, at least to some extent, look to considerations other than the size of his salary check for consolation when his living expenses, on the one hand, and the wages of his friends in overalls in the plant depress him. There is, for one thing, the hope that he may be handsomely remembered at Christmas. Again, he is encouraged to consider the likelihood that his salary will continue at the same old rate after munition making has gone out of fashion in the United States.

"The Mysterious Dutchman"

The moment you enter the munition field known as the Automobile District you are made to realize that the War Brides have saved their most unstinted dispensations for the West. If you happen to reach Detroit at just the right time, and are posted so that you may wait at the proper place, you will see the figure of "the mysterious Dutchman," who is the center of more speculation than perhaps any other individual munition maker in America. This watchmaker came from Holland about twenty years ago and started a little shop where the cleaning and repairing of fine watches became his specialty. He struggled along, making a meager living until the guns of Europe began to roar.

Then his shop was suddenly visited by one of his customers who had become a scout for a big manufacturing plant that had taken on an immense munition contract. The next day the old watchmaker was missing from his bench. Though he occasionally reappears, the keenest newspaper men in Detroit have been unable to find out where he is concealed. But they do know that when the genial old Dutchman returns to his familiar haunts he leaves a trail of gold behind him—in the hands of the poor of his old neighborhood. "Poor," however, is only a relative term in Detroit at the present time, and indicates merely the minimum of prosperity.

The largess the genial Hollander dispenses is on a scale scarcely possible to any person with an income of less than from five to six hundred dollars a week. Those who are nearest to this man of mystery in the munition world stoutly assert the belief that his earnings are not less than a hundred dollars a day, and that he is engaged in the making of delicate mechanism for use in connection with certain types of high-explosive bombs or shells.

Though the exact size of the old watchmaker's earnings cannot be verified, there can be no doubt that they fully justify his title of King of Munition Makers. His sensational success in his new field serves to emphasize the keenness with which the scouts for the munition plants have combed the field of highly skilled labor as well as the lower ranks of workers.

A conductor on a trolley car running between Detroit and Toledo one day heard three negroes arguing loudly on the rear platform. Two of them were scoring the third for quitting his job in a machine shop—where he was working as fireman with a chance of early promotion to the position of engineer—to go into common labor. The one under criticism instantly retorted:

"You-all kin done keep right on learnin' t' be engineers—heavin' coal an' sweatin' yore clothes at three dollahs a day. Dat's what you-all's gittin'. Me? I's pullin' down ten bones every time de sun draps out o' sight. If you don't believe what I's tellin' you, just come roun' to de big boss at dat minution plant an' he'll put you on fer what I's drawin'."

This statement settled the dispute and the critics decided to desert their posts as stokers.

The case of a certain lathe man in a Detroit munition plant may be a little out of the ordinary, but not enough so to be wholly out of perspective as indicating how high an unskilled mechanic can push the pay-roll figures. In 1915 he was plying the uncertain calling of train butcher on an Eastern road and making, as a rule, from twelve to eighteen dollars a week. Now his pay envelope never contains less than sixty dollars, and sometimes more than seventy. He does a special task of lining or striping shell bodies.

Prosperity in Detroit

Conditions among the more skilled workers in munition plants are suggested by the experience of a man who was employed in an automobile plant, where he did fine work and earned about thirty dollars a week. Now his pay envelope, as a maker of fuse caps, or points, contains an average of about eighty-five dollars a week—and this with very little overtime to his credit. According to one of his superiors in the shop, who knows something of his family life, he lives on an extremely generous scale—"right up to the Detroit pitch"; but carries an extremely heavy line of life and accident insurance, considering the fact that he is described in his application as a mechanic.

According to the superintendent of the plant this man is typical, both in his earnings and in his use of them, of a large class of really skilled workmen in the munition plants of that district.

Detroit may be said to be almost literally staggering under its load of prosperity. One shrewd workman, who has been through several munition plants in other districts, declares that nowhere in this country are the War Brides and their followers cutting quite such high jinks as here. Here even salaries have been compelled to respond—at least to a degree—to the pressure. A high banking official in Detroit is frank enough to admit that banks in that city have been forced to raise the salaries of their employees or else see them absorbed by industrial concerns needing a greatly increased volume of office help.

Naturally this means that competition has boosted salaries in practically all offices in that city. But, again, it must be said there would be extreme difficulty in demonstrating that those salaries are on a par with the war wages which are filling the banks there with deposits and heaping the cash registers of merchants and business houses to overflowing.

A certain banker illustrates the condition with the statement that scores of new manufacturing concerns which have started business in Detroit since the beginning of the war have scouted everywhere for competent clerks, bookkeepers, and office help of every kind; and in their search they have not neglected the banks. The competition thus established has been met, according to this authority, in order to hold their experienced men instead of getting recruits from outside the city—or, at least, outside the immediate district—at pre-war prices. This, he declares, could be done without difficulty.

The tune to which the War Brides are dancing in the Calumet or Chicago-Gary district is suggested by the story of a laborer who will be here mentioned under the fictitious name of Mike Murphy. In 1914 Mike was working in a machine shop in that territory for the modest but respectable wage of seventeen cents an hour. When the War Brides beckoned, Mike responded, and proved to be fairly nimble at piecework. Not long ago, however, Mike and some of his associates struck, because it was decided that the rate then received was too low. For the week before Mike went out his pay check was only ninety dollars! Some preceding weeks, however, brought his pay up to a considerably larger sum, on account of overtime. About a month after Mike disappeared from the pay roll of the munition plant his family applied for charity.

In this same district a merchant declares that women who have never had more than a few dollars to spend at a time are now buying silks and furs.

"We do the best we can to give them true value for their money," he says, "and restrain their reckless extravagance; but it is apparent that what they are after is merely something expensive and showy. We have actually sold silk dresses and seven-dollar corsets to women who have before been utter strangers to anything that a refined woman would class under the name of lingerie."

Bankers throughout this district assert, however, that only the most common and unskilled labor is wasting its money in this way, and that the more skilled workmen, accustomed to earning fair wages under normal conditions, are saving their money to an extent which has immensely increased the deposits of the banks in that territory.

About fifty miles from Chicago is a town, of little more than four thousand inhabitants, surrounded by a rich farming country. A manufacturing concern already established there took a munition contract. The superintendent said he would continue only under the condition that he should be permitted to pick his own men and be allowed time in which to train them. He hired young men from the farms within a radius of twelve or fifteen miles. These husky boys had been used to receiving only a little more than a dollar a day, when they "worked out" at all.

Now they are earning from three-fifty to seven dollars a day and are saving a large percentage of their wages. One of these workers, who is representative of his class, started a savings account at a local bank while working on a near-by farm. In five years his balance in the bank was sixty dollars. At the beginning of 1916 he went into the munition plant and was soon earning six dollars a day, and overtime. In November last, after having withdrawn two hundred dollars with which to buy land, his balance stood at eight hundred and forty dollars.

What Mr. Ripley Says

It is interesting to contrast the wages and conditions just described with those in a large wholesale establishment in the same district, employing unskilled labor. This house has raised its packers' wages from eighteen to twenty dollars a week; its drivers' from sixteen and eighteen to twenty dollars; its boxmakers' from forty to forty-five cents an hour; its loaders' from thirteen and fourteen to sixteen and seventeen dollars a week; its checkers' from sixteen to nineteen dollars; and its truckers' from fifteen to eighteen dollars.

There has not, however, been a general raise in the salaries paid to the office help of this concern. In the factory of this house are employed a large number of girls, doing light work. Their wages have been increased from ten to twelve dollars a week.

With regard to the question of railroad salaries and wages Mr. E. P. Ripley, president of the Santa Fé, was asked whether he felt that there is an equitable balance between the wages and the salaries paid by his company. He said:

"If that question had been put to me, say, two years ago I could have given an affirmative answer and felt that it was a fair generalization of the situation. That is not now the case. Lately, organized labor has gone after an increase and secured it. Unorganized labor, especially in the broad field of what may be called middle salaries, has had little advance in pay since the great European war began. At the same time the cost of the necessities of life has increased immensely. This means, of course, that the man on a small salary or even a medium salary is the one who is feeling the pinch of increasing expenses most keenly.

"It is in recognition of these facts that this company will, on Christmas Day or at the end of the year, give to its salaried employees, and to all those who have not secured the advance referred to, a sum amounting to somewhere in the neighborhood of two and a half million dollars. Men drawing top-notch salaries in the organization will not participate in this gift."



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A combination! Good position if he makes it, with a chance to clear the table. If he misses, disaster! Every shot is a fresh problem, a new test of skill, judgment and nerve. That's why everybody likes to play Billiards and Pool.

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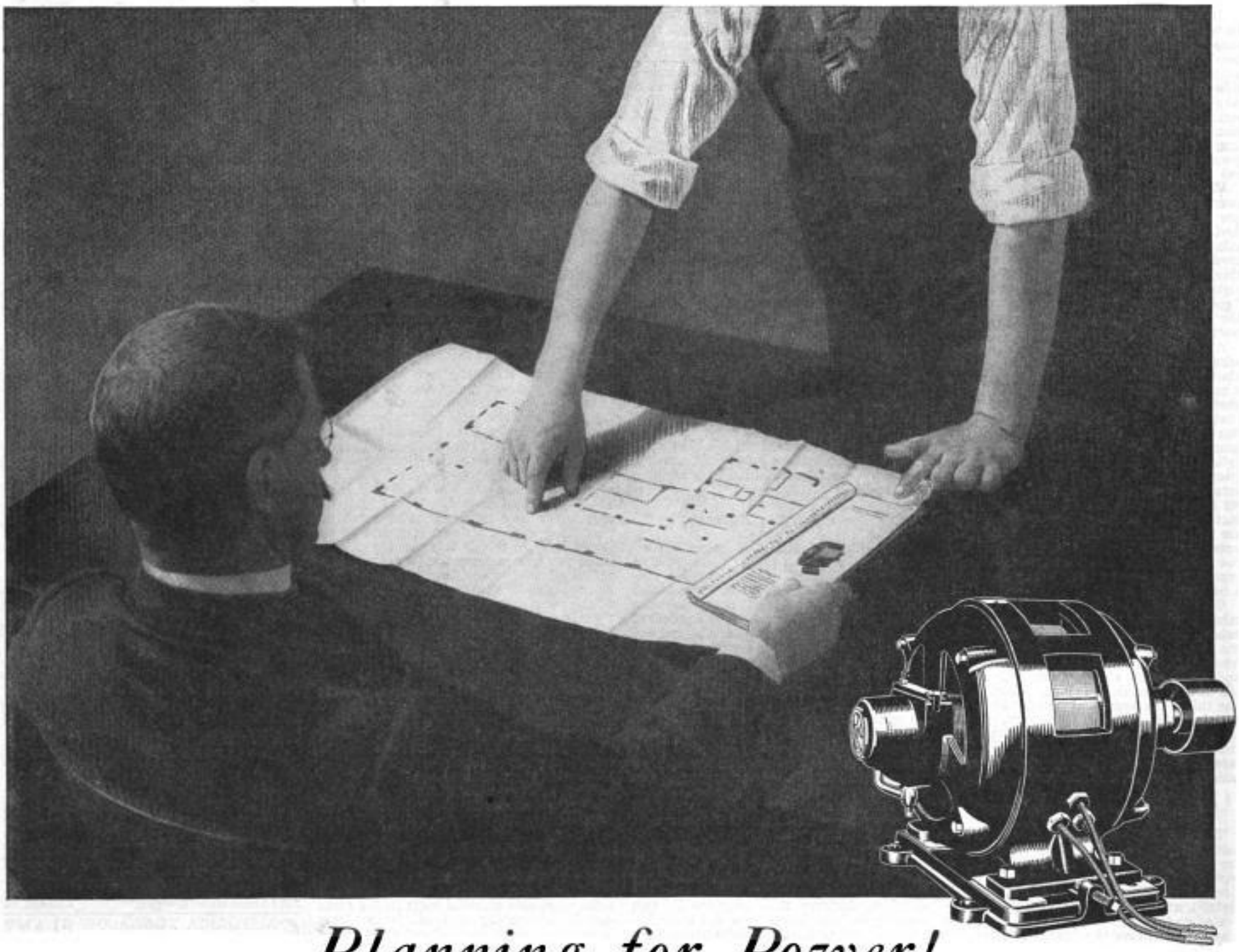
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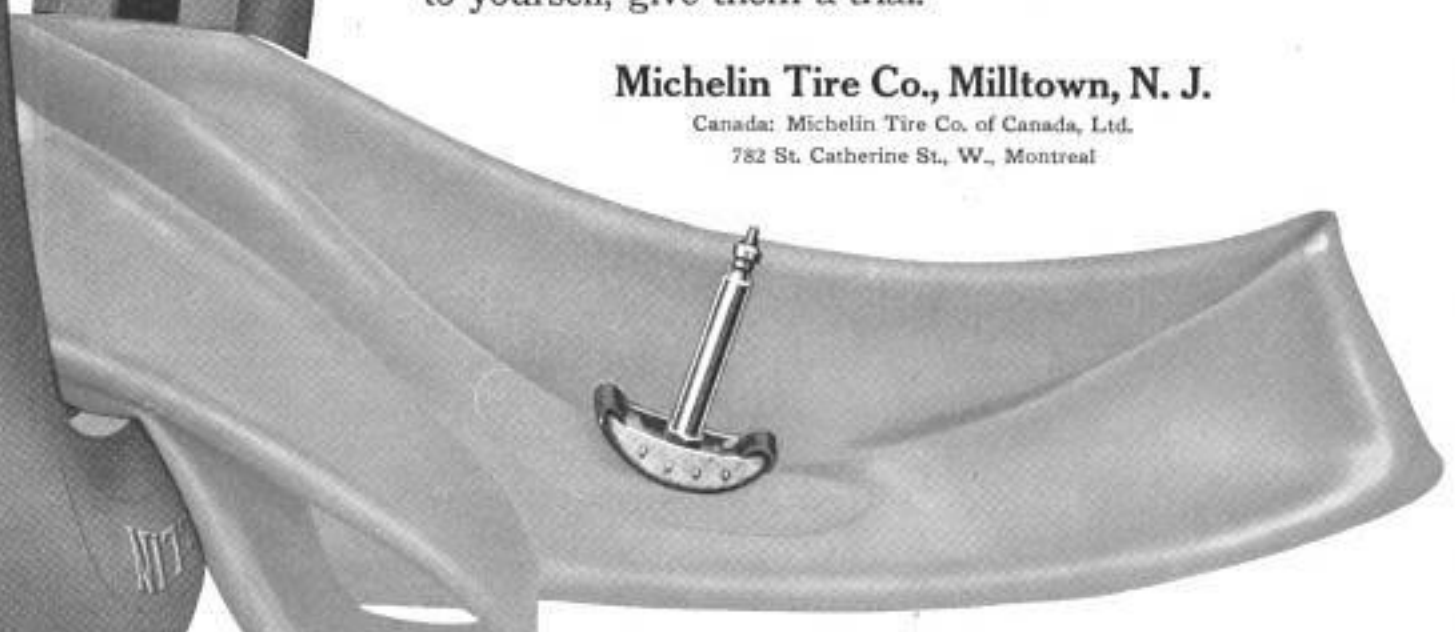
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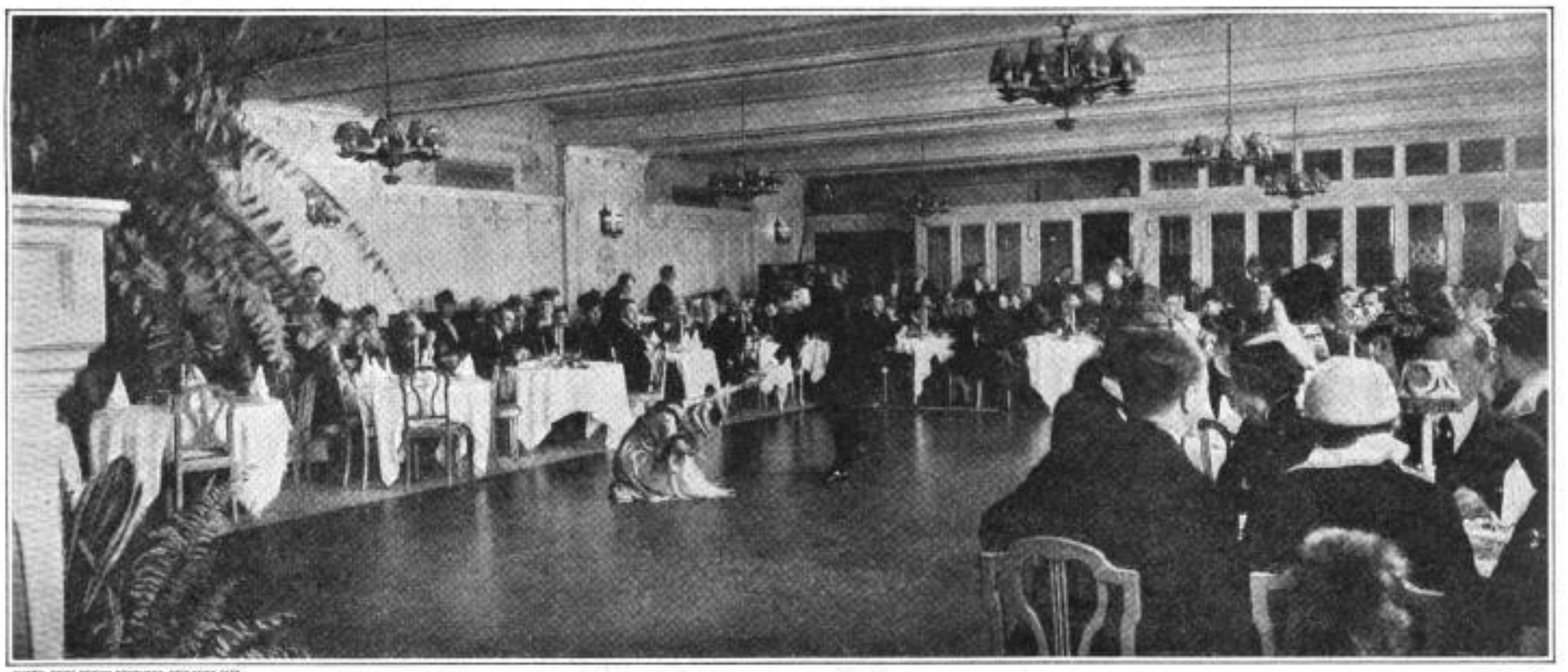
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THE SPENDTHRIFT INVASION



PHOTO, FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

The Arts of Wining and Dining Have Been Developed to a New Point of Sophistication

By Cameron Mackenzie

NEW YORK'S winter season—always a period of many significances—gets under way about the middle of October. Shortly before then that tribe of astute and heroic gamblers, the proprietors of the great hotels, restaurants, cabarets, and the like, compose themselves as best they can and prepare for their annual agony. It is always a ticklish time for them. One has lavished, perhaps, fifty thousand dollars upon a new open-air skating rink; another has plunged a hundred thousand upon some novel idea to draw the dancing throngs; a third, maybe, has a princely fortune locked up in a music hall. Through the summer they have been scheming and working and disbursing, and the time has arrived when they will be able to form fairly accurate guesses whether New York will have a flush, riotous, spendthrift winter to make them rich, or a dull, cautious, home-staying winter to leave them feeling poor.

This year these providers of luxury and pleasure began as usual to sniff the air when the opening of the season was due. At that time—mid-October—the city was full; even a casual observer could not have helped noticing the throngs in all of the public places where money is spent on a more or less lavish scale. The anxious, waiting watchers took heart and declared that the metropolis was in for at least a good winter. Mid-October advanced toward the first of November. The crowds increased; the hotels became comfortably filled; the theaters and shops did a brisk business. Our friends, the gamblers in appetites, took still more heart.

But they are not a hasty crew, and they adjured themselves to pause at conclusions. It was possible that the horde which overran the town was nothing more than a crowd drawn by the election and the celebration which the city has come to make of that occasion. Daily, however, the jam increased. Election night with its *furore* passed, and then the thing began to manifest itself in its full strength and abandon. Within a week the proprietors of the city's glittering palaces, to a man, realized jubilantly that New York was in for the fattest winter that it has ever had. Election, which it turned out had held as many persons at home as it had brought out, the definite passing of the infantile-paralysis scare, the stock-market boom, other causes, had loosed a pent-up flood, and a tidal wave beyond the pleasure venders' boldest dreams was upon the town.

The dreaded thinning out and quieting down after election never came. Instead, it seemed that the thousands upon thousands who had come to New York for that event had decided to remain, and it was certain that hourly fresh thousands were rushing in. Day by day the army swelled. Hotels comfortably accommodating eight or nine hundred guests began, by dint of many strange expedients, sleeping from twelve to fifteen hundred; cabarets, which had earlier trembled lest patronage should fail them and had hesitated at imposing admission fees, posted notices announcing unheard-of charges; great sections of theaters began to sell out at extortionate prices. Thanksgiving came, and there was a brief lull during which jaded hotel clerks caught a little sleep, and dance-floor managers were able to find a few moments between midnight and dawn to rest their tired feet. But then the carnival recommenced in its full volume and violence, and gives no sign of slacking down. There has never been anything equal to it before. The nearest approach to this winter's extravagance and excitement seeking was last winter's; but this far overtops that. Last winter there were certain definite types of spenders: There were those who had acquired sudden wealth, either through munitions stocks or munitions contracts; there was a large class of millionaire South Americans and of the idle rich, who found themselves more or less barred by the war from their former haunts abroad; there was the New York broker crowd, exultant that the stock market had revived and eager to celebrate. Together these various groups made New York, particularly in its night life, a town of much mad disbursing and unguarded living, and the winter was a lush one indeed.

But there was in the city last year still another class, a well-to-do, substantial class who, with the evidences of returning prosperity, had come to the city, perhaps for a holiday, perhaps for business, most likely for both. These people filled hotels and restaurants, but they kept their hands tight round their rolls of bills and scrutinized the checks the waiters brought. The great mass of last winter's throng seemed to think twice of the cost of theater tickets and of the price of admission to the cabarets, and so on. The difference this year is that not only are all those incautious spenders still spending incautiously, but their spirit of "Pooh, what's a hundred dollars!" has apparently seeped into that army which last year had not caught the virus of scattering gold about. Also, and most importantly, that army has swelled to incredible proportions.

This last fact is one of the most distinguishing features of the present New York winter. The number of persons, all of them with seemingly bulging purses, who have suddenly rushed upon the city from all parts of the country is astonishing. New York this winter is literally invaded, crushed, trampled down by thousands upon thousands of people from other communities of the United States. It is reliably stated that during the last week in November there were more strangers in the metropolis than during any other week in the history of Manhattan Island. Various estimates of the number of visitors during that time have been made. Those estimates range from half a million to seven hundred thousand, whereas a careful calculation made last winter placed the average number of nonresidents daily in New York at three hundred and fifty thousand.

In November the city's hotel and restaurant facilities all but collapsed. There are in the city now twenty-two hotels which may be rated as first-class. Some of these have normal facilities for as few as four hundred guests; others for as many as fifteen hundred. There are, perhaps, one hundred other actual hotels of various grades of excellence, the gross capacity of which probably exceeds the gross capacity of those of the more luxurious type. To say that in not one of these establishments, great or small, was a room to be had for a king's ransom during most of the week would be well-nigh

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Every One of These New Wonder Rooms is Nightly Jammed to Its Utmost Capacity

meaningless. The problem with the hotel proprietors then was to find a nook or cranny in Newark or Yonkers or Brooklyn to which they felt that they could decently send old and valued patrons who had failed to make reservations.

Literally that was what happened. For some days any establishment within a radius of thirty miles of New York which could in any sense pass muster as a hotel, was filled with the overflow from the city itself, and it was not an unusual occurrence for a man in a white shirt front and his wife in a low-cut evening gown, perhaps wearing expensive jewelry, to rise from a gay supper party, costing someone eight, ten, twelve dollars a plate, in order to make their way to a small, doubtless dingy hotel in a dark street of Hoboken or Long Island City.

Meanwhile, within the city's great caravansaries themselves strange conditions reigned. One morning a man who was a guest at one of the most sumptuous of the hotels walked to the cashier's desk and presented a check to be cashed.

"Your room number, please?" the cashier requested.

"Bathroom J," the guest told him.

In that particular hotel, and in nearly all the others, the public bathrooms on every floor were converted into bedrooms by placing mattresses in the tubs, and in tubs merchants, bankers, leading citizens from all parts of the country, and sometimes their wives, slept, because it was a choice of that or sitting up all night in a lobby.

Hotels Full to Overflowing

IN ANOTHER of the large hotels a solid and very dignified citizen from a Western town, who with his wife was occupying a double room, appeared one morning at the clerk's desk and said quite seriously that he had a complaint to make. He was a known patron of the house and immediately he received solicitous attention.

"Your floors are too hard," he said.

The clerk looked bewildered; the management had not been reduced to sleeping their guests upon the floor.

"But ——" began the clerk anxiously, and then the man explained that the evening before his wife had encountered two women friends of hers who were wandering from one hotel to another in a dazed and distrait condition. They had tried, or hotel clerks had tried for them, twenty-three hostelries in search of accommodations for the night, but to no avail. Both of the women were utterly exhausted and the man's wife had offered to take them in. The three women had piled into the double bed which was in the room, and the man had made such disposition as he could of his none too lithe form upon the floor.

Ballrooms and banquet rooms in many of the hotels were converted into temporary dormitories. Proprietors, managers and their staffs in several instances surrendered their rooms. Cots were sometimes placed behind curtains at the ends of halls. Any number of establishments, which in the past have not enjoyed reputations to attract a careful clientele, have suddenly commenced housing as conservative and irreproachable citizens as there are in the land. Many of these places have jettisoned their old followings, and under the stress of this winter's rush upon New York have assumed overnight entirely new characters.

Another manner in which to show the magnitude of this onslaught upon the city is through the figures of advance hotel reservations. The reservation book of one hotel, which until this season usually contained only twenty pages of advance reservations at any one time, contained on December first forty-nine pages. The manager of another splendid palace asserted that there was not a room of any description, out of the eight hundred odd that he had to dispose of, unengaged for fifty-six days ahead. In addition to this all the more desirable and high-priced of the hotels report that they are compelled to turn away from twenty-five to thirty-five per cent of all of those who apply for accommodations. One manager sent one hundred and seventy-five telegrams in one day notifying applicants that his house was full. That same manager upon a day in the same week served meals to eight thousand and nine persons, and his is by no means among the largest establishments of the city. Last season at the same time he served approximately half that number.

To the multitude which has descended upon the city, that first commandment of the New York hotel keeper, that prices shall not be boosted temporarily during a rush, has been a godsend. Had that fixed practice not been followed, there would, especially at the end of November, have been no limit to what accommodations might have cost. But the practice was followed, and the room which cost ten dollars a day in the slackness of summer also cost ten dollars a day even when there were fifty persons clamoring for it at any figure. However, a bathtub with a mattress in it fetched, in many of the first-class establishments, four dollars a night!



New York is Literally Invaded by Thousands Upon Thousands From Other Communities of the United States

Also, although the hotels adhered to their announced rates, the public often paid exorbitantly. For example, there was a man spending a considerable time in the city who had a friend coming on for a single night ten days later. He had tried vainly to make a comfortable reservation for him; nothing was available. One morning he chanced to be loitering near the clerk's desk and overheard someone surrender a room which the other guest had previously notified the management he would want for two weeks longer. The first man promptly took it at eight dollars a day for the intervening ten days until the arrival of his friend. Eighty dollars for one night's lodging! There is any amount of such evidence. Certain it is that, at least for any continuous period of time, New York has never been so full.

In the main the people who compose this multitude are the well-to-do people of nearly every community in the country. Two years ago they came scarcely at all; last year the man came alone and stayed a week; this year he has brought his wife and is staying a month. By day the woman shops while her husband either does a little desultory business or plays the market or visits a tailor. By night they dine and attend the theaters and cabarets. Widespread, general prosperity has given these people cash and a sense of security, and most especially has imbued them with a holiday spirit. During the periods of their visits they appear entirely unconcerned over the cost of anything they want and quibble at nothing. In short, New York has this winter a tremendous army of free-handed spenders and pleasure seekers, recruited by flush times, that it did not have before. That fact has worked out variously, but in no way more strikingly than in the extent and scale upon which white-shirt-front dissipation is being conducted in the city this year.

If one could get up above New York, between midnight and one o'clock of any week-day, and were able to look down into all the great cabarets and the restaurants, a visual impression of this strange, overwhelming phenomenon of American life might be gained. One would see, through a dazzle of light, vast rooms, every room so filled with revelers that waiters would be edging sidewise round chair backs in order to make their way. In some of the larger hotels there would be two or even three such rooms. Streams of people would be flowing out; fresh streams would be flowing in. The spaces in the centers of the rooms would be walled and wedged with thick masses of humanity.

Leaving out of the reckoning all but the really sumptuously appointed places, there are operating in New York this season approximately sixty of these new wonder rooms of pleasure called cabarets. Practically without exception every one of them is nightly jammed to its utmost capacity. In many of them every table for two weeks ahead has been reserved. But that is a matter of the smallest moment to the managements, because for every table not claimed by midnight eager applicants in abundance are pressed against the plush ropes. Any one of several of the larger establishments passes in as many as seven hundred and fifty persons every evening to sup and dance and spend. The enormity of the thing is amazing; so also is its lavishness.

How New York Amuses the Spenders

TO REGALE the crowds which have come to them the cabaret managers have outdone themselves this winter. Not only have the arts of wining and dining been developed to a new point of sophistication, but forms of entertainment more costly than ever have been introduced. One hotel pays a team of exhibition dancers fifteen hundred dollars a week, and its nightly expense for music is two hundred and fifty dollars. Several of the cabarets offer musical shows with large, marvelously costumed choruses and some of the highest-priced comedians of the stage. Three or four skating troupes, representing outlays of from five hundred to a thousand dollars a week, are performing in different of the night resorts. At one establishment an old-world marionette show has been introduced with great success; it is only one feature in a long program, but it costs two hundred dollars a week. One of the very largest of the hotels has begun the transformation of the entire acreage of its roof into three vast connecting rooms with glass partitions between: in one room there will be general and exhibition dancing, in another ice skating, in a third roller skating. More than a hundred thousand dollars will have been spent upon this project. If the proprietor of any one of these places was convinced that his particular pleasure-hungry throng wanted all-night grand opera, he would hire the most expensive singers in the world.

All of this is made possible not alone by the size of the crowds but by their prodigality. White-light prices have reached a staggering level. It has become perfectly

(Continued on Page 42)



In Many of the Cabarets Every Table for Two Weeks Ahead Has Been Reserved

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DOUBTFUL DOLLARS

By Meredith Nicholson

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

HAROLD looked at Reggie; Reggie looked at Harold; both fidgeted and turned their eyes to the blank wall. They sat side by side, in one of the cabinets reserved for the patrons of the safety vault of the White River National Bank, with a large tin box before them. A copy of the will of their father lay beside it. Harold seized this document and turned over the few typewritten sheets that recorded in strictly formal phraseology the testamentary wishes and intentions of George B. Raymond, deceased. The rustle of papers in a neighboring cabinet, the remote tinkle of a telephone, and light footfalls in the corridor floated across the partitions in a blur of sound. Reggie played nervously with his watch chain and waited for his brother to speak. Suddenly a grin crossed Harold's face, and he bent his gaze quizzically upon his brother.

"It's a sell; it's one of dad's jokes!"

Reggie swallowed, a process attended with so much difficulty that he tugged at his collar to gain greater freedom for his throat.

"You mean," he whispered, glancing at the door, "that there is nothing—nothing!"

Harold tapped the box and nodded significantly.

"You have said it, Reggie," he replied nonchalantly. "His will divides a million among his four children, but as a matter of fact he didn't have a cent. The humor is a little grim, but dad was capable of it."

He smiled at the remembrance of his father, who two days earlier had been buried with all the honors that may be paid a man of George B. Raymond's professional and social prominence. Raymond's legal ability had never been questioned. He numbered among his clients the biggest bank in town, the traction company and half a dozen other corporations that paid generously to be kept out of trouble. He was not only a lawyer of the first rank, a familiar figure in the courts of all the Mid-Western capitals, but a man of broad cultivation, a student of general literature and by general consent one of the best fellows in the world. Any public dinner over which Raymond presided—the most charming and witty of toastmasters—was bound to be a success, and his many admirers were in the habit of calling him the Joe Choate of the Ohio Valley. Money with Raymond was only a means to an end, and he distributed it lavishly for his own pleasure and that of his family and friends. Ladies with subscription papers always saw Raymond first; he never failed to lead off with something substantial to shame other citizens into equal generosity.

His identification through years with the legal affairs of big capitalists encouraged the belief that he had been let in on the ground floor of many schemes that had prospered mightily. His family's scale of living lent color to the idea that he was rich—very rich indeed, by the local standards.

"But that million—two hundred and fifty thousand apiece!" gasped Reggie. "He wouldn't have put a million in his will if he didn't have it! That wouldn't have been straight! And dad was the straightest man alive!"

Harold nodded his acquiescence.

There was no question of their parent's integrity. He bent toward his brother and laid his hand on his knee affectionately.

"There's no doubt about that, Reggie. But dad liked a practical joke. His sense of humor's what made him the good fellow he was; that's why he was the most popular man in the state!"

Reggie frowned and shook his head impatiently. It was not their father's humor or good fellowship that they had to determine, but the nature and extent of his assets, which the will implied were of the value of one million dollars. But Box 437, carried on the records of the safety-vault manager as belonging to George B. Raymond and opening readily to his key, contained only these items:

One copy of Lowell's Fable for Critics—first edition.
One copy—leaves uncut—of John Hay's Castilian Days—first edition.
One autograph letter, Washington to Hamilton, 1776.
One autograph letter of Abraham Lincoln, Springfield, 1859.
A recipe for Rum Punch in the handwriting and over the signature of Aaron Burr, 1829.
One autograph letter, William McKinley to George B. Raymond, 1899, on White House stationery, expressing regret that Raymond had declined the post of minister to Austria-Hungary.

In the collecting of such trifles as these, the late George B. Raymond had amused himself, though with characteristic generosity he had usually given away the rare books and autograph letters he acquired from time to time. The items that remained in the box had been retained more by chance than by intention.

"There may be another box somewhere," Reggie suggested. "We'd better go through his office safe again."

He grabbed a book from the box and ran the leaves under his thumb feverishly. Harold took the Fable for Critics from him and tossed it into the box.

"You needn't expect to find Government bonds stuck away in dad's books, and you needn't waste time looking for secret drawers and panels at the house or in the office. I tell you I've been into all that. Dad hadn't a thing but the old home, which is mortgaged for five thousand dollars, his law library, and about a thousand dollars in bank he got as a retainer the morning of the day he died and didn't have a chance to spend. I tell you," he went on earnestly, pronouncing the words slowly to be sure they were sinking into the consciousness of his awed and befuddled brother, "I tell you there are no assets. Maybe he meant to destroy this will or say something to us about it, but the end came too quick. He has a sixty-day note in bank for five thousand dollars—money he borrowed to pay for that limousine the girls were hollering for. We may as well face it right here and now—dad died busted—worse than busted!"

"But he made a lot of money—something like fifty thousand a year. He did that for years."

"And we spent it!" replied Harold grimly. "We spent it and more. He used to carry a lot of life insurance, but he cashed in all the policies and blew the proceeds. And for the last five years he couldn't get any more—the doctor told me that. The fact is that for five years dad has been doomed. He worked like a Trojan and never took any care of himself, and after mother died there was nobody to check up the family expenses, and we all got what we pleased and cried for more. Why, that house the girls had at Kennebunkport last summer cost a fortune to run! Mildred and Dottie are the most accomplished spenders in town.

"And you and I haven't been exactly thrifty, Reggie; nobody's ever complained of our penuriousness."

Mr. Reginald Raymond twisted uncomfortably in his chair. He had been expensively educated as an architect, but had thus far reared no monument to his genius save the Faraway Country Club house from which he had carelessly omitted the kitchen flue, until reminded by his chums on the board of directors that chimneys were usually considered essential to the utility and beauty of country-club kitchens. Reggie hung his head guiltily.

"And when it comes to that I don't know that I have much to say for myself," Harold continued. "Dad gave me every chance to get on at the law, and I'll never stop hating myself for not working at it instead of chasing golf cups. Father didn't pass his charms, graces and talents on to us, Reggie; we'll have to work to get anywhere, and the sooner we begin the digging the less likely we are to die in the poorhouse! The fact is we're two pretty sad pills. You can almost hear people saying: 'It's too bad George Raymond's sons are so worthless.' I'm not going to rub it in on you; I'm two years older and, with the running start I got, I ought to be ready to step right into father's practice. As it is I've got to fight to hold any of it. But I'm going to make the fight. And see here, Reggie, it's possible—it's possible—that dad willed us this stage money to give us a little breathing time. He made me executor and—and"—he lowered his voice to a whisper—"that puts it all in my hands, and I have sixty days to file an inventory and appraisement—two months for us to pose as having a quarter of a million apiece! Do you get the idea?"

Reggie stared at him dully and then shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"Don't be an ass!" he blurted. "If we're a busted family the sooner we face the situation the better. Dad oughtn't to have done such a thing; it makes monkeys of all of us; and when the thing leaks out it's going to be a reflection on him. Great Lord, we can't ever live it down!"

"Listen to me; we're not going to live it down; we're going to live up to it!" said Harold patiently. "We've got sixty days' leeway. The newspapers have screamed our million in big headlines; in this town two hundred and fifty thousand apiece for the four of us sounds mighty big. We are not going to weaken on it; we're going to bluff it out and play up to the million.

"The public thinks we've got the money; even the judge of the probate court has no reason to question it. Those old boys that run this bank won't dare be fussy with me for fear of losing my account as executor. Instead of sneaking up and begging for a slight advance to help us pay the grocery bills, I'm going to go in and remark casually that I want ten thousand dollars to carry the estate until the January dividends come in."



"Thirty Thousand Shares! Thirty Thousand! Dot, Lock the Door—Lock All the Doors!"

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"You can't put it over!" moaned Reggie. "You'll go to jail! This is the last bank on earth to try such a trick on!"

"The White River National," Harold resumed musingly, "judges by appearances, like all the rest of the world. I'm not only going to borrow ten thousand dollars, but I'm going to do it with a slightly bored air, as though ashamed to be asking for so trifling a sum. And then, with all the hauteur I can command, I'm going to intimate that I'm prepared to succeed father as attorney for the bank. Of course I shan't pretend to be father's equal as a lawyer, but I'll remark shyly that I'm somewhat familiar with the bank's run of legal business and that there are some matters pending that I'd like to go through with—a matter of professional pride, you know—and before I leave I'm going to have them sign the kind of contract father had with them, for ten thousand a year as a general retainer. And I mean to put it over."



"His Will Divided a Million, But as a Matter of Fact He Didn't Have a Cent"

Reggie took a cigarette from a silver case, eyed it absently and then flung it on the floor.

"You're crazy—plumb crazy!" he ejaculated.

"Don't be silly! Dad stipulated that I wasn't to be required to give bond as executor—which was thoughtful of him—and if we play the game right we can live on this million till we plant ourselves and the girls. I tell you I've thought of everything!"

"It's rotten; it's criminal!" faltered Reggie, twisting his cane in his hands. "You can't take such a responsibility; it's going to ruin you. Father always said if anything happened to him he wanted us to feel that we could rely on Uncle Walter, but it may be months before we can reach him."

"We've got to act right away and, as Uncle Walter is somewhere round the sources of the Amazon looking for freak plants, his advice isn't worth considering."

Their father's only brother, a much younger man, had been a broker in New York until a lucky investment in a Nevada gold mine made possible the indulgence of a passion for orchid hunting.

"If he'd fall off a mountain sometime," said Reggie hopefully, "we might get some of his money."

"He isn't going to die and leave us any money. Dad told me once that Uncle Walter's worldly goods are all destined to endow a botanical garden for their dear *alma mater*. Nothing doing there, Reggie!"

"From the way you talk anybody might imagine you were glad we're busted!" said Reggie bitterly.

"I'm as cut up as you are," Harold protested, "but I'm going to make a front—a grand marble façade, to borrow a term from your profession—and I want you to take the cue from me. I want you to stop carrying a cane in daylight, and make a rustling sound as of a young man about to touch off a pile of kindling right under old Mother Earth. Just now you're the best tennis player in this township, but you're going to bloom out as the most prosperous architect! You're smart enough, Reggie; all you need is to look busy and prosperous. The plans you made for Robertson's new house were nice plans; he hasn't closed with that Philadelphia chap yet. You want to call on Fanny Robertson and mildly suggest the new house and, if you work it right, you can play her to persuade Robertson to adopt your plans. If you were poor and struggling you wouldn't have a look-in; but you're rich—you've got a quarter of a million dollars, remember that! And Fanny's a mighty nice girl who would look well in our family circle.

"There's nothing, Reggie, that impresses the human mind like the idea you've got money. Any man's as rich as he thinks he is; it's all purely psychological. By the way, you lost out on the competition for plans for a courthouse last year—in Oklahoma somewhere, wasn't it? Well, dust 'em off and shoot 'em in to the county commissioners here right away. To-morrow's the last day for submitting plans for a new building, and I always liked those drawings of yours, except those fancy terraces, which were more appropriate for an art museum than a law foundry. And now begin looking quietly, elegantly rich but very busy, and keep your mouth shut. The girls? Well, you leave all that to me. We've got to find a couple of rich husbands for our sisters while the million lasts, and we've got to be quick about it. Mildred has kept Hornbrook, that wealthy furniture chap from upstate somewhere, dancing for a year, and it's about time she was stopping her foolishness. She seems to be inclining to Fleming, the young assistant at St. Timothy's—salary twelve hundred dollars, gross—but we can't stand for that. The girls have got to marry money while we're rich! And now let's put the estate back in the steel cave and go out and see what we can do to fool all the people most of the time!"

II

HAROLD and his two sisters were at the dinner table one evening two weeks later when Reginald came in hurriedly. The effect of their father's death had been to bind them more closely together, but now that the shock of his abrupt ending had passed, their intercourse had lost its subdued tone. Reggie's cheery salutation as he apologized for his tardiness caused them to eye him expectantly.

"Robertson's taken my plans! Contract signed and I've got a check for the first installment of my fee in my pocket!" he announced jubilantly.

Mildred and Dorothy chorused congratulations.

Harold rose and shook his brother warmly by the hand.

"It's in you, my boy; it's in you! They can't keep a good man down!"

"I suppose," remarked Dorothy, "you may live in the new house one of these days. You and Fanny have always hit it off nicely together, and I do hope ——"

"This is purely a business matter," protested Reggie, the blushes showing through his tan. "That Philadelphia architect couldn't figure in four bathrooms on the second floor, and my plans had five; and Mrs. Robertson kicked on the living room in the other chap's scheme, because you couldn't get out of it into the conservatory without going through the dining room. They're talking about building a summer home on an island in Lake Huron they've owned for years, and I'm after that job too."

"I guess Robertson has a pretty good opinion of the family," remarked Harold casually. "He's hired me to pass on a new issue of traction bonds. He and Tarleton have had a row about something, and he virtually said he was going to throw me part of his business."

"I know, Harold, that you've been terribly busy," Mildred began, "and I haven't wanted to trouble you, but there are some things we ought to talk over. Mrs. Merriam was here this afternoon about the new children's hospital. She says one day at the country club—she described the meeting and everything about it—papa promised her five thousand dollars for the building fund. She hasn't anything in writing, of course, but just as a matter of honor, boys, I really think we ought to pay it."

"Five thousand dollars!" gasped Reggie. "The woman must be insane!"

"I hope," said Harold calmly, ignoring the wild look in his brother's eyes, "that you told her it would be all right. Any promises of that kind father made must be respected. I'll call on Mrs. Merriam and assure her that the five thousand will be paid. The Merriam Manufacturing Company was one of father's oldest clients and we certainly shouldn't want to appear mean to the Merriams. It's possible—barely possible—I may be able to hold the business."

"And while we're talking family matters," continued Mildred, "there's something I want to tell you. You know I've been seeing a good deal of Mr. Fleming, Doctor Cable's assistant at St. Timothy's, and though his salary is small he's bound to succeed; he's devoted to his work and he's certainly doing wonders with the choir."

She paused, and in the silence Reggie kicked Harold's legs viciously. "What's the matter with Hornbrook?" asked Harold calmly. "I've been training myself to salute *him* as brother. As to Fleming, all I can say is that he plays rotten golf."

"He's the most beautiful character—a fine manly man," declared Mildred. "He isn't really like a minister—he's ever so sensible and broad-minded."

"He's a dear," cried Dorothy, "and sings wonderfully!"

"So do the nightingales, but they don't make any money at it," suggested Reggie.

"I don't mind saying," said Mildred pensively, "that I do like Bob Hornbrook pretty well, and if I were just a poor girl I might marry him. But now that dear papa has left us so much more than I ever dreamed of I feel free—free to marry a man I deeply love and reverence in spite of his poverty. My money will be of real help to Edgar in his work."

Reggie, choking on a macaroon, drank a glass of water at a gulp. It was a relief to his feelings to find that at last his brother was staggered.

"But, Mildred," Harold remarked with a fine affectation of brotherly tolerance of a sister's weakness, "it's hardly fair, after keeping Hornbrook on the string so long, to drop him this way. It's not playing the game! He's a splendid fellow—far and away ahead of that anæmic little Fleming. We've all got to stand together now that father's gone—one for all and all for one; that's the ticket; and a connection with the Hornbrooks would be a big thing for Reggie and me. Why, the Hornbrooks are one of the most influential families in the state—pioneer stock, social prestige and all that sort of thing, to say nothing of their boodle. You have another guess coming, Mildred! Think it over!"

Mildred was a stubborn young person, as Harold well knew, and if she had determined to marry a potential bishop, there was little likelihood of his being able to thwart her. He had not taken the rather timid approaches of the young minister seriously, but had assumed that, of course, Hornbrook, who came to town frequently for the very obvious purpose of wooing Mildred, would sooner or later declare himself. It was more than annoying, it was a downright calamity that threatened the family in case Mildred persisted; and there was nothing in the past history of his tall, fair, blue-eyed sister to encourage the hope that she would change her mind. Reggie, glaring at him, covertly signaled that the time had come for plain speech with Mildred. The mere announcement that her quarter of a million was all in the air would very likely change her ideas of marriage.

"I mean," Mildred was saying solemnly, "to hold my money as a sacred trust; and I've been thinking of all the good I can do with it. You know I've always been interested in charities and that sort of thing, and I've been thinking of the long future and of all the noble use I can make of my income—with Edgar to help me."

A heartbreaking groan from Reggie caused his sisters to glance at him apprehensively. He began coughing furiously and explained, between paroxysms, that a piece of salted almond had stuck in his windpipe. As there had been no salted almonds on the table, this explanation was somewhat lacking in plausibility. Harold thumped him on the back with unnecessary violence.

"You needn't murder me," Reggie roared, rising wrathfully.

"If that's what I get for giving you first aid you can perish the next time," said Harold, who, having relieved his feelings by the chastisement of his brother, was restored to something approximating his usual equanimity.

"About young Fleming," he remarked, as he resumed his seat and lighted a cigarette, "all we ask is that you do nothing precipitate. You girls should remember that the income on two hundred and fifty thousand dollars isn't much—not really. We've all flung money to the birds and, with your tastes and love of luxurious ease, you'd find it pretty hard going with a paltry twelve or fifteen thousand a year and a clerical handicap."

"Money isn't everything, Harold," Mildred protested.

"It is if you haven't got it," remarked Harold. "Suppose we drop this for the present. Dot, what's on your mind?"

"Oh, there aren't any men in my landscape," Dorothy replied easily.

It was said of Dorothy, who was dark, that she was the most interesting of the Raymond children. She was far more independent and venturesome than Mildred. It was Dorothy who had, on a wager, driven into town and through Main Street on a loaded hay wagon commandeered at a farm adjacent to the country club. Dorothy's Airedales were a nuisance to the neighborhood; her runabout was a terror to pedestrians, but the neighbors and the general public were very tolerant of Dot Raymond. She had been shipped home from two boarding schools, owing to her careless habit of ignoring the rules, but nobody thought the less of her. Dot didn't know much, but a girl as pretty as Dorothy Raymond doesn't have to know much. With her brothers she had always been a good comrade, and Harold smiled indulgently, and Reggie sat up hopefully, as she pushed away the bonbon dish and folded her arms on the table.

"Prepare for a jar, all of you! I've got about enough of society and I've decided to do something different for a year or two, just for a change!"

"Good for you, Dot!" cried Reggie. "If you'd sprung another preacher on us I'd most certainly have screamed!"

"I'd come to this conclusion before papa died," Dorothy began seriously, "but didn't get a chance to talk to him. You see running a tea room and doing slumming and things like that are played out for girls like me. I want to do something interesting—something that hasn't been worked to death. And now that it's all understood about the money,

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and we're really never going to suffer, I'm disposed to take a shot at business with Nellie Cummings. When her father died last winter he didn't leave a thing—not a thing! And you know a girl brought up as she was, and led to think there would always be plenty, finds it pretty hard to be left with absolutely nothing. We ought to be so grateful to dear papa for providing for all of us so beautifully."

Reggie cringed. Harold, who had steeled himself for any blow, nodded encouragingly.

"Cummings kept a broker's shop, as I remember," he remarked, "but he wasn't satisfied with dealing in gilt-edge securities—his original line—tried to launch a bunch of local fakes. An alliance with Nellie doesn't sound highly promising, Dot; but what's the rest of it?"

"Well, Mr. Cummings had a partner, and Nellie and I have decided to buy him out. The firm's name, you know, is worth something!"

Reggie showed signs of exploding.

"Cummings & Parker, Investment Securities, White River Trust Building," murmured Harold musingly. "I know the office; the furniture is worth about four dollars providing there are no liens on it. If there are any securities in the safe, I advise you to burn them, to avoid getting mixed up with the grand jury. That man Parker is a wonder for thinking up schemes. He and Cummings actually organized a company to buy a lake in Indiana, with the idea of salting the water and raising oysters—the only inland oysters in the world! I hope, Dot, that you and Nellie won't feel that you've got to play all the Cummings & Parker tricks, simply because you've taken over the office furniture."

"Oh, about the furniture," said Dorothy, "Nellie and I have picked a new set—everything the latest, in mahogany, and each of us is to have a desk telephone—and we're fitting up a lovely room for lady customers."

Reggie burst into idiotic laughter that brought the colored butler, an aged retainer, gaping to the pantry door.

"It's nothing, Thomas," called Harold reassuringly. "Mr. Reginald is a little nervous, that's all. Now, Dot, if I understand you correctly, you are considering paying some merely nominal sum to Parker for his interest in the furniture, fixtures and goodwill of the old unreliable firm of Cummings & Parker. Is that right?"

"We're not considering it any more," replied Dorothy; "we've already bought him out and the new furniture will be moved in to-morrow. I was up there this afternoon, watching the sign man change the name on the door to read Cummings & Raymond, and we're going to advertise in all the papers. Nellie knows a lot about the business, just from hearing her father talk, you know. All you have to do is to buy a bond for nine hundred and ninety-nine dollars and sell it to a customer at a thousand and ten.

"Of course it's volume of business that counts, Nellie says. And you know this town is full of widows with money to invest, and it's perfectly silly to think they have to make their investments through men brokers, when women could do it just as well."

"Absurd, perfectly absurd," Harold assented. "But do you mind telling me just how much you're putting into the firm?"

"Well, I knew you were awfully busy with all papa's affairs to settle, and I didn't want to bother you, so I went ahead and fixed things all up with Mr. Parker. We paid him ten thousand dollars for his interest and——"

"For what?" Reggie squeaked.

"Please don't interrupt, Reggie," admonished his brother severely. "I'm sure we should all be glad that Dot is so enterprising. Now go on, Dot. You are to furnish half and Nellie half—is that right?"

"Certainly," said Dot, assured by Harold's kindness. "Mr. Parker was ever so helpful and nice. He got his lawyer to draw up the partnership papers, and then he said he wouldn't trouble us for the money now, but would be perfectly satisfied to take our notes. So we gave him the firm note for ten thousand dollars. Poor Nellie hasn't any money, of course, but she'll pay me back out of the profits. Mr. Parker said the legal way was for us to sign the firm's name and then we both could endorse the note just for good luck.

"Reggie, don't let your mouth hang open that way! It makes me nervous."

Harold, unmindful of this appeal to the doddering Reggie, frowned, but only as one who is concentrating upon a subject of absorbing interest.

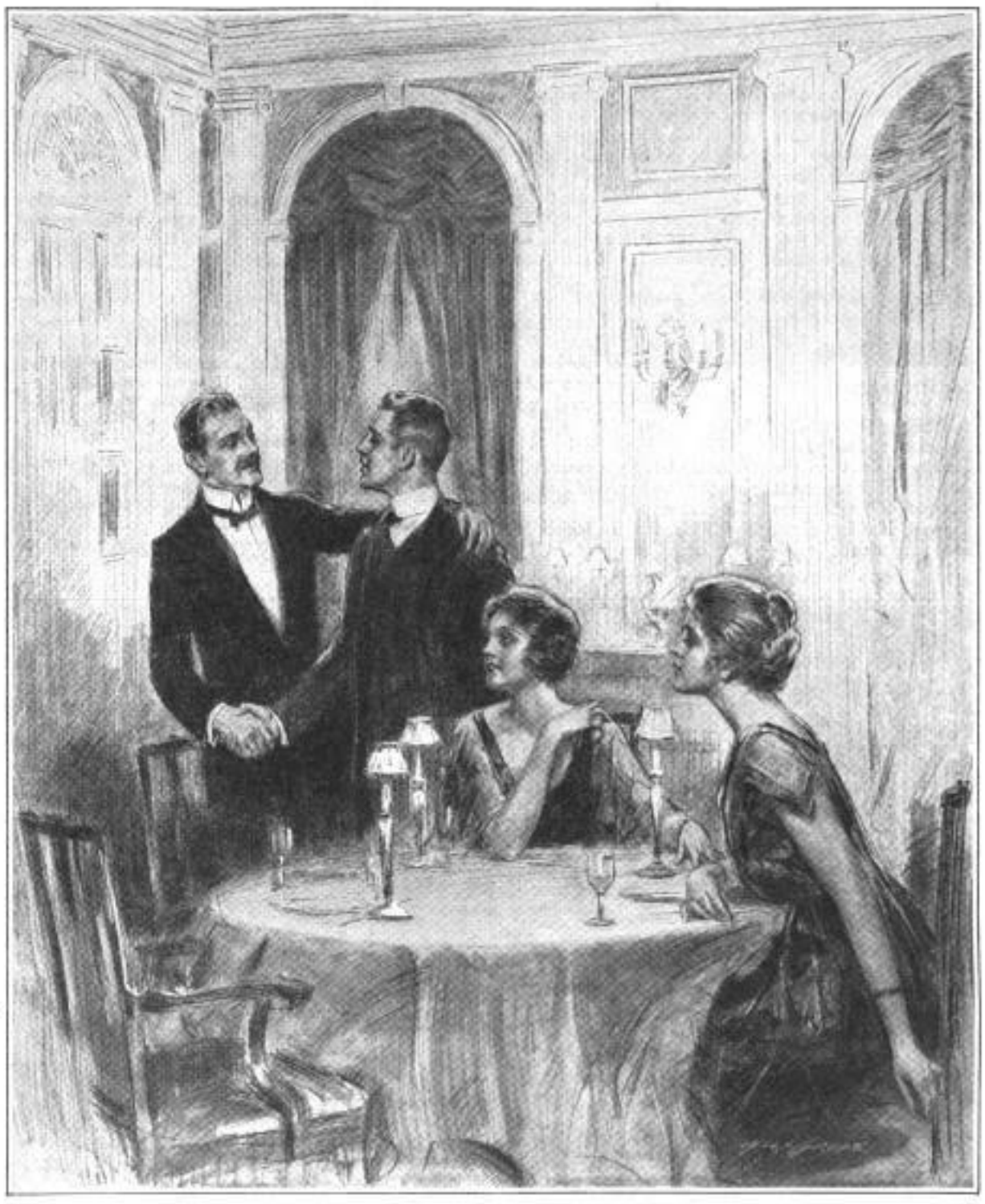
"You were twenty-one last July, as I remember, Dot?"

"Yes; Mr. Parker asked me about that. He said I was of legal age to sign papers and that it was perfectly all right."

"Dot talked to me about it," said Mildred defensively, "and I thought it would be fine for her to go ahead and arrange everything without worrying you. It seemed to me splendid for a girl to go ahead and do things without boring everybody about it. And Nellie is a lovely girl—a perfect dear—and they can't help having a lot of fun, and it seems to me fine, when we have so much, to help a girl who has nothing!"

"Bully! Perfectly bully!" ejaculated Harold, striking the table smartly to emphasize his pleasure at the whole arrangement. "Your note falls due—when did you say, Dot?"

"Oh, not till the end of the year. You see, Mr. Parker said papa's estate couldn't be settled—it's some kink in the law—until the end of a year, and he wanted to make everything convenient for me."



"It's in You, My Boy: it's in You! They Can't Keep a Good Man Down!"

"Right! Parker seems to have given you good advice right through," exclaimed Harold joyously.

"But we must have a little working capital, Nellie says, so we can buy some stocks and bonds to show people when they come in——"

"Yes; you can't sell goods without samples," chirruped Reggie, running his hands through his hair. "A few little pink bonds in the show case——"

"Keep quiet or leave the room," said Harold sternly. "Go ahead, Dot."

"Well, Nellie only has two hundred dollars—that's absolutely all the dear child has in the world—so I'm going to put in five thousand right away."

"Certainly," said Harold, feeling in his pocket and drawing out a check book and fountain pen. "I'll give you this as an advance on your share of the estate; you're entitled to it. It will be charged against you, of course. You've got a real head on you, Dot, and I'll back you for all I'm worth. Now, Reggie, if you want me to go with you to see the little boss of the big machine about your adaptation of the Parthenon for the new Jackson County courthouse, I'm ready. I've got a date with Connor at Pat Foley's saloon. Kindly give hints of returning animation by ordering the limousine!"

III

IF REGGIE hadn't been too busy to worry, the strain of Harold's high-handed deception would have killed him. But Reggie was so busy that he had been obliged to double his office space and employ six draftsmen. Ripley, who held sway as the town's leading architect, had permitted a friend to sound Reggie as to the advisability of a partnership. Harold scouted the idea.

"Old Rip is scared, that's all," said Harold. "He sees that you're the coming man in these parts and wants to attach himself to your boom. In a couple of weeks, after the commissioners formally accept your plans for the courthouse, you'll have to hire an assistant just to meet your callers and explain that you can't accept any more work. There's bound to be some sore spots, but we've got to get used to that. Envious critics will be saying that it was our money, the Raymond million, that got you the courthouse job; I've already heard that I was bribing the commissioners. Perfect rot! Connor is anxious to do me a favor, as he wants me to consider running for Congress next year. This district hasn't elected a Democratic congressman in fifty years, and they're trying to snare somebody to tackle it next fall. They want a man of character and wealth who can appeal to the business interests, and they're willing to spend the people's money on you just to put me in good humor for making a sacrifice hit."

"When this bubble breaks——" began Reggie.

"When that time comes we won't need to blow bubbles any more! You've got all the work you can do for a couple of years; I've enlarged father's office and hired two real lawyers—men who can write a sound brief but without the knack of getting business on their own account—and they're doing the heavy work for me. That gives me more time to think."

"If I did much thinking I'd go crazy," mourned Reggie. "You know it's a sin and a crime to put over my courthouse plans just because we can; it's crooked! It ain't right! I don't know anything about a public building; that's a specialist's job! And Bob Arlington's been round to talk about a new flat his real-estate firm's going to build, and I hadn't the nerve to tell him it wasn't in my line!"

(Continued on Page 58)

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ENGLAND AND LABOR

By WILL IRWIN

WHEN the trades-unions of Great Britain met last autumn for their third congress since the war I went to Birmingham, expecting events of historic importance. Since the last congress Britain had leaped a gulf, cleared a hurdle. Conscription, from an ominous possibility, had become a fact. The working brawn of the nation was in the trenches of Flanders, or training for the trenches. The end of the war seemed then a little more distant than it seems now—in December—considering Germany's avowed willingness to discuss peace terms. People talked of a settlement late in 1917. The best directing brains of England were thinking on the reorganization after the war. What would Labor do? In England, more than in any other European country, Labor—with her direct representation in Parliament—holds the keys of the future. The Trades-Union Congress of 1916 looked extremely important.

They met; and virtually they did nothing. They faced not one of the pressing problems which capital and labor must settle between themselves after the war. Never have I seen an assemblage that so gave the appearance of not knowing where it stood. For example, the change in "restrictive trades-union practices" is going to be a vital question to British industry. In many, if not most, trades exists what Americans consider a pernicious deadlock—a set of customs that greatly restrict output. The employer says: "Come what may, I will not raise wages beyond a certain sum." The workman, through his trades-union, replies: "Then I will not produce beyond a certain maximum."

Lloyd George, when the munitions question grew acute, gained from both sides a promise to relax these rules and practices during the war. The situation has changed since then: more and more plainly British industry sees the industrial war with Germany that will follow the military war, and more and more plainly the real leaders of thought on both sides see that capitalist restriction on wages and labor restriction on output must be relaxed if Britain is to hold the pace. Now, despite hidebound ideas in certain quarters, despite religious and social prejudices, labor is the true progressive element in England. We expected some vital pronouncement on either side of this question—for the maintenance of trades practices or against them.



PHOTO, BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Hundreds of Ship-Building Employees in Belfast Have Offered Their Services to the Government

Legislators Without Constituents

HERE they were, if not exactly the brains of the trades-union movement in England, at least its elected representatives. They averaged considerably older than the delegates of our own Federation of Labor. This is the result of that fine old British loyalty which makes Englishmen hesitate to put out an old public servant who has given faithful services, even when an abler young man is trying for the position. They did not have the apparent force and energy of our own labor delegates; but, being older and more experienced men, they appeared more finished parliamentarians—more statesmanlike. They must, one and all, have held opinions on this vital matter. Yet they evaded the issue. They did bring up the matter—it was on the order of business—but the resolutions finally adopted were uncertain and ambiguous. As on this, so they were on every other vital matter. The liveliest debates were over minor questions, as when the energetic Ben Tillett brought up the religious issue by declaring that the clergy should be mobilized with the rest of England.

Woll and Mahon, our American delegates, introduced the resolutions of our American Federation, calling for a conference of labor at the same time and place as the Peace Conference. There followed a hot and lively debate, which was a measure of strength between the war party and the party inclined to peace. The war party, which repudiated the idea that a crushed Germany would be granted a Peace Conference, won by a vote of two to one. Still, this had nothing whatever to do with the burning issue of British labor.

This waiting attitude puzzled me at first; and I remarked it to a certain Englishwoman, a leader in the progressive forces of England, who watched with me from the platform.

"Why, they're legislators without constituents—don't you see?" she said. "Their people are in the army. They're not thinking of their jobs now, but of the war. These delegates have no instructions. They don't know how labor feels about these questions now. More than that, they don't know how it will feel after the war. If any of us"—and she sighed—"could foresee what the mind of the army will be!"

That is where labor stands—labor, the keystone of the British political and social system before the war, and its puzzle now. Some five or six million men, rising gradually toward seven or eight millions, have put on the king's khaki; and the great majority of these, in the nature of things, are workingmen.

What Will Labor Say?

THE journeyman plumber or weaver took the most intense interest in the industrial struggle before the war; his interest might be strained through prejudices and preconceived notions; but, at any rate, it was his supreme practical interest. He is thinking on something else now—an issue of life and death, horrible but fascinating. He is not the same man as the one who volunteered for "King and Country" in 1914, attested in 1915, or was drafted by law in 1916. He has enlarged his views by contact with all sorts and conditions of men who never touched his narrow life in old days. He has traveled, as he never dreamed of traveling—to France, to Egypt, to Mesopotamia. He has had intimate contacts with other people—like the French and the British colonials, who do many things differently. He has found, by long trench conversations, that New Zealand has a labor government; that every French farmer owns his little bit of the land. He has enlarged his horizon as the horizon of a people was never enlarged before this war.

Again: In districts like the dock region of London, the laborer, under the old conditions, which such men as Lloyd George—the pre-war Lloyd George—were working to improve, lived always below the poverty line. Since he entered the army he has been well fed, well dressed, clean, for the first time in his life. So, also, his wife, with the separation allowance, with employment on liberal terms open to her everywhere, has tasted for the first time the joy of comfort, and even of luxury. Will he submit meekly, numbly, to the old conditions when this war is over? Some two or three million British workingmen—with more millions to follow—have fought down fear and faced the issue of life and death. From now on they may be more ready to risk their all for what they believe or are led to think they believe.

So much for the liberalizing tendencies. But there is a countercurrent. All the strength of the nation, for the first time in British history, has been living under a military régime made by policy so strict that to obey, even in the face of death, becomes instinctive. Never was



PHOTO, BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

The Chairman Making His Address at the Conference of Dock Workers



PHOTO, BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Six Hundred Labor Delegates Listen to Mr. Asquith's Speech

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a discipline so strict as that of this war. Will the British workingman put off the habit of obedience to that upper class—which still furnishes most of the officers—when he puts off his khaki?

None can venture an answer to that question, because there is no precedent for a guide. Our Civil War was not a parallel case. We had no "class system" in 1865; our army, like the modern French Army, was officered by men of all social classes, chosen on the basis of their abilities. Nor did our legions return to a close industrial life; they set themselves to the free task of breaking a continent. The most we can say, by way of parallel, is that the Grand Army of the Republic formed almost a close political corporation after the war, making of old comradeship the main fact in their political lives.

Common in England now, I find, is a soft kind of upper-class person, viewing the old England as the only possible England, who drops his head sentimentally on one side, and says:

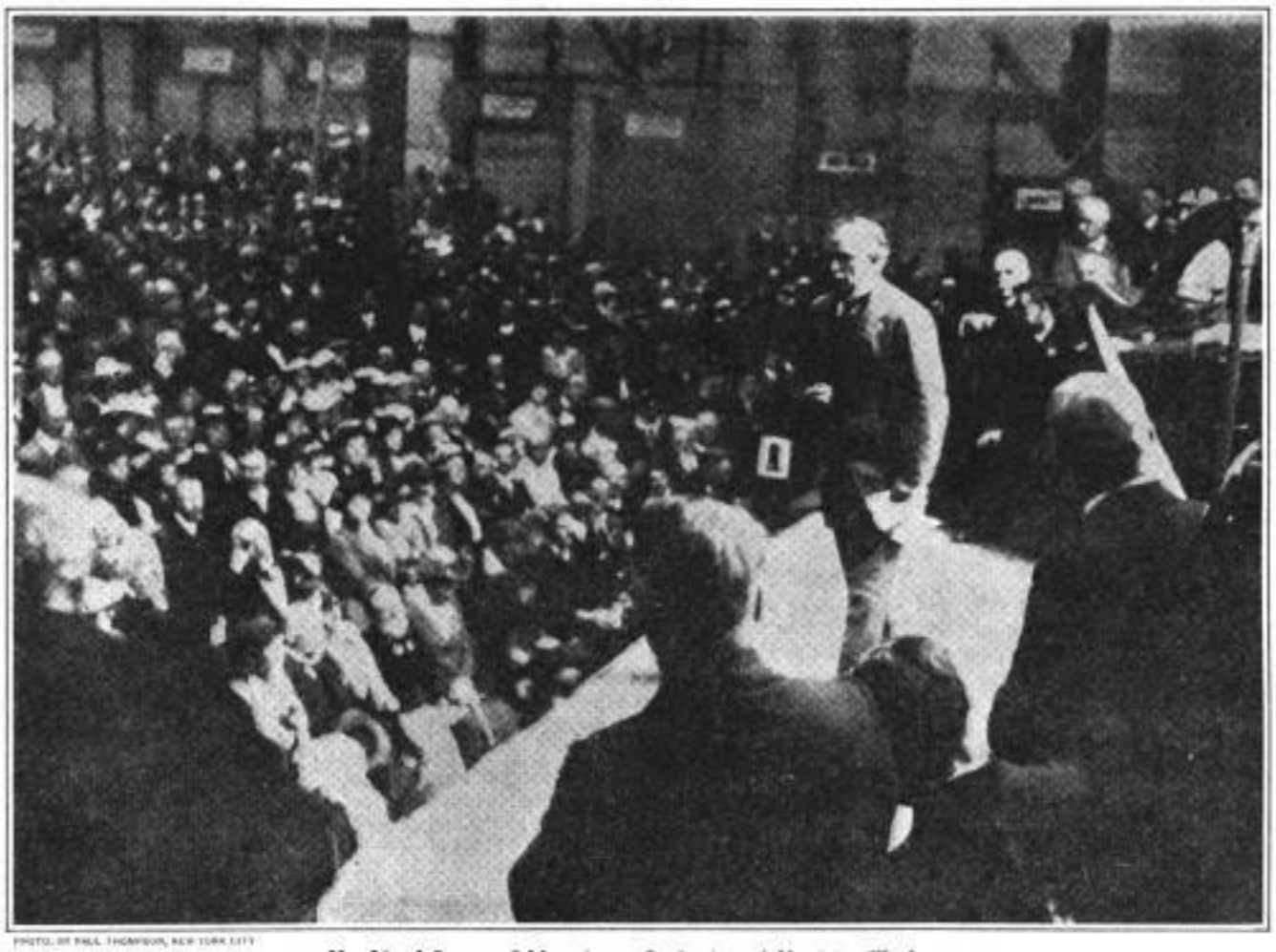
"Ah, this war has been a great lesson to our working classes. They have met gentlemen intimately and learned to obey them and love them. Disobedience was our national vice. They have begun to see that they have misunderstood us. After the war they will be deaf to the pleadings of demagogues. We shall have no more trouble with the demands of labor unions!"

This view is, of course, ridiculously biased and sentimental; but it does illustrate a tendency that may quite possibly affect the coming England.

Now if the very leaders of union labor, who have passed their lives studying the ways and tendencies of the British workingman, stand bewildered before the future, it does not befit an alien, who scarcely knew England at all before the war, to indulge in prophecy. I do not pretend to guess how the army will feel, or which way the cat will jump. All England is guessing at that, and guessing most diversely.

"We shall have the people docile, so that they will let us administer affairs for their own good as well as for ours," a Conservative of great ability said to me. "You Americans have appropriated the phrase New England! After the war we are going to have a new England—the newest nation that exists!" said Lloyd George. "I expect a Conservative reaction, due to military discipline, in the period just after the war," said one of the ablest labor leaders in the kingdom. "But we'll work out of it, fast. Then we'll have the social revolution. It won't be a revolution of blood, mind you. We don't do it that way. We'll roar about blood and downfall, and then go ahead and do what has to be done." "Labor must know its place; we can't afford agitation," said one employer. "We'll have a labor representative sitting on our board of directors within two years after peace," said another.

Between these diverse opinions I shall not presume to judge; I can only state the elements of the problem.



Mr. Lloyd George Addressing a Gathering of Munition Workers

The Natural Monopoly Possessed by France

THERE must be a fierce industrial struggle after the war. With taxes, made necessary by the war debts, running as high as thirty or thirty-five per cent, each nation is going to put its best brain on the problem of recuperating at the expense of the others and of the neutral world. Willy-nilly, we shall be forced into it; and the main fight will be three-cornered—between Germany, England and the United States. Russia is not yet ready to become a factor, and neither is Italy, though she is coming fast. As for France, she occupies just now a position the others may come to envy.

France, alone among nations, knows how to combine art and industry. When the Central Powers were cut off they tried to invent their own fashion designs, supplanting those of "the degenerate French." The results were to laugh. Twenty years ago the Italians, taking advantage of cheap Alpine water power and certain tariff conditions, started to get the silk-weaving business away from France. They succeeded admirably in the cheaper grades; but in the finer grades, where the art of design enters, they have never been able to compete for a moment. French art sense, French taste, give them a natural monopoly of the kind enjoyed by a great actor or a great singer. France, doubtless, will find after the war, as before, that her natural monopoly is her best natural line of development; she will stand aside from the current.

Germany, England and the United States, on the other hand, have no natural monopolies except those of resources and position; they will come into direct competition. In this enumeration I count the Germanic element of Austria-Hungary as part of Germany.

Now each of the three competitors enters the lists with certain advantages. We have the positive benefit of our capital accumulation, and the negative benefit of a nation undrained of blood and property by this unprecedented slaughter and destruction. Further, in what I may call the tactics of industry, as distinguished from its strategy, we are very strong. Since we took to factory management, we seem able to get more out of an establishment, with equal strain on the workers, than any other people.

The Germans are almost our equals in the tactics of industrial competition; but in its strategy we are as children compared to them. The art of coördinating all industry to the end of national supremacy is a German invention we have not learned to apply. This is the one great practical merit of the German, the method that has raised Germany in fifteen or twenty years from the fourth producing nation to the second. Perhaps they overworked their system; perhaps too heavy a draft on their industrial future made it necessary for them to force this war. I do not know.

Long before the war, one of the greatest international employers in the world, a man of great, cool, philosophical judgment, arranged the nations for me on the scale of individual efficiency. He was not giving a mere opinion, but the result of figures and experiments covering many years. He put the American down at ten, and the Englishman at just a shade below ten—better than nine and a half.

"The factor which raises the American above the Englishman is his adaptability; his way of rising to emergencies," he said.

The German, to my surprise, he ranked only a little better than eight; and so the list went on down to the Chinaman, at four.

"But why the German success at this rate?" I asked.

"Teamwork—nothing else," he replied. "They understand method, system and coöperation better than any other people."

Now England, in opening the new era, has over her great European rival two advantages—inherited momentum and this same individual efficiency. In spite of the German strides, she was still the greatest producing and trading nation. If the war turns out even a draw she will have increased that momentum, since she has been trafficking, trading, extending her commerce, while Germany has lain locked up behind the North Sea Fleet. In the strategy of industry she was not so bad, either—if inferior to Germany, infinitely superior to us. Where she lagged far, far behind was in those tactics of industry at which we are so good.

A superficial military education has been forced on most of us by the war; and everyone, I suppose, knows the difference between tactics and strategy, and will understand my figure of speech when I say that a Napoleon, laying out the strategy of a battle, cannot hope to win, however brilliant that strategy may be, unless his corps and regimental commanders understand tactics—are able to take this height or pass this road at the time demanded by the general plan.

So, in industry, you may lay out and apply a great general scheme of national industrial expansion, such as that which the Germans have followed; you cannot make it succeed unless your individual factories are producing, dollar for dollar and man for man, nearly as much as your competitor. Now in this phase of industry England was lagging behind her rivals to east and west; and she must lag still farther unless there are some drastic changes. Upon those changes the leaders of capital and labor are thinking now, while they wait to see what the army will be thinking when it exchanges khaki for blue jeans and tweeds.

Old Friends

THERE is in the average Englishman a sterling quality of loyalty that makes him the best-wearing friend in the world. This personal virtue has its practical defect. He is loyal to his friends; he is just as loyal, often, to outworn ways and antiquated machinery. An American company, manufacturers of what we shall call the Perfection Typewriter, bought out the business of what we shall call the Marvel Typewriter. The Marvel was an old-line machine, which had grown so hopelessly behind the times that it had not been manufactured for ten years. The Perfection people got, with the deal, a set of spare parts to keep in repair those Marvels that still existed. The London office of the Perfection had almost forgotten about this deal when, last winter, they received a letter from a Midlands town asking for parts to repair a worn-out Marvel. They wrote back, stating that they had the parts, but urging their correspondent to replace his Marvel by the new, up-to-date, improved Perfection.

"Sorry," replied the British customer in the Midlands, "but we do not feel like putting out an old friend, which has served us well for twenty-five years."

Now this little deal in typewriters, though an extreme example, served to illustrate a tendency. There was a distrust of the new thing, be it coördination of machinery, improved machinery, or modern factory method—distrust on both sides of the industrial gulf. True, the war, with its searching demands on production, has changed much of this. In the munitions factories, at least, industry has taken to continuous and timesaving processes, copied from their enemies or from us, or devised with that inventiveness so strong in the English when circumstances shake them out of their apathy. I am writing now of the England before the war.

Out of this loyal conservatism, and out of England's curious industrial history, had grown the situation at which I hinted in beginning this article—the pernicious deadlock between the manufacturer and his laborer. England was the pioneer of modern industry. In the early years of the nineteenth century, when the factory system rose, the horrible old *laissez-faire* doctrine ran riot: Leave everything alone and it will right itself. So, before the day of Trades-Unionism, the British operative had his blood drawn and his vitality killed by fourteen and fifteen hours' work a day. Trades-Unionism, formed to correct this situation, was born in a spirit of intense antagonism. As for

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the employing class, it resented the changes the unions demanded; it made a sanctified creed out of self-interest.

The overworking of the industrial class, "speeding-up" in its worst form, was the abuse Trades-Unionism was formed to correct, and the fight centered on this issue. Piecework is more general in British industry than in our own. The employers, in their war with the unions, adopted a process with which we have been troubled at times in our own land. They would take the work of the fastest and most expert workman, set that as a standard, so arrange the piecework schedule as to give him a fair weekly wage—and expect the workmen of lesser ability to conform to his standard. Of course most of them could not; it amounted to a device for lowering wages. In certain lines of employment the workman who set a high standard in piecework figured as a traitor to his class.

So, as the struggle went on, the employers seemed to fix their minds on a maximum wage. He who paid more than that wage, even though it be to his own interest, was a traitor to that class, as the workman who set a high piece-rate standard was a traitor to the other. The unions met this with a policy of their own: "Very well; if you restrict wages we shall restrict output." There rose, too, the custom known in British labor slang as "Ca' canny." We should call it "Soldiering on the job." It was the response of labor to injustices of capital they could fight in no other way. Restriction of output became a fetish with a certain wing of the labor party. Let me cite one example, extreme but illuminating:

In a certain Midlands town is a factory manufacturing bobbins for weavers. The employers enforced a maximum wage; the union enforced a maximum output. Almost any workman in the factory could turn out the week's maximum in three working days; they had nothing to do between Thursday morning and Sunday night.

Along with this, and working to the same end, went another policy of organized labor—or, at least, a section of organized labor. Up to seven or eight years ago, when the new Liberal government took hold, England knew as little about the general coördination of industry as the United States—and here I am stating the irreducible minimum. The tight, close conditions of British industry, the fact that England was the dumping ground for an empire, made her need even greater than ours. The chief phenomenon of badly coördinated industry is unemployment. Those long periods of idleness consequent upon a slight industrial depression were the curse of British industry. It was quite natural for the men in any given trade to believe that the less they produced the greater would be the demand for help, and the less, therefore, the unemployment. Restriction of output became a matter of altruism, of class loyalty.

Government for the Benefit of the Few

"OF COURSE it's unsound," said a certain enlightened labor leader. "You can easily reduce it to an absurdity. If to halve the product of any trade increases the prosperity of the workman, stopping production altogether should bring the millennium, shouldn't it?"

From the point of view of the trading class, with its motto of Business over Everything, the process is damnable. In the ultimate interests of the workmen themselves it was bad. But this must be said in justice: The lives of such working-class people as these proceed on a narrow margin above poverty. Loss of work means the loss of everything. They cannot afford to take broad views on their jobs; least of any class can they afford sacrifice to the greater national interests.

There stood the problem eight years ago, when a new spirit began to stir in England; when the Liberal government, against the fulminations of the Tories, tackled the problem of poverty and introduced, as a beginning, its "socialistic" measures, borrowed from the Continent.

It must be said, in justice and fairness, that this custom of restricting wages and output was not universal.

Wherever capital and labor had abolished it, British industry produced with the best. It had been abolished in the cloth trades; and neither Georgia nor New England could equal the scale of the Northern English mills. It was passing fast in coal mining; and the Cornish mines were only second to the Pennsylvania mines in the output for each miner. It lingered still in what the British call the "engineering trades," which include nearly everything that has to do with manufacturing machinery and metal goods; and there the British industries, for the most part, would not stand comparison with their American or Continental rivals.

We have revised, since the war, many of our opinions—even those based on fact. For example, we took it for granted—having heard it from the English—that poverty in England was a growing tendency; and that it was worse than poverty in Germany, the nation whose social teamwork we so much admired. Indeed, the situation, when the English began to study it, was distressing enough. British students of sociology have worked out what they call "the poverty line": the income below which an average family cannot live and keep its strength.

Before the war, this was set at twenty-four shillings, or six dollars, a week. In some districts, a quarter of the working class lived below that line. The average wage of agricultural laborers was only from fifteen to twenty shillings a week. That, however, brings in the land question, which is a little aside from the present topic. Yet it remains to be shown whether poverty was on the increase; or whether, in the decade just past, the Liberal element of England had, for the first time, awakened to its extent and begun to study it scientifically.

Another accepted idea may have to be revised: Germany had gone farther than any other European nation in social teamwork. Accident and unemployment insurance, old-age pensions, government employment agencies—all the measures which the Asquith government forced through in the face of the Tory batteries—were copied from that nation so soon to be England's enemy. Doubtless the British Liberal in those days rather overpraised the German system, as he underpraises it now. It remains to be proved whether Germany had abolished poverty.

Two great measures of poverty are the infantile mortality rate and the tuberculosis rate. As the British are now fond of telling you, both these rates were higher in Germany than in England. We have had proof of the true Prussian spirit since this war; and the English view deserves consideration. They say that Germany, as administered by her autocracy, had seized on some of the apparatus of Socialism, and especially its collective economies, while totally repudiating its spirit. The end and aim of the Socialist state, as conceived by magnificent German dreamers of the nineteenth century, was democratic. It was for the good of the individuals in the state.

The end and aim of the Prussian system is first the glory of the state as a whole, without regard to the happiness of the individuals who compose it—a hellish doctrine that we owe to the philosopher Kant; and then the welfare of the oligarchy. Those measures of social teamwork were intended not primarily for the good of the working class or any other class outside of the oligarchy, but for the efficiency of the state.

The oligarchy looked upon the working class somewhat as a scientific farmer looks upon his stock! Give them just enough food and comfort to bring them to the shambles in fair, fat, salable condition—and no more. I do not pretend to say whether this view is sound or is tainted by war prejudice. However, the statistics of tuberculosis and infant mortality remain. This Prussian spirit was not the spirit in which England attacked her problem.

The Kantian doctrine of a state with a soul, whose glory is the supreme duty of citizenship, had gained little currency in England, except perhaps among a limited class of the old aristocracy. The changes in England proceeded from a class of scientific humanitarians working for the happiness of all, as befits the spirit of a race that has given more martyrs to civic and political creeds than any other in the world. The ideal of the new British system was mostly kindness, as that of the Prussian system was mostly efficiency.

Before the war these constructive critics of industrial ways had their eyes set on a better distribution of the rewards of industry; national efficiency was with them only a secondary object. Germany was doing well—yes; but was not England still the greatest producing nation in Europe, the greatest trading nation in the world? The war, along with other shocks, revealed how fast Germany was growing; what a rival she had already become.

It revealed, also, the German capacity for organization and the German intentions on world trade. The British leaders of industry had their veil of preconceived notions torn in a dozen places; they saw through it to something like actuality. Industrial reorganization became a topic only a little less absorbing than the war itself. The leaders of the labor party and of liberal thought in general were forced to take this into all their plans.

One who knew the English before the war, or in its early stages, can scarcely believe them now, so open-minded have they grown; so amenable to new ideas. In July, 1912, I witnessed an episode of the London dock strike—Ben Tillett's famous speech, which started a small riot. Fresh from the sight of these men, with their dead eyes, their pinched faces, their hopeless expressions, I went among a group of genuine English Conservatives. It turned me a little sick to find them howling like scalded dogs because they had to pay a slight insurance tax for their servants. This was a plain violation of British rights, they said; besides, it was so hard to make the proper change! Those Liberal anarchists were ruining England! Now in October, 1916, I met one of these men again.

Wage Conditions After the War

"WELL," he said in the course of a general discussion, "we're ready to do what's just and right. If we have to put in a labor government like Australia, after the war, we can stand that, too, I suppose."

The thought of England, a current always so powerful but once confined in such narrow channels, has burst many and many a bank and is flowing already in channels vastly wider. To disturb, to change the good old British system of education, compounded of classics and sport—that was unthinkable three years ago. Now behold a research committee of dozens of great names, whose first task is a study of English education to see how classics may be replaced by science all along the line, and how board-school education for the working class may be supplemented by technical education. Invention, factory method, teamwork in foreign trade—the intelligence of England is studying them all, with what energy it has left.

That the heads of British industry, the prosperous and governing class, should look far beyond their own interests is to expect them to be more than human—which they are not. The most they manifest, and the most that can be expected, is enlightened self-interest. As a matter of fact, some of them are preparing to whipsaw labor in the same old way, hoping that the "discipline" ground into "the lower class" by two or three years in the army will render their employees more docile.

For a cold-blooded statement of intentions, commend me to a circular letter, passed round among a certain group of employers in the engineering trades, whereof a copy passed into the possession of a labor leader. Attention was called to the reduced labor cost brought about by employment of women. Still further reductions might be accomplished by careful management. Meantime the employers were urged to prepare for new conditions after the war, when male employees would be asking for their old jobs. A little careful organization, the encouragement of a sex spirit among the women workers, might forestall this. Against this, and as an example of enlightened self-interest, I may set the remarks of a certain large employer in the electrical business. He was speaking of the new women employees in his shops.

"They're doing good work," he said. "We have many small processes in our branch of the industry, and at these the women have proved, if anything, better than men. We're paying them liberally now. I only hope our fellows have the good sense not to try to reduce wages after the war."

Employers in general say that the old restrictive trades-union practices cannot continue in force if England is to meet Continental and American competition. Yet not all the employers can be got to see the other side of the shield, and admit that arbitrary limitation of wages must go into the discard along

(Continued on Page 35)



PHOTO, BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Mr. Jim Larkin in Peaceful Occupation as Seen in Croydon Park, Dublin

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THREE WITHOUT, DOUBLED

By Ring W. Lardner

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

THEY ain't no immediate chance o' you gettin' ast out to our house to dinner—not w'ile round steak and General Motors is sellin' at the same price and common dog biscuit's ten cents a loaf. But you might have nothin' decent to do some evenin' and happen to drop in on the Missus and I for a call; so I feel like I ought to give you a little warnin' in case that comes off.

You know they's lots o' words that's called fightin' words. Some o' them starts a brawl, no matter who they're spoke to. You can't call nobody a liar without expectin' to lose a couple o' milk teeth—that is, if the party addressed has got somethin' besides lemon juice in his veins and ain't had the misfortune to fall asleep on the Panhandle tracks and be separated from his most prominent legs and arms. Then they's terms that don't hit you so much yourself, but reflects on your ancestors and prodigies, and you're supposed to resent 'em for the sake of honor and fix the speaker's map so as when he goes home his wife'll say: "Oh, kiddies! Come and look at the rainbow!"



The Hired Girl Brought in Some Half Sandwiches With Somethin' on 'em That Looked Like BB Shot

Then they's other words and terms that you can call 'em to somebody and not get no rise; but call 'em to somebody else and the insurance companies could hold out on your widow by claimin' it was suicide. For instance, they's young Harold Greiner, one o' the bookkeepers down to the office. I could tell him he was an A. P. A., with a few adjectives, and he'd just smile and say: "Quit your flirtin'!" But I wouldn't never try that expression on Dan Cahill, the elevator starter, without bein' well out of his earshots. And I don't know what it means at that.

Well, if you do come out to the house they's a term that you want to lay off of when the Missus is in the room. Don't say: "San Susie."

It sounds harmless enough, don't it? They ain't nothin' to it even when it's transferred over from the Latin, "Without no cares." But just leave her hear it mentioned and watch her grab the two deadliest weapons that's within reach, one to use on you or whoever said it, and the other on me, on general principles.

You think I'm stringin' you and I admit you got cause—that is, till you've heard the details of our latest plunge in the cesspools o' Society.

II

IT WAS a Friday evenin' about three weeks ago when I come home and found the Wife quaverin' with excitement.

"Who do you think called up?" she ast me.

"I got no idear," I says.

"Guess!" says she.

So I had to guess.

"Josephus Daniels," I says. "Or Henry Ford. Or maybe it was that guy with the scar on his lip that you thought was smilin' at you the other day."

"You couldn't never guess," she says. "It was Mrs. Messenger."

"Which one?" I ast her. "You can't mean Mrs. A. D. T. Messenger."

"If you're so cute I won't tell you nothin' about it," says she.

"Don't make no rash threats," I says. "You're goin' to tell me sometime and they's no use makin' yourself sick by tryin' to hold it in."

"You know very well what Mrs. Messenger I mean," she says. "It was Mrs. Robert Messenger that's husband owns this buildin' and the one at the corner, where they live at."

"Haven't you paid the rent?" I says.

"Do you think a woman like Mrs. Messenger would be buttin' into her husband's business?" says the Missus.

"I don't know what kind of a woman Mrs. Messenger is," I says. "But if I owned these here apartments and somebody fell behind in their rent, I wouldn't be surprised to see the owner's wife goin' right over to their flat and takin' it out o' their trousers pocket."

"Well," says the Wife, "we don't owe them no rent and that wasn't what she called up about. It wasn't no business call."

"Go ahead and spill it," I says. "My heart's weak."

"Well," she says, "I was just gettin' through with the lunch dishes and the phone rung."

"I bet you wondered who it was," says I.

"I thought it was Mrs. Hatch or somebody," says the Wife. "So I run to the phone and it was Mrs. Messenger. So the first thing she says was to explain who she was—just like I didn't know. And the next thing she ast was did I play bridge."

"And what did you tell her?" says I.

"What do you think I'd tell her?" says the Missus. "I told her yes."

"Wasn't you triflin' a little with the truth?" I ast her.

"Certainly not!" she says. "Haven't I played twice over to Hatches'? So then she ast if my husband played bridge too. And I told her yes, he did."

"What was the idear?" I says. "You know I didn't never play it in my life."

"I don't know no such a thing," she says. "For all as I know, you may play all day down to the office."

"No," I says; "we spend all our time down there playin' post office with the scrubwomen."

"Well, anyway, I told her you did," says the Missus. "Don't you see they wasn't nothin' else I could tell her, because if I told her you didn't, that would of ended it."

"Ended what?" I says.

"We wouldn't of been ast to the party," says the Missus.

"Who told you they was goin' to be a party?" I says.

"I don't have to be told everything," says the Missus. "I got brains enough to know that Mrs. Messenger ain't callin' me up and askin' me do we play bridge just because she's got a headache or feels lonesome or somethin'. But it ain't only one party after all, and that's the best part of it. She ast us if we'd care to join the club."

"What club?" says I.

"Mrs. Messenger's club, the San Susie Club," says the Missus. "You've heard me speak about it a hundred times, and it's been mentioned in the papers once or twice too—once, anyway, when the members give away them Christmas dinners last year."

"We can get into the papers," I says, "without givin' away no Christmas dinners."

"Who wants to get into the papers?" says the Wife. "I don't care nothin' about that."

"No," I says; "I suppose if a reporter come out here and ast for your pitcher to stick in the society columns, you'd pick up the carvin' knife and run him ragged."

"I'd certainly be polite to him, at least," she says.

"Yes," says I; "it wouldn't pay to treat him rude; it'd even be justifiable to lock him in w'ile you was lookin' for the pitcher."

"If you'll kindly leave me talk you may find out what I got to say," she says. "I've told you about this club, but I don't suppose you ever paid any attention. It's a club that's made up from people that lives just in this block, twenty o' them altogether; and all but one couple either lives in this buildin' or in the buildin' the Messengers lives in. And they're all nice people, people with real class to them; not no tramps like most o' the ones we been runnin' round with. One o' them's Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Collins that used to live on Sheridan Road and still goes over to parties at some o' the most exclusive homes on the North Side. And they don't have nobody in the club that isn't congenial with each other, but all just a nice crowd o' real people that gets together once a week at one o' the members' houses and have a good time."

"How did these pillows o' Society happen to light onto us?" I ast her.

"Well," she says, "it seems like the Baileys, who belonged to the club, went to California last week to spend the winter. And they had to have a couple to take their place in the club. And Mrs. Messenger says they wouldn't take nobody that didn't live in our block, and her and her husband looked over the list and we was the ones they picked out."

"Probably," I says, "that's because we was the only eligibles that can go out nights on account o' not havin' no children."

"The Hatches ain't ast," she says, "and they ain't got no children."

"Well," I says, "what's the dues?"

"They ain't no dues," says the Missus. "But once in a w'ile, instead o' playin' bridge, everybody puts in two dollars apiece and have a theater party. But the regular program is for an evenin' o' bridge every Tuesday night, at different members' houses, somebody different actin' as hosts every week. And each couple puts up two dollars, makin' ten dollars for a gent's prize and ten dollars for a lady's. And the prizes is picked out by the lady that happens to be the hostess."

"That's a swell proposition for me," I says. "In the first place they wouldn't be a chance in the world for me to win a prize because I don't know nothin' about the game. And, in the second place, suppose I had a whole lot o' luck and did win the prize, and come to find out it was a silver mustache cup that I wouldn't have no more use for than another Adam's apple! If they paid in cash they might be somethin' to it."

"If you win a prize you can sell it, can't you?" says the Missus. "Besides, the prizes don't count. It's gettin' in with the right kind o' people that makes the difference."

"Another thing," I says: "When it come our turn to have the party, where would we stick 'em all? We'd have to spread a sheet over the bathtub for one table, and have one couple set on the edges and the other couple toss up for the washbasin and the clothes-hamper. And another two couple'd have to kneel round the bed, and another bunch could stand up round the bureau. That'd leave the dinin'-room table for the fourth set; and for a special treat the remainin' four could play in the parlor."

"We could hire chairs and tables," says the Missus. "We're goin' to have to sometime, anyway, when you or I die."

"You don't need to hire no tables for my funeral," I says. "If the pallbearers or the quartet insists on shootin' craps they can use the kitchen floor; or if they want beer and sandwiches you can slip 'em the money to go down to the corner."

"They's no use worryin' about our end of it yet," says the Wife. "We'll be new members and they won't expect us to give no party till everybody else has had their turn."

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"I only got one objection left," I says. "How am I goin' to get by at a bridge party when I haven't no idear how many cards to deal?"

"I guess you can learn if I learnt," she says. "You're always talkin' about what a swell card player you are. And besides, you've played w'ist, and they ain't hardly any difference."

"And the next party is next Tuesday night?" I says.

"Yes," says the Missus, "at Mrs. Garrett's, the best player in the club, and one o' the smartest women in Chicago, Mrs. Messenger says. She lives in the same buildin' with the Messengers. And they's dinner first and then we play bridge all evenin'."

"And maybe," I says, "before the evenin's over, I'll find out what's trumps."

"You'll know all about the game before that," she says. "Right after supper we'll get out the cards and I'll show you."

So right after supper she got out the cards and begun to show me. But about all as I learnt was one thing, and that was that if I died without no insurance the Missus would stand a better show o' supportin' herself by umpirin' baseball in the National League than by teachin' in a bridge-w'ist university. She knew everything except how much the different suits counted, and how many points was in a game, and what honors meant, and who done the first biddin', and how much to bid on what.

After about an hour of it I says:

"I can see you got this thing mastered, but you're like a whole lot of other people that knows somethin' perfect themselves but can't learn it to nobody else."

"No," she says; "I got to admit that I don't know as much as I thought I did. I didn't have no trouble when I was playin' with Mrs. Hatch and Mrs. Perkins and Mrs. Kramer; but it seems like I forgot all they learnt me."

"It's a crime," I says, "that we should have to pass up this chance to get in right just because we can't play a fool game o' cards. Why don't you call up Mrs. Messenger and suggest that the San Susies switches to pedro or five hundred or rhummy, or somethin' that you don't need to take no college course in?"

"You're full o' brilliant idears," says the Missus. "They's only just the one game that Society plays, and that's bridge. Them other games is jokes."

"I've noticed you always treated 'em that way," I says. "But they wasn't so funny to me when it come time to settle."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," says the Missus: "We'll call up Mr. and Mrs. Hatch and tell 'em to come over here to-morrow night and give us a lesson."

"That'd be sweet," I says, "askin' them to learn us a game so as we could join a club that's right here in their neighborhood, but they ain't even been ast to join it!"

"Why, you rummy!" she says. "We don't have to tell 'em why we want to learn. We'll just say that my two attempts over to their house has got me interested and I and you want to master the game so as we can spend many pleasant evenin's with them; because Mrs. Hatch has told me a hundred times that her and her husband would rather play bridge than eat."

So she called up Mrs. Hatch and sprung it on her; but it seemed like the Hatches had an engagement for Saturday night, but would be tickled to death to come over Monday evenin' and give us a work-out. After that was fixed we both felt kind of ashamed of ourselves, deceivin' people that was supposed to be our best friends.

"But, anyway," the Missus says, "the Hatches wouldn't never fit in with that crowd. Jim always looks like he'd dressed on the elevated and Mrs. Hatch can't talk about nothin' only shiropody."

On the Saturday I tried to slip one over by buyin' a book called Auction Bridge, and I read it all the way home from town and then left it on the car. It was a great book for a man that had learnt the rudderments and wanted to find out how to play the game right. But for me to try and get somethin' out of it was just like as though some kid'd learn the baseball guide by heart in kindeygarden and then ask Hugh Jennin's for the job in centerfield. I did find out one thing from it though: It says that in every deal one o' the players was a dummy and just laid his cards down and left somebody else play 'em. So, when I got home I says:

"We won't need no help from Jim Hatch and his wife. We can just be dummies all the evenin' and they won't nobody know if we're ignorant or not."

"That's impossible, to be dummy all the time," says the Missus.

"Not for me," I says. "I know it'll be tough for you, but you can chew a lot o' gum and you won't mind it so much."

"You don't understand," she says. "The dummy is the pardner o' the party that gets the bid. Suppose one o' the people that was playin' against you got the bid; then the other one'd be dummy and you'd have to play your hand."

"But I don't need to leave 'em have the bid," I says. "I can take it away from 'em."

"And if you take it away from 'em," she says, "then you got the bid yourself, and your pardner's dummy, not you."

Well, the Hatches breezed in Monday night, and Mrs. Hatch remarked how tickled she was that we was goin' to learn, and what good times we four'd have playin' together. And the Missus and I pretended like we shared her raptures.

"Ain't you never played at all?" she ast me; and I told her no.

"The first thing," she says, "is how much the different suits counts; and then they's the bids. And you got to pay attention to the conventions."

"I'm through with 'em forever," I says, "since they turned down Roosevelt."

Well, we started in, and Hatch and the Missus played Mrs. Hatch and I. We kept at it till pretty near midnight, with three or four intermissions so as Hatch could relieve the strain on the ice box. My w'ist education kept me from bein' much of a flivver when it come to playin' the cards; but I don't care how bright a guy is, you can't learn everything about biddin' in one evenin', and you can't remember half what you learnt. I don't know what the score was when we got through, but the Hatches done most o' the execution and held most o' the cards, which is their regular habit.

"You'll get along all right," says Mrs. Hatch when they was ready to go. "But, o' course, you can't expect to master a game like bridge in a few hours. You want to keep at it."

"We're goin' to," says the Missus.

"Maybe it'd be a good idear," says Mrs. Hatch, "to play again soon before you forget what we learnt you. Why don't you come over to our house for another session to-morrow night?"

"Let's see; to-morrow night?" says the Missus, stallin'. "Why, no, we can't. We got an engagement."

So Mrs. Hatch stood there like she was expectin' to hear what it was.

"We're goin' to a party," says the Wife.

"Oh, tell me about it!" says Mrs. Hatch.

"Well," says the Missus, "it ain't really a party; it's just a kind of a party: some old friends that's visitin' in town for a day or two."

"Maybe they'll play bridge with you," says Mrs. Hatch.

"Oh, no," says the Missus, blushin'. "It'll probably be rhummy or pedro; or maybe we'll just go to the pitchers."

"Why don't you go over to the Acme?" says Mrs. Hatch. "They got Chaplin in The Street Sweeper. We're goin', and we could meet you and all go together."

"N-no," says the Wife. "You see, one of our friends has just lost his wife and I know he wouldn't feel like goin' to see somethin' funny."

"He's already laughed himself sick," I says.

Well, we wouldn't make no date with 'em, and they finally blew with the understandin' that we was to go to their house and play some night soon. When they'd went the Missus says:

"I feel like a criminal, deceivin' 'em like that. But I just couldn't tell 'em the truth. Bertha Hatch is the most jealous thing in the world and it would just about kill her to know that we was in on somethin' good without she and Jim."

"If you hadn't ast 'em over," I says, "we'd of been just as well off and you wouldn't of had to make a perjure out o' yourself."

"What do you mean, we'd of been just as well off?" she says. "They done what we expected of 'em: learnt us the game."

"Yes," I says; "and you could take all I remember o' the lesson and feed it to a gnat and he'd say, 'Hurry up with the soup course!'"

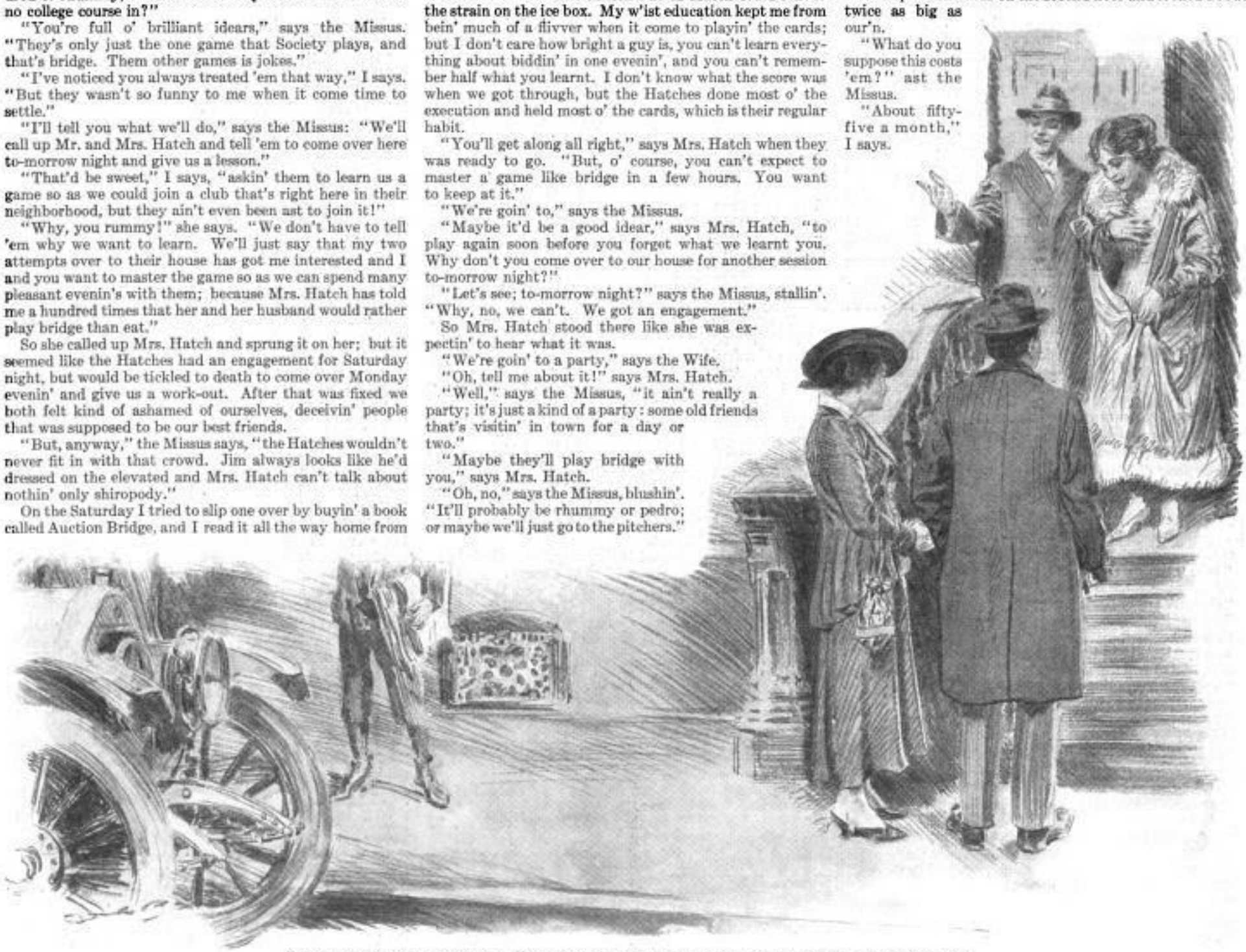
III

WELL, Mrs. Garrett had called up to say that the feed before the game would begin at seven bells; so I and the Missus figured on bein' on hand at half past six, so as to get acquainted with some of our fellow club members and know what to call 'em when we wanted the gravy passed or somethin'. But I had trouble with my studs and it wasn't till pretty near twenty minutes to seven that we rung the Garretts' bell. The hired girl let us in and left us standin' in the hall w'ile she went to tell Mrs. Garrett we was there. Pretty soon the girl come back and says she would take our wraps and that Mrs. Garrett would be with us in a few minutes. So we was showed into the livin' room.

The apartment was on the second floor and looked about twice as big as our'n.

"What do you suppose this costs 'em?" ast the Missus.

"About fifty-five a month," I says.



"That Don't Tempt Me," I Says. "I'd Just as Soon Try and Eat a Raw Muskrat as a Welsh Rabbit"

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"You're crazy!" says she. "They got this big livin' room and two big bedrooms, and a maid's room and a sun parlor, besides their dinin' room and kitchen and bath. They're lucky if they ain't stuck for seventy."

"I'll bet you!" I says. "I'll bet you it's nearer fifty-five than seventy."

"How much'll you bet?" she says.

"Anything you say," says I.

"Well," she says, "I've got a cinch, and I need a pair o' black silk stockin's. My others has begun to run."

"All right," I says. "A pair o' black silk stockin's to fifty cents cash."

"You're on," she says, "and I'll call up the agent to-morrow and find out."

Well, it must of been pretty near seven o'clock when Mrs. Garrett finally showed up. "Good evenin'," she says. "I suppose this must be our new members. I'm awfully glad you could come and I'm sorry I wasn't quite ready."

"That's all right," I says. "I'm glad to know they's others has trouble gettin' into their evenin' clo'es. I suppose people that does it often enough finally get to be experts."

"I didn't have no trouble," says Mrs. Garrett; "only I didn't expect nobody till seven o'clock. You must of misunderstood me and thought I said half past six."

Then Mr. Garrett come in and shook hands with us, and then the rest o' the folks begun to arrive and we was introduced to them all. I didn't catch all their names, only Mr. and Mrs. Messenger and Mr. and Mrs. Collins and a Mr. and Mrs. Sparks. Mrs. Garrett says dinner was ready and I was glad to hear it.

They set me down between Mrs. Messenger and a lady that I didn't get her name.

"Well," I says to Mrs. Messenger, "now we know you personally we can pay the rent direct without botherin' to go to the real-estate office."

"I'm afraid that wouldn't do," she says. "Our agent's entitled to his commissions. And besides, I wouldn't know how much to take or nothin' about it."

"We pay thirty-five," I says, "and that's all as you could ast for, seein' we only got the four rooms and no sun parlor. Thirty-two and a half would be about the right price."

"You'll have to argue that out with the agent," she says.

I was kind of expectin' a cocktail; but nothin' doin'. The hired girl brought in some half sandwiches, made o' toast, with somethin' on 'em that looked like BB shot and tasted like New Year's mornin'.

"Don't we get no liquid refreshments?" I ast Mrs. Messenger.

"No, indeed," she says. "The San Susie's a dry club."

"You should ought to call it the San Sousy, then," says I.

The Missus was settin' next to Mr. Garrett and I could hear 'em talkin' about what a nice neighborhood it was and how they liked their flats. I thought I and the Missus might as well settle our bet then and there, so I spoke to Mr. Garrett acrost the table.

"Mr. Garrett," I says, "w'ile we was waitin' for you and your wife to get dressed, I and the Missus made a little bet, a pair o' silk stockin's against half a buck. I got to pay out two dollars here for the prize and the Missus claims her other stockin's has begun to run; so you might say we're both a little anxious."

"Is it somethin' I can settle?" ast Mr. Garrett.

"Yes, sir," I says, "because we was bettin' on the rent you paid for this apartment. The Missus says seventy a month and I says fifty-five."

"I never decide against a lady," he says. "You better buy the stockin's before the others run so far that they can't find their way home."

"If I lose, I lose," says I. "But if you're stuck sixty-five or better, the Missus must of steered me wrong about the number o' rooms you got. I'll pay, though, because I don't never welsh on a bet. So this party's really costin' me two and a half instead o' two."

"Maybe you'll win the prize," says Mr. Garrett.

"They ain't much chance," I says. "I ain't played this game for a long w'ile."

"Why, your wife was just tellin' me you played last night," he says.

"I mean," says I, "that I didn't play for a long w'ile before last night; not for thirty-six years," I says.

Well, when everybody's got through chokin' down the shot, they brought in some drowned toadstools, and then some little pieces o' beef about the size of a checker, and seven Saratoga chips apiece, and half a dozen string beans. Those that was still able to set up under this load finished up on sliced tomatoes that was caught too young and a nickel's worth of ice cream and cake and an eyedropper full o' coffee.

"Before I forget it," says Mrs. Collins, w'ile we was staggerin' out o' the dinin' room, "you're all comin' to my house next Tuesday night."

I was walkin' right behind her.

"And I got a suggestion for you," I says, low enough so as they couldn't nobody else hear: "Throw some o' the prize money into the dinner; and if they's any skimpin' to be done, do it on the prizes."



"What Seems to be the Trouble?" He Says. "This Ain't No Barroom"

She didn't say nothin' back, because Mrs. Garrett had started to hand us the little cards that showed where we was to play.

"I suppose I better tell you our rules," she says to me: "Each table plays four deals. Then the winners moves w'ile the losers sets still, except at the first table, where the winners sets still and the losers moves. You change pardners after every four deals. You count fifty for a game and a hundred and fifty for a rubber."

"The way I been playin'," I says, "it was thirty for a game."

"I never heard o' that," she says; but I noticed when we got to playin' that everybody that made thirty points called it a game.

"Don't we see the prizes before we start?" I ast her. "I want to know whether to play my best or not."

"If you win the prize and don't like it," she says, "I guess you can get it exchanged."

"They tell me you're the shark amongst the womenfolks," says I; "so it's a safe bet that you didn't pick out no lady's prize that isn't O. K."

I noticed some o' the other men was slippin' her their ante; so I parted with a two-spot. Then I found where I was to set at. It was Table Number Three, Couple Number One. My pardner was a strappin' big woman with a name somethin' like Rowley or Phillips. Our opponents was Mrs. Garrett and Mr. Messenger. Mrs. Garrett looked like she'd been livin' on the kind of a meal she'd gave us, and Mr. Messenger could of set in the back seat of a flivver with two regular people without crowdin' nobody. So I says to my pardner:

"Well, pardner, we got 'em outweighed, anyway."

They was two decks o' cards on the table. I grabbed one o' them and begun to deal 'em face up.

"First jack," I says.

"If you don't mind we'll cut for deal," says Mrs. Garrett.

So we cut, and it seemed like the low cut got the deal and that was Mrs. Garrett herself.

"Which deck'll we play with?" I ast.

"Both o' them," says Mrs. Garrett. "Mr. Messenger'll make them red ones for you."

"Make 'em!" I says. "Well, Messenger, I didn't know you was a card factory."

Messenger laughed; but the two ladies didn't get it. Mrs. Garrett dealt and it was her turn to bid.

"One without," she says.

"I'd feel better if I had one within," says I.

"Are you goin' to bid or not?" she ast me.

"I thought it was the dealer's turn first," I says.

"I've made my bid," she says. "I bid one without."

"One without lookin', or what?" I says.

"One no trump, if I got to explain it," she says.

"Oh, that's different," I says; but I found out that most all o' them said "One without" when they meant one no trump.

I looked at my hand; but about all as I had was four hearts, with the king and jack high.

"Pardner," I says, "I don't see nothin' I can bid, unless it'd be one heart. Does that hit you?"

"No talkin' acrost the boards," says Mrs. Garrett. "And besides, one heart ain't over my bid."

So I passed and Mr. Messenger bid two spades. Then my pardner passed and Mrs. Garrett thought it over a w'ile and then bid two without.

So I passed again and all the rest o' them passed, and it was my first lead.

Well, I didn't have only one spade—the eight-spot—and I knew it wouldn't do my hand no good as long as I couldn't trump in with it; so I led it out. Messenger was dummy, and he laid his hand down. He had about eight spades, with the ace and queen high.

"I might as well take a chance," says Mrs. Garrett, and she throwed on Messenger's ten-spot.

Out come my pardner with the king, and it was our trick.

"What kind of a lead was that?" says Mrs. Garrett to me.

"Pretty good one, I guess," says I. "It fooled you anyway."

And she acted like she was sore as a boil. Come to find out, she'd thought I was leadin' from the king and was goin' to catch it later on.

Well, her and Messenger took all the rest o' the tricks except my king o' hearts, and they had a game on us, besides forty for their four aces.

"I could of made a little slam as well as not," she says when it was over. "But I misunderstood our friend's lead. It's the first time I ever seen a man lead from a sneak in no trump."

"I'll do a whole lot o' things you never seen before."

"I don't doubt it," says she, still actin' like I'd spilled salad dressin' on her skirt.

It was my first bid next time and hearts was my only suit again. I had the ace, queen and three others.

"Pardner," I says, "I'm goin' to bid one heart and if you got somethin' to help me out with, don't let 'em take it away from me."

"I'll double a heart," says Messenger.

"Oh, somebody else is gettin' cute!" says I. "Well, I'll double right back at you."

"Will you just wait till it comes your turn?" says Mrs. Garrett. "And besides, you can't redouble."

"I guess I can," says I. "I got five o' them."

"It's against our rules," she says.

So my pardner done nothin', as usual, and Mrs. Garrett bid one without again.

"I guess you want to play 'em all," I says; "but you'll have to come higher'n that. I'm goin' to bid two hearts."

"Two no trump," says Messenger, and my pardner says "Pass" once more.

"You'll get a sore throat sayin' that," I told her. "Don't you never hold nothin'?"

"It don't look like it," she says.

"Maybe you don't know what's worth biddin' on," I says.

"Maybe she'd better take a few lessons from you," says Mrs. Garrett.

"No," I says, kiddin' her. "You don't want no more female experts in the club or you might have to buy some cut glass once in a w'ile instead o' winnin' it."

(Continued on Page 69)

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WARD EIGHTY-THREE

By ELIZABETH FRAZER



Decoration Ceremonies in Ward Eighty-Three. This Soldier Received the Cross of War and the Military Medal

IT WAS my first morning at the hospital. The clock in the *vestiaire* stood at five minutes to eight. At eight I was to begin work. "Report for duty" was the way the formal summons ran. I was to report to Ward Eighty-three, the biggest, the heaviest and the most interesting ward in the entire hospital. Mrs. Monroe, who had charge of the untrained and unpaid volunteer nurses—or *auxiliaires*, as they are termed—had told me to await her in the *vestiaire*. Accordingly I waited, feeling awkward and strange and timid, like a Freshman on his first day at college.

To say that I was nervous would be considerably understating the case. Ever since entering the stone portal of the big American war hospital that morning, I had been smitten with a deadly ague of fear—fear lest in my abysmal ignorance I should do the wrong thing at the wrong time, or fail to do the right thing at the right time, and a man should die as the consequence—a man; a real, live, breathing man—one of those gay, muscular, bright-eyed little boy soldiers of France, with cigarettes perched rakishly behind their ears, that I had seen crowding the streets of Paris on their brief *permissions* from the Front!

Suddenly it came to me that fastening a handkerchief round the eyes of a blinking but obliging friend was a vastly different affair from fastening a firm, nonslippable bandage across the sockets of a man whose eyes have been torn out by a ball. And how did one stop a hemorrhage? You tied something somewhere. That was the extent of my knowledge on that point. In the confusion of my mind, I had even forgotten how to rescue a drowning man, a formula which has always fascinated me and which I have memorized at intervals ever since the age of ten, thinking that some day in such a fashion I might rescue my future husband. In short, all the carefully acquired artificial knowledge I had been able to absorb in a three-months' First Aid Course in New York, all the data, the neat lists of questions and answers, had faded clean out of me, like a cheap dye, now that I was faced up with the immediate and grim reality.

Volunteer Nurses of the American Ambulance

THAT course, and the light-heartedness with which I had pursued it, seemed all at once to me very remote, irrelevant to the present situation, and somehow like a joke in bad taste. I perceived, or I believed I perceived, that I was in a false situation. I had no business in that *vestiaire*, in that white uniform and coif. If at that moment there had been a train waiting outside the *vestiaire* door bound for the Grand Central Station, I should have taken it without a second's hesitation. There being none, I consoled myself with the reflection that, after all, I had not asked to come; that, on the contrary, I had been sent for and urged to begin without delay, as the hospital was undermanned at this summer-vacation season, and the wounded were pouring in, a great steady stream, from the base hospitals.

Moreover, I should not be alone, like a sentinel on his post. Over me, the *auxiliaire*, was the trained nurse; over the trained nurse was the head nurse; over the head nurse was the doctor of the ward; over the doctor was the assistant surgeon; over the assistant surgeon was the chief surgeon, or *médecin chef;* and over all of us, interlocking us together, was the French military system and the invisible but potent Papa Joffre. So that if I, alone, could not stop a hemorrhage, I could call my trained nurse; if she could not stop it, she could call the head nurse; if the two of them could not stop it, they could call the ward doctor; and if he could not stop it—but at this point I felt myself on safe ground. The affair was out of my hands!

"Have you ever had to stop a hemorrhage?" I voiced my secret fear to a young Englishwoman beside me, who was rapidly changing from her civilian costume into the crisp white linen *infirmière*'s blouse of the wards.

"*Mon Dieu*, no!" She laughed as she pinned on her coif. "Not a chance, with so many nurses round. You'll have plenty of chance, though, to wash their feet—those that still have feet," she added soberly. "Is this your first day?"

I nodded.

"And did you have any training—I mean any real training—before you entered?" I asked.

"No," she said. "I took an examination in London; but the examiner was so weary by the time he got to me that he merely said 'Have you had the usual course?' And when I replied 'Yes,' he simply passed me through. But it doesn't matter. You soon pick things up. What's your ward?"

"Eighty-three."

She raised her brows at that and glanced at my feet.

"I hope you have comfortable shoes! That ward is the hardest in the hospital—nothing but big primary cases; every single *blessé* in bed. You'll have no chance to go to sleep at the switch," she added with a smile. "If your feet hurt to-night, rub them with cold cream, then alcohol; and lie with them up on the footboard of your bed. It takes the swelling out. Have you read the rules?" She waved her hand toward a printed sheet tacked up on the wall, nodded and hurried off.

I faced round, feeling more than ever like a Freshman on his first day, and read the following:

AMERICAN AMBULANCE

CONDITIONS FOR AUXILIARY SERVICE

The *auxiliaires* work under the trained nurses. They do not, as a rule, attend at operations; nor do they do the dressings, although they might be called upon to do a minor dressing, should the nurse consider them sufficiently experienced. The hours are from eight A. M. to six P. M. daily, with one whole day free one week, and one afternoon free the following week. *Auxiliaires* are asked to stay three months at least; six months if possible. The service is entirely voluntary, and *auxiliaires* must meet all their own expenses. Luncheon is provided at the Ambulance at a cost of 1.50 francs a meal ——

At this juncture the *vestiaire* door opened again. I wheeled—I had been wheeling every time it opened for the last ten minutes!—and Mrs. Monroe's brisk voice said:

"Ah, there you are! Sorry to have kept you waiting. I'll just take you to Miss Brooks, the head nurse of Salle Eighty-three, and she'll tell you where to begin."

Five minutes later introductions had been effected. Miss Brooks, who, together with the doctor, two other nurses and an orderly, was bending over a bed from which proceeded loud screams of "*Oh, là là! Oh, là là!! Oh, là là!!! Bon Dieu! Doucement! Oh, là là!*" turned to the nurse beside her and said briefly:

"Here's your auxiliary, Miss Ransome. Is there anything she can start on?"

Miss Ransome did not even glance up. She was holding, firmly grasped in both hands, a man's leg, stiffly extended, while the doctor lifted pieces of gauze from what appeared to be a deep bloody and suppurating crater in the thigh.

"One moment, please," she murmured.

The dressing of the wound continued. The man renewed his high agonized cries: "*Oh, là là! Oh, Nom d'un Nom! Doucement!* — Gently there!"

I stood aside and drew a deep breath. The quality of anguish in those tones had already turned me pale. Later I was to learn to discriminate between sounds of pain. There is the loud outcry of the man who is not in extreme pain, but whose nerves have been so battered by shock, exposure and continued strain that he is no longer master of himself. Second, there is the scream of the man, also suffering from shock and abnormally sensitive, who howls at the mere approach of the doctor.

The Morning Rounds in Eighty-Three

AND finally, there is the cry of the plucky soul, strong to endure, but whose agony has passed the limit of human endurance. Such a cry, bursting out across the ward, simply stampedes the nerves; heard suddenly in the middle of the night it would fetch one out of bed in a single leap, panic-stricken with horror; and even in a big hospital, where innumerable sounds of pain blunt the ear, it still takes the right of way, momentarily stilling the air. As the days went on I was to learn these fine discriminations; but at present all screams were alike to me. I gave each one full value, one hundred per cent of anguish.

While the dressing proceeded I looked about me. Salle Eighty-three was a spacious airy room, lofty-ceiled, with tessellated stone floors, and long French windows on two sides. One set of windows gave upon the rear of the building, and the other side opened on a charming French garden round which the huge structure is built, one room deep, in the shape of a hollow square. Inside the salle the beds were ranged round the four sides and came halfway down the center, forming thus two passages that were none too wide for the busy morning traffic.

Everyone, I perceived, was already working under a full head of steam. Two doctors were in the ward, one on each side, and the dressings were progressing steadily from bed to bed. A nurse preceded the doctors, cutting down the bandages. The air was thick with cries and groans, the cry of "*Doucement!* Easy there!" prevailing high above all others like a monotonous refrain. French military orderlies were hurrying about, their arms piled high with stained linen; two blowzy-cheeked little *femmes de chambre* were down on their knees scrubbing the stone floor, their tongues and their *sabots* clattering together. Ahead of them a bent old woman, with a great red hooked nose and a wide toothless smile, hideous as one of Shakspere's witches, was passing from bed to bed, gathering up the cigarette butts, chaffing the men and exchanging with them jests as broad as they were good-natured.

It was evident she was a prime favorite, for it was "*Grand'mère!*" "*Grand'mère!*" straight down the line, and chuckles followed in the wake of her sallies like bubbles

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on a stream. Here and there patients able to sit up in bed had removed their *chemises* and were soaping their chests with gusto. These *Grand'mères* favored with take-offs on their manly beauty. Bursts of laughter punctuated her hits.

"Here are your men," said Miss Ransome, joining me—"these twelve. You're not responsible for the others. Suppose you begin with Claudius there. Wash him. Rub his back with alcohol. Then make his bed. Watch out for his broken leg!" she cautioned.

And she nodded toward that unfortunate member, which, swathed as stiff as that of a mummy and dotted with numerous little rubber tubes that sprouted up through the bandages like unnatural flowers, was swung out upon an extension and held taut by a jungle of pulleys and bags and weights.

"He's had a hard time," she continued in a lowered voice. "What with losing his eye and getting his leg infected—you see, he lay wounded four days and four nights on the battlefield, without water, before he was finally rescued—he's had a tough pull. For weeks we thought he would die. But he fooled us all—didn't you, Claudius?"

As she spoke English, the boy did not understand. He lay regarding her with a bright dark eye, all the brighter for the black patch which covered its companion; and finally he asked in tones of weary politeness:

"You said, mees?"

"Change all his linen," she pursued unheeding. "He can raise himself an inch or two. When he's finished, go straight down the line and do the same to the others. I can't help you much this morning."

And she hurried away, leaving me with my first task—to wash the back and change the entire bed linen of a man who could not stir more than an inch or two without exquisite pain!

"*Bonjour*," I said by way of commencement. "*Comment ça va?*—How goes it?"

"Bad. Very bad. That imbecile pig of a leg! Not a moment's rest did it give me last night. Cramp, cramp, cramp!" He clenched and unclenched his fist with nervous irritability to indicate the nature of the pain, while the flare of crimson in his thin cheeks testified to a heightened temperature. "I wish you'd cut it off to-night," he growled, "and stand it over in the corner."

"I will—with my scissors," I promised. "And to-morrow, if it's been good, we'll fasten it back on with safety pins."

"You needn't bother," he grinned.

The Philosophy of Claudius

WITH many gaspings and painful grimaces he got hold of an overhead hand grip, dug his head deep into the pillow and managed to raise himself until his back described a parabola perhaps two inches above the bed. "Quick! Quick!" he commanded breathlessly. I washed him as best I could. Afterward I glanced up at the chart hanging behind his bed and read there: "Simondon, Claudius. Age, 21. Wounded May 25, 1916. Admitted June 7, 1916." Claudius, aged twenty-one, had already white hairs in his head, and his slight figure was shrunken and yellow and dry, like that of a little old man. At the same time there was about him something unquenchably boyish and debonair, which made one wish to weep.

"Have you ever been in a charge?" I asked, to divert his attention.



Serving a Community of Fifty a Three-Course Meal—Soup, Meat and Vegetables, and Dessert—is a Man-Size Proposition

"Yes; ten of them. Not interesting! Not interesting at all! You stand there in a trench, water up to your knees, holding your gun and waiting for the order. You are cold, and still you perspire. You tremble with agitation. Maybe you stand thus for hours. Or you climb over the parapet and run. If the Boches retreat, yes, then it is interesting. If they come on, no, not interesting. Not interesting at all!" And he looked up at me with his sardonic grin. "War," he added, "is the stupidest game that a fellow with wits can play at."

A minute later he confided to me that he was to receive a decoration. He was to receive the Croix de Guerre.

"But that is fine!" I exclaimed.

"Ah, you think so?" jeered Claudius. "It's very fine, without doubt; but as for me, I'd rather have my eye than that pretty little medal hung on my chest. Can I see the world with that little medal? *Zut!* I prefer my eye—thanks."

For the moment his nonchalance completely deceived me. It was not until several days later when I came upon him unobserved, poring over the official notice of his decoration, and caught the look of pride, of emotion in the young face, that I really got the matter straight. Twenty-one is twenty-one the world over, and always hides its loves.

After washing Claudius and rubbing his back with alcohol, I made his bed. In France the bed is a sacred institution and the making of one is not a proper subject for jest. But I am not jesting when I say that the ordinary, casually made American bed, with its opportunities for ventilation and its light loose covers which one may kick joyously down to the foot in the morning, would fill the average Frenchwoman with amazement and scorn.

A French bed is something in the nature of a cocoon, with a hole in the upper right-hand corner, into which one artfully insinuates oneself at night, and from which one artfully disengages oneself in the morning. All apertures, save the small one at the top, are hermetically sealed—so tightly are the sheets drawn under the mattress, so smoothly are the covers laid on, so exquisitely are the corners mitered. One is all but sewed into bed.

To make such a bed is to produce a work of art, a creation. Thus, Jean and Marie make my bed every morning at the hotel, folding on each layer as close as the successive skins of an onion, while I watch them with respectful admiration. Once, feeling too warm in the middle of the night, I tried to remove a blanket. I struggled until four o'clock the next morning. Next time I am going to send for professional wreckers.

But the making of such a bed is, after all, a comparatively simple affair—for I am not in it! Let us denominate it Class C in order of difficulty. Class B is the making of such a bed with an occupant, but an occupant who can help himself—stir about. Class A is the making of such a bed with an immovable man in it; a man, moreover, attached to a network of apparatus—cords, pulleys, overhead weights and drains—all in such delicate adjustment that to jar any of them will wrench a cry of torture from the occupant.

To this last class belonged the bed of Claudius. When, after three-quarters of an hour's labor, punctuated by many exclamations of "*Doucement! Doucement!*" I straightened myself, Claudius was rather white and I was perspiring freely. Still, that bed was made—it really should be written Made!—and I surveyed it proudly. The lower sheet in particular had been difficult to dispose properly. To me it appeared at least twice too long for the mattress, and in the end I had simply wadded up the extra yards of length and tucked them under the pillows.

An Object-Lesson in Bed-Making

IT WAS during this latter operation when Justin, the orderly, came upon me. Justin is a squat, grotesque little old man, with the head of a gargoyle set on powerful Atlas-like shoulders. Being an orderly is his *métier*. He has been one in a French military hospital for twenty years, which is to say that Justin is a very wise man. I believe he could give points to Solomon, for Solomon was not a Frenchman. He regarded my bungling efforts for a moment in silence, and then said in tones of grave reproach:

"Ah, mademoiselle, it is not thus we make a bed in France! Permit me."

Saying which, he stripped the bed bare to the mattress and made it afresh, with the subtle perfection of Jean and Marie. My crumpled undersheet was drawn taut as a drumhead. Followed in swift succession the drawsheet, the top sheet and the blankets, smooth as rose petals and as firmly fixed.

Where, meantime, was Claudius, with his weak back, his smashed leg and his jungle of apparatus? Not a single cry had escaped him. A glance showed his thin dark face alight with amusement as he watched old Justin teach the strange "mees" how to make a bed with a live Frenchman in it.

"*V'là!*" said Justin, straightening himself. "That's the way we make a bed in France!" And he padded noiselessly off in his battered blue list slippers; it had taken him exactly six minutes by the ward clock.

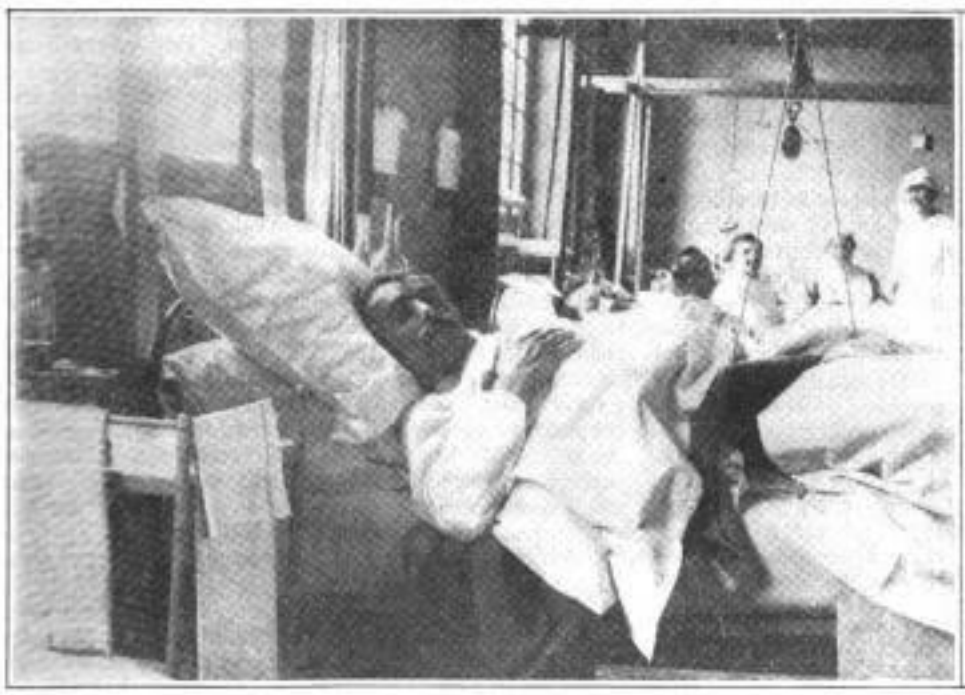
The next bed, when I turned down the covers, revealed a patient whose linen was saturated and stiff with blood. Another undersheet to manipulate!

"Don't touch me! Don't touch me!" came a faint moan from the pillows.

"Where are you wounded?" I inquired, for this is the first fact a maker of beds must determine.

"Both legs broken below the knees," was the feeble reply.

(Continued on Page 45)



Grandpere the "Grouch" is the Third Man From the Front



Sergeant Gired, Who is to be Decorated for Leading a Hand-Grenade Attack

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THE POMEGRANATE COAT

By Mary Brecht Pulver

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. SOULEN



In Ping Yee's Dingy Window a Mandarin Coat Blazed Like a Flaming Eastern Sun

WHENEVER the time hung too heavily young Dr. Thomas Seton sterilized afresh his small private stock of instruments to their usual celestial state of asepsis. The pun is intentional and not undeserving, considering conditions where one purified one's drinking water with lumps of alum thrown into the great wicker cooler and drank with eyes closed—unless one was a clever young medico from the States and insisted on boiling—where the water, so to speak, might stop at *aqua* as against the variety known as *aqua pura*. Doctor Seton boiled his over a charcoal brazier—whether for drinking or washing or sterilizing—and tried not to think whence it was piped, nor to look out at the turgid yellow stream of sewage that ran less than five hundred yards from his window.

If he did not use up his recreation hours on his instruments he arranged his little brand-new pill cases for the thousandth time, or did any of a dozen absurd and puttering jobs—anything to keep him from thinking.

He had come to this little educational outpost of Central China a year ago with his mind aflame. Not, it is to be regretted, because of a holy missionary zeal to impart the science of physiology or anatomy to bland young Celestials, or to revolutionize their sanitation—though his conscience behaved well on both counts—but because his young blood had thrilled to the tune of adventure, because he had craved color—Oriental color.

He knew now that color was mostly yellow—a dirty range of it from muddy chrome to gamboge. He had seen it a thousand times from his little window here in the college. But he hadn't known it then, back in Pennsylvania when he had scorned partnership with Uncle Doc Chalmers and a comfortable berth in prosaic America.

"To go out to China for a few years!" It had caused spinal thrills throughout the community—had set him apart from the common run of fellows. As the papers had had it: "Our young fellow townsman is departing to occupy the chair of anatomy and biology in the University of Tien-Sheng." And it had sounded good.

The sensation had lasted fairly long: through the torturing tortuous inland journey in the wretched, foul little river boat—even for a while after he had come to the queer, shabby, cheap little university struggling bravely to set a firm foot in the East. Perhaps the gamut of feeling he had run was best expressed by the little room he lodged in.

In the first fever and passion for the Orient, he had let it into his room—masks, embroideries, weapons, suns and dragons had flowered on his wall. He even wore a mandarin coat to smoke in; had discarded his fork for chopsticks. Then came the day when he pitched these into the yellow river and, looting in his trunk, filled his wall with girls. Yes, girls! For one cannot be twenty-four, and tall and blue-eyed and comely in a nice, boyish, honest fashion, without having had a fair number of heart concussions and their attendant trophies. Young Seton had had perhaps more than his share. He had bundled up his scalps carelessly back home, but here—all together and spread over his whitewashed walls—their numbers shocked him slightly.

True, they were very inclusive. There were some cousins, who never do count, and some kept for old times' sake out of the dark ages of the past—at least ten years old, when he had first gone into long trousers and had beaued his first lady. Several of the names had slipped his memory and several cabalistic references in the inscriptions baffled him, but he had known them once. They had been his girl at one time and another; he had looked into their several eyes and held their respective hands, and now their presence sustained and comforted him in a desert of Mongolian masculinity.

For the dozen associates on the little college faculty awoke no responsive echo in his breast. The men were mostly too old, and the women ——! There wasn't one that roused even the most languid interest. Ladies no longer quite young, who wore broad, flat-soled shoes and tweed skirts and Chinamen's coats and European straw sailors for comfort and convenience, who spoke freely about their souls and discussed wet feet and removable dentistry, made scant impression on young Doctor Tommy, whose beauty-loving soul writhed before them. Small wonder he fled to his old sweethearts.

But after a while even they failed. His walls showed bare again—bare as a hospital. For his room was become a shrine to Prophylaxis and Asepsis. Only one picture was left—Eloise's. She had been the third to the last girl he had said good-by to on the night he left. But he knew now she was the one and only girl. There was that much to be said for Interior China. It had helped him to know the truth!

Gray-eyed, laughing Eloise, whose sweet, teasing face smiled out of the eight-by-ten platinotype on his dresser! He realized the sweet, teasing face was probably smiling from several other dressers—for Eloise, like himself, was an inheritor of the moonlight nook and the mistletoe bough—but it made no difference. Just as soon as he had the right—as soon as Uncle Jim Chalmers finished arrangements back home and his year's contract in this deadly pestilential hole was finished—and he had something to hang to, a chance at a nice brisk practice in God's country, he would put it up plain to Eloise. There had been reams of letters with pretty plain hints, and he guessed the other fellows didn't have much chance! He closed his eyes a hundred times and thought of Eloise's pouting lips and the kissable dimple in her cheek.

In the meantime he sat, this gray-and-yellow afternoon, re-reading a three-weeks-old letter from her:

So you see I miss you terribly, Tommy. It's so dull here without you. Last week the Gays had another dance. There were two fellows from Harvard. They brought that new maxixe step we've been so crazy about. I had every dance taken, and we danced terribly late—until four, just like a big city. Then Mrs. Lennard had another dance. And next week the Parkers have a house party. This week hasn't been so bad. The Harvard men are terribly good-looking, and one of them, Mrs. Gay says, has an awful crush—but you know I don't care at all for Harvard anyhow. Oh, Tommy, I wish you were home. It's dreadfully lonesome sometimes. But of course it's perfectly stunning to be way out there in China. You must be having such heavenly experiences. Harry West—he's taking me to the Bellaire Club series—asked after you. He called you the professor of bugs and bugology. It does seem terribly clever for you to be a professor. I must stop. Blanche Carey and Roger are coming for me in the motor.

The professor of bugs got no farther. He folded the letter carefully and replaced it. He looked gloomily about the cell-like purity of his room. He had a sudden nostalgic pang that embraced floating impressions of a shady small-town street, a brown old sitting room full of folks—home folks—and bright, flower-decked parlors full of the happy young people he knew. Then he set his jaw. He was no quitter. He'd stick it through. By gosh, life wasn't all fun and dancing! Meantime he'd tramp up to old Iki and walk off some of his disgust.

II

OLD Iki, a single knob of yellow earth terraced for rice fields, towered—the single elevation in the plain—three miles to the east. Seton had tramped to it a dozen times, had climbed to its summit and its short crooked pine, and scowled over the vista fully as often. Everybody did it. It was a sort of safety valve, when the longing for Europe and the outer world threatened to break bounds. For of course the ailment he endured attacked the rest at intervals, though in less degree.

Frequently his walks were marred by the presence of several others of the faculty making the same journey, but to-day, to his misanthropic delight, he had things his own way.

There was nobody on old Iki and no one going or coming. But on his way back he found someone.

There was a point on the river bank where the path wound close; where a flat shale of rock jutted and the muddy current under it flowed a shade less filthily. Here, sitting on the rock, back turned to him, he discerned a figure. A woman's figure in the usual hideous habiliments—straw sailor, blue Chinese coat, black cloth skirt. He could not see her feet, but he did not need to—they would be the wide spatulate shoes of the university's ladies. Then he saw her hands move and got the flash of a knitting needle. His spirit groaned. It was Miss Wheeler or Miss Hagner, Miss Bayer being addicted to tatting. He had learned to discriminate. He spoke rudely, with violence, easing his soul.

"All you need," he said, "is a queue, and you'd pass for Sam Lee, who keeps the laundry in Flint Street, back home."

The figure turned and looked at him, and his heart missed a beat. He was addressing a perfect stranger.

"I beg your pardon," he said, reddening; "I mistook you for someone else—someone I knew."

"I'm not anyone you know—yet. But you will, of course. I think you must be Doctor Seton. I am Margaret Irby. I came yesterday to teach in the English department. Won't you sit down?"

She waved the thick black sock she was knitting toward the flat rock, and Doctor Thomas lowered himself to it deliberately. In spite of the needles and the uniform, she differed from type. She wore no eyeglasses, and her teeth—even in a brief glance—he discerned were neither removable nor like a set of assayer's samples.

He thought her young—moderately—say twenty-eight to thirty, and her eyes were rather stunning and thickly lashed. It was impossible to discover anything more, for the stolelike coat and the hideous straw hat tilted over her tightly drawn-back hair. No woman, he concluded, could get away with such a rig. He had tried to imagine someone beautiful—like Eloise—in it, but imagination balked. A woman with any regard for charm, who had any charm, would draw the line at it.

The stranger apparently read his thought.

"You were referring to my clothes, weren't you—a minute ago?"

Doctor Tommy blushed, but confessed.

"I was. I think the women in this college wear the ugliest things I ever saw. I don't see why they don't wear clothes that make them look like women—I don't see anyway why you put them on so soon."

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"These clothes," she said gravely, "belong to Miss Bayer. She loaned them. That's one of their virtues—they're so adaptable. Besides, as you say, they all wear them. So even when mine are unpacked, I hardly think . . . as Miss Wheeler says, they're both decent and comfortable, and there's nobody here to dress for anyway."

"There's me," suggested Doctor Tommy.

Miss Irby raised her eyes and studied him thoughtfully, but did not reply. They were fine eyes, he thought, and when she had lowered them he noticed the unusual length of her eyelashes against her cheek. Still eyes alone do not make a woman charming. Her cheek, the young doctor thought, was too pale and, now that he noticed, the lashes themselves had a certain suspiciously moist look. Could it be possible that this dignified new member of the faculty had been crying before he came?

If so, it was probably because of homesickness, so Tommy abstained from the usual questions. He had no wish to bring on another attack. Perhaps she was not so old as he had first thought.

"May I ask whether the knitting needles and the wool are Miss Bayer's also?" he inquired.

She looked up at him again, but this time she laughed—and Tommy subtracted five years from his original verdict.

"Mine," she said, spreading out the sock—a gigantic black one. She hesitated a moment, then added gravely: "I knit for the Canadian Society for the Alleviation of Suffering Among Lumbermen."

"Good heavens!" said young Doctor Seton faintly. "I never heard of such a thing!"

"It's a very noble charity," she said thoughtfully; then she smiled. "Do you happen by any chance to knit yourself? Some men do—sailors, you know. I was thinking if you did ——"

"I do not," cried Doctor Tommy hastily. "I knew a fellow in college who made his own neckties, but I can't do a thing. If I did anything I'd rather it would be one of those white doily affairs. I have come pretty close to making a set out of surgical gauze, to fill in odd moments."

"Yes," said the girl, "they told me down at the school about you. You—you don't care for it here."

"I haven't said much, but anyone could guess. Wait till you've been here three months! Lord, how anyone can stand it ——"

"You are encouraging. I was thinking something like that before you came, and I hoped you could make me feel differently."

"Oh, well, you've only been here since yesterday. Perhaps—you—you—may be ——"

He floundered feebly, looking at her furtively.

"Women—girls are more adaptable—and then you can knit socks, you know ——"

"It isn't a joke, really." She sat looking out at the muddy river. "I didn't quite expect it would be like this."

"Lord, the food you know and all that ——"

"There's just one thing to do," she bent quickly low over her sock, "one simply has to look on the—the bright side and not think—and take whatever offers—in the way of amusement."

"Exactly—but you'll find precious little of the last."

"There's you," suggested the girl.

"Why—yes." The young doctor stared, then added a shade stiffly: "I didn't realize I was in the amusement class."

"For me," she nodded gravely, "it would be very amusing to have you to talk to. I've never known any young men—that is, any young and good-looking men—well enough to talk to. I've known some to look at—some very nice ones—but none of them ever cared—very much—I think—to talk to me," she added meekly. Tommy looked at her with mingled pity and embarrassment.

"I'll talk to you whenever you like—if it will help," he offered generously. "We can talk about the States and our respective homes—and it may ease things a bit."

"That won't help me," she sighed; "you can't be homesick when you haven't had a home. I've always lived round in colleges with my mother. She was a professor, you know, Latin and Greek. But I've been going round alone now for three years. She was the greatest authority of her time on the ablative absolute." He looked at her blankly. "You've heard of the ablative absolute, haven't you?" she added tolerantly.

"Once or twice—but if you're interested in a thing like that I'm not surprised that men won't talk to you," he said feelingly.

"Oh, I'm not—myself. That was mother's line."

"My mother is not at all like that." There was a note of commiseration in young Seton's voice. "Her waist measures thirty-one inches, and she put up two hundred and eighteen jars of preserves and jam last summer. She bakes the flakiest pastry I ever ate, and her roast turkey and brown sauce, her pumpkin pies and baked beans ——"

He stopped. A faint sob broke from Miss Irby. She dabbed fiercely at her eyes with the black sock.

"If you utter another word like that I'll go raving mad," she announced tensely.

"But good heavens, why should you—if you've always boarded round ——"

"That's just it," she said; "you can be homesick with good reason. But think—think of being homesick without any right to be, without having anything to be homesick for, except secondhand things done by the college cooks, even on Christmas and Easter vacations."

"Jiminy!" said the young doctor thoughtfully. "That is exciting!"

The girl was silent a moment.

"Professor Teevey tells me it may be more than exciting here," she said presently. "There's a man called Wee Singh ——"

"Shucks! Old Teevey has Wee Singh on the brain. He's a bad lot, mixed up with the Boxer troubles; but there hasn't been anything in years—that is, except for local talent. They carve each other up now and then among the tongs.

"I've been looking after a grandson of Wee Singh's who's had typhoid, and two of his nephews are coaching up to go to an American College next year. I know more about old Wee than Teevey does. Don't let him feed you his Wee Singh stuff!"

Miss Irby gave a little feminine shiver. She began to fold up her knitting.

"I must go back; I have advanced English at four. They're reading Tennyson's Princess. Fancy it! 'A Plince was I, blue-eyed, and fail in face.'" She laughed, then sighed. "I've just come from six months of it in Shanghai."

Doctor Tommy cavaliered her back. He made an unwontedly careful supper toilet that evening—not with the heart he would have put into it if he had expected to meet Eloise or one of the girls from home, but—well, she was a new girl, at least, and he might as well show her that a little dressing up for his sake might be worth while. Moreover, he had a very decided feeling that at this particular moment there was some dressing up going on.

He was mistaken. When he went into supper he perceived with utter disgust that Miss Irby was still wearing the loose-coat costume like the rest. More, she outheroded Herod. Her brown hair was drawn back even tighter and plainer than any other woman present, and bound into a sleek, hard-looking knot on her neck. Minus the sailor hat she seemed startlingly young to Doctor Seton—not a day over twenty-one, he concluded in some surprise, and her profile was rather pretty he thought, in a wistful, girlish way. But it was only her profile he got after her first bow.

She listened all through the meal, and even afterward in the hall, to the elderly Professor Teevey, and Tommy indulged in little private snorts of impatience. They would be just the kind, those two, he thought with covert glances, to have lots in common—a girl who fixed her head like a billiard ball, and Teevey, with his eight-inch forehead and his double lenses.

The youngest male member of the faculty retired that night in a pretty dudgeon with his world.

He had no word with Miss Irby until two days later. Walking back from Iki, he found her on the flat rock, knitting in hand, looking out across the river.

"Your sock," said he, "does not appear to have increased in length since I last saw it. I hope your new impressions, especially those Teevey is giving you, are not going to interfere with your knitting."

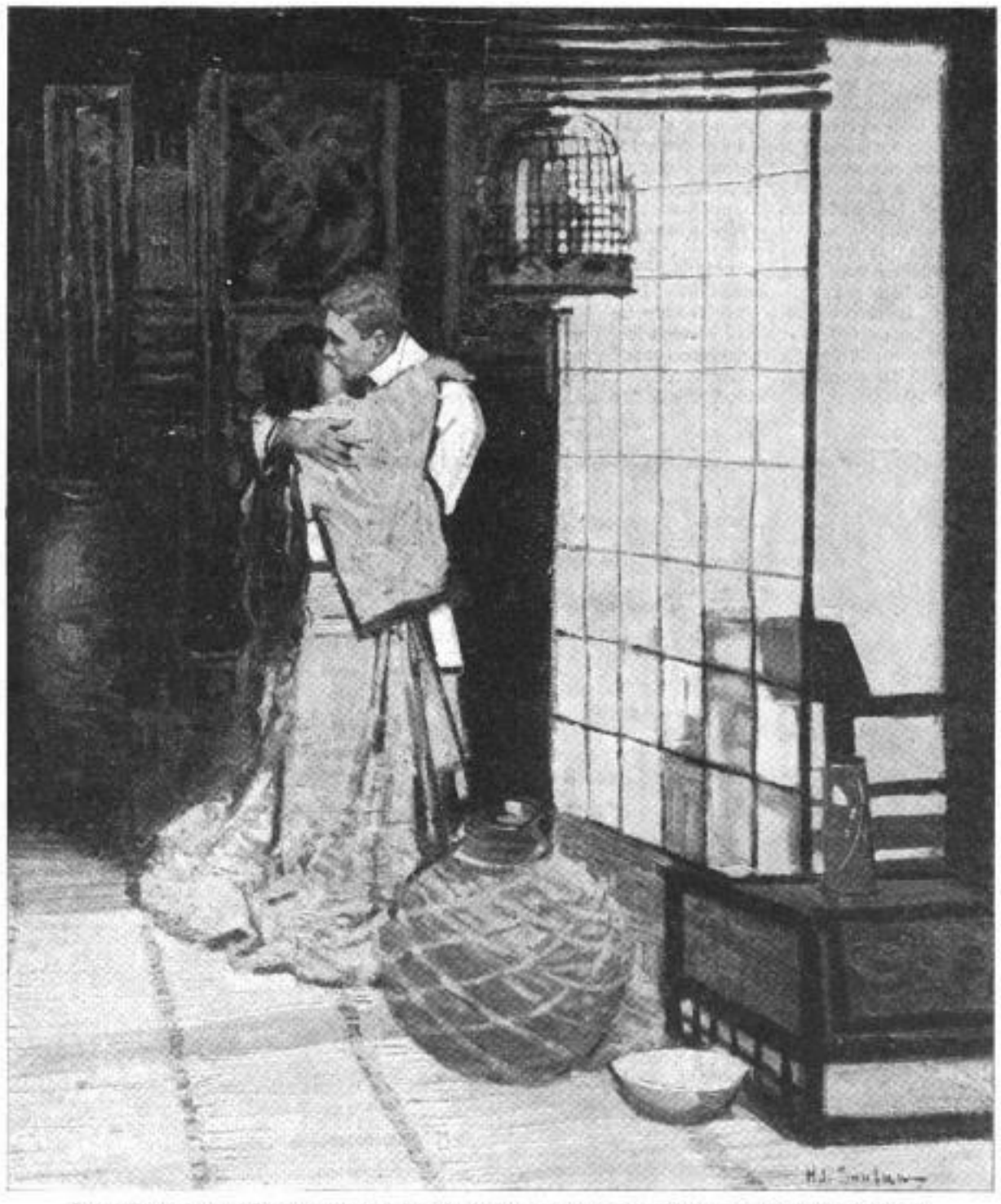
"You do not admire Professor Teevey?" smiled the girl.

"I've nothing against old Teevey," he answered in an injured tone, "but I thought you were going to talk to me. You said as much."

"I am perfectly willing to let you talk now," laughed the girl, and Doctor Tommy, in his absorption, never noticed the shift in pronouns.

He accepted her invitation. For fifteen minutes he talked eloquently—of things back home, of people he knew, of Eloise and other girls, of college, and so on. He would have sworn he did not mention Eloise's name six times, yet when he paused Margaret Irby looked up from her work and challenged him directly:

"Eloise is the girl you love, isn't she?"



Below Them Came a Battering Rush at the Outer Door, a Strenuous Bombardment of the Last Barrier

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Doctor Tommy blushed, but answered gravely: "Eloise is the girl I intend to marry."

"Is she . . . has she?" Miss Irby seemed to hesitate.

"She hasn't and she isn't," confessed Tommy, "but I'm sure she will when I ask her!"

"Dear me," said Miss Irby pensively, "it must be a wonderful thing to have a man planning a thing about one behind one's back like that, you know. It sounds so masterful. Are you always like that?"

Tommy felt that he was. To prove it, he ordered Miss Irby to put up her sock and go with him to see the view from Iki.

"Walking is what you need here, rather than knitting," he said in his most physicianly voice.

"I am not fond of walking alone," objected Miss Irby.

"I was not suggesting it."

He himself assisted her without delay in securing a good view from the hill top, and he offered to renew the opportunity for her every afternoon. Miss Irby accepted the invitation. They formed the habit of sharing Doctor Tommy's daily recreation hour and, in spite of all good intentions, the warmed-over letters in his trunk suffered.

Yet Tommy's conscience did not disapprove. So unworldly and unsophisticated a girl—there was much that he could do for her—so many little attentions that offered in a brotherly fashion would make her stay pleasanter. She seemed to like them.

She was always willing to go tramping, to make one of an impromptu picnic, to stroll in the bazaars and go with him to see the moon-faced Chinese babies. Presently—her own offer—she was assisting him in the occasional surgical case that called for his care. She was a cool, nervy little beggar he thought, ready with gauze or bandage; nice, likable—a regular pal, for all her shortcomings; a girl who was a bit of a tease, who liked jokes—even his; a girl with a pretty hand, a pretty laugh; in short, his ideal of a little sister in all things save two. He could not cure her of her obsession for talking to Teevey, or of her hideous habit of dress. Save on Sundays, when she changed to stiff collar and mannish shirtwaist, she clung resolutely to her laundryman's clothes—and a doubt presently arose as to whether she knew how to look girly and pretty.

Perhaps a life in the shadow of the ablative absolute had quenched that, perhaps she had no other clothes. Perhaps she hadn't the money to buy them. He knew she was being economical. She had told him very little of her early life. There had been mention of school in America, of a winter with relatives in Minnesota, of a succession of schools in Hindustan and Shanghai, all chasing the ablative, he judged. She probably knew nothing of the things of girls. One day he remonstrated.

"What makes you do it?" he asked, while they sat under Iki's pine tree. "I think you have stunning hair—you must have a ton of it—and yet you strain back your eyebrows and paste it to your head like that. It sticks out on your head like a wen behind, and way up on top your sailor sits like a lid. I believe," growled Tommy, "if you'd let your hair out you'd actually be pretty!" He stumbled.

"Do you mean to tell me," demanded Miss Irby, "that you don't think I am pretty?"

"It's all very well to joke," said Tommy gloomily, "but I'm perfectly serious. I'd give heaven knows what to see a girl's head all fixed out."

"Like Eloise's?" suggested Miss Irby with a ripple of laughter, "soft flowing masses of gold, parted softly over her little ears, and dressed high with a shower of tiny curls."

"Oh, if you will tease," said Tommy, "I've told you before Eloise's hair is black; and she hasn't half so much as you have. But she does fix it beautifully. I'd give——"

"I know," comforted the girl, "and I'm awfully sorry. But you know even if I did all that, just to please you, I could never take Eloise's place, could I?"

She faced him, her gray eyes full of laughter. Tommy's blue eyes met hers steadily—so steadily that the mirth suddenly faded from hers, and she drew a queer, quick little breath.

The young doctor himself scarcely realized how long the look lasted. It seemed to him that he had never looked so far into eyes before, nor realized how soft and velvety gray eyes can be. Then he pulled himself up and spoke indignantly.

"I don't think anything it meant to me would make any difference to you. You don't care to please me the least little bit, just as the merest act of friendship," he blustered.

The girl rose, laughing again.

"No," she said, "I'd rather not. Not even to please a 'Plince, blue-eyed, and fail of face,'" she rippled. "You see I love these clothes. I've gotten used to simplicity."

Doctor Tommy followed her with a sigh. Nice, thoroughly, but absolutely unfeminine!

But on the way back they passed through the Street of the Seven Suns and came to the shop of Ping Yee, the curio dealer. Before Ping Yee's window the girl stopped, with a strange little cry and a quick rush of color. Doctor Seton followed her eyes and saw it.

It was a mandarin coat, splendid beyond any mandarin coat of Tommy's experience or belief. It was made of some sort of dully shimmering gold stuff, splashed over with blossoms of the pomegranate, in rich scarlet and yellows, all cunningly wrought by hand. It blazed in Yee's dingy window like a flaming eastern sun.

But the young doctor was more amazed by the flame in the girl's face. In that swift admiring moment she was as femininely rapturous and entranced by the lovely gaud as any girl he knew would have been.

"I expect he asks a ton of money for it," she said.

"I'll just run in and ask," suggested Tommy, but Margaret Irby held him back.

"No, he's an old robber, Ping Yee, and it would be silly anyhow. What would anyone want of it? It's a museum piece really, or a Darling-of-the-Gods costume."

But by the time Tommy reached the college he found he disagreed with her about anyone's wanting a thing like that. A line from an old letter of Eloise's came into his mind. It referred to the "lovely Oriental embroideries" he had access to. Not a hint! Merciful heavens, a girl like Eloise didn't need to hint! But it was a suggestion Tommy warmed to now—if the truth be told—a little remorsefully. Only yesterday he had found a film of dust on that precious packet from Eloise, and he remembered, with a sort of horrified disgust, that her last letter had been neglected a whole day while he went with Margaret Irby to inspect a ruined temple at L'Bwang.

So he hurried back to the shop of Ping Yee. If a girl, as uninterested in clothes as Margaret Irby, could rave about a dud like that, a real girl, the fluffy sort like Eloise —— But the mandarin coat was gone from Ping Yee's window. Ping Yee was uncommunicative. It was a gentleman who had secured it, Tommy gathered—a large, fat, red-faced gentleman wearing brass buttons, according to the shopkeeper. A German captain of one of the little river steamers, Tommy concluded, since there were no tourists.

He went out disappointed. Though he did not admit it, he would have bought the thing as an offering to his conscience, but at the end of the street he heard something that drove all thought of his errand from his mind.

That afternoon a feud of long standing had been reopened between Wee Singh and the family of Afoos, after a peace of thirty years. A son of Wee's had been stabbed. It meant a fight of complex nature. For one thing, the Afoos had been influential in introducing the college there, and, though Wee Singh was a patron, in view of his old record his slight garment of civility was generally believed to be a mask. There was always the undercurrent of Mongolian animosity for aliens to consider, the swiftly seized opportunity to make a different issue.

Tommy was distinctly worried as he passed a group of whispering Celestials or came to a closed and empty bazaar. Old Teevey might not be so far wrong after all. For himself he did not care. He'd rather fancy a fling at the business—but the women!

He came in sight of the little college, its low rambling buildings inclosed by a stockade-like fence. Fences nor clumsy wooden gates would avail greatly, if this yellow, muttering Oriental tide surged against them. And if it did? Like a good soldier Tommy heartened his soul and strengthened his arm. A fellow had to stand up for his womenfolk, he thought with a little thrill. Noble unselfish women who carried the torch to the dark places of earth and, in particular, little fearless persons who went to outlandish places to teach the Anglo-Saxon.

In the gateway the young doctor looked back at the market place and bazaars and shook his fist. Let them come on! But, of course, it was quite likely Teevey was wrong.

III

BUT old Teevey wasn't. For a fortnight now life was changed in the little university. Classes were no longer held, nor rolls called. At first the mutterings in the town had kept to their sources. It was only after some days that they had rolled in a threatening wave against the university. That was the day Professor Teevey had gone out and dispersed a small demonstration of Orientals at the gate. After that the student body had fallen away rapidly, until there remained only a few negligible resident pupils.

The gates were locked now, and one morning all but one of the servants had disappeared. The faculty took it calmly. Miss Hagner tatted and Miss Bayer crocheted. The ladies performed the necessary tasks and the faculty exchanged joint bulletins daily on the usual small matters. Several of them had weathered through affairs of this nature before, and were cheerful, optimistic and patient. But every evening the men went round on a tour of inspection, and after a second demonstration they reënforced the planking of the gates and told off a guard for each gate.

"I will send a protest to the mandarin of the district this morning," said the president, Doctor Ames, "if there be any of our number who will carry it to the river boat. It goes out this evening. There will not be another for a fortnight, unless a special envoy be sent." He was a precise little man, the president, and beamed at his flock through his pince-nez.

Tommy spoke first, and gritted his teeth to realize that Teevey raced him neck and neck. But Tommy won.

"One is sufficient." The president spoke quietly. "We cannot spare any more from here in case of trouble. And above all" — impaling Tommy through his pince-nez — "there must be no show of resistance, doctor, unless in defense of life. The safety of your comrades here demands that no spark be thrown on the waiting powder."

Tommy took the message. Margaret Irby went to the gate to see him off.

"For a cent I'd go with you myself," she suggested; "they wouldn't dare hurt me."

(Continued on Page 65)



The Mission Yard Was Suddenly Filled With a Devil's Dance of Yellow Furies

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A SCRAP OF PAPER

XII

By Arthur Somers Roche

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL FOSTER

IN HIS sanctum in the Citizen office Lindley Jackson, the editor, read the morning papers and such afternoon editions as were already off the press. And all save his own paper treated the universal transfer story in the same fashion. Corporations Have Souls! Consolidated Car Lines Confer Benefit on Public! Big-Hearted Corporation Puts Public Above Dividends! Of this sort were the headings above the editorials, and the matter below the headings was full of praise for Masterman and his associates. Martin Masterman had struck a giant blow at the theory of government ownership. He had shown that privately owned monopolies held the public's interests close to their hearts. When a whole city had uncomplainingly been paying two fares for a ride in Subway and surface cars, or three fares if they also rode in the Elevated, Martin Masterman had freely and cheerfully ordered the Consolidated Companies to issue transfers from one line to the other or others. All hail to Martin Masterman, the man who put the soul in corporations!

Thus spoke the sheets owned by the men who, with Jackson, had conferred with the three millionaires the previous night. But not so the Citizen, owned by Lindley Jackson, yellow journalist, genius and champion of the people. Jackson turned to his own paper and reread his own editorial, hastily written the previous night. It was headed, A Gambler's Underhandedness, and was about as savage a roast as Masterman had ever suffered.

Without mincing words, Jackson charged Masterman with having organized a conspiracy to sell stock short, and then granted universal transfers in order that the market value of the Consolidated Car Lines stock might be depressed, affording Masterman an opportunity to buy in at about fifty what he had sold round ninety. Masterman's greed was too well known for the Citizen to have any faith in his sudden altruism. Martin Masterman did nothing without a reason; money was his only reason; therefore, to enrich his private pocket he had mulcted his stockholders by depressing the value of their holdings. Not that the Citizen was against universal transfers; it had always fought for them. But this sudden granting of the right to the people savored of crookedness toward the innocent stockholders. Masterman could have announced the plan months ago and given the market time to readjust itself; as it was, the innocent and ignorant stockholders would be impoverished and Masterman and his clique would be enriched. The announcement was another argument in favor of the people's control of the things which they had made valuable by their patronage. For under Government ownership men like Masterman could not rob a thousand Peters to pay a dozen Pauls.

There was more along the same line, and the editorial was written to give the impression that the editor could say a whole lot more if he chose, and undoubtedly would when he considered the time opportune. Frowning, Jackson reread his own editorial. In it he had not abused the confidence of last evening. The word of Lindley Jackson was good. But Masterman had admitted that there was a chance that the mysterious paper of which he spoke might find its way into the hands of the publisher, in which case, of course, Jackson would use it as he saw fit. And there is such a thing as compelling chance. The publisher of the Citizen gloomed at his desk.

What was the nature of the paper—the real nature—and how might it be obtained? He thought he knew the answer to the first half of this question. Certain gentlemen, Masterman had said, had agreed in that paper to follow a given course of action. His own logic told him what that course of action must be—to sell Consolidated Car Lines short. What Masterman had said about ruining business was tommyrot. Masterman was afraid that the contents of that paper would become known to Jackson; hence he had tried to tie up the publisher to an agreement to keep quiet about the paper. He had talked mysteriously of vague calamities which would result from publication of the paper, in order to obtain that withheld promise of suppression. That was all. Masterman feared that publication of such an agreement would mean jail for himself, and probably was sincere in his statements about black ruin to follow publication. For Masterman undoubtedly believed that if anything happened to himself the country would go at once to destruction.



"I Shut the Door in His Face, and—Tom, I Don't Understand It"

That was the solution of Masterman's mysterious attitude and his request of Lindley Jackson. Jackson smiled grimly. He would like nothing better than to put Masterman behind the bars. But now as to the other half of the question—how the paper might be obtained?

Abstractedly he turned over the pages of the Citizen. On the last page was a story whose heading, Martin Masterman Made a Monkey, attracted him. He read it. It was Tom Hanrahan's account of the swindle that had been perpetrated on the financier when he bought, for one hundred and forty thousand dollars, a painting purporting to be by the late Mr. Botticelli.

It was cleverly written; it avoided stating that the painting was a fake, but pointed to the fact that Harry Mack, notorious international crook, had been arrested on a charge of obtaining money by false pretenses; that the charge had been lodged by the Greenhams, well-known agents of the Masterman interests; and contained an interview with the crook in which the latter refused to deny that the painting was a fraud. Also it told of Harry's midnight release, of the attempted trailing of him by the Greenhams, and the crook's escape in a high-powered car, the name of the driver of which Hanrahan had neglected to state.

Jackson pressed a bell; a red-headed office boy answered.

"Ask Mr. Lyden who wrote the story about the Masterman painting," ordered the publisher, "and have him send the reporter in to see me."

Hanrahan had sauntered into the office half an hour ago, and was patiently waiting for an assignment when the city editor told him that Jackson wished to see him. He went at once to Jackson's private office.

"Sit down, Tom. Have a cigar."

Jackson respected the men who gave him their brains and hearts, and he did not pose before them. He passed a panetela to the reporter.

"How'd you drop on to that story about the Masterman Botticelli? Too busy to talk with you last night, and didn't suppose there was any need. You didn't report to me that you'd learned anything about the meaning of the conference at Masterman's—I mean, nothing suspicious happened that I couldn't have seen myself, I suppose. Eh?"

"Nothing," said Hanrahan. "And when I got into the office the other boys told me that you'd called the sleuthing off, so——"

"Sure. But about this Mack person? How did you tumble to it?"

"Greenham led me to it," grinned Hanrahan.

Jackson tilted back in his swivel chair.

"Tell me about it," he requested.

The reporter told him.

"I saw Terence Greenham at Masterman's," said the publisher thoughtfully, when Hanrahan had finished recounting his experiences of the night before. "I've never met him, but I recognized him. I wondered then why he should be there. I wondered more after Masterman had talked a while. I'm wondering now."

"Doesn't what I've told you make it clear?" asked Hanrahan.

"It would," said Jackson, "but for one thing."

"And that?"

"Is that I've seen Masterman's Botticelli. It was on exhibition at the Plaza last fall, and if old James B. Botticelli himself didn't paint that picture I never wrote an editorial. That painting is no fake. I know a little about art, and the day I saw the painting I was with Ralph Reid, who's the greatest little expert on Old Masters that ever breathed. Ralph pronounced it original. That's enough for me. It's a corking good story and it isn't libelous, and it makes a joke of Martin Masterman, which is very fine in our business; but just the same this Harry Mack was stringing you. He never sold a fake picture to Masterman; and Greenham's men never arrested him on that charge. It was for something else. What?"

"You can search me," said the bewildered Hanrahan.

"Me too," admitted Jackson. "But that something else has to do with Martin Masterman's reasons for asking me to be present at his house last night. I gave my word that I'd not divulge certain things that were said last night; but I can give you a hint, Tom. The governorship of this state is pretty enticing bait, isn't it?"

"It most certainly is!"

"And I'm about the last man on earth that Martin Masterman would want to see at Albany, eh?"

"I should think so," chuckled Hanrahan, thinking of the multitude of attacks the publisher had made on the financier.

"And yet, Tom, it wouldn't be the hardest thing in the world for me to become governor of New York!"

The reporter stared at his employer in silence. Jackson leaned forward until his face was close to the countenance of his reporter.

"Tom," he said, "it would take something pretty big to make Martin Masterman willing to see me governor, eh? Something big! So big that we want to know what it is. I can't tell you more; even a confidence given to a Masterman is inviolate. But this much I can tell you: Martin Masterman wasn't thinking of pretty pictures, whatever

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their value, last night; he was thinking of mighty big things. And Terence Greenham wasn't at Masterman's to pay a social call. He was there on business—he must have been—business so big that even if Mack had defrauded Masterman it would have been dropped for the time being. But—and mind this—the Botticelli is not a fraud, as a dozen experts will probably announce in the late afternoon papers. Why, then, did Terence Greenham leave Martin Masterman at a time when Martin Masterman was scared—I can tell you that much, Tom—within an inch of his life, to go to headquarters to release a crook named Mack? And why did his men trail Mack, or try to, after his release? Because, Tom, this Mack has something to do with a thing so big that Martin Masterman, under certain conditions, would gladly see me, me the man who hates him, in the governor's chair at Albany! And what Mack has to do with this something big we must find out. Tom, it's up to you to locate Mack and—make him talk! Can you do it?"

"Maybe," said Hanrahan slowly. "I can try."

"You'll have to do more than that, my boy, if you want to be managing editor of the Citizen."

"Is that the reward?"

"If Mack talks the way I think he can, that's the reward. Now then, how're you going about it?"

Hanrahan arose and flecked cigar ashes from his coat. Like every other good reporter he would take an assignment to interview Satan without, after his first start, showing any surprise.

"I'll look up some of the hang-outs where his kind resort," he answered. "I ought to be able to find him unless he's keeping almighty close."

"Good!" said Jackson. "And if you want any money drop in on the cashier. I'll phone him to be nice to you."

"Thanks," grinned Hanrahan. "G'-by, chief."

Jackson grunted. He was already pressing a button, and the office boy entered almost as Hanrahan left.

"Tell Mr. Lovett I want him," said Jackson.

Within a minute Lovett, the blackmail man of the Citizen, entered the private office; but Jackson did not offer him the seat Hanrahan had vacated, nor did he invite him to smoke. There was a limit to Jackson's friendliness with his men, and Lovett was the limit. Not that Lovett was treated with discourtesy. On the contrary, Jackson treated him with courtesy, albeit frigidity. One does not insult the man to whom one pays one hundred and fifty dollars a week for bringing in more news stories than any other two men on the staff. And that's what Lovett did. But no one, least of all Lindley Jackson, who used him, respected him.

The blackmail man is one of the by-products of yellow journalism. It is his job to approach politicians suspected of being venal and try to bribe them, that their corruptibility and consequent shame may furnish reading matter for the public. It is the blackmail man who bribes chambermaids to steal the contents of wastepaper baskets that torn-up letters may be pieced together and printed for the edification of the readers of the yellows. It is the blackmail man who performs all the dirty work of the yellows, who rarely writes his stories, but furnishes the news which cleaner men must transcribe into print.

Lovett was a master of his art. There was nothing he would disdain to do for money. Such a man is mighty handy round a yellow journal, although his fellows never invite him into their poker games or to split a pint with them. Lindley Jackson despised the man. Yet it was his belief that the public had a right to know something of the private affairs of its political and financial leaders. Such knowledge could be obtained only by the use of men like Lovett. Men high in place and shamefully unfaithful to the public trust had been exposed in the Citizen through the medium of Lovett, and good had been accomplished. So Jackson justified his employment of Lovett; but he was not friendly to him.

"Lovett," he said tersely, "that man who gave you the tip last winter about Masterman's being behind that water-power bill—is he still in Masterman's employ?"

Lovett shook his head.

"Couldn't keep away from the drink," he said. "Talked. Masterman learned of it. Fired." Lovett never wasted anything, even words. It was commonly said of him that the only thing he ever spent was the evening.



Hanrahan Turned Pale; He Managed to Place His Glass Back on the Table, but That Was All

"I see," said Jackson. "Is there anyone else in Masterman's office that can be reached?" He would not use the word "bribe."

Lovett smirked.

"I've been quite friendly with the telephone clerk," he answered. "That's the only one I know in that office."

"Hm-m. Well, see him. Find out if—if anything's been lost in the Masterman office. If there was any particular fuss raised about it. Get all the gossip you can. And stop at the cashier's for money. Report as soon as possible."

When Lovett had left the office Jackson tossed his cigar away in disgust. He had gone dangerously close to breaking his word when he told Lovett to ask if anything had been lost. Still he had observed the letter of the confidence. Indeed, it might be argued that he had observed its spirit.

"Anyway, Masterman never fought fair in his life," he told himself. "I'm for the people and against him. If I stick to the letter of fairness ——" So he soothed his conscience.

Hanrahan, meantime, with a curl of his lips and a shrug of his shoulders, saw Lovett start in the direction of the private office. He was able to guess that the blackmail man was to be used to ferret information from someone near to Masterman—for he knew by his chief's seriousness that something big was in the air and that he would not be permitted to handle the case alone—and, glad that his reputation was such that no publisher dared ask him to deviate from the strictest newspaper ethics, closed his typewriter into his desk and started for the street. An office boy caught him waiting for the elevator.

"Someone on the phone for you, Mr. Hanrahan. Happened to see you going out and I chased after you. Lady too. Bet she's a queen!"

He grinned cheerfully at the reporter. Everyone loved Tom Hanrahan.

"I'll bet she is," smiled the reporter, and his change pocket was immediately minus one dime, and the boy was enriched by exactly that sum.

Hanrahan stepped into the booth the boy indicated.

"Hello! This is Hanrahan."

"Oh, Tom! I'm so glad I caught you. This is Jessie."

"And the top o' the mornin' to ye, Jessie mavourneen," he laughed.

He heard his laugh echoed nervously, as though the girl at the other end of the wire were a little overwrought.

"Why, what's wrong, Jessie girl?" he asked quickly.

"Oh, Tom, I'm a bit frightened. I don't know just how to—I can't tell you over the phone—I don't want to—something's happened ——"

"Well," gasped Hanrahan, "if that something is happening in fifteen minutes it's liable to get a swift punch on the jaw, for I'm coming up that fast to see you!"

"Do," she said. And again he caught that note of strain in her voice.

He started again for the street, this time on the run. If anyone had been bothering Jessie Sigmund —— It happened that Jessie's parents were rather strict and old-fashioned. They loved their daughter and she loved them; but they did not approve of a young woman's painting for money. They only tolerated the idea because they loved her too well to make her unhappy by refusing their assent to her coming to New York. It also happened that they did not approve of newspaper reporters—thought them wild, carousing youths. So it further happened that Jessie Sigmund and Tom Hanrahan kept their engagement very much of a secret, waiting for the day when Tom should become a managing editor, or at least a city editor, before shocking Jessie's folks with the announcement. No wonder Tom hurried! He was closer to-day, he felt, to his goal than ever before. He'd find Mack, become a managing editor, and marry Jessie. Meantime, something was bothering his girl. He bumped into a man and knocked him down, so great was his hurry to reach the Elevated.

XIII

A MAN should never put love before duty; but inasmuch as it happened that Hanrahan's first place of inquiry for Handsome Harry Mack was a rather low resort not very far from Jessie Sigmund's apartments, he did not feel that he was neglecting his duty in calling first on her. Moreover, duty is comparative. A man doesn't owe the same duty to his boss that he does to his country. Private business duties may well be set aside in favor of love. Anyway, Tom Hanrahan made a bee line for the home of Jessie Sigmund. Arriving there he found her in a state of alarm which, though quite a distance away from hysteria, nevertheless gave him concern. He put his arm round her, led her to a couch and made her sit down.

"Now then, Jessie, tell me what's happened to you."

"It's not happened to me, Tom, it's happened to Kirby."

"Miss Rowland, the miniature painter?"

"Yes, Tom, and I don't understand at all. Th-the telegram, the man watching the house ——"

"What's that?" he demanded truculently. "Where?"

She drew him to the window and pointed at a man lounging with careful carelessness down the street a bit.

"He's been here this morning, and he asked for Kirby. When I said that she wasn't here he said that she had been here, and if I knew where she was I'd better tell him quick or it would be worse for me. I shut the door in his face, and—Tom, I don't understand it."

Hanrahan cast a menacing glance at the unconscious watcher down the street. Then he drew the girl once more to the couch.

"Now then, Jessie, tell me all about it—from the beginning."

His strength communicated itself to her; his firm clasp steadied her nerves. She even essayed a smile.

"Maybe I'm making a mountain out of a molehill," she began. "Last night, or rather quite early in the evening, Kirby phoned me. She said that she wanted to spend the night with me. Her voice seemed kind of—I don't know, not exactly frightened, but—worked up, I guess. I told her to come right over, that I had a dinner-dance engagement, but that I'd gladly break it and stay home if she wished. She said not to do that; merely to leave the key with the elevator boy, which I did. You know, Tom, Kirby is my dearest girl friend. We studied together, and she'll be bridesmaid at our wedding, if she doesn't do it first—then she'll be matron of honor. You haven't met her, for things have always come up to prevent, as you know; but she's the dearest, truest ——"

"If you say so, that's guaranty enough," said Tom stoutly. "Go on."

"Well, I left the key and went off. I came back about midnight. I was at the Morrisons' dance, as you know, an I

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Freeland Morrison brought me home. Well, the night boy gave me my key. I was surprised, but supposed that Kirby had decided not to stay, and went to the apartment here. On the table I found a note from Kirby asking me not to say anything about her having been here, and telling me that she'd borrowed a suitcase and some things of mine, which she'd return soon. Here's the note."

She handed it to Tom and he read it, returning it without comment.

"Well," continued Jessie, "I found a letter on my bureau that I'd forgotten to mail, and I rang for the elevator boy. When he came I gave him the letter and, out of pure idle curiosity, asked him what time Miss Rowland had left. He replied that she and the gentleman had gone out about nine or ten, he couldn't remember just when. He described the 'gentleman,' because I was curious, and it seems to have been Dixon Grant, whom I know only slightly, but who seems to have been paying lots of attention to Kirby lately."

"You girls don't confide in each other much, for all your chumminess, do you?" grinned Hanrahan.

"Well," retorted Jessie, "I can't talk about you without letting people know where my heart is, and that's a secret, isn't it? Possibly Kirby has her own reasons for not having told me much about Grant. Perhaps he hasn't asked her yet, and she hopes he will—girls keep quiet when things are at that stage, you know."

"All right," he smiled. "What next?"

"Well, just as I was beginning to wonder if Kirby had eloped with Dixon Grant, and was puzzled why she should take my clothing and not her own, the bell rang and a man insisted on talking with me. He said that he wanted to know where Kirby was. Not the man outside now, but another one. They both reminded me of policemen, somehow or other ——"

Tom whistled softly.

"Plain-clothes men or private detectives, eh? What did you tell him?"

"I told him I knew nothing about her, and got rid of him; but my own curiosity was aroused then, and I lay awake half the night puzzling. And this morning a message came to me from the telegraph office. It said that there had been an error in the transmission of a telegram to me; it said that in the message sent me last night the word 'three' had been written instead of 'two.' The corrected message was to the effect that Adele Rohan—who's been commissioned to paint the portrait of little Laurel Masterman—is going on a camping trip, won't leave Denver for two weeks, and wants me to inform the Mastermans."

"Well? I don't get the connection."

"You will in a moment," she answered. "I didn't at first, because I had not received the original telegram. But I had noticed a piece of yellow paper in the fireplace. I must be a born detective, Tom, or else I've imbibed detection from hearing you talk about some of your stories. I picked that piece of paper out of a little mass of ashes. It was the corner of a message blank. It had not been there when I left the apartment last night, I'm sure, so it's obvious that Kirby received and opened a message addressed to me. I made it certain by going right to the telegraph office and asking to see the book in which was the signature for the telegram. It was my name, all right, but Kirby's handwriting."

She paused and looked at him a moment before continuing: "Tom, what on earth does it mean?"

"You may search me," he answered slowly. "Is Kirby—er—all there?"

"The sanest girl I ever knew," she answered indignantly.

"H'm! Then why on earth should she act so queerly?"

"That's what I want you to find out, Tom. I think a lot of Kirby. I'm worried; I've phoned the Greenwich Studios, where she lives, and they tell me there that she is not at home. I don't understand it, and—Tom, this is a bad city for a girl alone."

"Seems to me she wasn't alone. Looks as though she had her best-beloved with her, doesn't it?"

"But not going home; borrowing my clothes; destroying a telegram addressed to me—it isn't like Kirby. I don't understand ——"

The doorbell rang. Jessie stopped short her speech, smoothed her hair and opened the door. A messenger boy handed her a telegram. She signed for it and closed the door.

"Maybe this explains it," she said. She opened the message, and her eyes expressed surprise.

"It's not from Kirby," she said; "it's from Adele. She announces that she has changed her mind once again, and will leave Denver to-day; she hopes I have not told the Mastermans that she wouldn't be here." She laughed. "That's the flighty, brilliant Adele always. But she is a genius and can afford to do things that poor plodding grubs like myself—oh, well, I have you; let Adele have her genius!"

She flashed a smile on Tom, but she sobered again at once.

"Tom, you're the best reporter in New York; the best amateur detective, too, and that means, with all the newspapermen in this town, as good as the best professional. Tell me, can you find Kirby? Can you find out what's happened to her?"

"I'll try," he said. "Know anything about this Grant?"

"I've heard her say he was with some brokers. Bryant, Manners & Co., I think."

"Brokers nothing! Bucketshoppers, she means. Well, I'll try them." He did, on the telephone, only to learn from the careful telephone clerk—cautioned by his employers, as had been his employers by Terence Greenham, against letting slip any information whatsoever as to Mr. Dixon Grant—that Mr. Grant was no longer with the firm.



"Well, My Dear, I Was a Little Afraid. I Thought You'd be Angry at My Slipping in Here"

"Maybe he's lost his job," suggested Hanrahan. "That might have upset Miss Rowland."

But Jessie shook her head.

"Kirby has plenty for both, I happen to know," was her objection to this offered solution. "But that isn't all you can do."

Hanrahan laughed. "Indeed not! I'll tip off the police and have them keep their eyes ——"

"Police!" Jessie was scornful. "Indeed you won't, Tom Hanrahan! Have the police looking for Kirby Rowland! Absurd! Why, Kirby would never speak to me again. Is that as clever as you are, Tom? For if you can't think of anything better than the police or the newspapers—look here, Tom, after all, Kirby is of age and probably knows what she is doing. That I am worried is no reason that her private business should be known to police and public. You promise me that you won't have her name mentioned in the papers, or told to the police, or—Tom, I couldn't forgive you if you did."

"Of course I won't, dear," he promised. "But, as you must see, that limits me. But I'll go to her apartment—Greenwich Studios, you said? All right. And don't worry; she's probably O. K. If she isn't—well, bad news comes soon enough. Myself, I think that she's eloped with Grant."

"I hope so," said Jessie fervently. "Then we'd know she was all right. You'll try to find her, though?"

"I surely will," he said. "And speaking of finding people reminds me that I've got to find someone for the paper and I'm not doing it. Don't worry. By-by, dear." He kissed her and was swiftly gone.

Comforted by his assurance that he would find Kirby, Jessie went to her mirror with deft fingers to repair the damage to her coiffure done by his parting embrace, and so did not witness the little drama enacted a few rods down the street. The worthy Greenham agent who had relieved the man who had questioned both Jessie and Kirby the previous night—this latter had been clever enough to avoid rebuke from his employers by concealing the fact that he had met Kirby face to face; a fact he discovered shortly after the real Miss Sigmund came home—leaned against an iron railing, trying to seem as though he were just a simple-minded gentleman taking the air. Hanrahan walked up to him.

"The air," said the reporter abruptly, "is very bad on this street. Do you grasp my meaning?"

The man stared.

"Who you kiddin'?" he demanded.

"No one," said Hanrahan; "I'm in deadly earnest. To-day you threatened a young lady by the name of Sigmund. You're watching her place now. Undoubtedly you intended to keep an eye on me. You don't need to; here's my card—Hanrahan, of the Citizen."

The man took the card dazedly.

"What's all this about?" he asked.

"Just this—I want you to beat it. Understand? Move, vanish, git!"

"Who you orderin' round?" demanded the detective truculently.

"You," said Hanrahan. "If you aren't on your way in just two seconds, I'm going to hand you something that won't taste a bit nice. Furthermore, I'm coming back here later, and if I find you here I'll clean house with you. For your information and edification I'll inform you that when it comes to licking cheap detectives I am the one and only, blown-in-the-bottle, original White Hope. Your two seconds are up. Are you going?"

"Well, I like your nerve!" began the detective. He didn't speak again for a moment, for Hanrahan's fist, colliding with his mouth, cut short his words. The reporter bent over the prostrate detective.

"Are you going?"

"I'll have you pinched," mumbled the man.

"And I'll get you thirty days for annoying a lady! Are you going?"

The law is even less kind to annoyers of women than Tom Hanrahan had shown himself. Also it had been impressed upon the Greenham operatives that secrecy was essential in this present mysterious case. The man shambled off, nursing a bleeding jaw.

"I'll get you!" he mumbled. "I'll get you yet!"

"So will the goblins, if I don't watch out," laughed Hanrahan. He watched the man out of sight, then continued

(Continued on Page 50)

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 13, 1917

A Bit of Mere Gossip

AT THE beginning of this fiscal year there was a balance in the Treasury of some two hundred million dollars, and the Secretary calculates that by the end of the next fiscal year this will be turned into a deficit of nearly two hundred millions, which would seem to imply that, in spite of heavy additional taxation last year, the Government is going in the hole to the extent of about four hundred millions in two years.

Not, of course, that it matters at all. In reporting the figures the press, so far as we have observed, treats them as quite inconsequential. Figuring it out exactly would not be worth while, because a hundred million dollars, or two hundred millions, more or less, is so obviously unimportant. There is a perfunctory suggestion that the cost of preparedness accounts for whatever deficit may occur.

There is only a suggestion, official or otherwise, that this matter of spending a billion—or a billion and a half, as the case may chance to be—of public money is worth serious consideration for the purpose of determining how much of it the Government really needs to spend.

All talk about preparedness, in the face of continued indifference to economy and efficiency in the Government, may be taken in a jocular spirit; for it is clear that in looking over the state of the Union, with a view to heightened preparedness for either peace or war, an economical and efficient government would be the first item an intelligent outsider would insist upon.

A Legend for Bankers

BANKERS would have told you in July, 1914, that the supply of capital in Europe was strictly limited; that it increased through the difficult process of saving something each year out of income; and thus, that England, much the richest country, produced capital at the rate of about two billion dollars annually, Germany and France at a decidedly lower rate, and all other countries much below Germany and France. In May, 1914, a famous economist calculated the growth of capital in the United States, England, Germany and France, combined, at not much over ten billion dollars a year, of which about two-thirds was credited to the United States.

Since then England, Germany and France have raised over thirty billion dollars of capital for prosecution of the war. If they could do that the United States, under similar conditions, could probably raise twenty billions a year. Ask any banker what that would come to in the way of increased production of all the necessaries, comforts and luxuries of life.

There is no legerdemain about it. England, Germany and France did that by uniting the energy and enthusiasm of the people under capable direction. That is all there is to it. Set the people of this country to working and saving, with like unity and zest, under as efficient an organization, and capital would flow in torrents.

We are not united or organized. Leaders of business and leaders of politics are chronically at loggerheads. Capital and labor perpetually bristle at each other. Farmers are suspicious of railroads and of Wall Street generally. Behind a diplomatic front, Wall Street is pretty often contemptuous and indifferent to farmers.

Bankers occupy a peculiar position in the business structure. They are the medium by which the people's money is turned into industry. In proportion as they do not candidly and earnestly try, with a sympathetic and open mind, to understand politics, to understand labor, to harmonize and unify all round, they are not up to their jobs.

The Case of Gold

IN THE midst of afflictions that are natural to a sensitive mind which is misunderstood, Mr. Bryan may derive consolation from the fact that his celebrated cross of gold is already wabbling a bit, and another year of war might very likely fetch it down. Taking England, France, Russia and Italy together, government bank notes and deposits—payable in metal—have increased within a year by more than three and a half billion dollars, while stocks of gold have increased roughly only a hundred million dollars.

The Imperial Bank of Germany makes a better showing, with an increase of more than a quarter of a billion dollars in gold against an increase of about a billion dollars in notes and deposits, payable in gold. Some other paper money has been issued in Germany, however. That all the Allies, or all Europe, will be forced to abandon the gold basis is entirely probable. The United States would then be the only big commercial nation whose currency was redeemable in gold.

It is only in the last seventeen years that United States currency has been specifically redeemable in gold. A generation ago our currency was at a heavy discount for gold. England abandoned the gold basis during the Napoleonic wars, and France did so during the Franco-Prussian War. It was only at the end of the last century that Russia established gold payments. In comparison with Europe's other troubles, a paper currency which was not redeemable in gold, but which circulated at home with tolerable stability, would be merely an inconvenience.

And it is doubtful that the United States would derive any lasting advantage from being the only big country which remained on a gold basis. The presumption is that if Europe is poor and we are rich at the end of the war she will buy little from us and sell us much; she will bid high for our surplus capital and presently get enough gold to resume specie payments. Meantime, for some years, Mr. Bryan could point with pride to a prostrate ancient foe.

Speaking of Indoor Sports

BELOW are the rules for playing the greatest indoor game ever invented. Persons of either sex and of any age from six to ninety may engage in it with slight variations. It may be played at any hour of the day and in any season of the year; but it is especially appropriate for cold and stormy winter evenings.

The player first removes his shoes and puts on a pair of loose slippers. He then places a comfortable chair two feet and eight inches due south of a good lamp. Next—if a gentleman—he places a footstool or a smaller chair two feet and three inches due east of the first chair. He then places himself in the larger chair and elevates his feet to the smaller one—or the footstool, as the case may be. His next move—if a gentleman—is to fill a good brier pipe with prime tobacco, apply a match, and draw in his breath with a prolonged, unhasty action. He then takes up a good book, settles himself in the chair, and informs whatever members of his household may be present that anybody who speaks to him or otherwise disturbs him before eleven o'clock will be hit over the bean. Lady players and children should vary the above rules in detail, according to taste and the dictates of their elders. The joy of this game will be sensibly enhanced by a nice open-grate fire, located anywhere from ten to fifteen feet northwest of the player.

For cold winter evenings this game—measured by the yield of solid satisfaction in proportion to the outlay of money and effort involved—beats any other pastime ever invented by man. If you are not already addicted to it get the habit this winter.

Farm Yields

THE quantity of farm land under cultivation pretty nearly keeps pace with the growth of population. An equal division would give every inhabitant of the United States pretty nearly the same quantity of cultivated land as twenty-five years ago, when the prices of farm products were low. But no doubt it costs more to farm now than it did then. Up to about thirty years ago the land brought under cultivation was mainly rich and, with a dependable rainfall, required neither fertilization nor irrigation. Since then agriculture has pushed into regions less favored by Nature.

Dry farming requires more labor; irrigation and the reclamation of swamps require a considerable investment, which must be compensated out of the products of the soil. In spite of improved methods of cultivation, yields per acre have increased comparatively little in fifty years. Taking the ten-year average for 1866–1875, and the average for the five years preceding 1916, when crops were generally poor, the gain for the three chief cereals, taken together, is about ten per cent. Corn, which takes by far the biggest area, shows no gain at all.

As compared with thirty years ago, farming will continue to cost more effort. The celebrated business of tickling the land with a plow and making it laugh with a harvest will not answer. Land that has been farmed for a generation, land without rainfall and land that tends to slip back into the swamp are going to give the mere tickler another sort of laugh. To increase or even maintain the yield per acre requires more care and skill. Farming is a more difficult business than it was thirty years ago. Probably it will be increasingly a more difficult business. Compared with thirty years ago, probably food will always cost more.

Transportation Cost

MR. CARNEGIE used to sell pig iron at forty dollars a ton and steel rails at one hundred and thirty dollars a ton. For some years before this war boom the former ruled about fifteen dollars a ton and the latter twenty-eight dollars. Improved methods of production brought that drop in prices.

No doubt nearly everybody is more or less familiar with the fact that improved methods and large-scale production, from the close of the Civil War down to the beginning of the present war, brought a great decline in the price of various manufactured articles. The same causes brought a decline quite as great in the cost of transportation.

Thus it is calculated that for government in all its divisions the people of the United States paid in 1910 six times as much as in 1870, for manufacturing over five times as much, for mining seven times as much, and for transportation less than four times as much—the latter absorbing a steadily declining proportion of the national income. Comparing our costs with those of other peoples, probably transportation is the cheapest thing in the United States to-day.

Peace Terms

GERRYMANDERING the boundaries of Europe is not a matter of the first importance to this country. For us, for every neutral country and for every belligerent, the grand consideration—in comparison with which all others are decidedly secondary—is whether the terms of settlement definitely lessen the probability of another war.

There is only one possible way to accomplish that—namely, by a sweeping reduction of armaments and setting up some sort of international authority to which disputes between states shall be referred.

The old scheme of competitive armaments, and every nation the final judge of its own acts, will produce the old results. That is international anarchy, with no law that anybody is really bound to respect. A régime of international law must replace it or the probability of war will remain just what it was before, no matter how boundaries are rearranged or how much, for the time being, any nation is humbled. It was from the utter humiliation and helplessness of the Napoleonic era that aggressive modern Prussia emerged.

The old scheme has been very thoroughly tried out. Returning to it with a mere shifting of the weights and counterweights will not change its nature or effect. There must be complete recognition of a common European interest that is superior to any particular national interest.

This country's vital interest in peace terms centers there.

The Continuous Melodrama

FOOD prices are very high. Millions of people are injuriously affected thereby and complain about it. So the Federal Government seeks to discharge its duty in the premises by sending out flocks of detectives, special agents and district attorneys to see whom it can put in jail.

Such is our inveterate habit. No matter what unpleasant condition afflicts us, the first thought is that some malevolent combination must be responsible for it. If food prices are very low, producers of food blame speculators and want them arrested. The country seems to have a firmly rooted opinion that nothing untoward can happen except as some sinister individuals deliberately will it. If wages are low it must be because ruthless employers are determined to grind the face of labor. If labor is rebellious it must be because unscrupulous agitators stir it up for their individual gain.

Like devotees of good old melodrama, we demand a villain in every play. Adequate detective talent and a vigorous application of the policeman's club would cure all the ills of mankind. Run down the rascals and the problem is solved, no matter what the problem may be.

This produces a good deal of excitement; but, taking it in a large way, that is about all it does produce. If the energy spent in looking for a villain were devoted to looking for better methods of food distribution it would get better long-run results; but there would be fewer thrills.

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Roughing It From London to Paris

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

IT REALLY began by my being turned back in the office of my hotel in London after I had paid my bill, handed out all my tips and had my baggage on top of a taxicab at the door. It was the manager who caught me.

"Starting for France?" he asked, grinning like a Cheshire cat.

"Yes, finally." And I refrained from adding "Thank heaven!"

"Well, I'm very sorry, but I'm afraid you can't go."

"Why not?"

"No ship."

"What, again?" I had already waited three days with my engine started and my hand on the clutch lever, so to speak. "Why didn't you let me know?"

"Just got word."

"Do they say anything about the prospects?"

"No, nothing."

"Or about the reasons for such a delay?"

"They wouldn't, of course—would they? But we know there are submarines about again, don't we? There could be no other reason, could there? And they won't send a boat across until they think it is fairly safe; you may be sure of that."

"Well, there is nothing for me to do but to gather up my luggage and go back to my room and wait, is there?" One gets that already-answered-question habit in England.

"'Fraid not. Sorry!"

"Go back and wait some more." This to myself in dolefulness of spirit.

And then came that night's thrilling experience up under the clouds.

It was not in any way a part of my extraordinary trip; but I was just waiting, and there it was. I was glad afterward that I had not missed it. I never like to miss a narrow squeak, so long as it is a squeak—and not too narrow. This really was not a squeak at all, but it was a good imitation while it lasted. About half past two in the morning I was jarred out of a sound sleep and rolled out of bed, all tangled up with the blankets, and with my heart pounding ten to the second.

"Well, there they are!" said I. "Zeppelins!"

A Good View of a Zeppelin Raid

THEN I suddenly remembered that I was on the top floor, where I had insisted on being placed for the sake of air. Horrible thought! Horrible thinness of roof! A terrified wail and a bell-ringing from every part of the hotel sang a sort of Hadean obbligato to a boom of big guns and a screech of shells that would have been unnerving if one had been in a state to be definitely conscious of everything. But one was not.

I heard next morning that it had taken the combined efforts of three men to keep a wild American from walking off in mid-air from a fifth-floor balcony of the same hotel in his mad eagerness not to miss anything; and his rescuers were cursing him roundly and wishing they had let him do it, because he had made them miss everything. I know just how he felt, though considering that he was at a party perhaps his feelings were assisted by something of which I was wholly innocent.

I could not get far enough out of my window to see what was going on directly above me, and I had to resist a desperate impulse to try a hand-over-hand trip to a better viewpoint down a telegraph cable that swung close at hand and out across a wide open space to a tower beyond. All the time I was perfectly certain that a bomb was descending on a direct line with my upturned forehead, and I was bracing myself against the window to meet it. I was used to the searchlights. They do a nightly search of the London overhead, be it clouds or starshine; but they do it ordinarily in a leisurely, long-sweeping, majestic kind of way. This night they were in a hurry; they were agitated, and were swinging and darting hither and thither with a nervous swiftness that fairly yelled of excitement. They would focus together on a spot and instantly from every quarter would come the boom of guns, and round that spot a dozen shells would spectacularly explode. Then they would swing away like a pack of foxhounds seeking the right scent, while the roar of the guns from far and near was continuous.

Zeppelins? No; no signs of Zeppelins. The clouds hung low, and they were above them; and it was not until the great flare of light came that one realized—many things! Everybody saw the great flare; saw the monster flaming torch plunging earthward in its own unearthly aura; saw the dense blackness which followed it downward and down, and felt the hideous silence that settled behind the last echoes of the battle—which ceased almost immediately after that awful light went out.

I had been standing at my window in the dark, and not until that black silence fell did I turn and let terror really take possession of me. I groped my way to the door and flung it open. Outside, in the hallway, were half a dozen maids, leaning against the wall whimpering—all but one; she was standing, with a sputtering candle in her hand, giving the Germans a piece of her mind and wondering how many babies they would succeed in killing this time.

It was a refreshing bit of diatribe and brought me up smiling. Guests in pyjamas and kimonos were hobnobbing at the head of the stairway, and one determined-looking woman was standing with her finger pressed resolutely against the elevator-bell button, which she no doubt had been doing from the first instant.

"Well, cheer up! It's all over," I said to the maids.

"Not likely, ma'am," the garrulous one answered; "they're sure to come back."

"Oh, no; they won't. And did you know they got one of them?"

"Not likely," was the answer from the same person again; "our chaps don't do nothin'. Them Zeps can keep on comin' over here, and that's all there is to it!" Then she muttered to herself: "Who'd 'a' thought you got war right on the top o' yer own 'ead!"

"But they got one, I tell you!" I protested. "I saw it come down."

"If ye seen anything a-comin' down, ma'am, it was an English chap; make sure o' that!" said the same female. And that restored me completely. She has had occasion to change her mind about the English chaps since then, has she not? I turned back into my room, smiling, shut the door, and groped the way to my bed in the dark; though I will admit that I felt inclined to seek further rest under it, like a scared pup, instead of on it, like a Christian.

Other days I waited; and my permissions to travel had to be renewed, with considerable bother, long waiting at consulates and excessive taxi fares, no such permission being good for more than two days ever, no matter what happens. Then came a certain Wednesday when I was told that the boat train would leave for Southampton on schedule time at ten of the clock in the evening; and that presumably the boat for Le Havre would leave next morning at daybreak. Some influential friends had reserved a cabin for me on the boat for Tuesday night; but on Tuesday night there was no boat. Thinking, however, that such a reservation would hold good for the first boat leaving, I went on my way rejoicing and landed in Southampton at clammy, cold, curdling midnight.

Cold Comfort From the Purser

HAVING a special passport, I was shunted along with the army officers and the Red Cross crowd, ahead of much of the English and a large section of the European population that happened to be traveling in the same direction, and got inside with the baggage inspectors in good time. And now I am not going to exaggerate one little bit. I don't have to; the simple truth is horrible enough. I paid a man an exorbitant fee to get myself and my baggage aboard as quickly as possible, though he kept saying to me:

"They ain't no hurry, ma'am; you've plenty of time."

"Well, I want to get to bed; everybody has to be up at daybreak, you know, and ready for the danger zone."

"Yes, I know; but you don't need to hurry none."

"What time do we sail?"

"I really couldn't say."

I started straight for the purser's office, ready to produce my little reservation ticket and get to my cabin forthwith. But about midway down the deck I was stopped by a line of people ahead of me, a line which snaked along the bulkhead, through the door and down two companionways to the purser's window. And you had to stand in line or lose your place. I stood. The line moved not so slowly and I soon learned why.

"Ain't got nothin'!" was the purser's brief answer to everybody. "Ain't got nothin'!" was finally the purser's brief answer to me.

"But I have a reservation," I replied—"cabin 50–52."

"Le's see." I handed over my tickets. "Oh, that was for last night's boat!"

"But last night's boat didn't go."

"Don't I know it?"

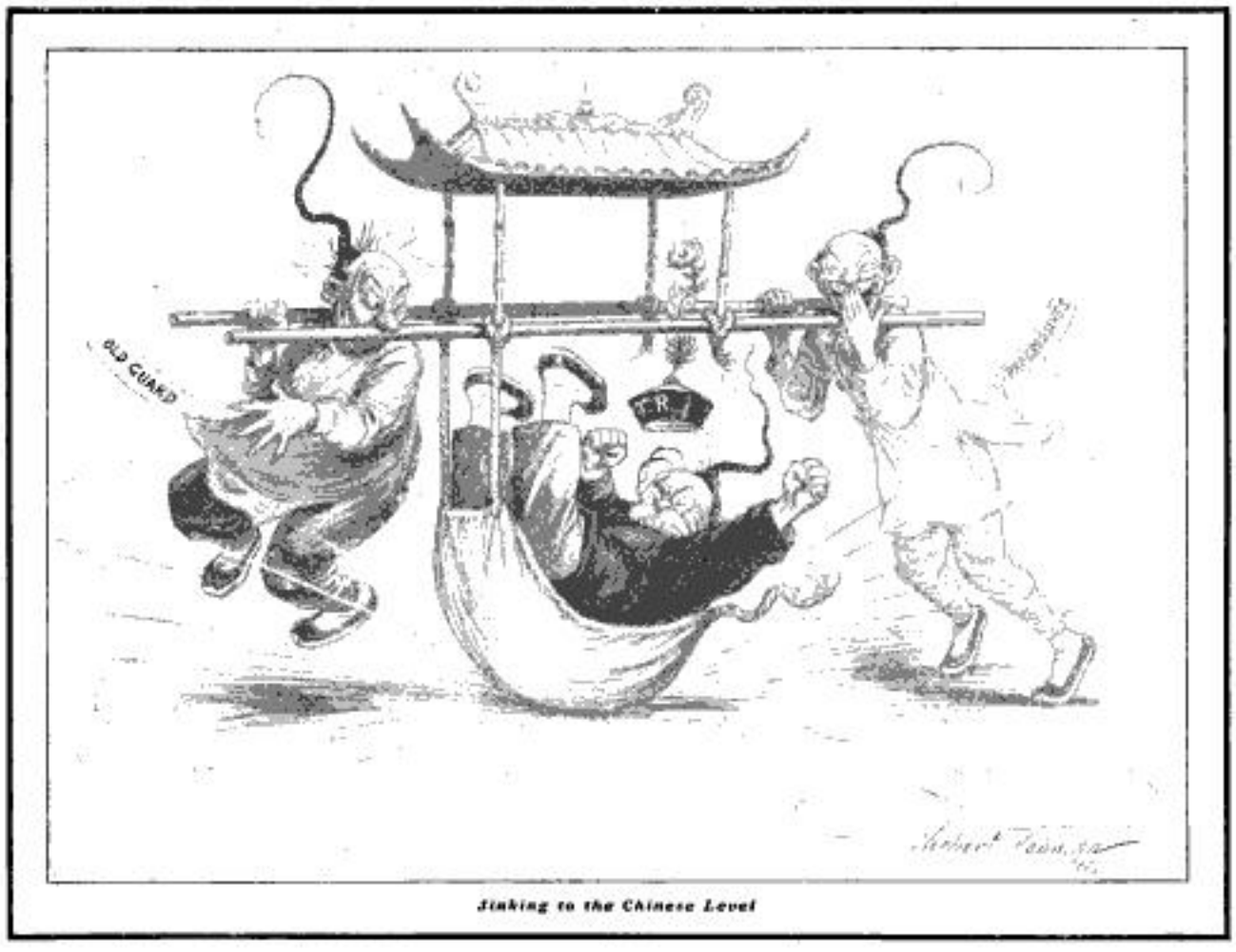
"Well, isn't this the same boat?"

"Same boat, yes; but different date. Sorry; but there is nothing left." And he ran his finger down his chart as though to make sure.

"Not a berth in another cabin?" I smiled encouragingly at his moving finger, as much as to say "I know an unusual situation when I see one and I'm disposed to be pleasant about it."

"Not a berth," he replied; and he added: "They're waitin' behind you, madam."

So they were. I drew to one side and looked them over. They were all that is conveyed to one's mind by the word mob. They were flushed and annoyed and nervous and ill-controlled; more French than English and almost as many women and children as men. I thought to myself: "Well, they had better



Sinking to the Chinese Level

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be fairly certain that it is safe before they send this ship across the Channel." Then I sought a steward.

"Steward, can you get me a deck chair?"

"No, madam."

"Why not?"

"They are all gone."

"How does that happen?"

"Well, they's been people waitin' in Southampton for days for this boat and they let 'em come aboard early. Everything's taken."

"Oh, well," I thought, "it's only until to-morrow noon. I can stand it all right." And I went on deck.

It was bitter cold and people were lying everywhere, huddled in blankets and coats, while other people tramped up and down in the narrow space by the rail, trying to keep warm. There were more than five hundred passengers on the little boat and more than half of them were without a place to lay their heads. I thought I must find somewhere to sit down, anyhow; so I turned and went back down the companionway to the ladies' saloon. It was packed. Women had even stretched themselves out in the middle of the floor and were slumbering away as matter-of-factly as they might do in their own beds. Again I sought a steward.

"You can at least get me a blanket, can't you?" I asked.

"Well, I might manage that," he replied in a meaningful tone, a meaning nobody could possibly mistake.

I dug down and brought up a bribe, and got a blanket so promptly that I was certain sure there were plenty more where it came from.

"Another one," I said.

"Couldn't do it, ma'am. Sorry not to oblige you, but it would not be fair—now would it? Just look at all these here people here ——"

He was going on to another shilling climax; but I turned away in deep disgust, went back on deck, and began to search like a homeless hound for a corner in which to curl myself up. Amidships, near the funnels, I found a French officer and a beautiful girl locked in a close embrace and sitting upright on a bench that would have exactly fitted the uncomfortablest four-fifths of me; and I felt like asking them to get up and go on over and lean against the rail and look at the moonlight—as they should. But I only stopped to regard them for a second, and then turned, myself, to the deck rail.

Moonlight it was—glorious, glittering, cold, chilling moonlight; and a band of lit ripples lay out through the harbor entrance and across to the dark shore of the Isle of Wight. I sat down finally on the far end of the lovers' bench and gave myself up to moonlit melancholy. "Only the English could do it," said I to myself, trying to make myself believe that only the English could do it. But I suddenly thought—war!—and had visions of submarine terrors out there—out there! I wondered what dear mothers' sons were surrendering their lives out there.

Dreams and Nightmares

I turned to lay my weary head on the back of the bench and my heart lifted with a sudden discovery. Right behind the beautiful sweethearts was an open skylight, and nothing at all was lying along its ridge-pole—if that is what it should be called. Me for that! I spread my lone short blanket—and I suppose I should explain that my own steamer rugs and heavy coats had been left behind, with everything unnecessary, on instructions to "travel light." I spread my too short blanket on the ridgy center of the skylight and carefully stretched myself upon it.

By that time it was three o'clock in the morning and I was almost asleep standing up. The skylight was great! I heaved a sigh of relief and fell almost immediately into sleep—and incidentally into the nethermost depths of slumberous horrors. I had adventures that the really adventurous would envy. I fought a valiant fight with the prickly fiends of the outer dark; I was thrust into icy caves and swept with needle brooms to the blue icy edges of icy deeps. I struggled bravely, slipping and freezing, and clutching at blue icy gleams that bit into my fingertips.

And then I gave up. One always gives up. With a strangling sob I went over and started down—swiftly—down; but, midway in a long, long drop into abysmal depths, I was caught in the sharp talons of a flock of cold, snake-tailed, cooing doves, and was carried upward and up, and—oh, well, of course—into the dawn!

The dawn it was, and the cooing doves were the lovers murmuring of murmursome things on the benchback above me. I was glad they were there and awake, because the dawn in its just gray glimmering is a fearful thing. I struggled rather feebly at first, but I finally found one of my hands. It was tucked away under my lifeless body, and in its thin glove was all crumpled and blue and funny. Then I found I could wriggle a little, and after moments of tingling torture I was able to push the weight of my large aching head down against the inert mass of me and to slide off my skylight. But I set my feet squarely on the chest of a slumbering stranger, and he brushed at me in a way to make me know that I was figuring as something awful in his nightmare.

I write all this because, without knowing how it began, there is no realizing the rest of it. I would have bartered all the hopes that were in me for a cup of hot coffee somewhere—out of the dawn; but nowhere could anyone be found who might by any chance be able to administer to my wants. I carried my blanket and my misery round and round the deck, treading warily for fear of stepping on somebody, and finally I went inside and slid down on a step of the companionway, where I leaned against a nice rail and went to sleep again. I waked up every few minutes, but only just enough to hug myself closer to my own discomfort.

Food at Last

It was the hubbub that eventually brought me round, and I found that the people were packed, standing all the way down my companionway and the one below it to the dining saloon—or the purser's window; I didn't know which.

"What are you all waiting for?" I asked an English Red Cross nurse, who stood beside me.

"Breakfast, of course," she answered briskly; and she was kind enough to add: "If you want any you'd better stop right where you are and slip in with this relay. There are hundreds outside waiting to get in and they can feed only forty at one time."

"Only forty?" I yawned; and I peeked over the stair rail at the crowd below. "But there are a good many more than that ahead of us."

"Yes, of course; and one lot just went in."

"How long does it take for a lot to get through?" I yawned again.

"Well, this is the second, and the first took nearly three-quarters of an hour."

"That seems a long time."

"Oh, not very. They tell me we get ham and eggs and coffee and marmalade."

She looked bedraggled and she sounded hungry.

"What time is it, please?"

"About half past eight."

"Not really!" I looked at my watch to prove it; then I got solicitous. "Did you have a cabin?" I asked.

"Cabin? Well, rather not! I didn't have anything—not even a blanket."

"Isn't it awful! Where did you sleep?"

"Call it sleep if you like. I spent the night up on the forward deck."

And it did not occur to me until that instant that we were standing still.

"What are we stopping for, I wonder?" said I.

"We haven't started yet!"

"Oh, dear! That will make us late in landing, won't it?"

"We shall be lucky if we get off at all."

"Any prospects of not doing so?"

"All the prospects in the world."

But that is the sort of thing one does not believe on the instant. It sounded pessimistic and disgruntled, and I am nothing if not habitually hopeful. I sat where I was for another half hour; then went down with the crowd as the second breakfast relay gave way to the third. And I was right about there being more than forty ahead of us—there were more than eighty. One lot went in and we waited for them; then, when I thought our lot was really getting in, my Red Cross friend and I were stopped on the bottom step leading into the saloon, and a rope was swung across in front of us, as though there was some chance of its being difficult to control us. Only the English, however ——

If I could but describe that day! Breakfast was over about half past eleven and luncheon began at twelve. Luncheon was over about five o'clock and the tea relays began to pour down the companionways immediately. The tea drinkers were English mostly, and they were driven forth from the dining room in time for the commencement of dinner, about half past six. I gave up trying to get three square meals, because it practically meant moving from the table to the end of the line, moving with the line to the table, and back again to the end of the line—not quite, but nearly—a hideous rotation in an atmosphere of sweating stewards, unbathed humanity, bilge water and burning grease.

Considering the odors, I really was glad when the hot food ran out, or they decided not to serve any more, as they did before dinner was over; and we were reduced to cold ham, boiled eggs and warm soda water. I got that about half past nine that night, after a day I should remember as miserable even in the midst of the worst miseries that could be meted out to me, for my sins, in the Kingdom Come.

After wandering round and trying to maintain a little dignity for two or three hours I sat down flat on the deck, where I had to be stepped over, leaned up against a bulkhead and went to sleep again. The sun came round and scorched me; a cold wind blew off the water and froze me; and a continuous hubbub of conversation in all languages buzzed at the door of my consciousness like a million torturing blue-bottle flies.

Everybody else was as uncomfortable as myself, and underlying the discomfort there was a nervous thrilling fear, which set marks on men's faces and made women's voices high and hysterical. Outside the purser's window a placard had been put up early in the day instructing all those who wished to "abandon the voyage" to present their tickets and passports to such and such a port officer at such and such a time and place. The very phrase "abandon the voyage" sounded ominous; but everybody waited for everybody else to do it, and doubtless wondered, as I did, why they were so slow about it.

The second night passed as the first had done, except that I found a vacated chair and appropriated it, without a "By your leave" to anybody. I hauled it up close against the rail, where I could turn my back on the crowd; and in the first sweet comfort of sinking into it I decided to sit right there until we landed at Le Havre, if it took a week. But, of course, it would not take a week. We should be leaving by daybreak without a doubt, and it was just six hours across. Counting on slow running, we ought to be in by early afternoon of the next day anyhow, and I could go to bed in a civilized hotel and sleep the clock round! Oh, the world was not such a bad place after all!

French Deck Passengers

If they knew we would not sail, why should they not send us ashore and let us get a night's rest at a hotel in Southampton? Would they? They would not! Our passports were viséed at London or other points of departure, and they were good for nothing but a continuous passage from that point to Le Havre or Paris. Staying on the boat was by way of making a continuous trip and there was authority vested in no one to modify the regulations in any particular. Nobody could go ashore.

It was not until the second day that I really began to take an interest in people and things, and by that time bedlessness and bathlessness and foodlessness and discomfort in general had become a normal state. Out in the Near East, in the Ægean Sea and down Egypt way, one gets used to nomadic tribes infesting steamships; and they are one of the sights to write about in one's letters home to the folks. They litter all the decks in picturesque array and in blissful disregard of the deck rights of other people; but they carry with them many blankets and thick quilts, and even small stoves and cooking utensils, and plenty of good food—according to their lights—and their general comfort in comparison with what we were enjoying would be as the comfort of a palatial sleeping car compared with a tramp's ease in the place he bestows himself for a stolen ride, somewhere under a freight car. Yet we look down on these Eastern brothers and refer to them in a superior way as "The inevitable mob of deck passengers."

Deck passengers indeed! It was an amazing thing to me to see how quickly a civilized crowd could crack off its veneer of civilization against the sharp corners of an unusual situation and become the same kind of "mob of deck passengers," but without any of the nicenesses of Eastern habit to take the place of the habits they were forced to abandon. I looked round at the people sprawling on the littered decks and made some such remarks to my Red Cross friend.

"Oh, I don't know," she said; "though we are a little messy, are we not? I've never been in the East. Do they have bananas there? There is a perfectly good deep bay right over the rail. Does seem as though they might throw the peels and their cigarette ends over, doesn't it? But never mind!"

She was standing at the forward rail tossing cigarettes one by one to a crowd of French sailors on the well deck below.

"Who are they?" I asked.

"Oh, don't you know?" she replied, as though she thought little of my intelligence.

"No; I've been shutting my eyes and ears to everything as much as possible, and trying to gather up a little sleep. Who are they?"

"French sailors picked up out in the Channel. Their ship was submarined and some of them were drowned."

I knew what she meant, of course.

"When were they submarined?"

"This ship picked them up on its way over; and they haven't a thing with them—poor things!—not even tobacco. That's why I am giving them cigarettes."

Change for Egypt and India

It was a nice little game, but I can hardly ever keep from asking questions. Why were they not provided with tobacco and all the usual comforts, instead of having to play doggy and "speak" for single cigarettes tossed down to them from the passenger deck? I was quite serious about it, and was sending down a few packages, to which they might help themselves like men. But my English friend scorned the suggestion and advised me not to be foolish.

"They are only French sailors."

"Yes, I know; but there ought to be ample provision made for them by the authorities. Think of lying in a friendly port after going through what they have, and not getting everything they want! Can't they go ashore?"

"Certainly not. Nobody can go ashore. And besides, they have no money. I quite agree with you that provision should be made for such cases, but it is not; so ——" She shrugged her shoulders and continued in Anglo-French: "*Dites donc! Soldat! Ici!*"—and threw down more cigarettes.

There was another ship like ours, and packed as ours was, lying in the harbor; and, besides, there were transports, freight ships, battle cruisers, torpedo boats and other craft. An occasional flare of excitement was caused by the sudden buzz of a seaplane darting away and cutting a shining spray-wake as it skimmed across the bay, preparatory to lifting itself into the air. Then a burst of song from one of the close-lying neighbor ships would break the monotony for a short space.

The second day was passing and I was looking forward to the mercilessness of the chilling night—the third—when suddenly something galvanized the crowd into strained interest. It was a port officer going from point to point on the decks and below decks and calling out:

"Any passengers desiring to connect with the P. & O. steamer at Marseilles for Egypt, Malta and India will please return to London this afternoon at five o'clock. They will be met in London by an officer who will arrange about tickets and passports, and a boat will take such passengers to-morrow morning at daybreak to Boulogne. The extra fare will be nine pounds!"

"The extra what will be what?"

This was the first remark I heard, and it was uttered by a woman who declared, for the benefit of all and sundry, that she did not have, or, as she would express it, had not got nine pounds; that she was going to Malta to join her husband; that she had two children in school; and that it was all a pitiful outrage! She had bought her ticket, and now she must either give up altogether or stay where she was and take a chance on missing the steamer at Marseilles. Some Red Cross nurses for Egypt were in the same predicament, because they were traveling on arrangements made for them, and there would be no time to go through the red tape necessary to get a larger traveling allowance.

(Continued on Page 27)

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That means that I am again forced to wait for a new fuse while my machine stands idle. In the job before this, I had a couple of Economy renewable Fuses and a handful of Drop Out Renewal Links. When a fuse blew I could renew it in a jiffy, stick it back in the circuit and speed up again,—making money for my boss and for myself. I know how safe and saving Economy renewable Fuses are because I use them in every electrical circuit at home to protect my house and my family against the fire hazards of overloads, short circuits and the effect of lightning discharges on electrical circuits."

"Glad you called this to my attention. Tell the superintendent to write out a requisition for Economy Fuses and bring it to me. I think I'll try them at home, too."

ECONOMY renewable FUSES



Sectional View, Ferrule Type

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However, there was nobody to give ear to any such troubles, and these people stayed aboard and took their chances, while a number of officers, and women going out to join officer husbands in the East, got instantly excited and began to add confusion to confusion in their hurry to get their baggage ashore. The crowd was so thick that my quick determination to try for some berth which might by chance be vacated only served to agitate me and to emphasize my helplessness. But a twenty-franc note, offered smilingly to a worn-out stewardess, got me a smile in return and a promise that she would do her best.

"And don't you do nothin' about it; I'll attend to it," she said.

The Mediterranean passengers got away, about twenty of them—not enough to thin the crowd to any marked extent; twilight came down and the chill of night began to creep into the air, and still my stewardess made no sign. I got impatient at last and went to look for her, only to find that she was looking for me, and that she had a berth all ready and freshly made up for me. I could have wept from sheer relief. If you think sixty-odd hours in your clothes under such circumstances is a joke, you have a curious sense of humor.

The stewardess led the way down the narrow corridor to—of all things!—my own reserved cabin, 50–52, explaining as she went that I was going in with "the English lady with the little white dog." Neither the lady nor the dog was there to receive me, for which I was duly thankful. For a moment, at least, I could renew my acquaintance with a sense of decency and privacy. I found water in the tank, and the stewardess gave me a clean towel and told me to be careful with it, because it would be the only one I could have. I could open my dressing bag and refresh myself; and this I was proceeding to do with almost normal cheerfulness when the lady and the dog breezed in—that is, the lady breezed; the dog seemed rather dejected.

The Lady With the Dog

Did anybody ever say just "Oh!" to you in a way that made you want to commit murder? Well, that was what the English lady said to me, and that was exactly the way she said it. She probably thought that, having lost one roommate, she would be permitted to occupy my cabin all by herself. And I rather sympathized with her, in a way.

Her white dog was very woolly and very fat, and must have been a most uncomfortable sort of sleeping companion in a narrow berth. They really needed a stateroom all to themselves. She got pleasanter right away, however, probably because, after all, a dog under such circumstances would do with a bit of explaining—as the English would express it.

"You won't mind my little dog, will you?" she said; he really was not so very little, though he was meant to be.

"Oh, not at all!"

"He is a nice little person—aren't you, Pettikins? He never makes the slightest bother."

And it just happens that I do like dogs, even fat, white, woolly ones, if they must be like that; so it really did not matter. Then—strange thing for an Englishwoman to do—she volunteered the information that her husband, an army man, had been in India for a year, and that she could not live in India on account of the climate. But he had been transferred to Egypt and she was now going out to join him. The English always go "out," you know; never up or down or across. They even go "out" to the United States, which implies a center of a world circle not to be mistaken by anyone who knows the English. She was not going on a P. & O. ship, but on a Dutch liner from Genoa, because it was safer.

"But how splendid!" I said. "How glad your husband will be to see you! These war separations are pretty dreadful, aren't they?"

"Yes, rather! And he will be so glad to see Pettikins too. I just couldn't bear to go to his fazzer wizout ums, could I?"

She stooped to caress Pettikins; but at that moment Pettikins was making strange curlicue motions, as though he was trying to make up his mind about something particularly important; and she picked him up by the very scruffy scruff of his neck and tossed him into the upper berth—which was hers, because of its superior advantages in the way of light and air. Then she fluffed away, up on deck again—a sweet-scented sample of real femininity in blue, with a coquettishly patterned veil drawn close about her little hat and her rather well-preserved and delicately tinted face.

I didn't care. I didn't care for any mortal thing. I wanted to go to sleep. No dinner for me—no anything—just bed. And I lost no time. The linen was new and glacial, the mattress was lumpy, and the pillow was stuffed with sawdust as tight as a Christmas pincushion; but of all the beds I ever slept in that was the most comfortable. I would have made an even bet with anybody that nothing short of a torpedo through the ship could wake me, once I got to sleep; but along about nine o'clock I came up out of the depths on the strains, in close male-quartet harmony, of I want to be—I want to be—I want to be down South in Dixie! Now what do you suppose that meant on an English Channel boat in wartime? I did not find out until next morning.

Barber-Shop Harmonies

The berthless passengers had discovered an American negro vaudeville troupe on the lower deck and a couple of other artists in the first cabin, and they were amusing themselves by having a concert for the benefit of the British Red Cross. There was a soprano, devoted to long, high notes and ragged cadenzas, which really needed an orchestral accompaniment to cover their deficiencies; but the gashes she cut in the atmosphere got healing balm from soft negro voices in Mah Ole Kaintucky Home! and Honey on Mah Lips! and were completely filled up by the wild applause that greeted even them from everything afloat in the harbor. It was a noisy hour; but I finally slipped back into the deeps, accompanied by the soothing of God Save the King!—and that finished that day.

Next day about noon an announcement got itself circulated through the crowd—it was posted, as a matter of fact, on the purser's window, but only a few could have read it; it just got itself circulated—that any British citizens, British citizens only, who desired to do so might go ashore until four o'clock. All others must remain on board. Whereupon a large company of smiling and greatly relieved British citizens hustled into their hats and got away as promptly as possible. That left the French people, some Belgians, some Latins from the south countries, and a nondescript assortment of humanity in which I figured as a unit.

I had read everything I had with me and a few things I had picked up where they had been too carelessly left by their owners; but I found somebody's short-story magazine—which I had not yet seen—in somebody's sheltered corner, along with somebody's rugs and things; and I proceeded to make myself comfortable, trusting to luck that it was a British cache and that I should have until four o'clock to enjoy myself. By that time food venders from the town, accompanied by a port officer, of course, had been allowed to come aboard, which was cheaper than feeding the mob; so all one had to do was to reach out and buy a ham sandwich occasionally and a bottle of warm soda water or beer, which one drank in a free-and-easy way, without troubling about such an unnecessary thing as a glass.

I was engaged in this kind of pleasing performance, and reading a tale of thrilling South Sea adventure, when a tinkling stringed instrument struck up on the other side of the deck and a gay boyish voice began to sing something about My Hooaloo-a-Hono-lulu Ba-a-a-by! And I just could not stand it. I got up and went over. There were other songs and I softly hummed what is known as a second for a little while, greatly enjoying myself. Then came She Wore a Tulip! when I and half a dozen others frankly joined up; and the first thing you know we had some close harmony that must have filled our colored compatriots on the deck below with professional jealousy.

We sang everything we could think of, from Robin Adair to Rosey O'Grady, with occasional flights into what our accompanist called "good stuff," such as Beauty's Eyes, Jerusalem, and Love Me and the World is Mine! But the ukulele, which the tinkling stringed instrument turned out to be, was better adapted to the Honolulu-lu-lu variety of endeavor; and, among us, we produced more hula melodies than I thought had ever been written.

(Continued on Page 29)



This little "Eagle Brand" girl wants her "Daddy."

Last August he left home and has not returned.

But if he sees this picture, little Jean thinks that he will come back and she wants him to know that she and her mother want him very much and will be very happy when he comes.

Jean's mother wrote a letter to Borden's in which she said that inasmuch as Jean was a splendid example of what

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Educational Division
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
206 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

(Continued from Page 27)

Meantime everybody left on board had gathered round. They were sitting perched on the rail in a long row and flat on the deck in a close circle, while the rails of the neighboring ships were crowded with people, who proved their eagerness for any kind of diversion by vociferous applause and yells for more.

I found a seat—or, rather, a place was vacated for me, I having become one of the "artists"—on a bench beside an American woman, who would have been a puzzle to me if I had been puzzling about anything, which I was not. She was just a nice, comfortable sort of person, who spoke my language as anybody can hear it spoken any day at Coney Island or any similar haunt of innocent American joy. She had sleek black hair, was rather smart in her get-up, and sang in a tone that made me homesick for a Broadway cabaret. Some polite Frenchman complimented her on her singing; and then she spoke. She was a pure delight.

"Say," she said, "don't talk to me! I know I can't sing for scorched prunes; but if I could sing as well as I can shoot—well!—say, they'd have to enlarge the Metropolitan Opera House on my account, and Geraldine Farrar would have to begin to play leads for her husband in her natural speakin' voice! And to think I have to set here waitin' for 'em to ketch submarines in nets! Say, I could pick the nip off a periscope, as far as I could see it, with an ordinary rifle!"

I took a deep breath first, and then I said:

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Don't you know who I am?"

"No."

"Well, I'm the crack lady rifle shot of the world, and I'm sittin' here losin' sixty dollars a day! That's what I'm doin'!"

"Why, how's that?"

"Me and Lon"—indicating the nice boy who played the ukulele—"were due to open in Paris two days ago, and we get paid by the performance." She was evidently worried about it; but she added with a whimsical little twist of her upper lip: "The only comfort I get out of it is that our manager, who had the nerve to send us over here—darn 'im!—loses too. Every sixty dollars we lose, he loses fifteen per cent of it; and the fifteen'll hurt him a whole lot more than the sixty'll ever hurt us."

"What do you do?" I asked.

Shooting for a Living

"What do we do? Oh, the usual stunt. Though it ain't so usual, either, because it's good. We've got a sketch with a lot of songs and some bully lines. The lines sure are gettin' good! Lon fakes some new ones every day of his life. He's good at that. Then I do a lot of fancy shootin', of course." I noticed how she gave her "fancy shootin'" second place, and I knew by that she was in love with Lon. "I ketch lead nickels in the air with rifle balls," she added, "and snuff out a row of candles as fast as you can think—and that sort of thing."

"Do you speak French?"

"Good Lord, no!" It was a slight explosion and I was afraid for a moment that I had offended her; but not at all.

"If you don't speak French what do you do about your lines for a French audience?"

"Well, we've had 'em translated; and, say, we're boning 'em hard. The only thing is, I'm a little bit afraid of our pronunciation. But it don't matter, really. If the lines don't get across we can cut 'em; and Lon'll do an extra song, and I'll put in some shootin' specialties. Say, I can do enough fancy gun stunts to hold an audience for an hour!"

"But, how wonderful! It must take a tremendous amount of skill."

"Betcher life it does! And yet, I don't know. It ain't a thing you can learn to do. It's all in your eye and you've got to be born with it. That's why it's valuable. I can't remember when I couldn't shoot; but I couldn't tell you how I do it to save me. There's no fake about it—that's one thing sure. I never use a sight and I really never take aim except in front of an audience, once in a while, in a delicate bit, to make it look harder. Say, the thing that's worryin' me is that if this ship gets it from a submarine or somethin' I'll lose all my stuff, my rifles and my costumes. And, say, I got some peaches too!"

"Well, I wouldn't bother much about that if I were you. If this ship goes down, with this mob on it, you are not likely to have much further use for your outfit, are you?"

"Say, I guess that's right, all right! Ain't it the limit? Well, thank Gawd, our manager's losin' his fifteen per! Come on, let's sing."

But for the moment we could not break up what was going on; in fact, it had been dividing my attention with my interesting compatriot all the time. There was a little French girl, as chic and as cunning as she could be, who had every unattached man on board interested, to say the least. She spoke English with a charming accent, and had a way of pushing her shaggy mane back off her forehead suddenly with a graceful swing of her arm, and looking up into the faces above her with very wide-open, inquiring blue eyes.

An American had engaged her in a little game of matching coins for the benefit of the British Red Cross, in whose sacred name anybody anywhere seems to be able to do anything. They were sitting flat on the deck in the midst of a tremendously interested group.

"Now," he would say, "heads, I win—tails, you lose!"

"Yes," she would answer prettily. "Aw ri'—go!"

Up would go the coin, and down it would come into his palm. Of course whatever turned up she lost; and while she cheerfully paid, the crowd shrieked with merriment.

"Heads, I win—tails, you lose!"

"Aw ri'—go!"

Games of Chance for Charity

It was a sweet little game and she lost one shilling after another. After a while a shrewd look came into her eyes, which indicated that she began to realize something was not quite right; but she did not accept an invitation to be the spokesman herself, with the same formula—to change her luck. The American was perfectly fair about that. Whether she got the joke or not I do not know, but she said finally:

"Now we stop that—eh? You play my game—*n'est-ce pas?* And ev' time you lose you pay to me one shillin'—*n'est-ce pas? Voild!*"

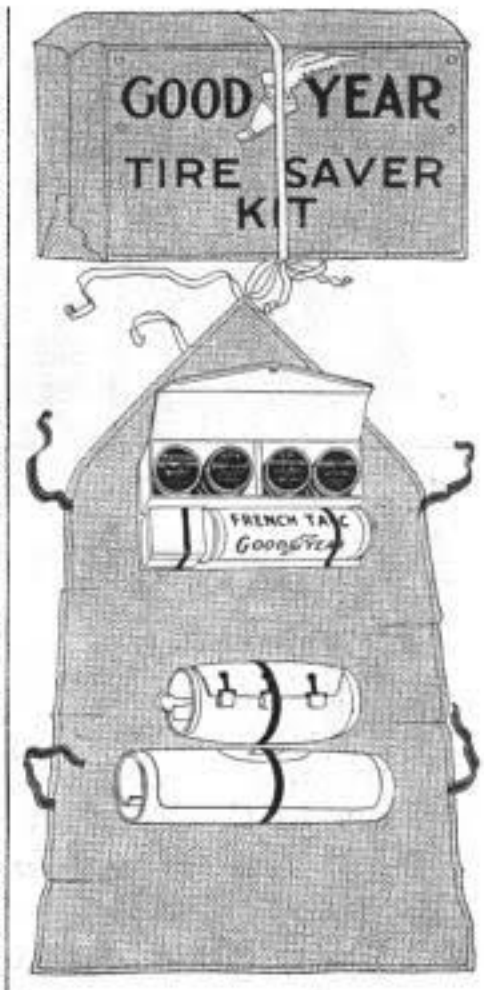
And she spread out a little row of coins and told him to change them, end for end, beginning at the middle, moving two coins at a time and never leaving a space—or something like that. She could do it with dizzying swiftness, and it looked so easy when she did it that everybody had to have a try at it. It was not long before she had a pile of money on her outspread skirt that the Red Cross might well accept with gratitude. And the Red Cross got it too. Make no mistake about that. She went straight inside and chucked it all into a tin contribution box that was nailed on the wall of the corridor.

It really was funny, most of it; though, underlying all the combination of grouchiness and lightsomeness, there was that curious nervous tension which expressed itself occasionally in some such remark as: "Well, never mind; we can't drown so long as they keep us tied up here, can we?" If I heard that once, I heard it twenty times. One felt that the interminable delay was a necessary precaution for one's own tremendous benefit, and it was all right.

But all the time I kept thinking about the operations out there in the Channel, wondering what they were doing, and how they were getting the submarines, if they were getting them, and what tragedies were being enacted.

There is no vision of horror on earth more horrible to me than the vision of men in a submarine under the sea, caught in a pitiless, strangling steel net. It is no way to make men fight, and I wish all the inventors and improvers of the submarine had been drowned in their infancy. However——

One game of chance followed another until pure boredom drove the crowd back to a fresh demand on the ukulele, and we were in the midst of a sort of half-hearted repetition of the old songs when the English crowd came back aboard and put new enthusiasm into the artist soul of Lon by their eager appreciation. The fire he is going through has already done one splendid thing for the Englishman: It has melted his icy reserve and made him almost like other people. He will actually smile and speak to a perfect stranger without an introduction! And he will do it cheerfully, even almost heartily, and not as though it hurt him, as it used to do like anything. Lon went from one Honolulu song to another until he came to one which a small company of young English officers wanted to learn, so that they might introduce it in



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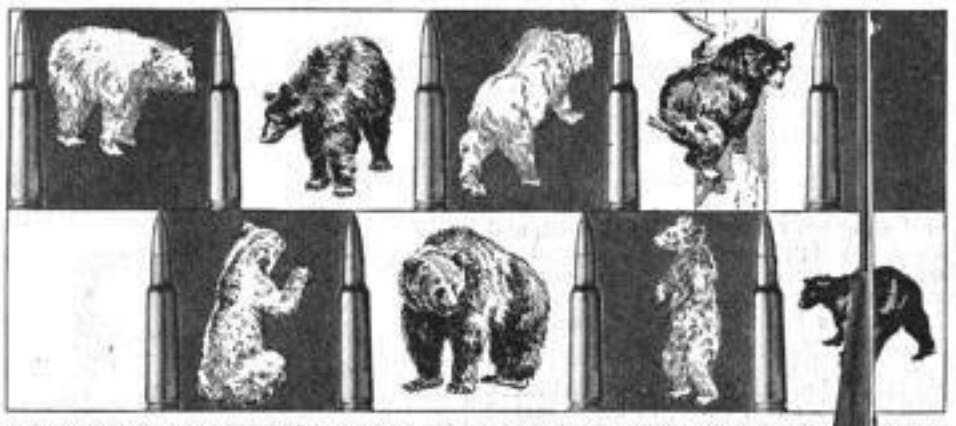
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the trenches. And everybody knows what that means—over and over; over and over!

Meantime I had gone on talking quietly with the champion lady rifle shot of the world, and she was telling me how she and Lon were planning to settle down. They had as cute a little bungalow, near a certain live Western town, as you ever clapped your eyes on; and she was going in for a swell hairdressing parlor in town while Lon raisad chickens. They had it all planned.

"No more of this for mine!" she said. "I've had enough. They ain't nothin' in it—except money. Say, ain't it funny the way they'll pay you good money for the sort of thing me and Lon do? But, he's good. I will say that. He bought me that ukulele for a birthday present last year and he's never given me a chance to touch it. Not that it makes any difference; it was just the same as it would be for me to give him some kind of a fancy new rifle. He can't shoot and I can't play. He can play any old instrument he ever saw. His specialty used to be the xylophone. A xylophone is too awkward to pack round nowadays; but, say, that kid sure can play a xylophone!

"He was doin' a fancy, all-round musical turn with a team that called themselves the M—— Family when I married him. And maybe you think we didn't take a tumble to the kind of thing we was up against! We started right in to savin' money and we've got nearly enough now to begin to do somethin' real with. Just one thing more we want: We are goin' to do a movie with a lot o' crack shootin' in it. We got the scenario and the contract; and that's goin' to be where we quit.

"Then us for the chicken ranch and the hairdressin' parlor! I'm goin' to take some hair lessons in Paris—though I really know enough already from havin' my own hair done so much. But I like to be honest. I don't want to claim to be a Parisian hairdresser when I ain't. And, say, I've got the plans and everything. I'm goin' to have my waitin' room in old rose ——"

The Scotchman's Repertory

And she went on to describe her dear honest dream, which goodness knows I hope may come true in its rosiest detail. Think of submarining such innocents!

Meantime Lon was sitting on the bench beside us teaching the young English officers My Honolulu Ba-a-aby! And a nice old Frenchwoman, sitting on the hard brass sill of the doorway on the other side of me, took occasion to get my attention for the purpose of saying:

"You Americans really are too extraordinary! I wonder what it is about you! Wherever you are there is always cheerfulness. It seems to me that all the Americans I have ever known have carried happiness round with them. Can you think what this ship would be like if you Americans were not on board? Not anybody else has uttered a sound."

Which was not quite accurate, but I knew what she meant. I was disposed to talk with the nice old thing and tell her just how we happen to be just what we are, but at that moment a Scotchman reeled up and leaned over Bill and me—Bill was what Lon called the shootin' lady, his wife—leaned over Bill and me to lay a hand lovingly on Lon's shoulder.

"Meestr-r-r Amer-ri-can," he said, "yer-r gr-reat! I thank you fer-r yer-r music." I cannot possibly roll his r's the way he did, nor can I describe the soft-lipped, watery smile on his flushed, sandy face. He spoke very, very slowly. He swayed gently back and forth, and continued: "But is it posseeble now that y'u could play My Hame is in the Heather-r-r?"

"No," said Lon shortly; "I can't."

He was a decent, sober, right-minded lad, and he was associating at the moment on rather nice terms with proud British officers. He did not like the intrusion.

"Weel, thot's bad!" said the Scot. "If y'u could only play My Hame is in the Heather-r, now—I'd seeng it fer-r y'u. I've got juist three songs: My Hame is in the Heather-r; Scots Wha Hae Wi' Wallace Bled; and Seelver Threads Amang the Gold. Y'u must know thot now. It's an Amer-r-ican song."

"No, I don't."

"Weel, thot's bad! Was y'u at the concert last night?"

"Yes."

"An' why didn't y'u seeng?"

"Nobody asked me to."

(Continued on Page 32)





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Manufacturers also of the famous Benjamin Swivel Attachment Plug (shown in the illustration above). Screws into the socket without twisting the cord.



(Continued from Page 30)

"Now thot's juist it—juist it! Y'u shouldn't wait to be asked. I was seetin' there theenkin' to mysel' all the time—now it's yer duty to git up an' seeng an' put hairt into th' ithers. But I'm a teemid mon; thot's what I am—a teemid mon. But I juist sot there and thocht that if now y'u'd juist git up an' seeng y'u'd put hairt into th' ithers. Thot's what y' ought to do when y'u c'n do it—put hairt into th' ithers."

Lon had stood up at once in order to relieve Bill and me of the threatened burden of the chap, and he was getting rather impatient.

"You've been ashore, haven't you?" he said.

"Yes; a lot of us been ashore."

That was evident, for one must admit that he was not entirely alone in his blissful state.

"Time, too," he continued; "th' way some of these her-r-e offeecials ——"

"You went a long way, didn't you?"

"Not me! Juist up the hill yonder-r. I wouldn't git far-r fr-rom the dock, y'u know. Or-rder-rs to be back at four-r o'clock. Always obey or-rder-rs. 'Sneces-sar-ry. 'Squod if y'u don't."

"Where are you going?" Lon asked—not that he cared, but he had to say something.

By this time the man had a firm grip on his shoulder and they were the center of an interested group.

"I'm goin' to Leghorn to join my ship. I'm an engineer-r in the Royal Navy. An' y'u can't play My Hame is in the Heather-r, now? It's a gr-r-and song!"

"Say," said Lon, "if you don't mind taking a friendly tip from a stranger, your hame is not in the heather just now; your hame is in the hay. And if I were you I'd beat it."

"Well, I juist thocht thot the theeng fer-r a mon to do thot c'n do it was to put hairt into th' ithers; an' if it wasn't thot I'm a teemid mon ——" But, at that, Lon led him gently away.

A Rummy Lot

He reminded me of a Scotchman I encountered once out in the China Sea. He was older than this lad, but otherwise he was his twin brother—though at the moment sober. It was on a ship bound from Hong-Kong up to Shanghai, and the few passengers aboard were at luncheon at one of the long tables in the middle of the dining saloon. There was a very sick American from Manila sitting next to me, a tall, smooth-faced young man, with deep-set gray eyes, who had evidently just been through a siege of some kind of tropic fever, which still had its grip upon him; in fact, I learned afterward that he was merely trying to climb back into life by the usual route up sea to a cooler climate.

The Scotchman, who sat opposite us, across the narrow table, was the mumbling sort, and with a bur in his tongue that would have been delightful if there had been anything else delightful about him to go with it. All at once, apropos of nothing at all, he said:

"These Amer-r-icans out in thees pairt of the world are a rummy lot!"

He rolled his r's outrageously and what he called us sounded more like roomy than rummy. Instantly the American laid down his fork and straightened up:

"I beg your pardon—what did you say?"

"I said the Amer-r-icans out thees way are a r-r-roomy lot!"

It was just like touching a match to a fuse. The fuse sputters lazily at first; but pretty soon, as the fire runs up the length of it, it begins to throw out crackles and sparks, and at the point where it connects with the main works there is an explosion. The sick American began very gently. He was polite; he was almost suave; but as he went on enumerating Scottish characteristics he grew earnest. His command of choice English was a joy to hear, and he finished with a vivid description of Glasgow on a Saturday night as he himself had seen it, when he had to walk warily in the streets to keep from stepping on the recumbent forms of inebriated Scotchmen.

He got up in the midst of this description, laid his napkin gently but firmly beside his plate, by way of emphasizing a telling point, and when he concluded, in a low sweet voice that you could have heard a mile, he turned and walked, as resolutely as his weakness would permit, toward the companionway. But before he got out of hearing

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the Scotchman, who had sat quite calmly through it all, raised his bristling red head in a funny, half timidly defiant kind of way, and said, loud enough for everybody to hear:

"Weel, I still theenk so!"

This relieved the tension, and everybody, even the American, laughed.

The Britishers brought back from shore a rumor that we were to sail that night at ten o'clock; but nobody believed it. They do not send passenger boats across the Channel in the night. They prefer to take their chances in daylight, because a night tragedy is a too fearful thing. However, the rumor persisted—we were to sail that night at ten o'clock.

I must go back and record that along about the second day a noticeable trend in the mental processes of the crowd began to make itself manifest, and that I was highly entertained by the way in which everybody began eying everybody else. Eying is the word, and it implies a curious kind of squint, which seemed usually to say: "Now who on earth are you, and what possible business can you have in a situation like this?"

Really, though, in looking at such a mixed lot of apparently free agents, an Englishman might well congratulate himself that his government has caused to be posted in all public conveyances a warning to all British subjects to guard their tongues. They were all over this ship, and "Your enemies may be listening!" is what they say. Sure enough, you never can tell! A majority of the men on board were in uniform, but the women were not so easily distinguishable as to race and their reasons for being there.

For instance, there was the stout one with very blondined hair. She was a human curio if ever there was one. She had a stiff straight-up-and-down chair, and so far as I could discover she sat straight up in it for four straight days and nights. I never saw her anywhere except right there in that chair, with her large blue eyes fixed on vacancy. I think maybe she imagined she was suggesting tragic history, the perfidy of men, and the tense emotions of life, which, being burnt out, leave a woman's eyes so very sad. Her hair was perfectly waved and dressed, and she wore, perched on top of it—four days, mind you—a little hat made of some kind of white birds' breasts. Her face was beautifully enameled, and the only motion I ever saw her make was with a small vanity box containing rouge sticks and a powderpuff. She wore high-heeled patent-leather shoes with white kid tops, and her black cloth gown fitted her ample figure so snugly that it made me ache.

The Mona Lisa Girl

Then there was the mysterious Mona Lisa American girl. She wore her hair in a Mona Lisa fashion and her black taffeta gown was cut square in the neck. Also, she affected a Mona Lisa smile—not unsuccessfully—and moved her brown eyes slowly and deliberately. She was one of the berthless mob; and, because she was an American girl, she rather worried me. She said she was seventeen years old and a student on her way to school in France; but she vouchsafed no information with regard to a family that would allow her to travel alone under such unexampled circumstances.

My twittering roommate twittered mostly to British officers, while I, in the end, took care of her dog. There were French groups, who stood or sat about on deck quietly talking together; and there was one little company of Spaniards, who *no-habla*-ed anything at all except their own staccato language. And then there was the long, lithe smoking lady, who appropriated the lounge at the head of the companionway and, with an imitation leopard-skin rug and a green veil wound round her head, made herself look like an advertisement of Egyptian cigarettes.

After all, if I had been looking for somebody to tie to in the crowd I think I should have selected Lon and Bill. They were as wholesome as green hickory. Vaudeville artists? Betcher life!—as Bill would say. But they were teetotalers and right livers, both of them. Incidentally they went to bed that night like Christians. They had a cabin!

It was after ten o'clock when red and green lights aloft on a tall staff at the entrance of the harbor announced that a ship was going out. Then came the rattle of an anchor chain from the Channel boat lying at the dock just ahead of us, and a long cheer rose from the crowds on the decks of everything within hearing. A troopship followed; then a cargo steamer, a great black hulk with just a few lonely sailors leaning against her rails. After that our anchor came up, a tug caught us by the bow, and we warped out into the path of moonlight, while in our wake came other craft, seeming as vibrant with relief as we were.

"Well, I'm glad we didn't have to lead the way," someone remarked, and there was a general assent.

We were glad we did not have to lead the way, but we found that each ship had to go her own way, just the same. We were not all bound for the same port. There were those that turned westward and made out through the Solent to the open sea, and we were to all intents and purposes alone with our own chances by the time we had run Spithead and rounded the east end of the Isle of Wight. There began the danger zone.

The Dutch say that a majority of the mines washed ashore on the coast of Holland have been British—more than thirteen hundred of them; but this seems rather strange when one reflects upon the fact that England employs more than one hundred thousand men on mine sweepers and auxiliary naval craft just to keep the Channel clear.

"To bed or not to bed?" That seemed to be the question occupying the minds of many persons; and "Not to bed" seemed to be the general answer.

And So to Bed

The ship was as dark as it possibly could be under such a moon, not a light being shown anywhere except at the masthead and presumably on each side of the bow.

About midnight, when we were all the way out in the Channel, I carefully picked my way through the silent crowd down the full length of the deck on one side and back on the other. I think I have not said that most of the people seemed to be traveling in pairs, and that many new pairs had achieved themselves during our long wait in Southampton. The beautiful French lovers were my first encounter, you know, and they afterward sort of adopted me. Wherever I sat on deck they would usually come and sit near me; and when they went for a walk or to look for food—the dears!—they would leave their belongings with me and ask me prettily whether I would please watch them while they were away. Whatever and whoever they were, they were adorable humans.

I walked up and down the deck; and in the shadow of the aft funnel I saw something to take my mind off myself for a moment. Say!—as Bill would say—Naughty! Naughty! There sat my sweet-scented roommate with the handsomest British officer on board. And he looked as though he was saying to her: "Cling to me, little one, I will save you!" And she looked as though she was saying to him: "Oh, you great, big, woo-underful man!" And she had never seen him in her life before she came aboard that boat! I know, because I happened to be with her when she exchanged her first remarks with him.

Having no officer and no bench and no blanket and no anything, I decided to go down and take my chances in my cabin.

When I got down below I found Pettikins asleep in the upper berth. I took the life preservers down from the rack overhead; placed them and my overcoat where I could get hold of them instantly. Then I stretched myself in my berth, with my clothes on, and almost instantly fell into a deep sleep.

I was wakened by a cuddling little voice, saying: "Well, tum to its mumsey—b'ess it!" And I knew the danger was all over. My roommate had come down to get "itsy b'essed sugarp'um!"—and we were lying, in the early morning sunlight, in the roadstead at Le Havre.

And that is crossing the English Channel in wartime. I have crossed several times during the past two years, never without the thrills and the unusualness, but only once before with such a long delay—and that was at Boulogne after a big storm had torn loose a number of British mines.

The British may not take one's temporary comfort into such consideration as one might desire on all occasions; but when you think of the thousands—not thousands: millions—of people they have sent in safety across that waterway during the past two years you just must take off your hat and make a low salaam.

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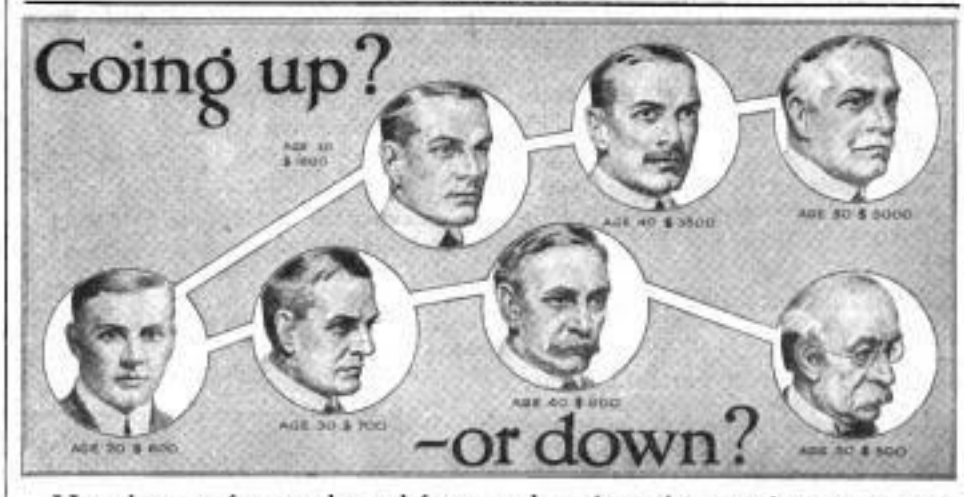
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Traffic Management	Metallurgist or Prospector
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Show Card Writer	Contractor and Builder
Outdoor Sign Painter	Architectural Draftsman
Common School Subjects	Concrete Builder
Good English	Structural Engineer
Teacher	Plumbing and Heating
Civil Service	Sheet Metal Worker
Railway Mail Clerk	CHEMICAL ENGINEER
CIVIL ENGINEER	Illustrator
Surveying and Mapping	Designer
MECHANICAL ENGR'R	Textile Overseer or Supt.
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The Story of ASBESTOS



Asbestos

—secret of earth's dawn
—source of age-old fable
—wonder tale of voyagers
—curio of kings

—even today, still Nature's paradox, riddle of science—yet one of man's most useful servants.

* * *

MILLIONS of years ago, Mother Earth drew closer her mantle—and in countless fissures of the folded rock, through untold ages of flame, a marvelous mineral slowly formed. Nature's gift—Man's armor against fire—Asbestos.

Millions of years later an audience faces a theatre curtain—on it this word, Asbestos, spelling safety. Around are brilliant lights, energized from distant generators through a system safeguarded by this same Asbestos. Many here live or work in buildings roofed with Asbestos; here, too, are many housewives whose dining tables it protects. Even the motor cars, waiting without, have brakes lined with this same Asbestos—mineral of many marvels, fashioned to meet Man's needs.

Think of a rock, heavy and dense as marble, yet a nugget of silky fibres, a floss like thistle-down. Each fibre so light it floats on water—yet so rugged that these million years 'mid the chaos of earth's change have neither broken its slender thread nor marred its silken sheen. Like wool or flax, yet a mineral; both crystalline and fibrous, brittle and pliable—this is Asbestos—Nature's paradox.

The Ancients Held it in Awe

and wonderful tales grew with each telling. Legend made it the hair of the Great Salamander, the lizard that lived in fire; or again a wonderful plant immune to flame. Small wonder that Asbestos became the stage property of Magi, the costly curio of kings and their shroud on the funeral pyre.

Charlemagne astounded his warrior guests by flinging the cloth of Asbestos from the table into the fire, only to withdraw it unburned—even bleached and cleansed by the flame.

Marco Polo was the first to set his little world to rights. Returning from Tartary, he wrote, "In this same mountain there is a vein of the material from which Salamander is made. For the real truth is that the Salamander is no beast, as they allege in our part of the world, but is a substance found in the earth." And he tells how the rock was mined, pounded into wool in great copper mortars, and woven into napkins for the Great Khan.

But for centuries after, Asbestos remained merely a curiosity.

Unique Combination of Properties

Compared with other materials, its aggregation of properties is unparalleled. Wood burns—Asbestos is unchanged by flame or by a temperature of 1500° F. Stone disintegrates—Asbestos defies erosion. Steel rusts—Asbestos is immune. Asbestos resists wear and the action of oxygen and acids, is a non-conductor of electricity, and insulates against heat or cold. The old Greeks named it ἄσβεστος—"inconsumable." And nothing was ever better named.

Its Service to Man But Begun

Had someone championed Asbestos earlier, the world today would be further along. The Chicago fire might never have happened—indeed, it is probable that 50 years hence the community fire will be a finished page, as the Asbestos roof gains ever wider acceptance.

Steam pipes, once plastered with mud, are now being insulated by Asbestos to prevent waste of heat; engines improve their economy by Asbestos packings. Modern chemistry, too, requires this marvelous mineral for its filters. At every turn, in the homes or work-shops of the nation, we find Asbestos, converted into useful form.

How It Was Made Useful

Natural products are usually developed by necessity. But it was left to the vision and foresight of a business institution to realize the possibilities of Asbestos—and to supply the effort, the courage and resources to make Asbestos what it is today.

To really appreciate the task so successfully mastered by Johns-Manville requires a trip through one of their ten great factories. One must see giant machinery transform rock into felts—see paper pressed from pulp—see fibre and wire pressed back into rock-hardness for the brake blocks of some great lift or dredge.

In another section a complete textile mill, where this same rock of Asbestos is spun or woven—spun into thread so fine that a hundred yards weigh but an ounce—woven into cloth like linen or into heavier fabrics as thick as your finger.

On one side a tailor making clothes of flameproof cloth; on another this same Asbestos combined with rubber for engine, pump, or compressor packings,—again into cements to withstand fierce furnace heats.

So it is made into Shingles, Roofings, Brake Linings, Insulations, Cements, Electrical Devices, Tapes, Clothes, Yarns—hundreds of products that enter every avenue of science and the useful arts.

Through Asbestos Johns-Manville has made industrial history—has contributed to progress—has made life safer and more complete. It has taken the mystic mineral, the curio, the paradox of the ages, and made it serve Man. A task for any fifty years, and surely an achievement which justifies the linking of Asbestos with Johns-Manville.



Charlemagne's Table-Cloth of Asbestos



Marco Polo Finds Asbestos



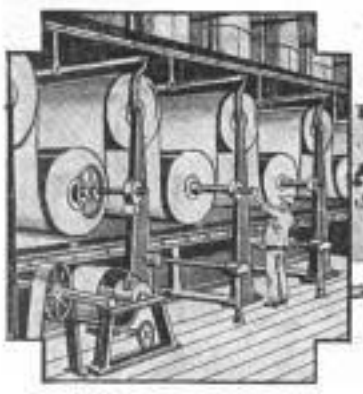
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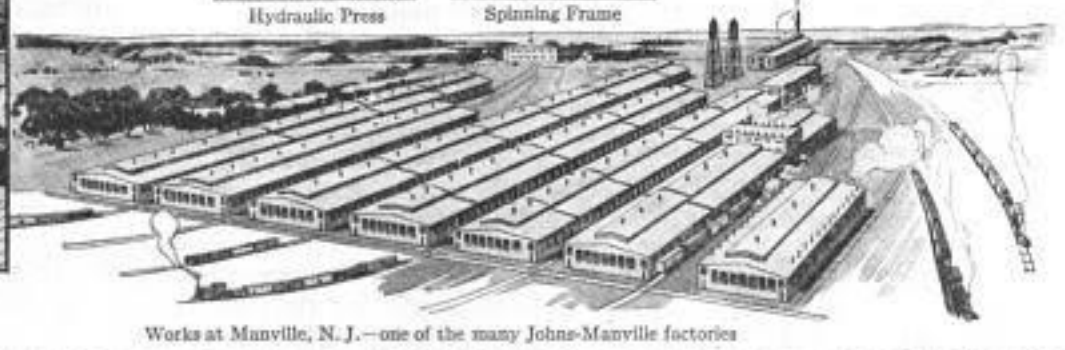
Hydraulic Press



Spinning Frame



Paper Rolls



Works at Manville, N. J.—one of the many Johns-Manville factories

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ENGLAND AND LABOR

(Continued from Page 10)

with limitation of output—that capital as well as labor must make concessions. Some do; these are the very men who adhere to the fairly revolutionary doctrine that labor should be represented in the directorates of the large companies.

The British workman, like the British employer, has a special psychology; and neither German methods nor American methods wholly go down with him. Your Briton of any class does not like to work so much as the German or the American. He sets value—and I think sensibly—on leisure. He wants time for a little sport and a little talk in his club or his bar. It may be this racial tendency, it may be an inheritance of the restriction-on-output system, but the English laborer seems often indifferent to high wages, while vitally interested in keeping the employer from loading him with too much work.

The munitions factories in this period of national stress have been importing American efficiency experts schooled in one or another system of scientific management. I find that the British Trades-Unionist looks upon them with general suspicion, believing their "premium bonus systems" are only excuses for "speeding up"—as in some hands they are; in fact, American speeding-up seems a kind of bogy with British workingmen. Again and again labor leaders told me, as a matter of common axiomatic knowledge, that the American workman is short-lived. And this anecdote was told twice in my hearing from the platforms of labor meetings:

"An Englishman inspected an American factory near New York. The superintendent showed him the plant, with great pride, and boasted of their tremendous output.

"'Your operatives are all young men, I notice,' said the Englishman; 'where are your old men?'

"'Outside,' said the superintendent; and he took him out and showed him a graveyard!"

However, the war may start a countercurrent; this is one of the decisions which must wait on the mood of that demobilized army. In these first three years of the war, the condition of the working class has been immeasurably improved by the demand for munitions workers. It is true that the prosperity is not universal; go down any block of lower-middle-class or working-class London, and you will find some families much better off because of the war, and a few much worse off.

The Munitions Agreement

Then, too, certain employers have not been roused to such a pitch of patriotism as to forget the main chance. When, in the celebrated Munitions Agreement, the Trades-Unions agreed to suspend restrictive practices, the government agreed, on behalf of the employers, that no one should be paid less than a pound—twenty shillings—a week. In October, 1916, certain factories were paying fifteen or eighteen shillings to some of their girls.

It was agreed, further, that there should be no cutting of the scale on piecework unless improved machinery was introduced. Certain employers were caught adding some inconsiderable or useless attachments to their machines and making this an excuse to readjust the scale. Labor is now, under this Munitions Agreement, deprived of its great weapon—the strike; labor courts adjust these things, and generally with justice. It has been noticed, however, that even in these times the workmen who complain most loudly get the most.

These are the exceptions. In some cases of very expert workmen, wages have risen to a point beyond the dream of avarice. Fifteen pounds, or seventy-five dollars, a week is not an uncommon wage in the Clyde works. Yet snap statistics, gathered by some of the labor leaders, go to prove that wages, as a whole, have not gone up so fast as the cost of living—the poverty line, which was twenty-four shillings a week in 1914, is now thirty-six shillings.

On the other hand, unemployment is unknown; the wife, the daughters, the boys can get continuous work. For this reason, most families, despite the rise in the cost of living, are well above the poverty line. The rise of standards is most noticeable in the very districts where poverty was most distressing, like the dock regions of London.

As I have said before, the mobilized British workman from the slum districts of London has known in this war—despite its dangers, its pain, its occasional great hardships—the blessings of ample food and clothing; known them often for the first time. His wife has bought new clothes for herself and the children; has been to the theater; has installed a phonograph. It is not in human nature to give up without a struggle a luxury once known; much less a comfort. When the British workman puts off khaki wages may appear to him a greater consideration than leisure.

Finally, there is the question of the women, too great and wide for thorough treatment in a general article. One of the superb things about this war is the force and fineness with which British women of all classes have risen to the emergency. Women of all the European nations are at war work; but the British woman is distinguished above all others for the spirit she brings to the task. She goes at it like a free soul. A large proportion of them are genuinely interested in the job; genuinely trying to get ahead.

Women in Men's Places

The rush of women to gainful occupations in England has been rather exaggerated. Not much more than three-quarters of a million have been added to industry since the war began. As a matter of fact, England had greater proportions of women workers than any other European nation; the labor market was already feminized almost to saturation. More significant than mere numbers has been the general rise of the women workers to higher, better-paid, and more specialized occupations, as when a domestic servant has entered a machine shop.

Some general statements about female labor have gone into the discard of abandoned theories, along with many other economic generalities. Where physical strength enters into labor women cannot compete with men, of course. But with every improvement in machinery, physical strength cuts a smaller figure in labor calculations.

The war has killed its hundreds of thousands of the best workers in England; it may—alas!—kill its millions. If, in the new spirit of English industry, the industrial lords of England succeed in raising production and extending markets to a point beyond the possibilities of Germany, that pathetic figure of post-bellum days—the unmated and unmateable woman—will retain her place in the factory system. War conditions have shown the leaders of England how many things done formerly by men can be done as well by women.

On most European railways the tickets are taken up not on the train but at the gate as the passenger alights. The ticket collectors, who simply sit on a stool, receiving and punching the tickets, used to be men; now they are women. Why employ a man for this work when a woman will do as well? Women are making good elevator operators, subway-train and omnibus conductors, department-store floor-walkers and clerks. Why not keep them in these occupations, releasing thereby some men for the higher processes of production?

The answer depends on the efficiency and intelligence the industrial lords of England display in their campaign for increased production and more equitable distribution. If they virtually abolish unemployment, if they stimulate markets to a point where the demand for labor exceeds the supply, well and good. If England settles back into the old conditions the industrial situation will be complicated by a sex issue.

In fact, signs appear that some of the gentlemen who still hold profits higher than patriotism are hoping to use that sex issue for their own ends—to replace male labor by female labor, always in the nature of things cheaper—and to fortify themselves by stirring up what the feminist argot calls "sex solidarity." If they can organize women against men they may achieve all they desire. Behold here a paradox of this war: the Conservative used to deplore "the war of the sexes"; now he prepares to encourage it!

It seems doubtful that this effort can succeed, even partially—whether the movement can be anything more than a slight

(Continued on Page 38)



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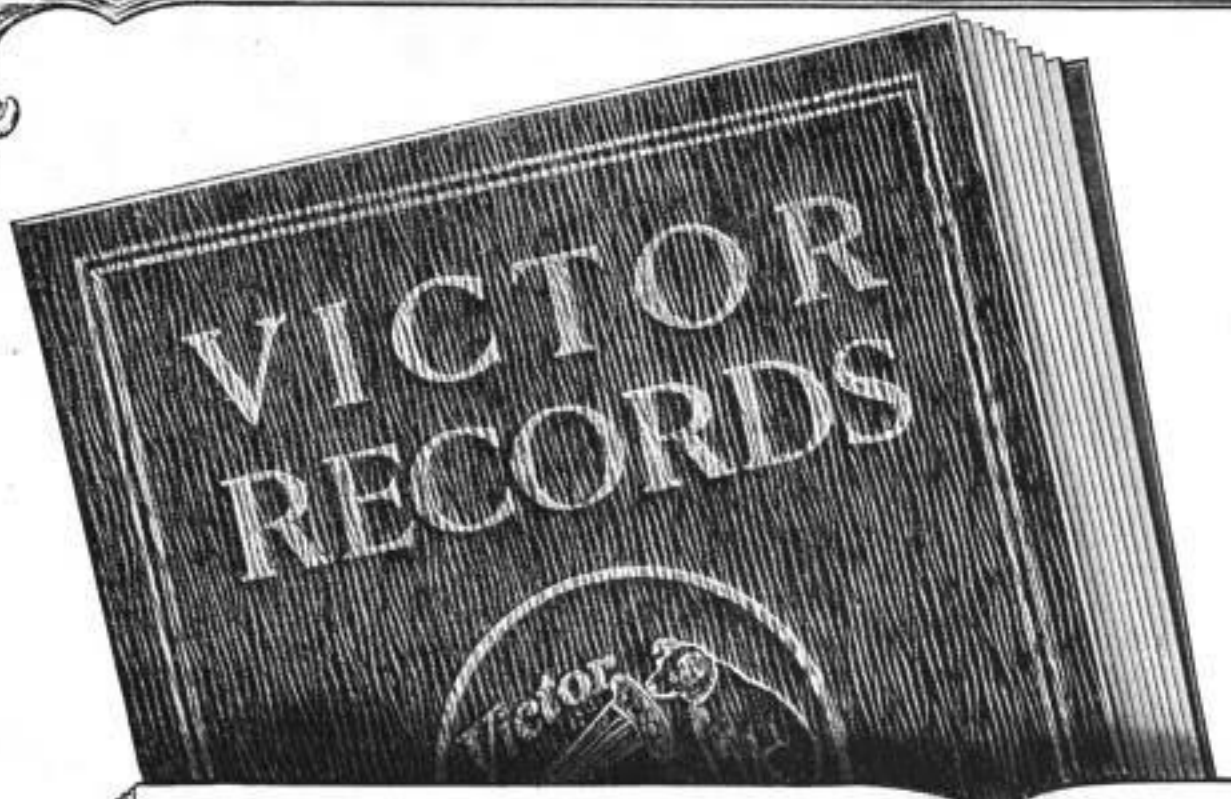
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VICTOR RED SEAL RECORDS

CALVE, EMMA, Soprano (*Kahl-vā'*)

Ca


CALVÉ

Emma Calvé, half French, half Spanish, is descended from a prosperous and cultured family. She was born in 1864, at Madrid. The premature death of her father was followed by reverses, and the young girl knew that she must face a world in a more serious rôle than that of a society belle, so it was not long before the dark-eyed beauty found herself studying with Rosina Laborde, and afterward with Marchesi and Puget. As a pupil the young girl endeared herself from the first to her teachers, and made rapid progress. Although her début was made at Nice, her first important appearance was at the *Théâtre de la Monnaie*, in Brussels, in 1882, as *Marguerite* in *Faust*. Her Paris début occurred in 1885 at the *Opéra Comique*, in *Chevalier de Jean*, but her first real triumphs came in Italy, where she made several tours, and when she reappeared in Paris as *Carmen* and *Santuzza* the Parisians made her their idol. She appeared in London in 1892, and Americans first heard her at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, where she made her début in 1894, and her fame spread rapidly. Her beautiful voice, her remarkable gifts as an actress, her beauty and magnetic personality, united in presenting a picture at once alluring and fascinating. The singer's further triumphs in America are familiar to all, and although she spends most of her time in Europe, her admirers may find consolation in her Victor records.

Mme. Calvé's exquisitely trained voice, always remarkable for its beautiful timbre and emotional quality, was at its best when her Victor records were made. This great artist has recorded *exclusively* for the Victor the list of records catalogued here.

THE CALVÉ RECORDS (*Sung in French unless noted*)		No.	Size	
Carmen—Habanera (Love is Like a Bird)	Bizet	88085	12	$3.00
Carmen—Chanson Bohême (Les Tringles des Sistres) (The Sound of Tambourine)	Bizet	88124	12	3.00
Carmen—La bas dans la montagne (Yonder Mountain) (with Dalmores)	Bizet	89019	12	4.00
Cavalleria Rusticana—Voi lo sapete (Santuzza's Air, "Well You Know, Good Mother") *In Italian*	Mascagni	88086	12	3.00
Hérodiade—Il est doux, il est bon (He is Kind, He is Good)	Massenet	88130	12	3.00
Marseillaise, La (*with Metropolitan Opera Chorus*)	de L'Isle	88570	12	3.00
Old Folks at Home (Swanee River) *In English*	Foster	88089	12	3.00
Pearl of Brazil—Charmant oiseau (Brilliant Bird) *Flute obbligato*	David	88087	12	3.00
Serenade—Chantez, riez, dormez *Flute obbligato*	Gounod	88119	12	3.00
Three Little Songs for Very Little Children (Trois chansons pour les tout-petits) (a) "Frère Jacques" (Brother James) (b) "Au clair de la lune" (In the Moonlight) (c) "Une poule" (The Hen) (*Pianoforte acc.*)		88572	12	3.00

CAMPANARI, GIUSEPPE, Baritone


CAMPANARI

Giuseppe Campanari, one of the most famous baritones e modern operatic stage, was born in Venice, and in ldle played the 'cello at La Scala. Young Campanari mbitious, however, and endeavored to improve his lly good voice at every opportunity. In 1884 he was ged by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and after rving in America took up vocal studies in earnest, making his first appearance as a singer in 1890, at a concert under the direction of Walter Damrosch. A season with Hinrich's Philadelphia Opera Company brought him to the attention of Mr. Abbey, and he was promptly engaged for the Metropolitan, where he remained for many years. The record of the favorite Toreador Song he has made for the Victor exhibits well his splendid voice, intelligent phrasing and good enunciation.

CAMPANARI RECORDS (*Sung in Italian*)		No.	Size	
Carmen—Canzone del Toreador (*Toreador Song*)	Bizet	85073	12	$3.00

VICTOR RED SEAL RECORDS

CARUSO, ENRICO, Tenor (*Kah-roo'-zoh*)

Ca


CARUSO

Caruso's success is the greatest ever attained by an artist in this country. His American engagements have been a continuous ovation, the great audiences being held spellbound by the exquisite refinement, beauty and power of his voice.

Caruso is a native of Naples and was born in 1873. When he was a mere boy he sang in the churches of Naples, and the beauty of his voice arrested the attention of all who heard it. His father did not encourage the boy at first, but a few years later was persuaded to allow him to take a few lessons in singing. The family was very poor, however, and Caruso was forced to work as a mechanic. This work not being very profitable, he began to seriously consider whether he could not make more by singing.

He was eighteen years old when he met a distinguished baritone singer, who, after hearing his voice, decided that he would give Caruso substantial assistance. He therefore took him to Maestro Vergine, who was captivated by the beauty and purity of his voice, and began to give him vocal instructions.

Caruso made his début in 1894 in Naples, in a now forgotten opera, L'amico Francesco, afterward singing in various Italian cities and in Cairo. A South American engagement followed, and on his return, after a season in Milan, it was clear that here was one of the most promising young tenors ever heard in Italy. Caruso had made a success in various countries of Europe before coming to America in 1903, but it was his performance of the *Duke* at the Metropolitan on November 23d of that year which convinced opera-goers that the greatest of all tenors had arrived.

Caruso has made records *exclusively* for the Victor since 1903, and as the present contract with the tenor does not expire until 1933, the public is assured perfect reproductions of his voice for many years to come.

THE CARUSO RECORDS (*Sung in Italian unless otherwise noted*)		No.	Size	
Africano—O Paradiso (Oh, Paradise!)	Meyerbeer	88054	12	$3.00
Agnus Dei—(Lamb of God) *In Latin*	Bizet	88425	12	3.00
Aida—Celeste Aida (Heavenly Aida)	Verdi	88127	12	3.00
Amor Mio (My Love) (Vocal Waltz)	Gaeta-Ricciardi	87176	10	2.00
Andrea Chenier—Un di all' azzurro spazio	Umberto Giordano	88060	12	3.00
Because *In French*	Teschemacher-d'Hardelot	87122	10	2.00
Bohême—Io non ho che una povera stanzetta	Leoncavallo	88335	12	3.00
Bohême—Racconto di Rodolfo (Rudolph's Narrative)	Puccini	88002	12	3.00
Bohême—Testa adorata (Adored One!)	Leoncavallo	88331	12	3.00
Canta pe' me (Neapolitan Song)	Bovio-de Curtis	87092	10	2.00
Carmen—Air de la Fleur (Flower Song) *In French*	Bizet	88208	12	3.00
Carmen—Il fior che avevi a me (Flower Song)	Bizet	88209	12	3.00
Cavalleria Rusticana—Addio alla madre (Turiddu's Farewell)	Mascagni	88458	12	3.00
Cavalleria Rusticana—Brindisi (Drinking Song)	Mascagni	81062	10	2.00
Cavalleria Rusticana—Siciliana (Thy Lips Like Berries)	Mascagni	81030	10	2.00
Cavalleria Rusticana—Siciliana (*Horn accompaniment*)	Mascagni	87072	10	2.00
Chantique de Noel (Holy Night) (Christmas Song) *In French*	Adam	88561	12	3.00
Cid, Le—O souverain, ô juge, ô père! (Almighty Lord, Oh Judge, Oh Father) *In French*	Massenet	88554	12	3.00
Cielo Turchino (Neapolitan Song)	G. Capaldo-M. S. Giacciano	87218	10	2.00
Core 'ngrato (Neapolitan Song)	Cordiferro-Cardillo	88334	12	3.00
Don Pasquale—Serenata—Com' e gentil (Soft Beams the Light)	Donizetti	85048	12	3.00
Don Sebastian—In terra solo (On Earth Alone)	Donizetti	88106	12	3.00
Dreams of Long Ago *In English*	Carroll-Caruso	88376	12	3.00
Duca D'Alba—Angelo casto e bel (Beauteous Angel)	Donizetti	88516	12	3.0
Elisir d'amore—Una furtiva lagrima (A Furtive Tear)	Donizetti	81027	10	2
Elisir d'amore—Una furtiva lagrima (A Furtive Tear) Act II	Donizetti	88339	12	3
Eternamente (For All Eternity)	Mazzoni-Mascheroni	88333	12	3
Faust—Salut demeure (All Hail, Thou Dwelling!) *In French*	Gounod	88003	12	3
Favorita—Spirto gentil (Spirit So Fair)	Donizetti	88004	12	3
Fenesta che lucive (The Shining Window) (Neapolitan Song)		88439	12	3.0
For You Alone *In English*	O'Reilly-Geehl	87070	10	2.00
Forza del Destino—O tu che in seno agl' angeli (Thou Heavenly One)		88207	12	3.00
Germania—Non chiuder gli occhi vaghi (Those Dreamy Eyes)	Franchetti	87054	10	2.00
Germania—Studenti, udite (Students, arise!)	Franchetti	87053	10	2.00

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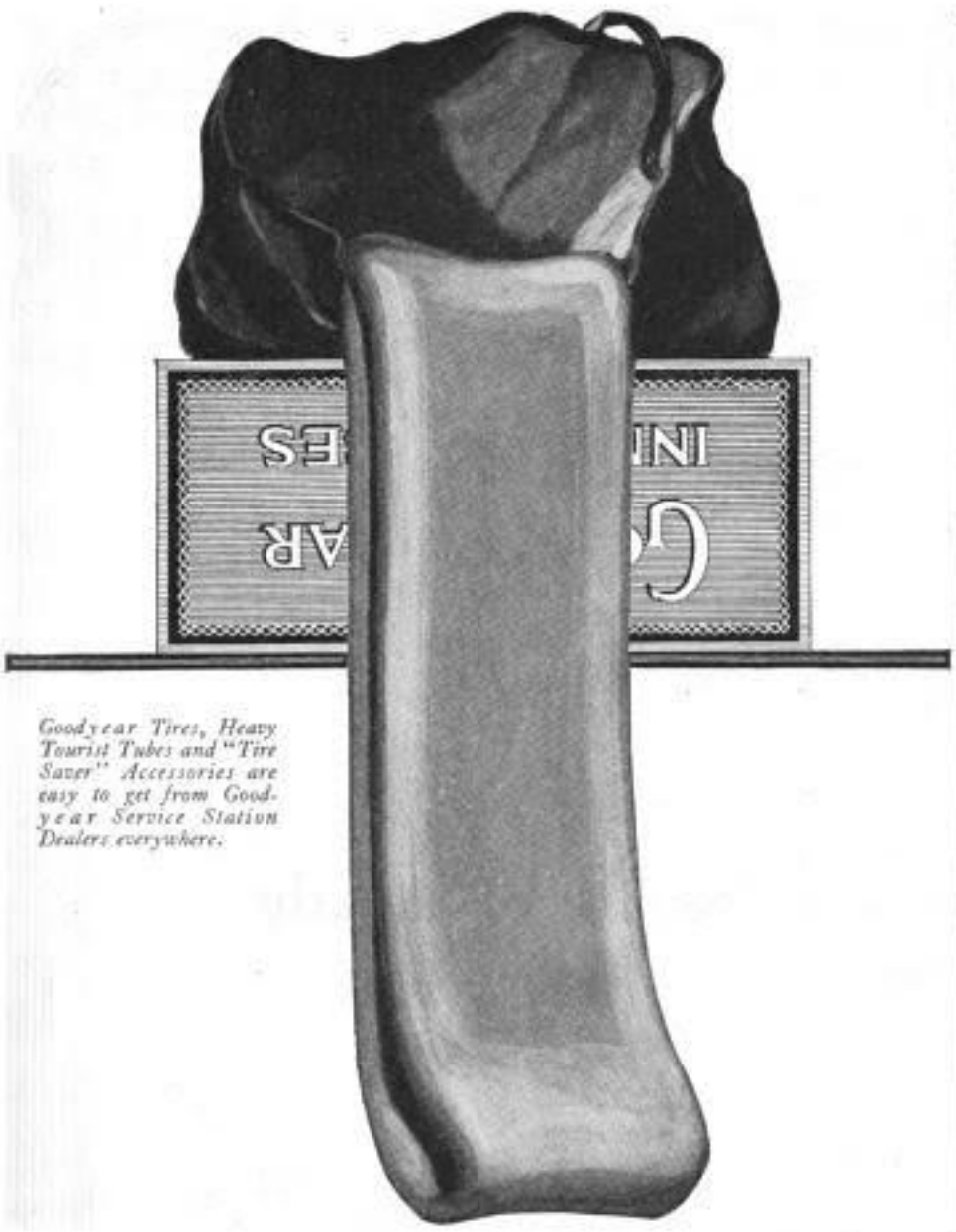
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The sorriest witness to the folly of using a poor inner tube in a good casing is the casing itself.

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Goodyear Tubes are unusually efficient. The Heavy Tourist type is particularly recommended for sustained and severe service.

Containing more material, it naturally is a little higher-priced—and *better*.

GOODYEAR
AKRON

(Continued from Page 35)

complication. After all, only abnormal people hold the sex tie to be stronger than the personal tie; most of us have at least one person of the other sex who is dearer than opinion, or even principle.

Experience, British labor leaders tell me, has shown that, in a pinch, the women workers stand by their unions rather than their sex. This question has come up again and again in the past ten years, when employers tried to "dilute" certain trades by the introduction of low-paid women. It was found almost invariably that the women already employed in the trade resisted the innovation, along with the men.

"They don't think of it abstractly, as we do," said a woman labor leader. "They look at it in the light of some concrete case. Maggie says: 'Ere's Bill, my brother-in-law, gettin' his thirty shillings. What's poor Nellie goin' to do if they begin to put in girls at twenty bob and get him out of his job? Not if I have to starve!'"

The future of the feminine element in labor is, however, even more complex than that. The necessities of the times have given employment at fair wages to thousands and hundreds of thousands of women with no real technical or trade training—mere stop-gaps, doing the work as best they can, but doing it badly. They will not relinquish their jobs without a struggle; and on this point I can do no better than quote the general remarks of a woman who keeps a large stenographic and typewriting establishment in the city.

I had great difficulty in getting stenography and typewriting done in London. Once, wishing to have a manuscript manifolded for the military censor, I found that not a single agency would promise me the work in less than a week. Stenography has never been so distinctively a woman's occupation with the British as with us, and probably nine-tenths of the male shorthand writers have been mobilized.

"We daren't let girls go out of the office to do work," said the manager, "for fear people will steal them from us. We had eight or ten girls—good ones—at the beginning of the war. In the early days, when no one knew what was going to happen, we made up our minds that we'd all stand and fall together. We didn't lay off the girls or reduce their salaries. And I must say they've been very loyal—they've stayed, even when offered big wages to leave. We've advanced their wages as the labor rates went up; but they've never once struck for a raise."

Complex Labor Problems

"But when the great demand came we had to increase our force—take anyone we could get. A lot of girls, without much general education and with four or five months' hasty instruction in a business school, came in. Some of them will never make good, with all the education in the world—they haven't the brains. We do the best we can with them. We have a list of instructions that we make them learn by heart—mostly answers to the questions which people are likely to ask them.

"One of these girls goes out. She comes back with her notes, and tries to transcribe them. She makes a dreadful mess of the letter—badly punctuated, misspelled, long or unusual words all wrong—that sort of thing, you know. I take the copy, puzzle out the real meaning, correct the spelling and punctuation, and have it all retyped. When the customer sees this workmanlike letter and remembers how intelligently the girl answered the questions, he sends for her, as like as not, and offers her a job at once and a half her salary with us. I laugh when I think what happens when the girl tries to work on her own!

"These girls will go, after the war, of course. But they won't be contented to go. They won't see any reason why they shouldn't have employment at the old high wages. They'll have the vote, or most of them will, by that time; and you're going to see them marching down the Strand with banners, demanding that the government shall give them back their jobs."

Against this class must be put the hundreds of thousands of women who have made good and shown their ability to compete with men. Nevertheless, the incompetent woman will be a problem.

Complexities grow even more complex when you consider that the question of the land will enter into the reconstruction of England, as it entered into the Liberal program before the war. France, with a



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slightly smaller population than England, has four million landholdings. England has less than three hundred thousand. An undue amount of the best English land is in parks and unproductive. The men who tilled the soil of England are typically renters or day laborers; whereas the French farmer is typically a landed proprietor. That, if the advanced program goes through, must change also.

Heavy taxation, through a graduated income tax, which must keep up for a generation after the war, will in itself return much land to peasant ownership.

A certain rich and titled Englishman, strolling across his private hunting park to play golf on his private links, made a gesture that included the whole gentle landscape, and remarked in the casual tone with which your Briton advances his most tragic statements:

"I enjoy it while I may; my class won't have this sort of thing for long."

Even the lords of the land see a new era dawning.

And, as if this were not all complex enough, there remains another factor: The British are not all one people: they are two or three peoples. Norman and Anglo-Saxon have more or less mixed, and have learned how to get along together. But there is the "Celtic fringe," in Ireland and Scotland. Their ways and habits of thought are not English ways and habits—least of all in Ireland. What would suit the English will not suit them.

A New Order of Things

Yet England is approaching this problem with the same sturdy pluck with which she approached the problem of turning a peaceful nation, generally ignorant of military affairs, into a militant nation. "We'll muddle through somehow," they said in 1914, showing a kind of ingenuous pride in their own national faults that slightly irritated the friendly alien. "We'll muddle through somehow," they still say, but more apologetically. One who saw the ridiculous blundering of 1914 found it hard to believe that they could reach national efficiency in war.

Within two years they have achieved that miracle. In military affairs they muddle no more. That new British Army, raised for the most part by a volunteer effort which makes ours of the Civil War look slight—that army, trained, coördinated, instructed, purged of its old stupidities—stands as the future hope of the Entente, as the French was its past hope.

Whatever needs to be done they will probably do, after a series of those apoplectic rages that characterize British public affairs. If their new industrial state resembles Socialism—that word which used to make the Conservative shiver!—they will not condemn it for the name.

Only one thing will I venture in the way of prophecy: The system will not be German in spirit—there will be no Germanization of England. The Briton can be made to stand for discipline, for self-effacement as part of a machine, when that becomes really necessary; but he does not like it, as does the German. He is an individual; he prefers to give that individuality all possible play.

Now to illustrate the greater by means of the smaller: Everyone who knows factory management, and views it broadly, is acquainted with certain establishments that work well, return profits, give a due share to labor, under one or another of the modern systems of scientific management, wherein everything fits as in a complicated machine. Yet he knows of others which laugh at such systems, yet which profit just as much.

Probably there are as many roads to efficiency as there are ways to heaven or stars in the sky. The British will find their own way—one which gives their individuality its play and still yields results.



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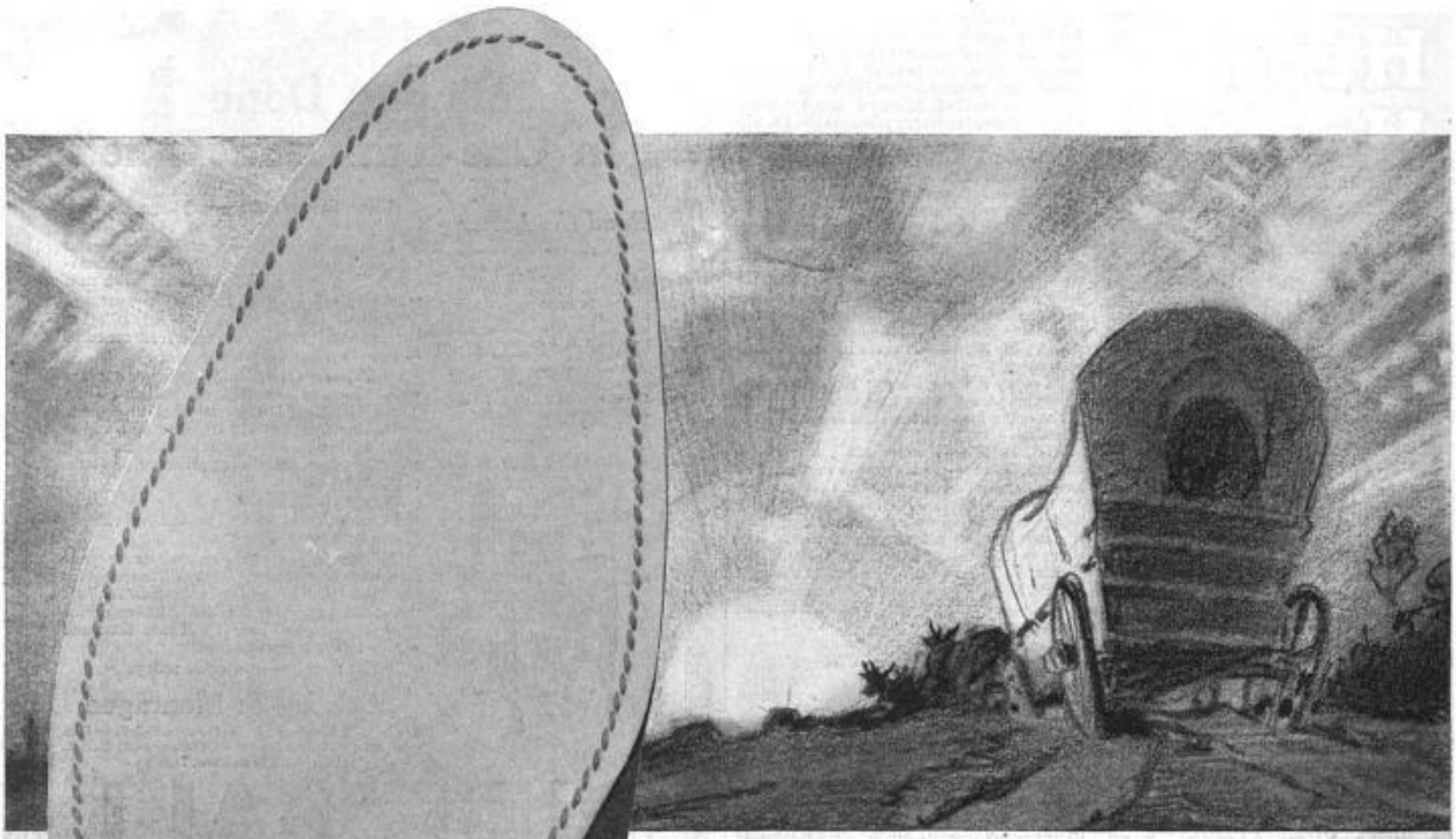
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For grown-ups and children

For new shoes—for new soles

As the Transcontinental Express is to the Old Prairie Schooner

THERE are two travel methods. One is old. Once it was prized, but its day is done. There is another, and it is new. It was born in the living time—today—born of the necessities of today for the modern men and women who live today.

There are two shoe-soles. One is of leather and is the product of an older time. It is not healthy for it is not waterproof; not foot-easy for it is not flexible; not economical for it will not wear.

There is another shoe-sole. It is not leather for it is the product of a generation that demands better than leather. It perfects every virtue leather has and possesses every virtue leather lacks.

That modern shoe-sole is called Neōlin—Neōlin, that scientific marvel balanced to a universal need.

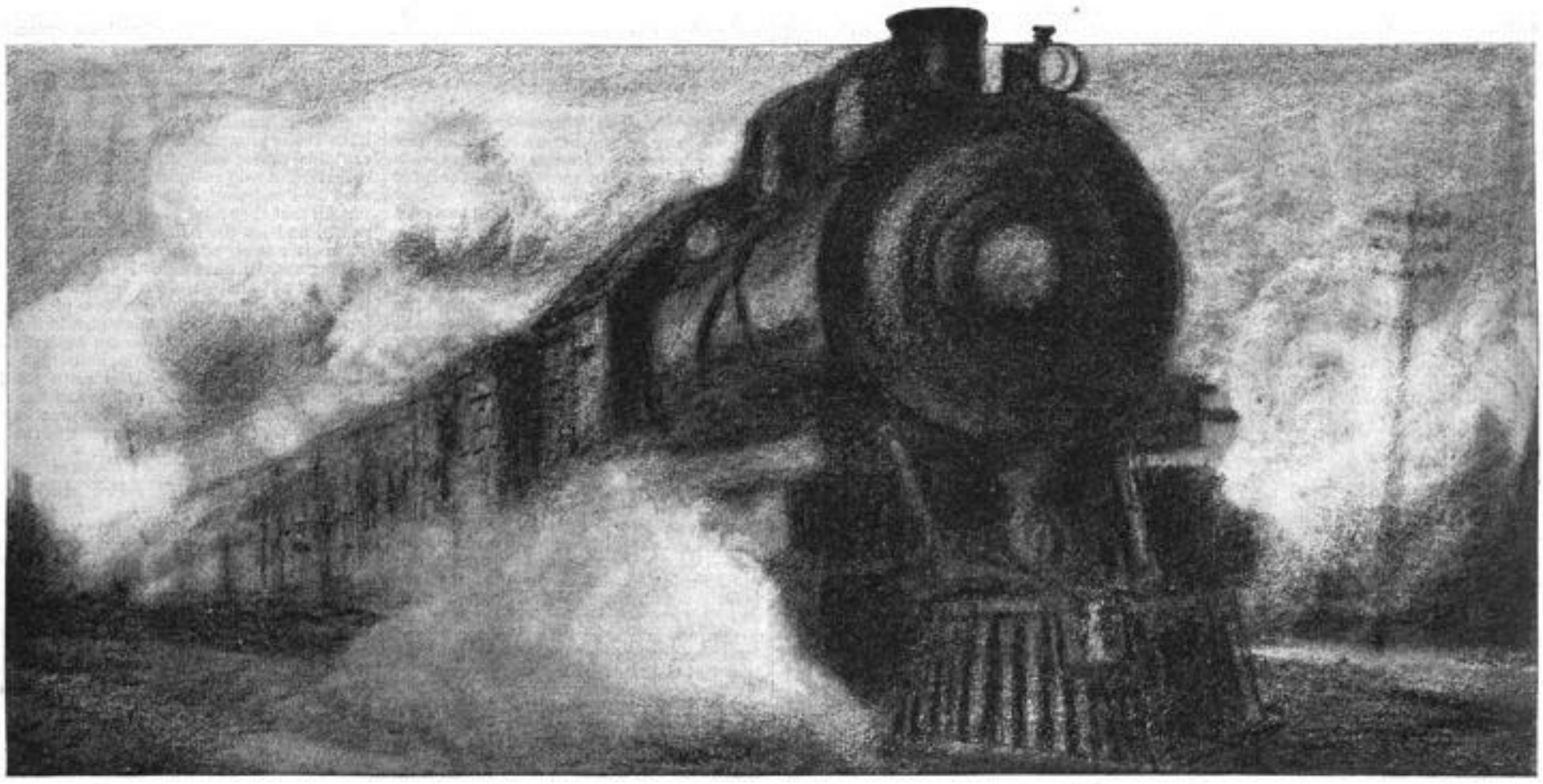
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Does *your* shoe-leather meet the problem of wear?

Neōlin has met it—yielding grim, invincible wear which has revolutionized men's conceptions of what sole-wear means.

Does your sole-leather meet the problem of foot comfort?

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So is Neōlin to the Leather Sole

Neōlin has met it with a flexibility that captains buoyancy and is soothing as chamois or the touch of a well-worn glove.

Does your shoe-leather meet the problem of foot health?

Neōlin has met it with a waterproof, snug-foot tread, secure against wet as a cocoon and winter-proof as waterproof.

But how can any material be all these things, you ask, and yet light and ground-gripping and fitting even for the highest grades of shoes?

Modern science has given Neōlin all these qualities—has given it *every* quality you can ask of a sole. And it is always the same on any price of shoe, whether for man, woman or child.

Ask for Neōlin with the accent on the "O." Ask for Neōlin of your dealer, who should have it, or will next time if you tell him you *must* have Neōlin. Also have it soled on old shoes in black, tan or white—it costs no more. And to avoid imitations—*mark* that mark; stamp it on your memory: Neōlin—

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of the lemon in slices or quarters makes hot tea more delicious and healthful. It is also an attractive garnish for meats, game and fish.



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The Rind
Use the rind of the lemon in making sauces and lemon catsup to serve with fish. Try delicious candied lemon peel. Also use the grated rind in lemon pie.

We are issuing an interesting illustrated booklet which tells how lemons lighten the labors of housekeeping, and we are sending copies without charge to those who answer this announcement. The book contains recipes for charming lemon dishes as well as labor-saving ideas.

Thousands of housewives, who have already received these booklets, now know new ways of short-cutting old methods and reducing household expense. They have found lemons to be the most economical as well as the most useful fruit.

Every housewife should learn all the facts about lemons. Just say "send your book," on a postal card, giving your name and address—also the name and address of your dealer.

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Uniformly Good Lemons

Lemons are healthful. Sunkist Lemons are juicy, tart and practically seedless. They are mechanically washed until bright and waxy and are sent to your dealer in clean, crisp tissue wrappers.

Sunkist come in several different sizes at the same prices asked for ordinary lemons. Write today for the Sunkist Lemon booklet.

California Fruit Growers Exchange
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Even The Wrapper
in which Sunkist Lemons are sold is valuable because of the recipe printed thereon. Ask your dealer to send your Sunkist Lemons wrapped. The Sunkist wrapper is an assurance of receiving uniformly good lemons.

"Lemons for Usefulness"

THE SPENDTHRIFT INVASION

(Continued from Page 4)

ridiculous for anyone even to consider entering most of the cabarets this winter without leaving all thought of expense behind. Only a flushed carnival crowd that had cast away every consideration but a good time would permit the imposition which the horde in the metropolis accepts with a careless grin.

Practically all of the big cabarets now levy in one form or another an admission fee. These charges vary from seventy-five cents to two dollars. In some cases the sum is paid at the door; in others it is merely added to the patron's check. Thus two men and a woman, upon entering one of these places upon an evening not long since, were led to a table by the head waiter. The party all ordered horse's necks—ginger ale and lemon peel. Not a word was said about the "cover" charge, as it is termed. The check in due course came and it was precisely seven-fifty—two dollars per person to start with and fifty cents apiece for the drinks. The guests inquired if the cover fee would be omitted in case food or wine had been ordered.

"No," replied the head waiter, "not if your check were a hundred dollars."

But the admission fees are only the beginnings. Once within any of the great cabarets of New York, one encounters a scale of prices which only a demand vastly exceeding supply could make possible. For example, eggs, which in various forms have become the almost universal supper dish of the city, are invariably at least a dollar a portion, and a portion is never served for more than one. Cocktails range from twenty-five to forty cents, champagne from six-fifty to seven-fifty a bottle. Rolls and butter are commonly twenty-five cents a person and small cups of black coffee a quarter each. There are plenty of fat purses to stand this sort of thing, and the cabarets can this season successfully take the position that those who object to their charges may stay away.

One marvels not so much that the public accepts cheerfully the unprecedented prices, but that it unmurmuringly puts up with some of the palpable tricks of the night-life conductors to extract in addition other forms of toll. There is one establishment, enormously patronized, which early in the season hit upon an expedient which has brought a rich return. This establishment is conducted upon two different floors. Upon the lower floor is a sort of combination lounge and supper room; upon the upper floor the dancing takes place. Shortly before eleven in the evening the lower floor is thrown open; the upper floor remains rigidly closed until the stroke of twelve.

The Check-Room Nuisance

At a little after eleven the theaters are out and the lower room begins to fill with people awaiting midnight; and during the forty-five minutes or an hour before the opening of the upper room the management assures itself a very tidy extra profit by a cover charge of seventy-five cents a person unless food, at the usual extravagant rates, is ordered. If one does have supper there in the lower room before midnight, it is only a preliminary to the real supper festivities of the night, which will come between two and four o'clock above. If one remembers the fact that stomachs are not indestructible, here is an entirely typical New York tax upon prudence.

The check-room nuisance manifests itself more flagrantly than ever. The dodge of separate coatrooms or ladies' room for everyone in the party has been resorted to everywhere and amounts to nothing more nor less than an added admission fee of twenty-five cents per person; for you will be made to feel that you do not belong if your tip, upon presentation of the individual check you have received, is not a quarter at the minimum. Then, too, there is that threadbare old device of the flower girl, who with her best smile brazenly plants a *boutonnière* on a man's coat lapel and holds out a cluster of two or three roses to the woman he has with him. The trick, when it works, generally brings two or three dollars. However, such is the spirit of New York's stranger horde that the very establishments which are the boldest in their extortions are also the ones to which the vast nightly throngs most eagerly flock. Thousands of close-fisted business men who have never paid a grocer's bill without adding it twice seem in a mad rush to offer themselves victims to various forms of the big city's cupidity.

The practice of tipping head waiters and captains in addition to the ordinary waiters has, like everything else, also run riot this year. Again it is the stranger who is primarily responsible. Not being known, he ingratiates himself at the plush ropes with a bill. It has grown so that head waiters and captains expect solid tips as a matter of course. They do not maneuver for them as they used to, because it is unnecessary to do so. All that they have to do is to stand still, smirk, and let their bank accounts grow. There is not so much of the sensational tipping as there once was. Hundred-dollar bills are not slipped often any more, but there is an almost unbroken flow of fives, tens and twenties. Far more people than formerly tip, but they tip more modestly. The other night a head waiter, standing by the door of a cabaret, bowed out ten parties; something passed into his palm from some one member of six of them. It is a practical certainty that in not one instance was that something less than five dollars.

Yellow-Backed Tips Preferred

There is a tipping story current in New York this year which concerns a gentleman and a checkroom boy. The man, who has greeted his share of tardy sunrises this season in cabarets, had completed one particular evening's festivities, and flushed with wine, prosperity and dancing, discovered, upon presenting his hat and coat check, that he had nothing left in his clothes save some large bills.

"Boy," he said to the attendant—who really was not a boy at all but a thoroughly astute young business man with a wife, several children and a small car of his own up somewhere in the Bronx—"I'm short in change to-night. But never mind, I tell you what you do: Buy ——" And he whispered the name of a copper stock. Any number of those nimble youths who ease luxurious individuals out of and into overcoats can slip into the market at any time with four or five thousand dollars. This one could. He plunged, and the proceeds of the happy accident of the missing quarter or half dollar, or whatever it might have been, were sufficient to set the young man up in a business on his own account.

Of course stock-market tips are no new form of compensating head waiters, waiters, and the like. There was a time when nearly one guest in ten had some bit of confidential information that he was willing to impart to his favorites among those who served him. There are many such now; but, generally speaking, speculative advice in lieu of cash is at a discount among the shrewdest employees of hotels and restaurants. In the past too many "good things" have gone astray for the canny servitors to gamble their takings on every hint that is offered on how to make a fortune. As a class they now prefer a yellowback every time, and, as has been observed, expect to get it, which adds to the general expense of the gay life in New York.

But it is not alone in the charges of restaurants and cabarets that the roistering thousands have raised havoc. Theater tickets, for example, have become a prohibitive luxury for the average man, and in New York may cost almost anything this winter. Upon one occasion, after the season had got well under way, an attempt was made on a Friday to buy orchestra seats for the next Saturday night for any one of the ten best-drawing attractions in the city. To begin with, it seemed that all tickets had got into the hands of speculators; also that the speculators had already disposed of the bulk of their supplies; and, thirdly, that such left-over, none-too-good seats as they still had could not be obtained for less than fifteen dollars apiece. There was a particular rush at the time this attempt was made; but, nevertheless, under conditions normal to this year the good seats for successful productions cannot prevallingly be secured for less than five dollars apiece, and the best seats are usually half as much again, mounting higher toward the end of any week.

What it all comes to is that people from all over America have this winter swarmed to New York in such numbers, with such fat purses and so bent upon pleasure, that a not inordinate evening—an evening in

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which little, or perhaps no, wine is purchased—now means an expenditure for three or four persons of from fifty to a hundred dollars, and night after night thousands of persons are spending such sums and more for their gayeties. However, it is not these people, composing the affluent army of invasion, who are doing, except in the aggregate, the sensational disbursing of the winter. As always, the excesses of individual extravagance are committed, not by a great mass made carefree and jubilant by general prosperity, but for the most part by that group, relatively small, to which boom times have brought large, sudden wealth. Seemingly there has never been so great a contingent of overnight millionaires as there are now and, exploring round the city, one gathers many tales of their feats of spending.

One man, a munitions millionaire who had come to the city for the winter, became bored with the congested conditions of his hotel and decided that he would fit himself up a city apartment. Accordingly he secured one at an annual rental of eighteen thousand dollars, and then proceeded to spend eighteen thousand more in having the interior woodwork altered to suit his taste. The changes which he made, such as the erecting of a carved mantelpiece, all became a part of the building, and hence improvements to which he could have no claim at the expiration of the lease.

A fond mother from the Middle West, whose husband not many years ago wore overalls but whose income has recently become troublesomely large, arrived in the city to do her fall shopping for three small children. Among what she conceived to be their requirements was an outfit of linen for each. She visited one of the smart linen shops on Fifth Avenue, and in a single afternoon her purchases of linen for her three children amounted to more than seventeen thousand dollars. Each child was equipped with bibs that cost twenty-five dollars apiece. Whether or not that is extravagance is a question which everyone may settle individually. The man's income is computed at one hundred thousand dollars a week, and, incidentally, you would not recognize his name if it were given.

Early in the season a music hall, built upon a new scale of magnificence and representing a huge investment, was opened. The initial performance was a big event to a certain class. Speculators got hold of many of the best seats and played them very close to the chest until the first night was almost upon them. A new munitions millionaire, whose evident ambition is to become a Broadway figure, arrived in the city only the day before the première. There was nothing to it but that he and a party of friends must witness the next evening's production, and he started upon a hunt for six seats "down front." He finally secured them at one hundred dollars apiece.

A Simple Way to Shop

Last year those incredibly rich South Americans, who before the war had always made an annual pilgrimage for several months to Paris, became a definite factor in New York life. Added to this group there are this year a large number of Cubans who have grown fabulously rich through the rise in price of sugar. Like the South Americans, they arrive with their wives and relatives and troops of children and nurses and maids, hire vast suites at a hundred dollars a day, buy automobiles for use during the period of their visits, and roam the shops, paying prodigious sums for enormous quantities of everything that takes their eyes.

The manager of one of the city's Babylonian ten-million-dollar hotels told of a woman who had set a new high point for that particular establishment in the matter of credits. She had come on from the West to do a week's shopping. The management had had her as a guest before and had known her for some years as a trustworthy person of moderate means but not of conspicuous wealth. The day after her arrival bills to the amount of a thousand dollars for C.O.D. purchases by the woman were presented at the cashier's desk. The woman had made no deposit and had not requested the management to make payments for her. Nevertheless, the bills were met.

Upon the following day goods to the value of several thousand dollars more were delivered. Although it was an unusual proceeding, the hotel believed that the guest realized what she was doing, and paid. The third day brought another heavy consignment, and there began to be anxiety. Meanwhile the woman was going about her affairs in the most ordinary manner, apparently entirely unconscious that some sort of explanation might be in order. The third lot was paid for, but when a fourth lot arrived the manager began telegraphing West for information. Word came back that the woman's husband was practically unlimitedly good, that during the last year he had become many times a millionaire, and that there was no reason why the guest should not have all the credit she wanted. Before her departure the hotel had paid for C.O.D. packages to the amount of fifteen thousand dollars.

As a simple matter of course and convenience the woman had adopted that method of doing her shopping.

The present writer was in the office of another manager when the telephone rang.

"Yes—yes, sir," said the manager over the wire, and there was a pause until: "Sixteen covers, you say, for dinner, and a quart of champagne at each place when the party arrives. Very good, sir."

The manager hung up his receiver, and after he had scribbled a memorandum turned about with a smile.

"The man who gave that order," he said, "is a broker. Three years ago he was so hard up that he got a job here in the city as a professional cabaret dancer. He kept himself alive in that way until the market came back. He's making up for lost time now. That champagne he's having served is seven-fifty a quart, and it's not unlikely that there'll be another sixteen bottles opened before the dinner's over."

What Can a Poor New Yorker Do?

There is any amount of that kind of thing going on in New York this winter; but, nevertheless, it is not the man or woman gone mad with sudden riches, but the stupendous crowd, drunk with prosperity, that is giving the city its present essential character. And this crowd has done much more than make the night life more riotous and costly than it has ever been. It has given the shops the heaviest season that they have ever had; it has forced upon the town, to the exclusion of many legitimate plays, an unparalleled number of musical comedies of the kind that are rarely seen in the smaller cities—gigantic productions, with marvelous processions of scantily clad choruses, and comedians and dancers without count; it has impelled a sudden rush of capital into the hotel business so that New York will have next year, among other new hotel structures, a fifteen-million-dollar, thousand-room hostelry. But most of all, this crowd has made the New York spectacle of this winter possible.

New York, in its glitter and noise and movement, is more a spectacle than it has ever been. No one picture can sum it up or adequately epitomize the spirit of the town.

None of the episodes related penetrates to the gist of the matter. Somehow it seems that, if one is in search of true significances, there is nothing more noteworthy than a picture of what the evening of the average, every-day New Yorker has come to be. By the average New Yorker is meant the man who would be affluent, even rich, in any other community in the world. Where is he while this mad, riotous, moneyed whirl is in progress all about him? Jostled to one side by the crowds, left gasping by the cost of town pleasure conducted upon a spendthrift carnival scale, he has been reduced to that for which he has long chided his provincial cousin.

The rest of America has seized New York. It is theirs and they are turning it to their own uses, and the proud resident of the metropolis is the real stranger in the strange land.

He no longer either dares or has a chance to approach his own fleshpots. And so take as a final picture the ordinary New Yorker, the gay, ever-diverted person whom he has so long boasted of being, and observe him at nine o'clock of any evening stretch himself, yawn and creep to bed. That's what the invasion has done to him.



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WARD EIGHTY-THREE

(Continued from Page 15)

"Don't stop to do him now," said Miss Ransome, approaching the bed. "He's just been brought in and is going up for operation. You can make his bed while he is away. Look at those feet!" she exclaimed, pointing.

I looked. Beneath the caked and dried blood from his wounds the mud of the Somme was ground into his skin until it was blackened as if from powder.

"Some of them are worse than that!" said she. "Last week there came in to us a little *poilu*, straight from the first-line trenches of Verdun. How long he had been without a wash even he himself did not know. The doctor gave one long-range sniff and said hastily: 'Send him to the baths!' It seemed, however, that he was not acquainted with baths—at least not in the 'all-together' and in an American bathtub; for the attendants said that he fought like a wild cat—and when he came back he was crying! He had faced the cannon at Verdun; he had been smashed to pieces by a shell, and had his leg cut off up to his thigh with only a local anæsthetic without flinching; but he wept with fear at sight of an American bath and demanded to be sent back to the trenches!"

The bedmaking went on, somewhat raggedly to be sure, for on those first days I was obsessed by an absurd and fantastic fear that sometime when I pulled away the drawsheet I should pull away also a mangled leg upon it. There was one bed, however, which I grew to enjoy making, and that was the bed of Grandpère—fat, dirty, profane, cross-grained, whimsical old Grandpère. He was notorious in the ward as a grouch. Claudius declared that he had been jilted in love and had had the "black butterflies" ever since. He was what is known as an endless-chain smoker. He lighted one cigarette from the end of another and kept going the entire day through, with the result that his *chemise* front was always full of little burnt holes and powdered thick with ashes.

Nor was his bed much better. One swept out of it each morning aluminum filings, chunks of bread, apple parings, handkerchiefs, books, nutshells, letters, as well as innumerable little pillows and pads with which Grandpère combated the hated "currents of air" from the open windows. The fact was, he got no peace day or night from a badly infected leg, and sometimes he was hard driven for diversion.

Grandpa and the Old Machine Gun

Between him and a certain substitute nurse in the ward there existed a violent and mutual antipathy. She was an excellent nurse professionally, but hard, brusque in manner, and without a single word of French to build a bridge of sympathy between herself and her patients, among whom she was known as the old *mitrailleuse*. Between her and Grandpère was waged a fierce battle each morning over the making of his bed. She lectured him roundly in English for his untidiness, and Grandpère retorted volubly in French, with a vocabulary that would have enchanted a cowpuncher. She was displeased with the state of his *chemises*, and Grandpère was highly displeased with her displeasure.

"What is she saying, the old *mitrailleuse?*" he would whisper to me, his little gray eyes gleaming with mischievous humor. "Why has she always the great anger?"

"She says you smoke too much—that your bed is full of trash."

"But, *mon Dieu*, that is my sole distraction! And what else?"

"She says you burn holes in your *chemise* and that it is always covered with ashes."

"But—my word!—does she know nothing, then, of the laws of Nature—the old Anglaise!—that ashes always tumble downward, not upward; and that fire always burns? Can I make the ashes go upward into the air? I am not God. I am only a Frenchman."

An hour later he would beckon me secretly over to his side, point to a fresh perforation of his *chemise*, a fresh sprinkling of ashes, and whisper gleefully:

"Tell the old *mitrailleuse* to come and sweep me out again!"

He enjoyed the encounters! And as they were, indeed, his sole distraction through weary days, I sometimes humored him.

The dressings, meantime, continued, with their unceasing accompaniment of groans and cries of "*Doucement!*" A young surgeon told me that *doucement* was the first French word he acquired; and undeniably it is the word oftenest heard during the dressings period. This does not signify that the patients are, as a rule, given to outcry. On the contrary, these young Frenchmen endure the intensest pain with a kind of smiling white fortitude that brings a furtive tear to the eye.

Let me take, for example, the demeanors of the three whose beds are on a little sleeping porch on the terrace—Claudius, François, Emile. Their being on the terrace carries its own significant hint of special weakness. Of these three, Claudius, when under extreme stress, shuts tightly his one eye, thrusts his knuckles into his mouth and bites them until they bleed. If the pain has shaken him unendurably, when the doctor and the nurses depart he puts a pillow over his face and weeps into it silently.

François, on the other hand, an idyllically handsome aristocratic youth of twenty-one, with a smashed arm and leg, takes an opposite course. He looks his pain squarely in the face, as if it were an adversary, with an assumption of nonchalant scorn. Under a particularly painful dressing or probe his eyes grow steely and narrow, while his lips under the little golden mustache begin to smile sternly. As the pain increases, that smile becomes more distinct, more contemptuous and challenging. I have a notion that secretly François loves pain for the opportunity it affords him to test the fine unblunted steel of his young courage.

French Views of Germans

Emile, a Breton lad of twenty-two, with a ball through his lungs, has a different reaction. He hoists himself painfully up in bed, stares out upon the garden with his mystical blue eyes, coughs, winces; and at the end he lays himself down again, gasping, and says gently, "Sank you, mees!" That is all, a soft "Sank you, mees!" spoken in English to please me! Of those three reactions Emile's is the hardest to bear.

In lively contrast to these is the conduct of Grandpère. Grandpère no longer has any romantic illusions to sustain, no youthful reticences. The first article in his creed is that if you suffer pain you should yell. If it makes you feel better, begin to yell beforehand. And curse! Use all the powers of protest the good God has given you. Accordingly from the first to the last moment of a dressing he lets himself out, so to speak, and the entire ward chuckles over his choice list of epithets.

But, despite the amount of concentrated pain that it holds, the big airy ward is much more a place of laughter than of depression and gloom. When the dressings are finished, and the aftermath of painful throbbing has died down, the natural life and vivacity of fifty Frenchmen reassert themselves. They banter and chaff each other and discuss every discussible or undiscussible subject under the sun. Naturally the present struggle comes in for the lion's share of debate; nor is the feeling concerning it by any means unanimous. In that small bedfast community are ardent imperialists, conservatives, radicals, syndicalists and philosophic anarchists; and each one of them takes a hack at the great conflict from his own angle of vision. Nor have they within them the hate for the German that seems to animate some of the spectators on the side lines. At any rate he is not a monster; in fact, one was forced to believe from their many stories of good will that the average German was really almost human!

"What do you think of the Germans?" a young soldier asked me suddenly one day as I was taking his temperature.

"Their methods, you mean? I thought there were no two opinions on that."

"Very well!" he retorted. "Then you take the French side and I'll take the German side, and we'll discuss the subject. Begin, if you please."

"No; you begin!" I said, rather curious to hear what a wounded Frenchman would have to say in defense of his foe.

He talked for ten minutes, brilliantly, earnestly, caustically, holding the thermometer like a cigarette in one corner of his mouth; and at the end of that time he had proved not indeed that the Germans were right, but that war itself was so intrinsically degrading and hellish—despite what

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romanticists might say to the contrary of its elevating spiritual effect on the soul—that it exerted a debasing influence on whoever engaged in it, be he German, French, English, Russian or American.

"War is a rotten business for the individual," he wound up soberly. "And don't let them sidetrack you by saying it's the Germans. They're not monsters. It's war itself that's the monster. It's a bad microbe. A mean little soul it poisons, and a big soul it poisons also. The physical wounds—like this," he touched his bandaged shoulder—"you can see. The wounds on the soul are invisible. But, believe me, they exist just the same, and are even more ghastly. I know!" And he handed back the thermometer with a smile.

The real word-battles, however, take place between themselves. Sometimes an argument lasts for weeks, and they have a go at it every fine afternoon, wrestling with each other like the conversational experts they are. Sometimes it is only a brief but hot dispute. It was one of the latter that took place about a month after my arrival, between François and Claudius. That particular afternoon a concert was impending. It was to be given in the garden by a crack Belgian military band, and programs had just been handed round.

Claudius looked over his card and I saw his expressive face darken.

"The Marseillaise isn't down!" he exclaimed. "If they haven't the courtesy to play the French national air to wounded French soldiers in a French military hospital, I, for one, shall not listen to their old concert. I shall sleep!"

Saying which, he scornfully tossed the program over into the garden and composed himself for slumber. But François, who was feeling gay that day, could not permit such a remark to pass.

"I don't think so highly of that Marseillaise!" he remarked languidly, but with the light of battle in his eyes. "It's not a good song. On the contrary, it's a very bad song."

Claudius' one eye popped wide open. He fairly leaped into the combat.

"What!" he exclaimed, flushing with anger. "You say the Marseillaise is not a good song? You say this is not good?" And, propping himself up on one elbow, his eye still blazing, he chanted the immortal battle cry:

"'Aux armes, citoyens!
Formez vos bataillons!
Marchons! Marchons!
Qu'un sang impur,
Abreuve nos sillons.'

"Voilà!" cried Claudius, his voice shaky with emotion. "You dare to say that is not a good song?"

"Ah, the music's all right," admitted François loftily. "It's the words."

"And what's the matter with the words? Why aren't they good?"

"Why?" said François coolly. "Because they incite to carnage! *'Formez vos bataillons!'* But what for? To kill somebody! No, no; such words are not good."

The irrefutable logic of this, Claudius chose to ignore.

"You are not a true Frenchman," he declared scornfully.

The Admirable Clarice

François began to smile—the cold distinct smile of the dressings hour. He glanced round for a weapon. A cup of wine stood on his bedside table. His fingers closed round it.

"Say that again!" he remarked pleasantly.

Claudius' hand had likewise gripped his wineglass. Of the two he was much more passionate. He glared hardily and began:

"You're not a ——"

The head nurse appeared opportunely on the threshold.

"François," she said severely, "you know you mustn't drink that wine when you're going up for operation!"

François looked at the nurse, at me, at the wine in his cup, and from thence to Claudius, who by now was grinning broadly.

"I wasn't going to drink it," he observed mildly. "I was going to give it to the *camarade*, there!"

And he proffered it gravely to Claudius, who drank it down with equal politeness; then suddenly both of them tumbled back on their pillows and went off into boyish little yips of laughter under the startled eyes of the nurse. And, to finish off the episode, the Belgian band really played the Marseillaise after all.

The first few weeks I was in the ward we were enlivened each morning by the performance of Clarice. Clarice was a hen; and every day, at precisely ten o'clock, she laid an egg. It happened in this way: There was a young one-armed soldier, an opera singer before the war, who, for the amusement of his companions, would lie upon his bed and with his voice conjure all the animals of the farmyard into lively existence. The deep growl of the watchdog, the grunting of a pig, the whickering of horses down in the meadow, the lordly crow of the cock, the busy cackling of the hen—he reproduced them all with startling realism. The hen, in particular, he loved to delineate.

The sound would start suddenly under one of the hospital beds—the low Tuck-tuck, tuck-a-tuck! of a hen talking softly to herself as she scratched in the hay.

"Sh! It's Clarice! She's going to lay an egg!" somebody would cry; and all the ward held its breath during the operation.

After a period of soft clucking—Tuck-tuck, tuck-tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck!—which Clarice required to dispose herself suitably and discreetly upon her nest, a profound silence ensued. Clarice was laying her egg! The men lay perfectly still, smiling expectantly, glancing now and again at the clock. The hush was absolute. It was Clarice's moment.

Presently a loud, triumphant cackle issued forth: Tuck-tuck, tuck-a-tuck, tuck-tuck, tuck-a-tuck! The egg was an accomplished fact. And Clarice, her proud duty done, flew straight to her lord and master, who added his crow of patronizing approbation. The illusion of the performance was perfect, and little Clarice was a source of great delight to the men, who built round her all sorts of romances.

"That's our little Clarice!" Emile explained to me the first time I heard her. "But she is admirable, that Clarice! She lays an egg each morning; and we give it to a sick *camarade* for his *déjeuner!*"

When the Post Arrives

By the time the beds are made, clean bandages adjusted, vacant beds disinfected, the individual tables scrubbed and hot drinks fetched from the diet kitchen, the day is well under way. The dressings, meantime, proceed steadily down the ward. Sometimes, after a new offensive, when the big war hospital has received a fresh influx of the wounded, and every bed contains a battered wreck, these dressings fill the entire morning and continue straight through the afternoon.

Those are trying days for heart and head and feet. Through all the hours the busy stream of traffic flows constantly through this, the heaviest ward. There are men going up to operations on stretchers; men coming down from operations, unconscious, on stretchers; men being discharged, with their meager little sack of possessions, also on stretchers. Good-bys are shouted—"*Bon voyage!*" "All aboard!" "*En voiture!*" Or the orderly enters with a batch of letters—letters from home.

"Simondon!" he bawls cheerily.

"Present!"

"Girod!"

"Present!"

"Coussin!"

"Discharged!" a voice volunteers.

"Morel! . . . Morel! . . . Morel?"

"Give me that letter," says the head nurse quietly, for Morel cannot receive it; Morel is dead.

At about half past ten, when the ward is in fair order, and the *blessés* under their fresh linen look like rows of good children in bed, the *médecin chef*, or chief surgeon, makes his rounds. As he approaches a bed its occupant salutes, and then listens with intense concentration to the strange English jargon of the ward doctor, who is making his daily report. Perhaps he catches the word "operation"—which every soldier knows. After the surgeon has passed he beckons and whispers eagerly:

"What did he say? What did the *médecin chef* say? Operation?"

I nod.

"Only a little one. But no lunch to-day. No good *pinard!*"

Pinard is the trench slang for wine, corresponding to the English "booze." That word, upon my lips, will nearly bring a laugh from a *poilu*. But no laugh greets me this time. He sinks back upon his pillow, a little white and very quiet. The day has suddenly lost its color for him.

(Concluded on Page 48)

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"Wear-Ever" utensils are made without seams from thick, hard sheet metal—they cannot break, chip, or rust—are pure and safe.

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"

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Send prepaid, 1-qt. "Wear-Ever" Stewpan. Enclosed is 30c in stamps or coin—to be refunded if not satisfied. Offer good until February 20th, 1917, only.

Name_____

Address_____

(Concluded from Page 46)

After the great *médecin chef*—or God, as he is irreverently termed in the ward—has departed, with his halo of dread, *déjeuner* is the next important feature of the day. Serving a community of fifty a three-course meal—soup, meat and vegetables, and dessert—is a man-size proposition. Serving it on bed tables, often cutting up the food and feeding the armless patients, further complicates the task. The first day I completely lost my head. My clamorous young brood, nine of whom were under twenty-two, reminded me of nothing so much as a nestful of yawping baby robins waiting to be fed.

It was: "Look out for my leg, mees!" "More bread, mees!" "My *serviette*, mees!" "Have you forgotten me, mees?" "My God, my soup's tipped into my bed! I'm afloat, mees!" And all in a rapid bubble of French that made my head spin. At last, in sheer desperation, I addressed them in the American language: "You darned kids—shut up!" As was usual in those first days, it was old Justin who came to my aid and disentangled me.

The patients' *déjeuner* over, the *auxiliaires* have three-quarters of an hour off for their own, which they may get at the hospital or at some of the neighboring *pâtisseries*. As for me, that first day I choked down a few mouthfuls and then retired to the *vestiaire* to rest my feet.

The afternoon was cut off the same piece of cloth as the morning—more beds, more dressings, more bandages, more high shrill cries, more gayety and laughter. But about four o'clock in the afternoon something began to happen. It began to happen in bed Number Ten. Its occupant, a handsome dark lad of eighteen, had a gangrenous arm, the sight of which, with its deep gashes to let out the poison, turned one faint with horror. All the morning, at intervals, I had held a basin while he retched, or fetched hot-water bottles.

About four o'clock he began to babble of his mother, his brothers and sisters, and his home in the country. He laughed, chatted, cried out "*Maman!*" repeatedly, and tried to rise to go to her. Presently it was found necessary to strap his supple, strong young body to the mattress. At this time I had not the faintest notion that he was already in the antechamber of death, so alive he was, so palpitant with restless energy.

Suddenly he lay still. I had turned to get another hot-water bottle. "Never mind!" said the nurse, and at some quality in her voice I paused, startled, and looked again. He was gone. His passing had been as light and unpretentious as a breath of air through the open window.

After he was carried out I disinfected his bed and made it afresh, in a strange confusion of soul. Thus I had my first glimpse of that vast, interminable procession which must haunt the dreams of ambitious kings.

The Charge of Sergeant Girod

As yet, I have been to no battlefronts. I have letters, to be sure, which if presented in the proper quarters, I am told, would result in personally conducted trips to lines not engaged in an actual offensive. But those letters still lie, unsent, in my trunk. I may use them some day. But at present there is within me a reluctance to visiting ruins and battlefields. Perhaps it is because I have seen so many ruins who have returned from those battlefields.

Moreover, I have already been to the Front and I have made a charge. It was a hand-grenade charge, under the leadership of one Sergeant Girod, who since then has been awarded the Croix de Guerre. The announcement of the award reads, "For conspicuous bravery in leading a brilliant hand-grenade attack against the enemy while under fire from our own *mitrailleuses*." I know it was a brilliant attack, for I made it with him. It happened in this way:

It was six o'clock in the evening, and the big *salle*, with its forest of overhead apparatus, was wrapped in warm darkness, through which the bright, glowing ends of cigarettes bloomed like tiny stars. The electricity was out of order and the sole lights—two tall candles on the head nurse's desk in the middle of the room, with their straight still flames—lent an air of enchantment to the place. The men, their suppers over, lay smoking tranquilly, or chatted in undertones. To me it was the pleasantest hour of the day. I had lingered to make up another bed, the occupant for which, a fresh arrival, had not yet come down from the operating room.

"Can you stay a few minutes?" called the head nurse as she hurried past me. "I am called away; the nurses are down at first supper, and someone should be here when your man arrives."

I promised to remain. A few minutes later the big double rear doors were flung open and a dark jumbled mass appeared. The same instant a loud shout shattered the quiet gloom:

"*En avant, mes enfants! Vive la France! En avant! Toujours en avant! Ils approchent! Les Boches! Les infidels! Les brigands! Ils approchent à gauche! Regardez à gauche! A gauche!*—They're approaching on the left! Look out on the left!—*En avant, mes enfants! Toujours en avant!*"

It was a shout that would send a thrill along a dead man's spine. A ripple of laughter went round the room. Raised heads peered eagerly. The *brancardiers* came forward, two wheeling the stretcher and two more holding down the occupant, who was struggling convulsively to raise himself and shouting hoarse commands in a voice that could be heard a block away.

"Where does he go, mees?" came Justin's steady tones.

"Here—Bed Eight."

"*En avant! En avant, mes enfants! Regardez à gauche! A gauche! Ils approchent à gauche! Les Boches, ils approchent!*" The hoarse shouts did not cease for an instant.

The Night Attack

"He's leading a charge," said Justin, grimly pleased, as they paused beside me. "Hand grenades! He's a terrible fellow. He killed ten Boches coming down the stairs!"

Then, all together, with a "*Un, deux, trois—Allez!*" the four lifted him from the stretcher into bed.

He was a powerfully built man, fair, with blue eyes and a blond mustache, and his *chemise*, torn away in the struggle, revealed a torso that gleamed like ivory. Suddenly he looked up and gripped me with a hand of iron.

"*Criez avec moi: 'Vive la France!'*"

"*Vive la France!*" I repeated in a low voice, to soothe him.

"Louder! Shout louder: *Vive la France!*"

"*Vive la France!*" I said more loudly. "Lie still now. It's over. The attack is finished."

"And the Boches?" he queried eagerly. "They are gone?"

"All gone."

"No, no!" he cried violently, trying to rise. "They're not gone! They're still coming on! My God, see them! Wave on wave! *Regardez à gauche, mes enfants! Les Boches! Les brigands!* Ah, my poor comrades!" he murmured. "See them fall!" He turned to me, whom evidently he took for one of his grenadiers: "Citronne went down just then. Did you see him? Was he killed?"

"No; only wounded. Be quiet now. It's done."

"But not well done," he retorted impatiently. "We hadn't enough balls. Tonight we attack again. Listen well!"

And then he gave me my orders. It appeared that on each side of us were Moroccan troops who were to follow our attack with a charge. For a few minutes Girod was silent. Suddenly he broke out:

"Boom! *Soixante-quinze!*"—the French seventy-fives. "Boom! *Les canons!*" He appeared to be listening to the bombardment. Presently he sighed. "Ah, my poor wife! My poor Cécile! You know, I have a wife and three children—two boys and a girl."

It was evident to me that the sergeant had a presentiment that he was going to fall in the attack. After a long silence his voice came to me abruptly out of the dark:

"What time is it?"

I named the hour.

"Well then, my friend, we have still ten minutes. Let us smoke a cigarette before we part." A second later he was shouting at the top of his powerful voice:

"*En avant, mes enfants! Ils approchent! Les Boches! Regardez à gauche! A gauche!*"

Over and over he issued his commands to his grenadiers; over and over he shouted his warning cry, calling frantically for bombs that were not forthcoming; and always he was driven back, despairing, by the tide of Germans on his left. His brain, like a talking-machine record, had recorded faithfully every detail of that last wild, brilliant attack, terminating so disastrously because of the shortage of balls; and in his delirium he played that one record ceaselessly, with no thought, action or sensation omitted. But as the hours went by the record played slowly and more slowly, with gaps of silence in between. Finally he slept.

There is another chapter to add to this episode concerning Girod. It happened some three weeks later. And as this is not fiction, but a plain reporting of facts, I hasten to add that Girod did not die.

Passing his bed, however, one afternoon, I laid my hand casually on the iron bedframe. It was trembling. The entire bed was vibrating steadily, gently, as if to the oscillation of some remote earthquake. Astonished, I looked at Girod. And Girod was trembling too. It was he who caused the tremor of the bed. Beneath the white coverlet his big body shook with a ceaseless, mysterious agitation.

"What is the matter?" I cried. "Why are you trembling like that?"

He gave a faint, apologetic smile.

"I'm afraid!" he said simply. "I'm afraid of that operation this afternoon."

"But it's nothing," I assured him—"really nothing at all. Only a slight incision in the shoulder."

"I know. But—I'm afraid! You see——" He broke off, knitting his brows. "It was not always thus. Once I did not know what fear was—before —— That's why they made me leader of the bombing squad. I was reckless. But now—I'm afraid. I'm afraid of that little operation!"

"You've been under a strain," I said.

I recalled Girod's history. He had narrated it to me one rainy afternoon. From his wife, Cécile, and his three children, he had not heard a word since the war opened, as they lived in the invaded territory. For the last six weeks before he was wounded he and his comrades had been in the first-line trenches, unrelieved, without food save for their reserve stores; and without water, unless one crawled on one's belly at night to a spring in the dangerous strip of No Man's Land between them and the enemy's trenches.

A Letter From Claudius

Each night he crawled to the spring, filled his canteen and crawled back to his wounded companions. And then came one night when the spring failed.

"I crawled out there, as usual," Girod related, "and found it full of cadavers!"

"And after that?" I persisted.

But Girod made no reply.

"It's the strain, the heavy strain," I said again.

A nurse—the one known as the *mitrailleuse*—at that instant passed his bed.

"What's the matter with him?" she demanded brusquely. "What's he shaking for?"

"The operation," I said. "He fears it. It's the strain he's been under so long——"

"Pooh!" she broke out impatiently. "Some of these men can't stand pain any better than a baby!"

As the days and the weeks go by, the ward changes. Men recover or die, or are discharged to convalescent hospitals; and fresh wrecks appear in their places, sleep in their beds, and smile up to one from the pillow. The big *salle* is an antechamber, with exits leading both ways—out into the great adventure of life and out into the still greater adventure of death. At the end of three months scarcely a single familiar face remains. But the exit leading back into life is always open. The recovered men return.

An aviator, whose leg had been amputated at the hospital, comes to announce that he is to have the honor of returning to the Front. He is the last of his class of eight—and he must fly with a wooden leg.

Even Claudius has been discharged. He has gone home to his mother and sister, of whom he is the sole support. A letter from him lies before me.

"My leg is no good," he writes, "and I never shall be able to use it to work. What shall I do? I shall have to ride that leg all day in a carriage! But where am I to get the carriage? I shall go to America! Do you think some rich—and pretty—young American mees would marry me and let me ride in her carriage?"

That, indeed, would be a solution for Claudius! And I am making his modest wants known, with the hopes that some pretty—and rich—young American "mees" may wish to take a flyer on a young Frenchman, considerably smashed but with his sense of humor intact. If she should, and can guarantee the carriage, I will send her Claudius' address.

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Mother



MOTHER goes into the kitchen. She selects this; she selects that. She sees to it that her cooking utensils are spotless. She is cleanly; she is careful; she is *particular*. And the dish she prepares is the *event* of the day for the whole family.

Why? Because mother *thinks* of you, and you know it. You know her sole interest is in the home and the family, and she wants what you eat to be choice, and good, and wholesome, and of the very best quality. And you *enjoy* it all the more, because she is thinking of all this for *you*.

Because *we* believe food products should be handled and prepared with the *respect* due that which you are asked to buy and eat, we actually insist upon that same sort of *home influence* in this big institution of ours.

WE select; we choose; we are *particular*. This rule applies to *every* Wilson product, whatever label it receives.

For the very choicest, the *finest* quality, we reserve Wilson's Majestic label. This means that Wilson's Majestic Bacon is really the *heart* of the finest bacon-sides.

It means that Wilson's Majestic Hams are so rigidly selected that only an average of four out of ten can earn Wilson's Majestic label.

WITH meats of such surpassing quality, it naturally follows that our *particular* curing and smoking gives them their old-time flavor and "deliciously different" taste, which you will appreciate.

Order Wilson's Majestic Ham and Bacon today. Be *particular*—look for Wilson's Majestic label on the meat food products you buy.

All Wilson and Co. food products are prepared under U. S. Government supervision.

"This mark WILSON & CO. your guarantee"

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Be *particular*—ask for Wilson's Majestic

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WHEN he bought a new pair of rubber boots, the thing he was most particular about was to see that one of these trade-marks was plainly stamped on each boot.

Their names are names to conjure with; each one of them represents a modest beginning, a remarkable growth, a continuous record of quality production, coupled with honorable tradition.

The thought of making any article in any way or from any materials that were not the very best for the purpose would never have occurred to any of these great manufacturers.

To-day, these same trade-marks are on good rubber footwear for *your* guidance in buying. Only an expert can distinguish good from poor rubber footwear by external appearance and touch. Thus it becomes a matter of self-interest and self-protection for you to make certain that any rubber footwear you buy is marked with one of these famous brands.

Seventy-four years of successful manufacturing and the experience of forty-seven great factories are back of every pair of rubber shoes, overshoes, arctics, boots, etc., produced by the United States Rubber Company, the largest rubber manufacturer in the world.

Rubbers that fit wear twice as long as rubbers that do not fit

United States Rubber Company

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — US — RUBBER SYSTEM

A SCRAP OF PAPER

(Continued from Page 21)

toward the Greenwich Studios. He felt much better. Be he ever so civilized, there is nothing so gratifying to a man as the discovery that he still "packs a punch." Humanity is very human, after all.

XIV

MOSE, the colored elevator boy at the Greenwich Studios, glared at Tom Hanrahan.

"What you askin' me questions for? You another one of dem bulls? Believe me, mister, I hopes you chokes if you is. Miss Rowland she had plenty annoyance from you people yesterday, and if I knowed where she was I wouldn't tell you. I just wisht I'd seen dem men lay a hand on her; I'd just about busted dem. Go long outa here, white man! I got nothin' to say."

The reporter pulled a bill from his pocket. It had a V on it, and would have been able ordinarily to purchase the soul of Mose. But not to-day.

"Put your money away," he growled. "Ain't got nothin' to say; don't know nothin'. And just you listen to me! Miss Rowland, when my wife was sick, she got de doctor and hired de nurse, and—what you take me for? Git along, git along!"

Hanrahan smiled in his friendliest fashion. The most uncommunicative persons had thawed before that smile, and given the reporter valuable information. The decent, clean soul of the man showed in that smile.

"Look here," said he, "I'm a friend of Miss Rowland. I'm afraid something has happened to her. You talk as though something did happen to her yesterday. What was it? I give you my word that I'm her friend.

The colored boy shuffled his feet.

"Dat sounds all right, boss, and I believe you. But dere's one of 'em upstairs now, and de owner of dis house give me orders to keep my mouf closed, and—you're dead sure you're a friend of Miss Rowland?"

"Do you know Miss Sigmund?"

"De lady what's chummy with Miss Rowland? Sure I do."

"Call her up and ask her if it's all right to trust me. Hanrahan's my name."

Mose looked the reporter over. If ever a man looked honest Hanrahan was the man.

"I ain't got such a awful lot to tell anyway," said the negro. "What dere is I'll tell you, boss. But I dassent do it here. De man upstairs might come down and see me, and he'd tell de owner, and de owner would fire me—just like dat!" And he snapped his fingers.

"But I'll be off for de afternoon in ten minutes. De other boy'll be here den. You jus' wait round de corner, will you?"

Considerably puzzled, Hanrahan assented. In less than the specified time Mose met him.

"Here's what happened," he began. "First, a gemman calls on Miss Rowland. Real swell. He stays about a minute. Then another gemman calls on her. 'Pears like they're ol' friends, and 'pears like they ain't. For they both looks in the letter box as though to find out if she lives here, but neither of dem phones up to her first. Jus' tells me to take 'em up. Well, Miss Rowland comes down about two seconds after de second gemman calls. She's in a hurry. About three minutes after dat I hears a banging upstairs. I shoot de cyar up in time to see de second gemman comin' through her door, what he'd busted wid a chair. I grab him, but he flashed a badge on me, an' I know he's a bull. He outs of the buildin' like a flash, an' I start after him, wonderin' what's up. But the elevator bell rings, an' I has to go back.

"It's five minutes before I'm free to look out, an' den, before I gits to de door, de first gemman and de second gemman—an' anodder gemman, dey all comes in. An' de first one—de swell gemman—an' de third gemman, is all mussed up like dey been scrappin'. And it looks like de first gemman is pinched by de odder two. Well, I'm puzzled by all dis, an' refuses to let 'em go upstairs. But de owner lives here, you know. Dey ask for him, and dey buzz him in a corner, an' it's all right. I has to take 'em upstairs. Well, little while passes, and de first gemman and de second gemman comes out arm in arm, but lookin' like de swell one is prisoner of de other. And de third gemman stay in Miss Rowland's apartment, and de owner tells me dat if she gets any phone calls to connect de third gemman. She only gits one, and I hears him tell the party what calls dat he's Miss Rowland's brother. Dat call came jus' as I'd taken de two gemmen downstairs. But de gemman what phones he don't come down here, and after awhile de gemman upstairs has a visitor who's upstairs now—been dere all night, takin' de place of de gemman what answered de phone, I guess. He's got a badge, too, for he showed it to me, and says if I talks he'll put me in de cooler for eighty years.

"An' dat ain't all! For when I gets through las' night de fruit man on de corner tells me what happened in de street. 'Pears dat when Miss Rowland ran outa the building a man grabs her. He's got her by de arm when anodder man jumps on him an bats his jaw. While dey're scrappin' Miss Rowland ducks through a tenement, and she's gone. Den de second gemman what busted the door open comes down with a gun, and—well, dey comes back here, like I tol' you. But dey ain't got Miss Rowland, cuss 'em! and I hopes dey don't, no matter what she done. I'll bet she ain't done nothing either, a nice li'l' lady like her. And dat's all, and for de Lawd's sake, don't tell no one I told you, for I'd lose my job, mister."

Hanrahan promised. He cross-questioned the boy; got him to describe the three gentlemen. Though he did not recognize two of them, he did recognize the "first gemman." For that person wore exactly the clothes, had the same colored hair, and was the same general build as Harry Mack, whom he had left at a Tenderloin restaurant at one o'clock that morning!

Harry Mack! What connection had he with Kirby Rowland? And who were these other two? The description of one of them might fit Terence Greenham; but Mack's raiment had absorbed Mose's attention to the neglect of the other two. If only he could be sure that the others had been Greenham men. But why not be sure? It was not so very long after this fracas, according to the record of Mack's arrest which he had scanned the previous night, that Greenham had brought the crook to headquarters. Could there be anything in Mack's tale of the faked portrait after all? Miss Rowland was an artist. Was it conceivable that she was in league with Harry Mack to palm off fraudulent old masters on unsuspecting financiers, using her knowledge of art in combination with Mack's knowledge of ways that were evil?

It seemed a good theory. But Lindley Jackson had stated positively that the Botticelli was an original! The suddenly evolved theory was smashed to smithereens! Hanrahan gave the colored boy the five-dollar bill and assured him that Miss Rowland was guilty of nothing, and that the people who were pursuing her would land in trouble. Then, cautioning him to say nothing about their talk, if he really were grateful to Miss Rowland for her many kindnesses, he left the boy and started for Village Hall. But neither in that dive nor in any of a dozen that he visited that afternoon could he find anyone who knew of Harry Mack other than by reputation as a big gun. Harry Mack, he decided, though a famous crook, was not the sort who traveled with the cheap gangsters who make up the cream of the city's admitted underworld. Mack went with only the highest-class crooks, and such crooks were more apt to live abroad, preying on their fellow Americans in a foreign land. The Americans on a vacation, or purchasing art works, were the victims of Harry Mack and his kind.

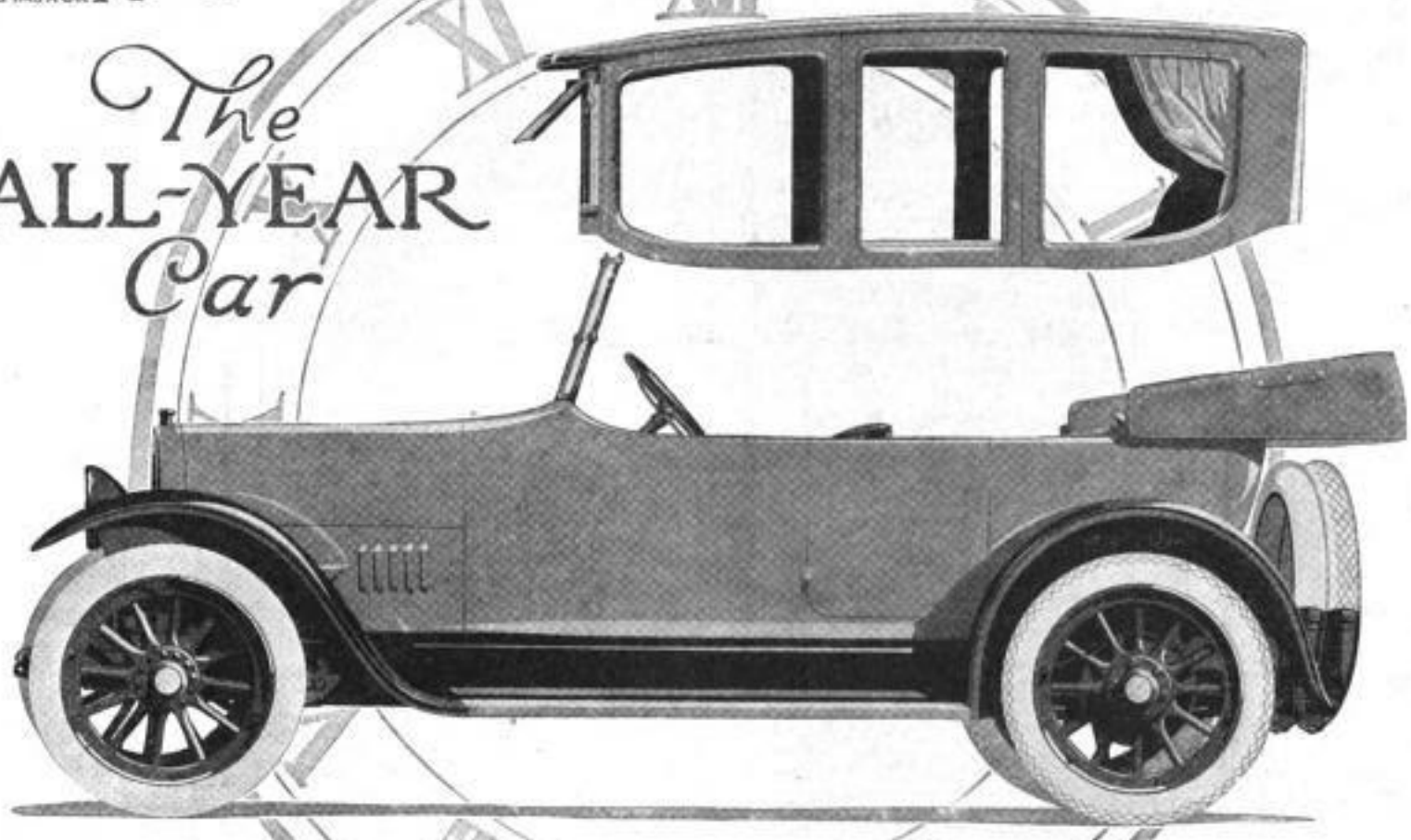
He soon decided it was hopeless to attempt to find Mack in these haunts of the underworld. But in certain hotels of the Tenderloin, at night, a man of Mack's vocation might be reasonably expected to be found, unless he were strictly under cover. Hanrahan returned to his office. It would do no harm to look up Mack in the office files; there might be some record of the man's life there that would tell him who were his criminal friends, if he had any in the city. And to these Hanrahan could apply for information as to the present address of the crook. It was his only chance anyway. There were now two reasons why Mack must be located. He had rescued Kirby Rowland from the Greenhams. Undoubtedly, therefore, he knew where Kirby was. And Kirby was Jessie's friend. On his

(Continued on Page 53)

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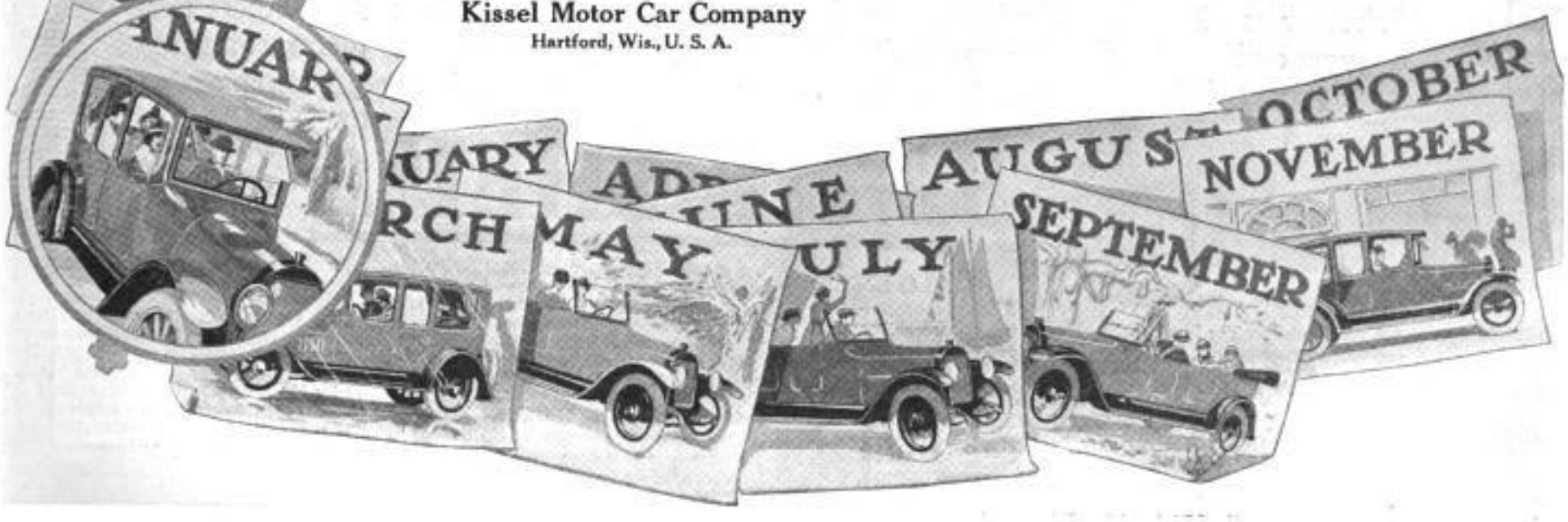
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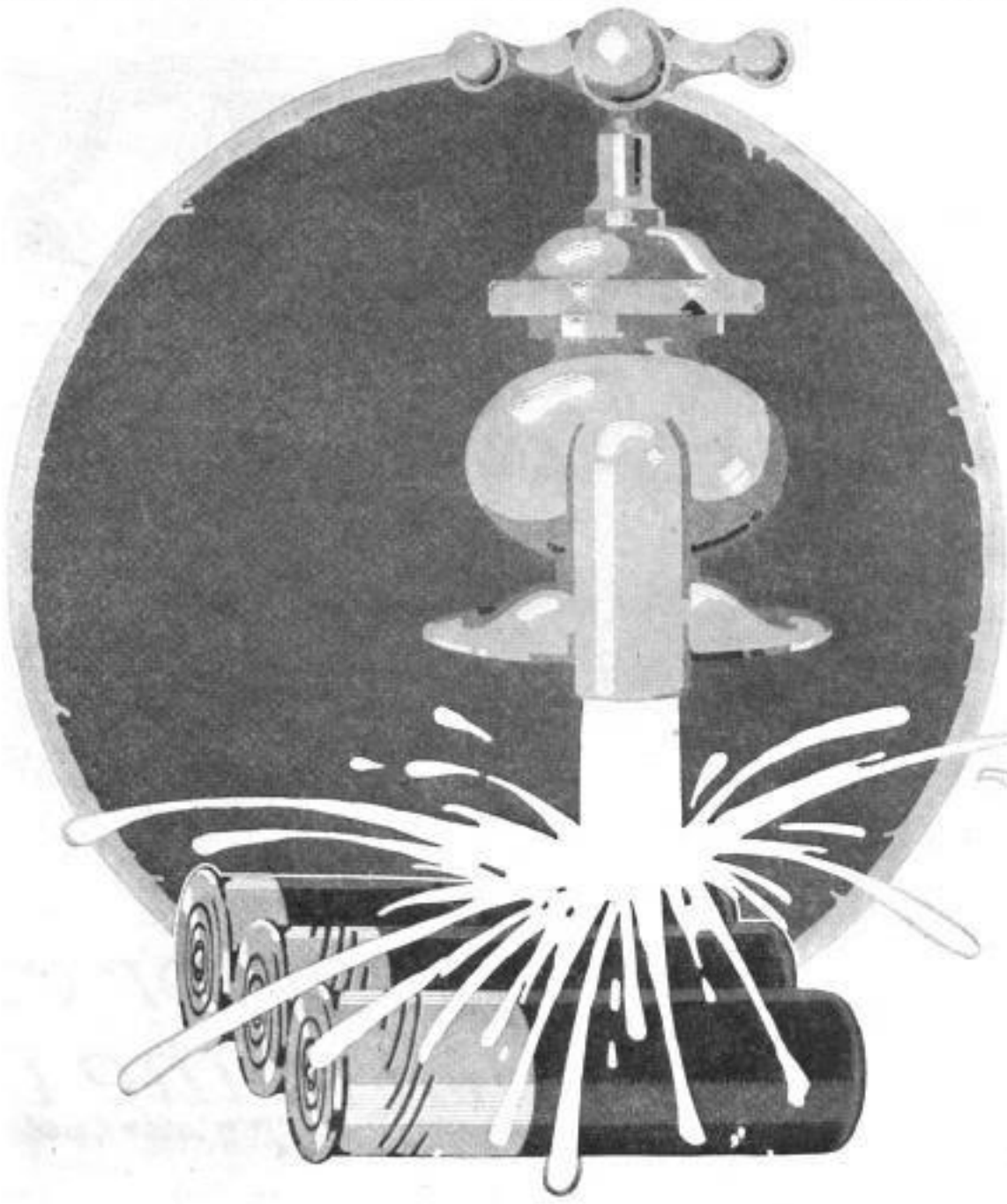
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(Continued from Page 50)

way downtown to the office Hanrahan reviewed what he had learned. He weighed all of Kirby's actions as related to him by Jessie. The girl was crazy, or else a bad character. No question about that. Only a person mentally or morally unsound would have destroyed the telegram addressed to Jessie. And yet Jessie Sigmund was no fool. It didn't seem reasonable that Jessie could have chummed with a girl and never even suspected that that girl was not all right in every way. Still, the two hadn't been so intimate in the past few months, and people change in a mighty short time.

Puzzling thus he reached the office. He went at once to the morgue and looked up the clippings about Harry Mack. There was a record of Mack's recent arrival in this country and his departure therefrom. Also his name was mentioned several times as having been arrested—always abroad—charged with various offenses of which later, it seemed, he had been proved innocent. But there was nothing to indicate who, if any, were his pals in this country. The reporter decided to make a round of the uptown hotels in the hope of locating his man by chance; but as he started to leave the office a boy brought a note to him.

"Mr. Jackson left this for you. Said he'd be back at midnight—gone to some banquet, I think—and that even if you didn't have anything, to wait for him."

"Thanks," said Hanrahan.

He opened the note. It read:

"*Dear Tom:* Sent Lovett out on this Masterman matter. He reports that telephone clerk at M.'s office told him that there was quite a to-do in M.'s office yesterday about some paper that had been lost. Later a woman called up M. Evidently a stranger, for she didn't know M.'s private number but called up office. When told M. was busy, as is always done when calls come over listed wires, said to tell M. that she wished to speak about a paper signed by M. and certain other gentlemen. That's all clerk got. None of this is for publication—yet! I must observe a confidence. But that confidence applies merely to publication, I take it. Therefore, get busy. For Lovett also learned that after paper was lost Masterman offered ten thousand to clerk who would recover it. It had blown out a window. Also the Greenhams are busy on the case, as you know. I'm certain this paper has something to do with universal transfers. Take my word for it, but not to be used in your story. But I'm not divulging any confidence in what I'm writing, because what Lovett learned was caused by our putting two and one together—Masterman and Greenham, and Mack. Get hold of Mack if you haven't done so already. If we can make him talk I think we've got the biggest story of the decade. JACKSON."

Hanrahan leaned back in his chair and thought over the situation. A woman had called up Masterman in words that might be construed to hold a threat. Later the Greenhams tried to arrest a woman, but she was rescued by Harry Mack. Later Greenham, after a conference with Masterman, went to police headquarters and released Mack. Mack then was followed until he, Hanrahan, aided him to elude his pursuers. What was the answer?

The answer was this, clear as day: In some scheme that affected the Masterman interests, Kirby Rowland and Harry Mack were partners. Kirby had fled to Jessie's for refuge, not daring to return to her own studio. Then Dixon Grant had located her, and they had decided to seek some safer spot. That was clear. Suddenly Hanrahan thought of the burned telegram of whose existence Jessie had learned only by accident. Why had Kirby done this? What possible reason could she have for withholding from Jessie the information contained in the telegram?

And then, lightning-like, came the answer to that.

Kirby Rowland was not withholding information from Jessie nearly so much as she was withholding it from Masterman! Another link; another evidence that Miss Rowland was inimical to the financier. But what petty spirit actuated her enmity? Why hide from the financier information about such a trifle? But was it a trifle? Kirby Rowland was an artist. It seemed certain that, with Harry Mack, she was scheming something inimical to the Masterman interests; also that the Masterman agents knew of her part in the plot against their employer, were seeking her, and she had chosen a hiding-place where Masterman would never look for her—in the Masterman house itself, impersonating Adele Rohan!

It was clever reasoning and it held no flaw! Straight up to the Masterman mansion he would go, ask for Miss Adele Rohan —— But Jessie had insisted that what she had told him was for his ears alone. Without her first aid he could never have deduced what he had. It was up to him to see Jessie first, explain as much as he could—hang confidences anyway! He and Jackson were tied up with them! However, he could explain to Jessie all that he had learned, and she would, of course, tell him to go to Kirby. But he must see her first! He must play absolutely fair with the girl he loved. He jammed his hat on his head and started for the door.

"Oh, Tom!"

It was Lyden, the city editor, calling.

"In an awful rush, boss! Chief has me working on a special assignment ——"

"Well, stick round a second," grinned Lyden. "The business office thought there might be a story in this 'ad,' and they're stalling the man downstairs until I get a slant at it and send someone down. Read it."

"Oh, all right," snapped Hanrahan. He grabbed the "personal" which had been handed in at the business office, and which that department had promptly rushed upstairs by automatic tube. This was the advertisement:

"K. R. and D. G. If don't hear from you by Thursday at six P. M. will tell all to newspapers. Address this office. H. M."

The name of Kirby Rowland was buzzing in Hanrahan's brain. Almost unconsciously he fitted it to the first initials. Having done that it was obvious that he should fit Dixon Grant and Harry Mack to the other initials. He crumpled the paper in his fingers and ran for the door.

"I'll tend to this, Lyden," he called over his shoulder, and the city editor, amazed, watched him disappear through the door, and heard him wildly ordering the elevator boy to return and get him.

Harry Mack was in the business office downstairs, wondering why newspapers were so fussy about accepting advertisements, when Hanrahan touched him on the shoulder. He wheeled, to meet a smile.

"Nice work last night, Mack. You fooled me to the queen's taste. However, I got a readable yarn, even if it wasn't true. But now I want a more readable yarn that is true. I want you to tell me just what your little game is; what you've been trying to do to Masterman; and how Miss Kirby Rowland figures in it. Going to talk?"

Over the face of Handsome Harry spread a smile of admiration.

"Hanrahan, you certainly are there! How on earth—sure, I'll talk. I'm always willing to talk when the game is up. I know when I'm licked. Will your paper treat me right?"

"Have to ask the boss about that," said Hanrahan, elated at his easy victory, "but he's always mighty generous to whoever hands the paper a tip. Spill it."

"It's a long story. Let's go somewhere and sit down," suggested Mack.

"All right," agreed the reporter. "Right across the street is a good place."

He led the way to a well-known resort of the downtown thirsty. They sat down in a booth and ordered high balls, for which Mack insisted on paying.

"Now, then," said the international crook, "how much do you know? Ask me questions if you like; that's the quickest way."

"How much do I know?" echoed Hanrahan. "Well, I know that you and Miss Rowland have some club you're holding over Masterman's head. I know that you rescued her from the Greenhams yesterday; I know that she's shaken you, she and Dixon Grant—am I right? Yes—and that you're threatening to tell all unless they communicate with you at this office. I know—and this is no breach of confidence, Mack, though I learned it in confidence, for you know it yourself—that Masterman lost a paper which you evidently have found. Judging by your 'ad,' I should say that Miss Rowland has double-crossed you in some way. Now then, talk."

"You know a lot," commented Mack admiringly. "You're certainly one clever newspaperman! I suppose you even know where Miss Rowland is now?"

Despite himself he could not keep eagerness out of his tones; and Hanrahan felt that if he told Mack where he believed

Cut Your Own Hair At Home

As Easily as You Shave—With an

American Safety Hair Cutter

(McDonough Patent)

Here is a new, practical article for men, one of the most useful and economical since the invention of the safety razor. What the latter does for shaving, the American Safety Hair Cutter does for hair-cutting.

With it you can cut your own hair—quickly and cheaply—*and you can do it yourself at home.* It is easy to operate, the same motion being employed as is used when combing your hair. It cuts closely or trims lightly, just as you desire. There is no gouging or "cat-stepping," no clipping or "chopping."



This Man Hasn't Had a Barber Cut His Hair for 18 Months

We have an affidavit on file that the man pictured above has not had a barber cut his hair or shave the back of his neck since May, 1915, and that his hair has been cut all the time between May, 1915, to date, with an American Safety Hair Cutter.



A—Highest Grade Hard Rubber Comb
B—Screw to loosen slip cap over blades
C—Blades Holder
D—Removable Hair-cutting Blade

Makes Hair Cuts Cost as Low as 2c

Perhaps its greatest appeal to men is its extreme economy. Figuring hair-cuts at the prevailing price of 35c each, this cutter will pay for itself in nine hair-cuts. After that, considering the fact that the blades which it uses cost little and last for more than one hair-cut, your hair-cutting cost should not exceed from 2c to 5c. *What can you buy that will give you a greater saving?*

Requires Little Attention

Two American Safety Hair-cutting Blades are used, one on each side of the comb. With the exception of their occasional renewal, the cutter requires little attention. American Safety Blades, specially ground and tempered for hair-cutting, can be bought from drug and hardware stores or direct from us in packets of a dozen for 60c.

Ideal for Cutting Children's Hair or as a Gift for Men

Women will find it particularly valuable and a great time and money saver when using the American for cutting children's hair. It makes an ideal gift for men, combining as it does the seven cardinal features of a perfect gift—sentiment, novelty, durability, price, convenience, sanitation and economy.

Complete outfit, including cutter, comb, and six blades, with complete instructions, costs only $3. If your hardware dealer or druggist doesn't have it, write us direct and we'll send postpaid $3

American Safety Hair Cutter Corp'n, 967 Liberty Ave., Room 232, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dealers: Write us for terms on this fast selling article



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In Big Homes and Little Coal Bills Cut ½ to ⅔

Guaranteed With the Williamson Underfeed

ALL houses look alike to the Williamson UNDERFEED. Big or little, in town or country, whether heated with warm air, hot water, steam or vapor, the same thing holds true—*coal bills reduced ½ to ⅔, guaranteed with the UNDERFEED.* That guarantee hits right at your pocketbook. As evidence of this sure UNDERFEED saving read the following letters:

Coal Bills Less Than One-Half

"The UNDERFEED has given me the results I anticipated when I purchased it. My coal bills compare very favorably, being less than one-half. I use Carterville Wash nut coal. The cost per ton is $3.75, delivered. I am using about 8 tons. I am heating five rooms and three upstairs. The furnace has been in use since 1911."

(Signed) ROBERT CLARK, Janesville, Wis.

Another Saving of One-Half

"I like the UNDERFEED fine; I heat five rooms in the coldest weather with but little effort. It has been as cold as 20 below zero here this winter. I am going to get thru the winter with about half the expense for fuel that I did with my base burner and have kept warmer and quite a bit more space heated. I have been using mixed coal, Iowa with some slack and some Illinois lump coal."

(Signed) D. E. WILSON,
Sec'y and Mgr. of Milton Independent Telephone Co., Milton, Iowa

Heats seven Rooms for 16 dollars

"I heat seven rooms both night and day with the UNDERFEED, using Virginia Splint slack, costing me less than sixteen dollars. I started the furnace early last fall and kept it until late this spring. My house sits on a hill exposed to the winter winds on all sides. A number of my friends and neighbors have looked at my furnace and talk of changing from top-feed to UNDERFEED as it costs so much less."

(Signed) ARCHIE HIMBECK, R. R. No. 2, Sparta, Mich.

And we can show you hundreds of other letters just as interesting, telling of coal bills cut ½ to ⅔—*guaranteed with the Underfeed.*

WILLIAMSON UNDERFEED Furnaces Boilers

Cut Coal Bills ½ to ⅔ Guaranteed



This great saving is due to the UNDERFEED'S scientific principle of combustion. New coal is fed from below. The hot clean fire is always on top—never disturbed by fresh coal being dumped on, or chilled by the opening of top-feed doors. Heat never wasted by fire having to fight its way up against dead coals.

Smoke, soot and gas—valuable heat elements—are consumed as they pass up through the fire.

And the UNDERFEED burns the cheaper grades of coal as effectively as others burn the costlier grades. That's a first big saving you're always sure of!

Get this Book now—FREE!

It is called "From Overfed to UNDERFEED." Pictures and describes it all. Shows how easily a boy of 12 can operate the UNDERFEED. No stooping—everything done from a standing position. This book will be the means of saving you many good coal dollars sometime—*guaranteed!* So, send for it today—no charge—no obligation. Simply use the coupon—NOW!

THE WILLIAMSON HEATER CO.
121 Fifth Avenue Cincinnati, Ohio

The Williamson Heater Co., 121 Fifth Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio

Tell me how to cut my coal bills from ½ to ⅔ with a Williamson UNDERFEED.

Warm Air_____ Steam or Hot Water_____
(Mark X after System interested in)

Name _____

Address _____

My Heating Contractor's Name is _____

HEATING CONTRACTORS: Let us tell you about the Williamson UNDERFEED and our proposition—both are winners.

Kirby Rowland to be he would get no information from the crook. He had no reason for thinking this, but instinct is sometimes stronger than reason. Somehow he felt that Mack's complaisance was a blind; that perhaps the international crook was not quite so ready to tell everything as he appeared to be.

"Would I be asking you questions if I could locate Miss Rowland and ask her? She'd be easier than you, Mack."

"Maybe," said Mack grimly. "Then that's all you know?"

"All I intend telling you," smiled Hanrahan.

"Then I guess I haven't any conversation to waste on you," said Mack.

He pushed back his chair as though to leave. Hanrahan smiled. A mighty good poker player was Tom Hanrahan, as his fellows on the Citizen would vouch.

"So? Very well, then. How's it going to affect your game when I publish in the morning's Citizen that the paper lost by Masterman is a signed agreement between Masterman and ——"

It was a most artistic pause; a wonderful bluff. It worked. The face of Mack went dead white. Then he forced his lips to curl a smile.

"You win, I guess. If I tell the whole story I get something, eh?"

"A generous something," promised Hanrahan.

"And my name won't come out? You won't tell a soul who gave it to you? But how can I be sure? Other people know now in your office, and they may give me away."

"Not a soul knows what I do about the matter," said Hanrahan eagerly.

A faint flicker showed in Mack's eyes. He was a good poker player too.

"That right? Well, drink up! Here's success to me in my line and to you in your line." He held out his glass and Hanrahan permitted his own to touch it. There was an almost invisible flick of Handsome Harry's little finger.

"How!" said the international crook.

They drank. Hanrahan turned pale; he managed to place his glass back on the table, but that was all. He slid from his chair to the floor. Handsome Harry Mack smiled.

"There's one guy that's honest; you can tell it in his eyes. He said no one knew about the stuff he mentioned but himself; he said no one would learn about my part in it. Well, I guess he told the truth in the first part of that; I'm dead certain about the last part. For he won't talk to anyone for a while yet."

Quietly he left the booth. No one noticed that he left his companion lying on the floor. Hanrahan was not discovered for fifteen minutes, and by that time Handsome Harry Mack was far from Park Row.

XV

MRS. MASTERMAN stood timidly on the threshold. Kirby dug at her eyes with her small fists and yawned. Then she sat bolt upright in bed and stared at the unfamiliar surroundings. She swept windows, walls, table and bureau with an uncomprehending eye. When she saw Mrs. Masterman she remembered. She smiled, and the nervousness and timidity of the financier's wife melted away before the charm of those curved lips and crinkled eyes. She advanced boldly into the room.

"Well, my dear, I was a little afraid. I thought you'd be angry at my slipping in here; but a girl who smiles like that isn't one to be afraid of, is she?"

Kirby's smile deepened.

"I don't think I'm very awesome," she confessed.

"You didn't look it as you lay there sleeping," said Mrs. Masterman. Her eyes clouded with tears. "You looked so like our first child, the one that we lost when she was sixteen, that —— Did you rest well? Did I wake you up? I hope not. But Laurel is wild to see the lady who's to paint her, and I was as quiet as possible ——"

"Waked up of my own sweet will," laughed Kirby. "And now I'll get up."

Mrs. Masterman backed away.

"Will you breakfast here? Or would you care to join Laurel in the breakfast room? She isn't well, and she doesn't rise as early as my husband or myself. It would give you a chance to begin studying her, and ——"

"I'd be delighted," said Kirby. "In half an hour."

And in just that time, radiant from her toilet, Kirby entered the breakfast room, where the nervous wife of the master of transportation, whose health had been wrecked by giving birth to a child in middle life, and whose child was as delicate as the plant for which she was named was not, awaited her. The introductions were speedily accomplished, and Laurel Masterman, a gentle little girl of an exquisite beauty rendered pathetic by its delicacy, gave her heart at once to the brown-haired painter. Indeed, before the breakfast was half over she announced that she loved Miss Rohan, and that the artist must write her name in the little girl's birthday book.

Only the feeling that the end justified the means, and that the work in which she was engaged, to which she had dedicated herself, as it were, held so tremendous a good as to condone a little bad, forced Kirby to inscribe the name of Adele Rohan in the book. And as she did so, she prayed fervently that the Mastermans did not, by any mishap, know the age of Adele Rohan. For Kirby had written the other woman's name on the page given over to March sixteenth, her own birthday, and gave the date of her own birth.

"And it isn't just for show—I won't forget you," promised Laurel.

At which Kirby tried to smile, but would have found it easier to weep. For, cruel though Masterman was, his wife and daughter were gentle. It was necessary for Kirby to conjure up an image of the tough little messenger boy of the previous evening, to remember the conditions which poverty created, and which bred hundreds of thousands, boys and girls, like that little tough, to corrupt the generations unborn. It was hard to have to strike at Mrs. Masterman, gentle, thoughtful, considerate; it was hard to launch a blow that would in any way at all injure little Laurel. Only the thought of what she believed to be the greater good, in whose accomplishment the innocent must suffer, prevented Kirby from seeking immediate excuses for withdrawal from her great plan.

It had been easy to picture Masterman as a sort of human devil grinding down the poor. But the way in which his little girl spoke of him, lovingly, tenderly, the pride and affection evidenced by Mrs. Masterman every time she mentioned his name—these created another Masterman, a husband and father, tender, true and strong. And if an hour of conversation with the wife and daughter of the man whom she sincerely believed to be the worst enemy to enlightened progress in the world could make her resolution waver, what would two weeks do? She must steel her heart; she must nerve herself to go ahead with what she had planned.

"And though ignorant and jealous people try to decry him, he's one of the greatest men that ever lived," Mrs. Masterman was saying.

"Think what he's done for the country; how he's labored that transportation might be better, that businesses might be combined, that waste might be avoided. And how generous! Millions he's given to different charities and institutions of learning. And to-day—why, he's caused his road to issue universal transfers! I shouldn't wonder if the city lines all over the country were forced to follow his lead. It's a great thing. The papers—would you like to see what they say about him?"

Kirby would; and a servant brought sheafs of the morning editions. She glanced at them all, and learned enough to know that Martin Masterman, by many editors at least, was considered a great public benefactor. The public would probably praise Masterman. She hid a smile as she thought of how unwelcome all this praise must be to Masterman; how at this moment his detectives were scouring the city for her, who had forced him to pose as a public benefactor. She read the Citizen, and smiled again to see how far astray the shrewd reasoning of Jackson was. But it gave her food for thought. She must be careful not to give Masterman a chance to further enrich himself by short selling. He'd not had opportunity to do it this time, but he might next. And now she asked herself what her next demand should be. Whatever it might be, it must be made quickly. She had eluded the financier's detectives, but Adele Rohan would be here in a few weeks. Before that time she must have compelled the financier to do many things.

A servant entered.

"A telephone for Miss Rohan."

She followed him to the hall, where, in a little room partitioned off for privacy, was the telephone.

(Continued on Page 57)

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HUDSON SUPER-SIX

Swung the Pendulum

BACK TO SIXES

Up to showtime last year it seemed to most insiders that the Six was doomed. It had too great a limitation. It retained too much vibration. It seemed that all Six makers must follow the makers who adopted multi-cylinder types. But mark how that trend has changed. The Super-Six dominates now.

Again and again motor engineers have arrived at what seemed to them a permanent type.

Again and again some added efficiency has thrown their favorite type into the background.

Thus motors progressed from one cylinder to Six. And then to the light-weight Six. That held supremacy so long that it seemed to many the permanent type.

But It Wasn't The Ultimate

Hudson stood foremost in the Light Six field. So we, better than others, knew that type's limitations. We knew that vibration was far from eliminated. That friction and wear sacrificed too much endurance.

And we, among the first, sought a way to betterment in V-type Eights and Twelves.

But, during our experiments, Hudson engineers found a way to correct the Six. They evolved an invention, now controlled by our patents, which added 80 per cent to the Six-type efficiency. That is, to its power and especially endurance.

Tests made in our factory proved that no other type compared with this Super-Six. So we abandoned all others—Sixes, Eights and Twelves—and committed the Hudson to this.

The Showtime Sensation

At last year's Shows the Super-Six was the center of attraction. Our Claims—based on shop and laboratory tests and on speedway tests—then seemed too good to be true. But the records were official. And from that day to this the Super-Six has held the ruling place.

Proof Upon Proof

In the past year, in a hundred tests, the Super-Six has proved its supremacy. It has won all the worthwhile records. Again and again it broke all stock-car records for speed, for hill-climbing, for quick pick-up.

And above all it showed an endurance never before thought possible in a motor car. In the 24-hour test it broke all records by 52 per cent. It twice broke all trans-continental records in one round trip from San Francisco to New York and back. It won the Pike's Peak hill-climb record against 20 competitors—the world's greatest event of its kind.

In one year it won 25,000 enthusiastic owners. It became the largest selling front-rank car. And numerous makers, finding V-type motors so far outmatched, quit them and went back to Sixes.

The Super-Six Will Stay

All evidence now marks the Super-Six as the true permanent type. It comes very close to perfection.

The Super-Six is not like old-type Sixes. The Six limitations are what forced this invention. The vital feature which redeemed the Six is controlled by Hudson patents.

Many men, delayed in getting a Super-Six, have turned to other Sixes. Many have since regretted they did not wait for the Super-Six. There is no relation between the Super-Six and other Sixes. Its performance, and especially endurance and smoothness, is greater even than that between a four and an ordinary Six.

Now we have added a gasoline saver which means to the Hudson owner tremendous economy. And now we have brought all Hudson bodies up to the Super-Six standard. You never have seen more exquisite creations.

If you want the greatest car built, regardless of price, it must be a Super-Six. Any Hudson display—and a half-hour's test—will convince you of that fact.

Phaeton, 7-passenger, $1650	Touring Sedan $2175	Town Car $2925
Roadster, 2-passenger, 1650	Limousine 2925	Town Car Landaulet . . 3025
Cabriolet, 3-passenger, 1950	*(All Prices f. o. b. Detroit)*	Limousine Landaulet . . 3025

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

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BRASCOLITE

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

WHEN you buy the Brascolite you're buying better illumination—not just fixtures. The fixture designs are there—beauty, variety and adaptability to all tastes and decorative schemes; but primarily the Brascolite is designed to answer your *real* object in putting in a lighting system—the dissemination of maximum illumination with a minimum consumption of current. And the light itself is *right*—broadly diffused, soft and white. As closely as the phonograph reproduces the human voice the Brascolite simulates the light of day.

Best Suited to Eye Health and Comfort—Because

the design is scientifically correct. The glass bowl softens and diffuses the lamp rays and disposes of glare. The flat, depolished reflector dispenses the lamp rays which are reflected upward from the bowl and softens and deflects them to the broad area to be illuminated.

Maximum Illumination for Minimum Current Consumption—Because

there's practically no waste. There is a minimum amount of lamp ray absorbed by either bowl or reflector—practically all rays produce illumination *in the right place*. Also—as the Brascolite carries its own ceiling (the flat, depolished reflecting plane) it is independent of the height, finish, smoothness and color of the natural ceiling and walls of the room to be lighted. Other systems must depend upon these factors for furnishing their reflecting planes.

This all means that to light a given area fewer units (or lamps) are required. Fewer lamps mean lessened current consumption. Therefore,

We Guarantee You Better Illumination and Greater Economy in Current and Maintenance

Another point in economy—Brascolite is adapted to the use of gas-filled, high candle power lamps of low watt consumption. Watts measure current—that's what you pay for.

Ask your local dealer to demonstrate Brascolite efficiency to you. Make sure of getting the genuine. Do not be deceived by fixtures designed to look, at a glance, like Brascolites. Being unable to duplicate the Brascolite constructive principle, they've tried to imitate its appearance—but *none* can duplicate its efficiency. Look for the name stamped on edge of bowl and inner surface of the fixture.

Write us for portfolio containing photographic reproductions of many kinds of installations—explains the Brascolite principle and illustrates the infinite variety of designs.

LUMINOUS UNIT COMPANY **ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.**

NEW YORK, 30 Church St. BOSTON, Old South Bldg. SAN FRANCISCO, 639 Market St.
CHICAGO, 19 South Fifth Ave. PHILADELPHIA, 1020 Land Title Bldg.
Canadian Distributers: Northern Electric Co. Ltd.

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(Continued from Page 54)

"Miss Rohan?" It was Grant's voice.

"Yes."

She could almost hear him sigh with relief.

"All right?"

"All right. And you?"

"Same here. When can I see you?"

She thought a moment.

"I'll have to do some shopping. The art department of Lacy's in an hour. And be careful," she added softly.

"I understand. Good-by."

He rang off. Trembling a little, Kirby rejoined Mrs. Masterman and Laurel in the breakfast room.

"Your friends, I suppose, will make so many demands upon you," said Mrs. Masterman with a tinge of regret in her voice, "that I don't suppose we'll see much of you outside of business hours?"

"And I want Miss Rohan lots," announced Laurel. "I want her to begin painting me to-day."

"Oh, but I didn't bring anything with me," smiled Kirby. "I have to shop for brushes, palettes, paints ——"

"When you accepted my husband's offer he commissioned an art dealer to turn the playroom into a studio," said Mrs. Masterman. "There is everything there—everything an artist could possibly need. My husband said so."

"That was kind of him," said Kirby. "But still, you don't understand artists, I'm afraid, Mrs. Masterman. Not my kind, anyway. Before I paint a portrait I must study my subject; it's character, not mere feature, that I try to place on the canvas. I won't start painting for several days."

"Oh," said Laurel disappointedly. "But you're going to study me? How lovely! And I'll be my goodest good for you. Won't you come now and see the studio?"

Kirby naturally was in a fever of impatience to see Dick. Finally she convinced the mother and daughter, against their reluctant wills, that she was not only in lack of certain things which she could not permit their courtesy to supply, but was also a bit worn out.

"Of course! Three days on a train. You simply mustn't work for several days."

She ordered a car for the girl and, shortly before the time agreed upon, Kirby entered the art department of Lacy's. She had refused the proffered services of Mrs. Masterman's maid, and so was alone. Dick was waiting for her. Their hands met, and they sat down on a seat near the door.

"Well," he asked excitedly, "have you seen the papers?"

"I have. We've won!"

"The first battle. And you're perfectly safe, you feel?"

"So safe that I'm ashamed! Dick, it doesn't seem fair or right! Mrs. Masterman and her dear little girl—why should we have to strike the innocent with the guilty?" He smiled.

"I hardly think we'll deprive them of a single automobile, Kirby. We aren't going to make Masterman restore his fortune to the people, you know. We're simply going to cinch things so that other fortunes like his can't spring into existence again. What's the matter—weakening?"

"Not at all," she answered; "but I hate deceit. And I'm playing a deceitful part, that's all. But still—where did you spend the night, Dick?"

"A hotel off the Square. Easy for me, hard for you. You're certain that there's no suspicion? You haven't been followed?"

"That's why I hate it. They accept me so trustfully for what I profess to be."

"Has Masterman seen you?"

"Not yet; but he's to dine at home to-night, and—but I'm not afraid of him. It's the deceiving his wife, poor, nervous little woman. And his daughter; I almost love her already, Dick. To think that she'll learn ——" Her mouth hardened. "War isn't a path of roses, is it? But we must decide what to do next. I don't know enough about conditions. I can see things that are wrong and should be righted, but I want to right them right! Have you made any plans?"

"You haven't commented on my haggard appearance," he said aggrievedly.

"You are tired," she said quickly. "Poor Dick!" She squeezed his hand surreptitiously, and a smile chased away the lines of weariness on his face.

"Perfectly well now," he said. "Planned? Well, rather! I've been up all night planning. I'm more eager than you know, I fear, Kirby. Do you realize, girl? Yesterday we were excited. We said and did things in a haphazard fashion. But now I've a night of thought behind me, a night of planning, a night of work! Kirby, we're going to make Masterman, Blaisdell, Cardigan, and those allied with them, restore to the people that which they have taken. We've begun a little on transportation; we'll go further. And we'll start on foodstuffs; on coal. Listen!"

He drew a piece of foolscap from his pocket.

"Typewrote it in a hotel before you were up," he said. "Here are the demands we make of Masterman: First, a flat passenger rate of one cent a mile on every road he controls. Of course, where commutation tickets are less than that, the commutation rate to stand. A reduction of twenty-five per cent on every freight schedule. An increase of wages of thirty per cent to every man employed on those railroads. That will do for Masterman—for the present.

"Cardigan: Coal to be reduced to four dollars a ton to the householder—at once! Wages in the mines to be increased one hundred per cent—at once!

"Blaisdell: The price of all meats and of other foodstuffs prepared by concerns under his control to be reduced one-half. Wages paid by him to be increased forty per cent—at once! There, what do you think of that?"

She frowned.

"Isn't it a bit too radical, Dick? Won't their businesses fail?"

"Exactly! And then the Government can buy them in. The Government isn't going to have its eyes closed while these things are happening. The Government will step in when these great concerns show signs of bankruptcy. We'll give the Government the tip; we'll—Kirby, a government is as successful as its citizens, and no more so. And a government can't be successful when its citizens are hungry, ill clothed, badly housed, as hundreds of thousands are to-day in this country. We're going to make anew this country. We've started already. Early this morning I mailed this list of first things to Masterman; this is a carbon I have here. I gave him forty-eight hours in which to put these plans into effect. If he doesn't ——"

"Dick, would we really, do you think, publish this paper?"

"I haven't thought of that contingency," he said. "The rich are cowards; wealth makes them so. Fear of what we can do will drive Masterman and his gang. Kirby, we've won! For as soon as these things go into effect the war is over. Masterman and his crowd will never go back to the old order. The people will never let them."

"But you gave them forty-eight hours. The Citizen this morning claims that Masterman has been selling short. You and I know differently; but can't they sell short now and reap colossal profits?"

"It's too big a thing," said Dick. "If the stockholders of all the concerns to be affected by our demands learned that Masterman and his associates had been selling short, they would think the whole change a mere gambler's trick, and murder would follow. It surely would, Kirby, and Masterman has sense enough to know it. He'll take no chances of that. He would dare trim a thousand people, twenty thousand, but not half a million. He'll reap no profit."

Kirby rose.

"You'll call me up on the telephone each day, Dick? And how long shall I have to play this hateful part?"

"A couple of days, that's all. It's only that you may be safe. For Kirby, if you are found and your safety threatened, I'd give up the whole business."

"And I too," she confessed. "It's wrong to place one above the many; but that's love, isn't it, Dick?"

"It surely is—with me, at any rate," he told her. "But the whole thing will be over soon. Then with Masterman involved so that he cannot retreat, we won't care if he knows our identity."

"I will," said Kirby. "His wife and child—oh, well, good-by, Dick. And phone me."

There was not even opportunity for a stolen kiss. They dared not be seen on the street together. They were not really safe even here. Someone might see them. Some Greenham operative might be buying a present for his wife. They separated and went in opposite directions.

Downtown Martin Masterman, Cardigan and Blaisdell looked into the grinning face of ruin.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



The Best Bakers Everywhere

are using Crushed or Grated Hawaiian Canned Pineapple to bake this most delicious of all pies for your table. Hawaiian Crushed and Grated Pineapple is the perfect, mellow filling, dripping with luscious juice and full flavored—the sun-ripened fruit right out of the Hawaiian fields.

Hawaiian Canned Pineapple

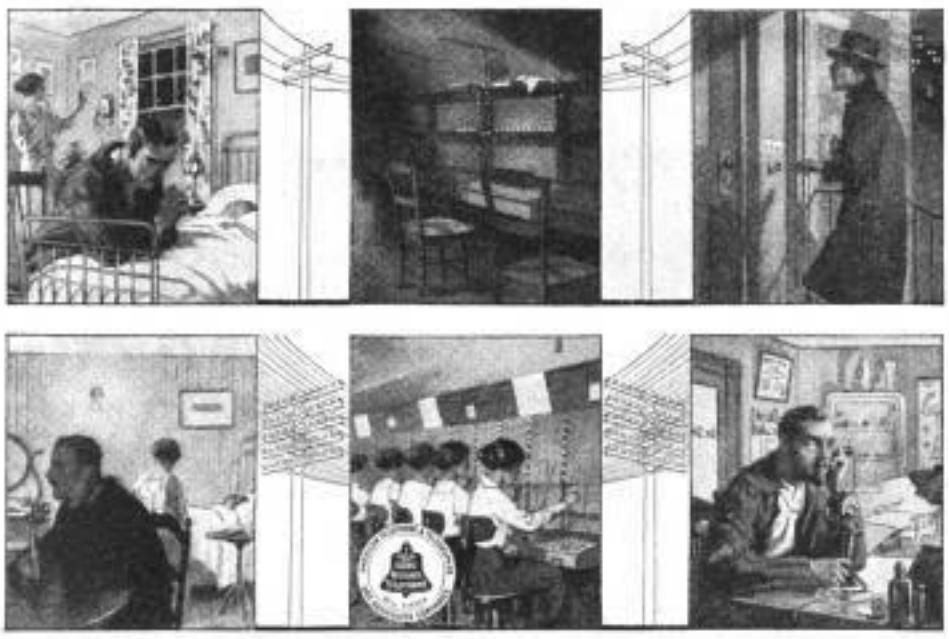
Crushed or Grated

is made into the ice cream, ices, sherbets, sundaes, shortcake, salads and pies served at good lunch rooms and restaurants. Try a piece of Pineapple Pie today—it's a very tempting luncheon dessert.



ASSOCIATION OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE PACKERS
Garland Building,
Chicago

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Best and Cheapest Service in the World

Here are some comparisons of telephone conditions in Europe and the United States just before the war.

Here we have:

Continuous service in practically all exchanges, so that the telephone is available day and night.

A telephone to one person in ten.

3,000,000 miles of interurban or long-distance wires.

Prompt connections, the speed of answer in principal cities averaging about 3½ seconds.

Lines provided to give immediate toll and long-distance service.

In Europe:

Nine-tenths of the exchanges are closed at night, and in many cases, at mealtime.

Not one person in a hundred has a telephone.

Not one-eighth as many miles in proportion to population and territory.

In the principal cities, it takes more than twice as long for the operator to answer.

No such provision made. Telephone users are expected to await their turn.

As to cost, long-distance service such as we have here was not to be had in Europe, even before the war, at any price. And exchange service in Europe, despite its inferior quality, costs more in actual money than here.

Bell Service is the criterion for all the world, and the Bell organization is the most economical as well as the most efficient servant of the people.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

¶ A temperance peppermint cordial:

Beech-Nut Mints 5¢



Tasteful Confections that Melt on Your Tongue — Taste them after Dinner!

Also Beech-Nut Cloves, Beech-Nut Wintergreens, Beech-Nut Chewing Gum
BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY, CANAJOHARIE, N.Y.

DOUBTFUL DOLLARS

(Continued from Page 7)

"Well, I should hope not!" Harold ejaculated. "To one of your artistic temperament it is only with the greatest condescension that you tackle flats and public buildings; but of course you've got to make 'em pay a whopping big fee to soothe your feelings. I wish you'd cut out the sob stuff. Everything's going better than I expected. If we'd confessed at once that dad's million was all a pipe dream, you and I would be borrowing money to pay our office rent; as it is, people think we don't need business and are simply throwing jobs at us. I kept the general counsel for the W. K. & S. cooling his heels in my outer office for an hour this morning. He dropped down from Chicago to persuade me to undertake a condemnation proceeding to get more switching room for their yards. Father always represented them here when they had anything too big for the local attorneys they keep busy fighting damage suits. That job will be worth five—maybe ten thousand dollars. If we were paupers, do you think he'd have come to me? Not on your life!"

Darting into the club for a hurried luncheon, Reggie was appalled, a week later, to find Harold there, with the Reverend Edgar Paulding Fleming. The two were seated at a table in the bay window of the dining room. Reggie saw at a glance that they were lingering over a luncheon which had taxed the resources of the club kitchen. If he had needed further proof of his brother's insanity it was amply provided by this wholly unnecessary social attention to the penniless clergyman Mildred had threatened to marry. He stole into one of the card rooms, had a glass of milk and a sandwich brought to him there, and sent a card to Harold demanding an interview at the earliest moment possible. Thereafter he paced the floor, and as Harold seemed in no haste to leave his guest, Reggie covered several miles before his brother appeared.

"This can't go on; it's got to stop right here!" Reggie declared as he locked the door. "I tell you we're headed for the penitentiary if the lunatic asylum doesn't get us first. If you're going to encourage that young pauper to marry Mildred, so that we'll have to support 'em both for the rest of our days, I'm done! I quit right now! I'm going over to the bank and tell what you're doing; I'm going to ——"

His mind was evidently not clear as to the alternative terminus, for he ceased abruptly as Harold yawned and picked up a pack of cards which he began to shuffle languidly.

"If you're out of gas, sonny, I'll bring you up to date in the matter of Mildred's suitor. I don't want you to think I've been asleep. The Hornbrooks are not doing as well as I thought they were. In fact, their company's about to issue some preferred stock, which doesn't have a healthy look in so old a concern. With only a million dollars in our family, I don't think we want to take on a brother-in-law whose financial soundness is at all questionable. Much as I like Bob Hornbrook, we simply mustn't take a chance on him. As soon as Mildred sprang Fleming on us I got busy looking up his family connections and previous condition of servitude. A little Sherlocking brought me the cheering information that he has a rich uncle in Boston. This old boy put Fleming through college, then chucked him because he wanted to tackle the ministry; the aforesaid uncle wanted to put him in a stocking factory—less spiritual but more profitable. It's certainly to Fleming's credit that he carried himself without help through the theological seminary. I sounded our bishop yesterday and he told me Fleming's sure to go to the top. Delegation from a big Pittsburgh church has been here taking a look at Fleming and were most favorably impressed. So it doesn't look so bad, brother."

Reggie snatched the cards which Harold was laying out for a game of solitaire and flung them across the room.

"You fool!" he shouted, pointing a quivering finger at Harold. "You have the nerve to tote that fellow to the club and throw expensive food into him, just to encourage his attentions? Look here, Harold, I've stood a good deal, but this is too much. It's all off. I'm done with this whole business. But I want you to remember ——"

"Cut the long farewell stuff, Reggie. I tell you I know what I'm doing. Fleming came to me like a man and said he wanted to marry Mildred—I being the older brother and the head of the house. That was at the office yesterday. A straightforward, manly chap; I've taken a real shine to him. He told me all about himself, his break with his uncle and his own hopes, and so on. He said he knew a poor man in his profession oughtn't to marry a girl who had been brought up in luxury; he felt a delicacy about asking a rich girl to marry him. He was mighty humble before Mildred's quarter of a million."

Reggie groaned and buried his face in his hands.

"But Fleming had written to Uncle Ellery to ask his advice and incidentally his forgiveness. Fleming is a much cleverer man than we've given him credit for, Reggie. Well, he showed me the old man's letter. It confirmed the opinion I had formed of him from letters I got from people I know at the home of the sacred cod. A rather tart, cynical, old party—the type of Bostonian you see in exclusive Boston clubs; nothing to do but complain of the club ventilation and sneak down to a bank every little while and clip the merry coupon for exercise. Otherwise they fight the gout and read Thackeray—nothing later unless somebody writes a new life of John Quincy Adams. An interesting type, Reggie. I know Fleming's uncle as intimately as though I'd gone to school with him. Well, when Fleming came to me yesterday like the good chap he is, to ask our sister's hand in marriage, he showed me a letter he had just got from Uncle Ellery. What he wrote was this—I committed it to memory while Fleming was bragging about Mildred:

"'*My dear Nephew:* If you've found a girl with a quarter of a million dollars who's willing to marry you, you must have improved a good deal since our last meeting. I'm getting on in years, and while you've been a sad disappointment to me I'm not unmindful of the fact that you are the son of my only sister and the last of the line. Pray convey my compliments to Miss Raymond! I remember a speech her father made at a dinner of the Puritan Club here ten years ago. It was admirable in every way. I have deposited one hundred thousand dollars in securities to your account with Briggs, Marin & Co., and am inclosing a draft for one thousand dollars, as a further token of my regard.

"'Affectionately yours,
"'ELLERY E. WAYBURN.'

"What do you think of that, my dear, doubting brother? You'll go on talking about my insanity and lack of moral sense, will you? I tell you the position I took the day we found father had died broke was unassailable. We never stood to lose! There's just one little rift in the lute and I'm hoping to patch that up. They've sprung father's subscription for stock in that Murtrie gasoline engine the papers were full of a couple of years ago. The engine was good, but not what was claimed for it, and dad refused to pay. Parker sold some of the stock, but, like everything else he and Cummings handled, it came to nothing, though it made a neat approach shot to the grand jury. A chap named Anderson came to see me a week ago with the subscription paper, and tried to convince me that he had a valid claim against the estate."

"Don't tell me—don't tell me you're going to recognize any claim of that sort!" moaned Reggie. "It was bad enough paying five thousand you didn't have for that hospital, just as a matter of protecting father's honor; but this, really this ——"

Harold snapped his cigarette case, dropped it carelessly into his pocket, and smiled patronizingly at his brother.

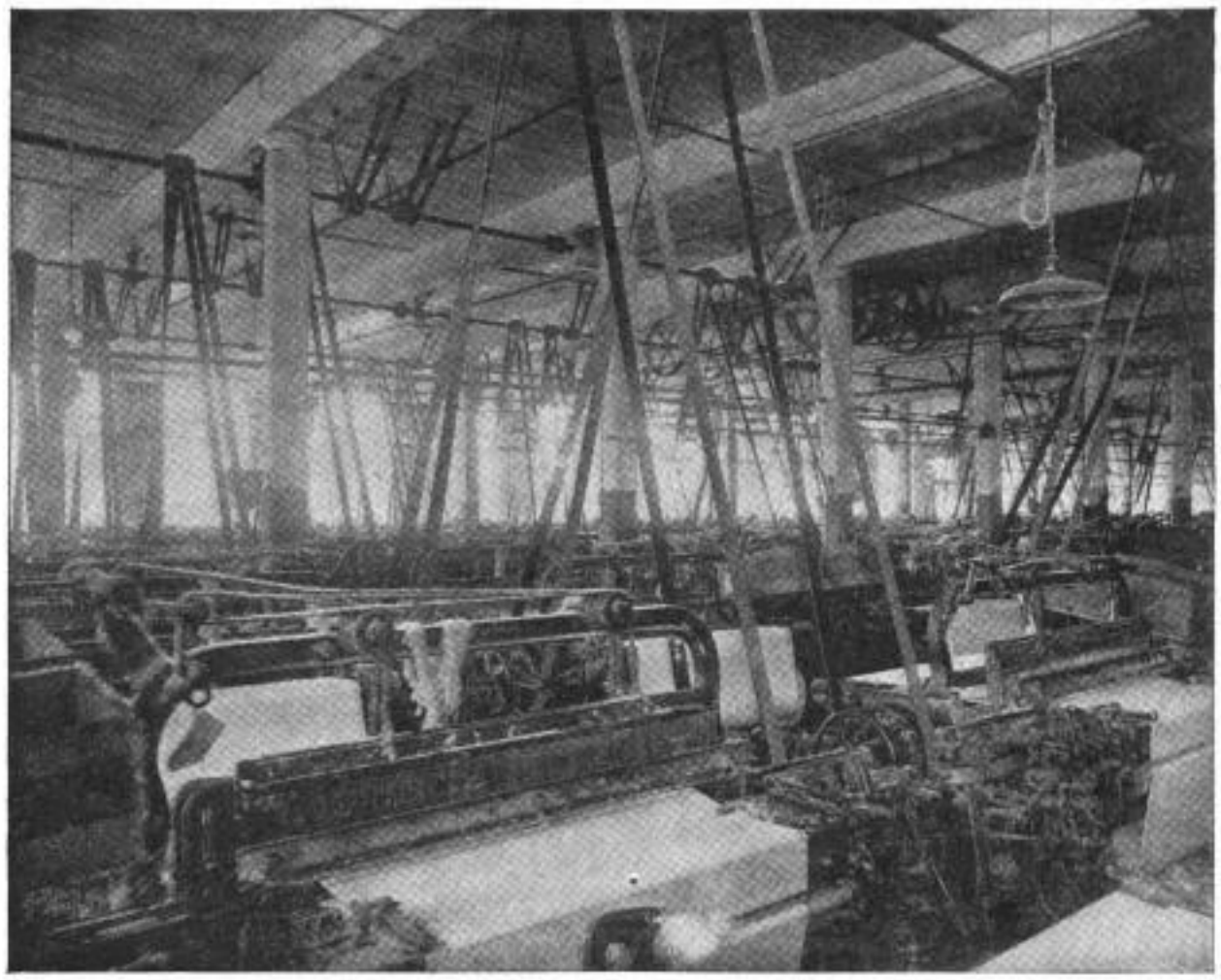
"I've compromised with Anderson and paid him fifty cents a share for a block of twenty thousand, giving my personal note for it. It never rains but it pours, Reggie. About a week before Anderson tackled me, Murtrie, the inventor of the engine, came to see me. It seems that this man Anderson organized the company, with every ignoble intention of freezing Murtrie out of it as soon as he got it going. Murtrie is a nice old chap and not as big a fool as he looks. By a stroke of inspiration he's got a new twist on his engine, which puts the original on the scrap heap. He didn't know about dad's subscription—just came to me on the strength of my growing reputation, and wanted my advice about getting hold of his original patents, which Anderson got him to

(Continued on Page 61)

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Why has it taken some manufacturers thirty years to discover that the best Belting Material does *not* grow on a cow?

An outlay of Ten Dollars on scientific belting often shows the way to the saving of Hundreds!



Two thousand belts in this plant. Suppose they should all quit at once!

ALEXANDER T. STEWART used to say that the average merchant is just *average* because the *little things* mean nothing to him. He must have a fire or a strike or a war to jolt him out of the habit of letting well enough alone.

* * * *

There are over eighty thousand manufacturers in the United States and Canada whose machinery is dependent upon belting for power transmission.

Single plants use anywhere from ten to ten thousand belts.

Eighty per cent. of these belts cost on an average less than ten dollars apiece.

Slipshod performance and short life in an *individual belt* seem of small importance—but if each belt cost one thousand dollars or if all the belts in the plant should give out at once, there would long ago have been a great cry from manufacturers for a belt at once *scientifically constructed* and at a *cost relative to its service* and not based on the market price of hides.

* * * *

For thirty-five years Leviathan-Anaconda has had *built* into it the things which practical men have recognized as needful to make belting a *dependable* and *scientific success*.

Leviathan-Anaconda belts are made in various ply of solid fabric, impregnated with special compound, so treated, stretched and aged as to produce a strong pliable belting, well nigh indestructible.

The *processing* of Leviathan-Anaconda is not a matter of surface only—it is *through and through*. Leviathan-Anaconda performance is dependable down to the *last ply of fabric*.

* * * *

More money will be paid out in dividends in January, 1917, than in any previous month in American history.

In eight thousand plants now using Leviathan-Anaconda, a proportion of such dividends will be directly due to the savings effected by the use of these belts because of their *low cost* and the quality of their *performance*.

Many business concerns think they can solve their belting problem by signing a contract with somebody. That is on a par with the idea that you can give a community morals by legislation—or that a man pays his bills when he signs a note for the amount of them.

The way to settle the belt question for your factory, whether it be large or small, is to *select one position and try a Leviathan or Anaconda belt on it*. Then watch it work. Many factories have tried this plan. In over ninety per cent. of them the *test cost less than ten dollars*.

* * * *

Leviathan-Anaconda is not sold by the yard—it is sold as a cost-reducing service. Therefore it is sold direct to the user.

The men who represent it are specialists in laying out scientific transmission. Their services are available to the engineer of any factory in the United States or Canada.

You must *know conditions* in order to meet them. Our special charts show how to keep transmission, conveying and elevating costs in your own plant. We send these without charge. Our book about belts is a valuable addition to any engineer's library.

LEVIATHAN AND ANACONDA BELTS
for Transmission, Conveying and Elevating
MAIN BELTING COMPANY, Philadelphia

LEVIATHAN AND ANACONDA BELTING — ELEVATING TRANSMITTING CONVEYING

New York Chicago Pittsburgh Seattle Birmingham

CHARLES PURDEN, Birmingham, England
THE M. METT ENGINEERING CO., Petrograd, Russia
WM. A. CAMPBELL, Havana, Cuba
MAIN BELTING CO. OF CANADA, LTD., Montreal, Toronto
ADOLPH GRANDJEAN, 211 Rue Lafayette, Paris
HONOLULU IRON WORKS CO., Honolulu

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Discard Every Wasteful Carbon Lamp for Sunlight's Only Rival

THE Power House can give you *all* the light you want, but the socket *only* as much as the lamp you put in it.

If, in your sockets you have old-style carbon lamps, replace them with EDISON MAZDA and enjoy *three times as much light*, and a finer, brighter, whiter light too, without increasing your current bills one cent.

Because carbon lamps can only give a limited amount of light; —because if you want MORE light with them you must use MORE of them and spend MORE for current; it is both to your pleasure and your *profit* to put in every socket the modern lamps of bright white brilliance, the lamps of economy, EDISON MAZDA.

In usual household and office sizes, EDISON MAZDA Lamps cost 27c. each: for convenience they come packed five-in-a-row in handy cartons. You can get them individually if you wish, of your lighting company or nearest MAZDA Agent.

EDISON LAMP WORKS
of General Electric Company Harrison, N. J.

Made in U. S. A. and **EDISON MAZDA LAMPS** *—Backed by— MAZDA Service*

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5,000 Miles without puncture is the signed guarantee you get with every Dunlop Steel Studded Tread.

We Deliver Free without a cent deposit, prepay the express and allow you to judge.

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Stop throwing away your worn tires—mail the coupon below for details—be sure and put in your tire sizes.

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Without obligation send me free catalog, copy of guarantee, sample and booklet, "10,000 Miles on One Set of Tires."
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Twisted Wire Back



A better tooth brush
Rotary bristles clean better. Brush can be removed from handle for cleaning—more sanitary. Bristles can't come out—can be renewed for 15c when worn out—handle lasts indefinitely. Brush complete 40c by mail.
A brush for every purpose
each built on the twisted-wire back principle—bristles can't come out. Suggestions:
No. 82, Hair Brush, $1.00; No. 81, Cloth Brush, $1.25; No. 94, Fountain Auto Washer, $2.00; No. 383, Friction Shower, $3.25. Write for catalog showing complete line. *Representatives—make money selling Fuller Brushes. Big demand—agreeable work. Write for details.*
Fuller Brush Co., 72 Union St., Hartford, Conn.



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RUBBER FOOTWEAR

Top Notch rubbers and arctics are different from any other rubbers made. Not only are they remarkably stylish, fine-fitting and beautifully finished—but they combine lightness and beauty of line with exceptionally long wear.

Most rubbers break through at the heel long before the rest of the rubber is worn out. But the patent Clincher Cushion heels of Top Notch rubbers, upon which Uncle Sam gave us a patent, **wear as long as the soles.** They are balanced rubbers—reinforced and strengthened at every point of wear to give long service.



WOMEN'S CUPID
A very stylish rubber for high heel shoes.

Try on a pair of Top Notch rubbers and see how snug they fit—how small they make your feet look. Their style and fit, combined with their great durability, make them the most economical and satisfying rubbers you can buy.

Write for our money-saving illustrated booklet "L" and the name of the Top Notch dealer in your town.

BEACON FALLS RUBBER SHOE CO.
Beacon Falls, Conn.
New York Chicago Boston
Kansas City Minneapolis San Francisco



(Continued from Page 58)

assign to the corporation. The assignment covered all future improvements in strictly legal form.

"Anderson thinks the scheme's dead and is chortling over blackmailing me out of ten thousand dollars. He doesn't know about Murtrie's improvements, or that he's been down to New York and had a firm of engineering experts pass on the new idea. It's a big thing, brother, a mighty big thing. The engineers wired the old man to-day that they've started West with one of the biggest men in the automobile game. They're on the train right now headed this way." Harold leaned forward and patted Reggie's knee. "My dear boy, things are simply blowing into the window for us. We're not going to lose a chance of planting ourselves firmly on the bed rock of prosperity while the million lasts. And now I want you to run back to your office and figure a few thousand feet of additional radiation into the specifications for heating the courthouse."

"More radiation! There's enough provided for now to keep that building red hot at the North Pole."

"But that isn't enough!" replied Harold from the door. "Connor's got a steamfitter friend he's going to throw the heating contract to, and he wants to sugar it for all it's worth. Don't look at me that way, Reggie! It isn't your morality that's involved; it's the low tone of our politics that puts power into the hands of Connor and his rotten commissioners. It's the apathy of the electorate, our dear fellow citizens, that's responsible for a condition that makes it possible for Connor to adopt your oft-rejected plans and hand the contracts to the highest bidder. You are perfectly innocent in the matter, my boy. You'll have to excuse me now, as I've got to go over and see what sister Dot is doing to aid the family fortunes."

When Harold reached the offices of Cummings & Raymond, dealers in investment securities, he found the firm engaged in the pleasant pastime of cleaning out the safe.

"You know," said Dorothy, rising to greet her brother, "we're going to make a specialty of serving tea in the ladies' room, and we haven't any place to keep the tea service, so we thought we'd clean out the rubbish and use the safe."

"Admirable!" cried Harold approvingly as he surveyed an array of papers and account books heaped on the floor. "I was going to suggest that you keep the office canary in the safe, but it's much better to use it for the tea service. How's the firm coming on?"

"Oh, we've sold a bond! Esther White came in this morning with a thousand dollars her father had given her for a birthday present, and we sold her a traction bond. We lost ten dollars on it, but Nellie thought we'd better sell it a little below the market. Didn't you, Nellie?"

"Well," Miss Cummings explained, "Esther's father has heaps of money to invest, and if she tells him that we're selling cheaper than other brokers he's likely to bring his business to us."

"That's perfectly sound," Harold acquiesced. "If you trim the market price a trifle, you can't fail to get the accounts of cautious investors like White, who are always looking for bargains. The only trouble is you may start a bear movement in traction and precipitate a panic. Let's see what you're chucking here."

He bent down and began poking over the litter from the safe. There were stock books of half a dozen defunct corporations, which had been promoted by the late firm of Parker & Cummings, and detached shares in all manner of organizations that had died in their incipiency.

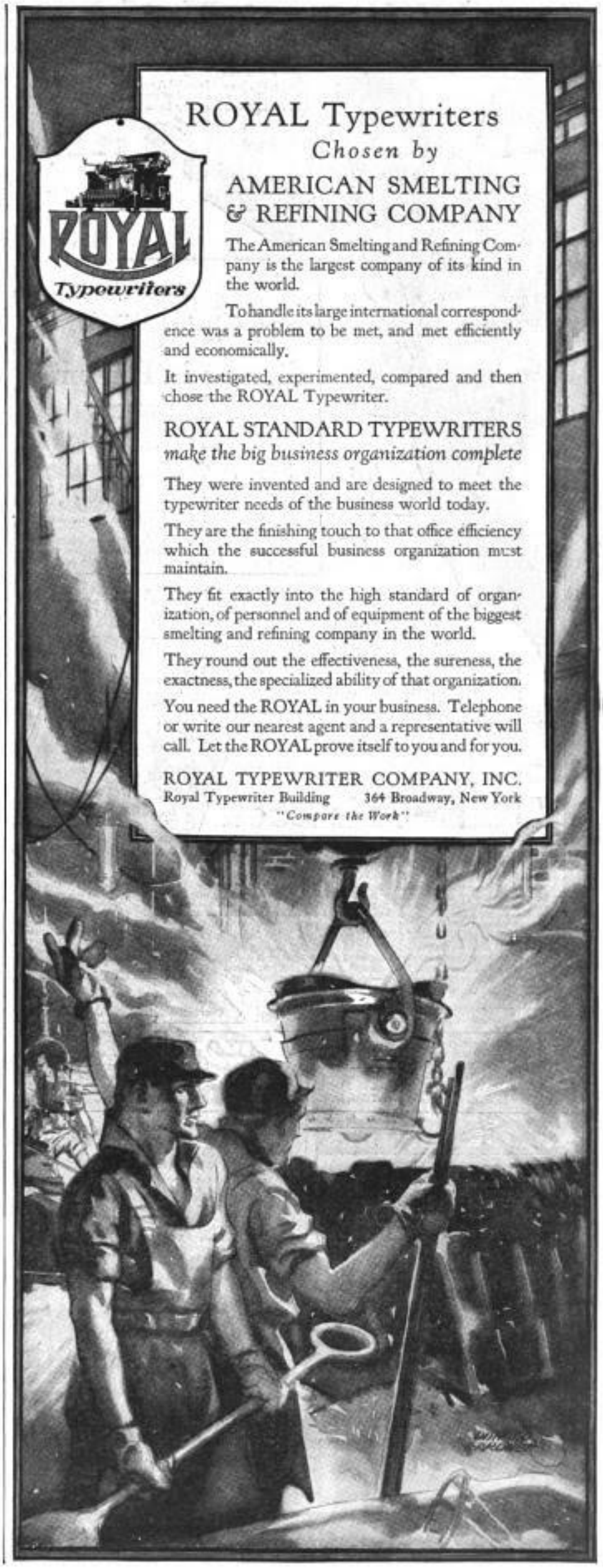
"Girls, you mustn't let the janitor have this stuff; at the present price of paper you must not overlook the rag man. Well, well, well!"

He sank upon the floor, inspecting with deep absorption a packet of certificates fastened together by a rubber band.

"Thirty thousand shares! Thirty thousand! Girls, run and make the kettle boil! Dot, lock the door—lock all the doors!"

"Of course, if those things are of any use we'll have to tell Mr. Parker about it," remarked Dorothy as Harold began folding up the certificates. "That would only be fair!"

"Not at all," remarked Harold with an indulgent smile. "Parker thought he'd sold you a solid gold brick when you bought him out, and his bill of sale covered everything in the office. And, besides, he's



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Stop Hitting at Nothing!

Some men are like a shotgun that scatters without much force in any one spot. Others are like the rifle that sends the bullet straight to the bull's-eye. How about you?

Herbert P. Mee, Material Accountant of the Southern Pacific Railroad, aimed at nothing and hit it—*until*—but let him tell his story himself:



His Letter

"Like most people, I was a drifter, admiring success, weakly wishing for better things to come, with no conception of what those better things were or how to proceed to get them.

"I aimed at nothing and hit it.

"I performed each task that presented itself, did it fairly well and then lay back awaiting the next task, using the spare time to build castles in Spain.

"Paragraph One, Lesson One, of your

Course in Personal Efficiency

started me to thinking. If the Course had done nothing else for me than this it was well worth the price paid. But it did more.

"As an immediate benefit, I have an increased capacity for work which my superiors were not slow to recognize, so that for the most part I am relieved of my old duties and assigned to much more important work.

"Young people who wish to get ahead, but don't know the why, the how or the way, can get the information very cheaply through this Course.

"Old people, given over to pessimism, loss of interest, and with apparently weakened vitality and enthusiasm, will get the jolt of their life reading the Course through but once."

Is it Skill you want? Efficiency taught the U. S. Navy to shoot 1200 times as well today as at Santiago. Is it Money? Efficiency brought a great western railroad a million and a half in one year. Is it Economy? A California state official saved $2100 on one job after he had his third lesson of this course. Is it Education? A prominent man of Louisville, Ky., got his first big step that way from the first lesson of this course.

Harrington Emerson acquired in practical work with many corporations the knowledge and experience that enabled him to write this course. He is still the president of an Efficiency Company directing efficiency work in a number of corporations. In his week he had to teach and train many young men, some of whom today hold highly paid positions. He has thought efficiency for forty years; he has taught it for thirty years; during twenty years he slowly collected the data for this course. You can learn from the lessons of this course how you can save an hour, two hours, a dollar, two dollars, out of each day and how you can make the day a better day at the same time. You can study this course and make yourself efficient in your own life in 15 minutes a day and for little more than a dollar a lesson.



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Send for this book. It contains the answer to the ever-present question of "Where's the money coming from?" Some of the chapters:

What is Efficiency? For whom is Efficiency? How you are taught Efficiency. Are you ear-minded or eye-minded? Find out what you are actually doing with your time. Most failures are due to guesswork. You use only half your power. To what do some men owe their success? Health culture. Personal finances. Mr. Emerson's message to you.

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These are tires made to stand the hardest usage on every road, in every climate, under every condition. With every one of them you get a

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Scores of Buckskin users have got as high as 10,000 miles; and our adjustments last year were only 4-10 of one percent—a record which we believe is unequalled. In spite of their durability we sell them to you at prices which are "the lowest in America." Write for details of our special offer.

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It's a vacation that works wonders if you need rest and change of scene. In Colorado Springs, "City of Pleasant Winters," you can play golf or tennis; "hike" into the mountains; motor daily over hard, dry roads, and thoroughly enjoy every form of active outdoor life. Bright, sparkling days with crisp, invigorating mountain air build you up and make you fit for real work. Snowfall light. Low hotel rates. Write Chamber of Commerce, 413 Burns Building, Colorado Springs, Colorado, for photographic record of 100 consecutive winter days.



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He was trained by members of our Faculty. You too, if you like to draw, should succeed—with the right training.

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Earn from $25 to $75 per week. Become a Commercial Designer—uncrowded field—dignified profession. Learn to draw during your spare time by our home study method. **Easy to learn, easy to apply.** Send today for beautiful catalog in colors. Also our folio of commercial illustrations. Free for the asking.

Federal School of Com'l Designing, Inc., 34 Warner Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

discounted your note and left for parts unknown and a thousand sleuths couldn't find him. He shrewdly surmised that, as soon as you found out you'd been stung, you'd be terribly peeved and ring up the police. These shares of the Murtrie Manufacturing Company are going to par—they'll go away above par. Look through all the books in the office and see who the suckers were your predecessors in business snared on that stock! We want to get all there is in sight. The Murtrie engine is going to be the only one you'll hear about for the rest of your lives. We'll make that engine right here in town and double the population. Yes, lemon, Nellie; I never cared much for canned cream. By the way, your idea of running your advertisement on the woman's page of the Journal strikes me as admirable. They ran it right next to Antoinette's Beauty Hints this morning."

"Don't you think we ought to have a private wire?" asked Nellie as he took his cup. "All the big brokers have one."

"Well, I'm rather against it," replied Harold after an instant's pause. "It would give a vulgar commercial tone to your office. You need a smart boy to guard the door and you can have him sneak into Billings & Carter's and copy any quotations from their board that you're particularly interested in. I'd keep a domestic finish on this shop and not litter it up with telegraph instruments. Of course, as business grows and your customers bring their crocheting here on rainy afternoons, it might be well to arrange for a service covering the winter races, but you'll have to consider the moral aspects of mingling the ponies with premium bonds. Just now Murtrie is your big card. These shares are going to climb like a frightened squirrel and you're right in on the noncombustible concrete floor. This is real stuff, girls; there's no fake about it."

"Mr. Murtrie used to come to our house at all hours to see father, and nearly drove him crazy," said Nellie. "He had funny whiskers and never wore any collar."

"Thank you for mentioning that," said Harold. "I'm going to doll him up so he'll take an impressive photograph. I want to have that all ready when we begin our publicity work. His name is going down in history with Bell and Edison—one of the world's greatest mechanical geniuses. By the way, if a chap named Anderson comes here asking if you know anything about this stock, remember that you are hard of hearing and don't tell him anything."

IV

HAROLD and Reggie rarely met. Harold was reorganizing the Murtrie Company, a task of magnitude, and had no time for family affairs. Reggie, finding his brother inaccessible, abandoned his rôle of prophet of evil and plunged into work up to his eyes. Success had exercised an exhilarating effect upon him; his ambition was aroused and he was anxious to make the most of the opportunity created by Harold's daring.

A few days before the expiration of the period for filing the inventory, he was at work on plans for the Robertson country house when Harold summoned him to his office. As he entered his brother's private room he saw at once that something was amiss. Harold sat crumpled in a chair by the window.

"Turn the bolt," he ordered gloomily.

"What's happened?" asked Reggie doggedly, placing his back against the wall.

"Uncle Walter landed in New York yesterday, got his first news of father's death, and sent a night letter of condolence which I found waiting for me here this morning. And an hour ago this blew in." He tossed Reggie a telegram that read as follows:

"Who has charge of brother's estate? Wire full information at once, as I wish to make report of securities I hold for him. Market value to-day about nine hundred thousand but properly handled will reach a million. These were investments I made for him in rubber and copper and half interest in Tin Cup Gold property in Nevada. Will come out and discuss matters with you next week."

Reggie read the telegram through twice and then lifted his eyes guardedly.

"It isn't possible—it's some kind of a fake," he whispered, turning the message over as though expecting to find support for his doubts in the printed matter on the back.

"I've been through a private letter book of dad's I'd overlooked, and it's true enough," said Harold dejectedly. "Dad kept the stuff in New York, so Uncle Walter could manage it for him. The original capital was only twenty-five thousand and dad never told us about it, knowing our capacity for blowing money."

"Then what the devil's the matter? You look as though you'd lost a million instead of finding it!"

Harold pulled his feet from the window sill and swung round upon his brother.

"It's rotten—rotten! After the start we've got, after all we've done to play up to that fake million, here's this real money coming along and spoiling it all! You and I have gone to the top in our professions in sixty days, not because we wanted to or cared, but because we had to or take the count, and now —— I tell you we can't take this money; we're ruined if we take it!"

"But it's ours—we can't just shake it," suggested Reggie.

"We're going to shake it; we've got to put it out of sight! I've thought it all out since I called you up. We'll put it through the estate in due form and give the girls their share; that's only square; but you and I, Reggie, are going to have careers! We're going to be a credit to dad! We're going to pool our two quarters and forget all about it and bone to our jobs, as though we didn't have a cent. But it's going to be hard to keep poor—that's the hell of it, Reggie. Why, we stand to make a fortune out of that Murtrie stock, to say nothing of my legitimate law practice that I'm going to freeze to like a January night. And everybody's bragging about you—you've arrived with both feet! Being rich isn't anything to being a success, Reggie. You're beginning to feel that; I can see it in your eye!"

"You're dead right," Reggie assented. "I'd hate to let go of my work now. It wouldn't be fair to the people who've trusted me with jobs!"

"Certainly not," remarked Harold. "And now that I'm up against it, with more law business than I can handle, I'm not going to let any of my clients suffer. I mean to be honest, too, Reggie; I could have skinned old man Murtrie alive, without violating professional ethics, but I'm making a rich man of him. I'm going to live up to father's reputation if it's in me to do it."

"I'm glad you feel that way," said Reggie with traces of tears in his eyes. "You'll forgive me for saying it, old man, but if you'd go in for con games—blue-sky finance and that sort of thing—you'd be a wonder. You could fool kings and emperors; money would roll uphill to meet you coming down."

"Thank you for the compliment," Harold replied, flicking a thread from his sleeve, "but there wouldn't be any fun in being a professional crook; it's too easy!"



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EIGHTEEN women who were under the impression that there was no difference in Grape Juices, were selected to make a comparative test of Red Wing and four other leading brands.

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Tenor, late of Century Opera Company



IDA GARDNER
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Popular Scotch Baritone



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THE POMEGRANATE COAT

(Continued from Page 18)

Sheer horror deprived Tommy of speech for a second.

"If you so much as set a foot—the toe of your shoe—outside this stockade, you little fool ——" he gulped.

"Oh, well, don't call me names. I won't. But, Tommy, you—you've got to come back." She was very white as she spoke.

It was only when he was well started that he remembered she had called him Tommy. Well, why not? Conventions didn't matter in a time of emotional stress like this.

It was an uneventful trip. Some young hooligans dogged him to the boat and followed him homeward, throwing refuse on his coat and offering him jibes and lewd gestures, which, remembering the president's counsel, Tommy bore, though his hand was taut on the revolver in his pocket. He panted with rage about it afterward, walking in the college yard with Margaret Irby.

"Gad, to knuckle down and swallow it all—things like that—when I could have rushed 'em down the line and cracked a few heads!"

"And what about our chances and your own? All your fine schemes—and Eloise?"

"I'm not thinking of Eloise just now," snapped Tommy, and never noticed. "I'm thinking what a fool and quitter I've been. By the Lord Harry, if we pull out of this I'm going to stick it out here—full contract—and pound some sense into their heads. I'll teach 'em if they can trifle with an American. Look at all we've done for 'em! Look at Miss Bayer and Miss Wheeler! Miss Wheeler herself nursed a lot of these cursed Afocs through the smallpox a year ago, and now every mother's son would stick us if they had the chance!"

It was the waiting that Tommy found the hardest. The settling down with an appearance of stoicism to a semblance of peaceful occupation, when the storm might break at any time. He wanted to rush out impetuously against all this Oriental stealth and indirection and strike good honest blows for independence. It galled him to wait the Oriental pleasure, to lie passive before threats, to make the rounds of their fortifications with Teevey and the other professors, and to work up their scanty sources of defense.

Perhaps he could not have borne it but for Margaret Irby. She was like a bright flame, these days—a steady, clear-headed, brave little spirit, like no one Tommy had ever known.

"Aren't you afraid?" he asked one day. "I never knew a girl like you. You know ——"

"Oh, I'm a poor sort, really," she said. "When—when the time comes—if it does—I shan't be any better than any girl. I just don't realize—and then—we've got you."

They were walking in the college yard again and the light of the gate lantern fell on her face. And Tommy saw how little and white it was for all her fine spirit, and a great wave of tenderness rose in his throat.

"Yes," he repeated, "you've got me." And he said it a second time a little unsteadily, and for a little space they were silent. Yes, those days were the worst of all. Not easy for a man of blood to attend prayers and Bible class quietly, to wind wool for Miss Bayer, to play checkers with Professor Maxwell or discuss English politics with little Doctor Ames. The only antidotes he knew were the cleansing and oiling of his automatic, recalling those bouts in the orchard back home when he and Dan Crandall had "wiped the eye" out of a postage-stamp at forty feet—it was thirty-five from the stockade gate to the college door—and eternally walking and talking with Margaret Irby in the compound.

Their taste in conversation was catholic, and Tommy never quite remembered the subjects afterward, but they were the only really peaceful moments he knew.

And one evening the waiting was ended. The jingo Teevey came into the dining room and reported that he had sneaked out as far as the Bazaar of the Purple Moon and got the latest.

Some more of the Wee Singhs had been killed and the south quarter of the town was burning. The faculty went up to a balcony and verified this. The whole sky was a lurid crimson. Teevey was almost indecent in his triumph.

"I will give ourselves just two hours," he said, looking at his gun-metal watch.

He underestimated it slightly. It was eleven when the cracked college bell sent a wailing note through the halls.

The ladies had retired to their dormitory, but now they assembled in the main corridor as instructed. They were very quiet, and at Miss Wheeler's suggestion they knelt here and Miss Bayer began to read from her Bible. Tommy caught the clear, steady drone of her voice as he went to his station.

"'The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want,'" he heard her reading quietly.

The gates were already guarded—Doctor Ames, Professor Teevey, and little Professor Wilson at the north gate, Professors Ralph, Van Twiller and Maxwell at the east gate. Tommy, Professor Burt and Professor Wallace took stations at upper windows, where they could look over the stockade fences and cover the approach to the gates.

The redness in the sky had been creeping nearer, and suddenly from the Bazaar of the Purple Moon a hideous stream of sound issued; a yelling, diabolic mass of human bodies. It bore straight upon them and, according to the watchers' several natures, turned their blood to flame or ice.

A shower of stones struck the north gate; a squealing, screaming cacophony rose on the air. Then came a steady thud, thud on the timbers of the gate; a flare of torches in the air. A revolver spoke from within, its cracking note snapping against the thicker sounds as little Doctor Ames fired a warning high into the air. Tommy at his station above the east gate, peeping at the orgy, felt himself go cold.

"They'll be round here in a minute," he thought. He could get the reek of the burning torches, the fat smell of pine wood; the wind brought stray sparks, like gold butterflies of the night, the odors of burning wreckage. "They'll try to fire us out," he thought; "it's going to be hell."

There was no time for further thought, for the assault swerved suddenly round to his gate, and he heard the crack of revolvers again on the north side. They came against the east gate with a scattering rush, and he fired straight into the mob; there was a moment's pause before they rallied. He saw two men creeping low along the wall. They had burning torches. He shot again, and one went down.

"Fire us—would you? Rats!" he yelled, and sent another volley.

He thought of the women kneeling below and their calm trust in the Lord who was their Shepherd, and a burning exaltation filled him. He was the Shepherd's assistant, and they should not trust in vain. He remembered Doctor Ames' last counsel:

"We are a Christian colony, my friends, and we bear the light of civilization. Not unless in actual defense of life ——"

In defense of life! Well, at last—at last!

He fired his revolver again and again, and for a time lost all count. Yet for every pause there came a rally; the devils seemed to be legion, a squealing, pig-tailed hell band that seemed to be born anew every moment out of the body of the night. Suddenly a voice spoke in his ear:

"They have twice fired the north stockade—the women are drawing water and assisting. But I think we can hold them, doctor!"

Yet even as he spoke, this hope failed. There came a sudden thickening of smoke and glare in the yard; they saw the little guard running in retreat from the north side, and the east post join them. Firearms spoke; but the mission yard was suddenly filled with a devil's dance of yellow furies. The guard made the central building with a hairbreadth margin. Behind bolted doors they stationed themselves afresh. They could see the yellow glare of the burning barrier and the newly fired refectory coming bright against the night.

"Our turn next," thought Tommy as he recharged his revolver.

It was then that Miss Bayer spoke at his elbow:

"Doctor, Margaret Irby's not with us. She's in the women's building—saw her run when the gate went down."

The women's building! It stood on the other side of the refectory—a matter of a few minutes before it, too, blazed.

"I can shoot!" said Miss Bayer. "I have brought my pistol!"

"Take my place!" directed Tommy.

A man was creeping up along the veranda roof! His eyes caught the fire and



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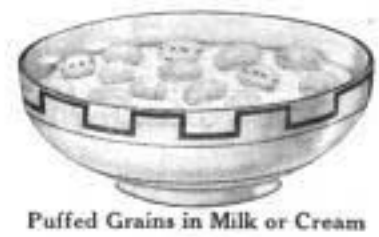
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shone like jet beads. Miss Bayer pointed the gun at him, her lips moved in prayer, and she closed her eyes as she pulled the trigger. When she opened them he was not there.

Down this same veranda pole Tommy slid; his feet in landing touched something soft and wriggling and squealing. He spurned it and ran, head low, across the yard. It was dark as yet on this side—a path of shadow running straight to the dormitory door. He made it untouched, unseen. Bolting the door behind him, he took the stairs at two leaps. There was a long corridor at the top and another door. This, too, he locked. At the end of the hall he saw her!

She was standing just inside a small upper window, looking down at the smoking havoc. At his voice she turned and looked at him, and his heart caught. It was the girl he knew, yet someone different. Her dark hair was tossed and had fallen loose; it rippled, beautifully luxuriant, round the pale oval of her little face; her eyes were like stars; two spots of rose glowed in her cheeks, and from head to foot she shimmered in a robe of riotously golden cloth, splashed with the splendor of rich embroideries. She wore the pomegranate coat, and she was like the spirit of fire herself—rose and silver and gold.

She smiled at Tommy, her eyes wide.

"It's death—isn't it, Tommy?" she asked bravely. "That's why I came back here. I wanted you to see me just once—this way. Foolish, wasn't it?" Her voice broke suddenly. "Just—vanity—and I couldn't get away."

He went up close to her and took her in his arms.

"Margaret," he whispered, "did you think I wouldn't come to find you? Why, I love you."

"I hoped so," she nodded.

They were silent a moment, then:

"It's just you and I now—isn't it?" she whispered against the riot of sound without.

"Just you and I," he said, "but we're going to have our chance." And his arm tightened about her.

"I've—some protection too," she whispered, and she showed him a little pearl-handled knife in her hand. "For me," she whispered, and Tommy kissed her.

"You've still got me," he said.

"Yes—you!" She nestled close into his arm.

There seemed to be a sudden lull in the riot outside; the flame shadows danced bright as ever, but the noises seemed to have receded, as though the attack had fallen away to gather fresh strength. In the lull, to the two behind the barred door a strange calm fell.

"Tommy," whispered the girl, "tell me—you loved me—even as I was—in those dreadful things I wore."

"I didn't want to," said Tommy, "but—you're my girl!"

"I—I wanted to be—but I didn't want it—propinquity stuff, Tommy—I wasn't going to do a thing to show you that I—I can be—pretty."

"Pretty!" said Tommy. "You're beautiful—always! And in that coat you're the loveliest thing I ever looked at."

The lull outside had grown sinister and the girl shivered.

"Tommy—I'm frightened—I want to live—now," she sobbed suddenly, "and I have so many things to tell you—to confess—about—about the lies I told you. You may not care so much for me when you know. I did it just for silly amusement. I mean about Hindustan and my mother and the ablative absolute—and all those colleges we lived in. My mother's like yours—the real home kind—and if she knew this ——" She sobbed again. "I—I just was foolish—and spun those yarns to keep me from being so miserable and homesick. She's on a farm—mother—in Minnesota, and Ole Nansen, our Swede, runs it; those socks were for him. And, well—I thought it was fun at first—saying all that nonsense—and partly to punish you for not remembering me, when I knew you right away down there on that rock. You see, you had forgotten me ——"

"Forgotten you!" gasped Tommy.

"I have the picture you gave me yet," she went on, "a snapshot. You have a pipe in your mouth—a terrible pipe, though Ralph Seward told us you never really smoked it because you got so sick. You have a rakish cap over one ear and your trousers pulled fearfully high—to show your socks, I think. There was something wrong with the focus, for your feet are

(Concluded on Page 69)

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(Concluded from Page 68)

simply enormous. And right under them you wrote: 'When this you see, please think of me.' Why I kissed that little snapshot for a whole year, Tommy!"

"But in heaven's name, who are you?"

"I am Eloise's poor relation. I spent a whole month with her the summer I was sixteen. I was little and shy and wore a pigtail, and all the boys called me the Little Mouse, but the second evening you chased me round the grape arbor and kissed me. And you told me when I left that no one could ever take my place!"

"Little Pegs Irby! Little Mouse! And I felt hollow all through when you went away."

"I—I think I just stayed feeling hollow, Tommy. I thought so—that day on the rock."

But they spoke no more, for the storm below them broke. There came a battering rush at the outer door, a flocking of feet on the stair, a strenuous bombardment of the last barrier.

And Tommy, holding his true love against his heart, leveled his gun and fired. But the chamber was empty. And the door came down as it snapped. But it was not Asia—it was Europe and civilization that besieged them.

Little Teevey, pale and tousled, a streak of blood on his cheek, like Abou Ben Adhem led all the rest of the college.

"A close call—a near shave, doctor—but we are happily out of it without serious damage. A detachment of soldiery from the mandarin appeared in time to drive away our marauders."

Then a curious thing happened. The professor of bugs and bugology was seen shamelessly to gather the professor of English literature into his arms—who by the way looked like a lady mandarin ready for a fancy ball—and to kiss her with violent unrestraint and emotion. And Professor Teevey is sure he heard her addressed by the utterly undescriptive and inadequate term:

"Little Mouse! Little Mouse!"

THREE WITHOUT, DOUBLED

(Continued from Page 13)

Well, I bid three hearts; but Mrs. Garrett come up to three no trump and I couldn't go no higher. This time I led out my ace o' hearts, hopin' maybe to catch their king; but I didn't get it. And Mrs. Garrett copped all the rest of 'em for a little slam.

"If your husband ever starts drinkin' hard," I says, "you can support yourself by sellin' some o' your horseshoes to the Russian Government."

It wasn't no lie neither. I never seen such hands as that woman held, and Messenger's was pretty near as good. In the four deals they grabbed two rubbers and a couple o' little slams, and when they left our table they had over nine hundred to our nothin'.

Mr. Collins and another woman was the next ones to set down with us. The rules was to change pardners and Collins took the one I'd been playin' with. And what does she do but get lucky and they give us another trimmin', though nothin' near as bad as the first one. My pardner, this time, was a woman about forty-eight, and she acted like it was way past her bedtime. When it was her turn to say somethin' we always had to wait about five minutes, and all the other tables was through a long w'ile before us. Once she says:

"You'll have to excuse me to-night. I don't seem to be able to keep my mind on the game."

"No," I says; "but I bet you'd perk up if the lady's prize was a mattress. When you're goin' to be up late you should ought to take a nap in the afternoon."

Well, sir, my next pardner wasn't nobody else but the Missus. She'd started at the fourth table and lost the first time, but win the second. She come along with the husband o' the pardner I'd just had; so here we was family against family, you might say.

"What kind o' luck you been havin'?" the fella ast me.

"No luck at all," I says. "But if you're anywheres near as sleepy as your Missus, I and my wife should ought to clean up this time."

We didn't. They held all the cards except in one hand, and that was one my Missus tried to play. I bid first and made it a no trump, as they was three aces in my hand. Old Slumber begun to talk in her sleep and says: "Two diamonds." The Missus bid two hearts. Mr. Sleeper passed, and so did I, as I didn't have a single heart in my hand and figured the Missus probably had 'em all. She had six, with the king high and then the nine-spot. Our female opponent had only two, and that left five for her husband, includin' the ace, queen and jack. We was set three.

"Nice work!" I says to the Missus. "You're the Philadelphia Athletics of auction bridge."

"What was you biddin' no trump on?" she says. "I thought, o' course, you'd have one high heart and some suit."

"You don't want to start thinkin' at your age," I says. "You can't learn an old dog new tricks."

Mrs. Nap's husband cut in.

"O' course," he says, "it's a man's privilege to call your wife anything you feel like. But your Missus don't hardly look old to me."

"No, not comparatively speakin'," I says, and he shut up.

They moved on and along come Garrett and Mrs. Messenger. I and Mrs. Messenger was pardners and I thought for a w'ile we was goin' to win. But Garrett and the Missus had a bouquet o' four-leaf clovers in the last two deals and licked us. Garrett wasn't supposed to be as smart as his wife, but he was fox enough to keep biddin' over my Missus, so as he'd do the playin' instead o' she.

It wasn't till pretty near the close o' the evenin's entertainment that I got away from that table and moved to Number Two. When I set down there it was I and Mrs. Collins against her husband and Mrs. Sleeper.

"Well, Mrs. Collins," I says, "I'll try and hold some good hands for you and maybe I can have two helpin's o' the meat when we come to your house."

The other lady opened her eyes long enough to ask who was winnin'.

"Oh, Mrs. Garrett's way ahead," says Mrs. Collins. "She's got a score o' somethin' like three thousand. And Mr. Messenger is high amongst the men."

"Who's next to the leadin' lady?" I ast her.

"I guess I am," she says. "But I'm three hundred behind Mrs. Garrett."

Well, the luck I'd just bumped into stayed with me and I and Mrs. Collins won and moved to the head table. Waitin' there for us was our darlin' hostess and Messenger, the two leaders in the pennant race. It was give out that this was to be the last game.

When Mrs. Garrett realized who was goin' to be her pardner I wisht you could of seen her face!

"This is an unexpected pleasure," she says to me. "I thought you liked the third table so well you was goin' to stay there all evenin'."

"I did intend to," I says; "but I seen you up here and I heard you was leadin' the league, so I thought I'd like to help you finish in front."

"I don't need no help," she says. "All I ask is for you to not overbid your hands, and I'll do the rest."

"How many are you, Mrs. Garrett?" ast Mrs. Collins.

"Thirty-two hundred and sixty," she says.

"Oh, my!" says Mrs. Collins. "I'm hopeless. I'm only twenty-nine hundred and forty-eight. And how about you, Mr. Messenger?"

"Round thirty-one hundred," he says.

"Yes," says Mrs. Garrett, "and I don't believe any o' the rest o' the men is within five hundred o' that."

"Well, Messenger," I says, "if the men's prize happens to be a case o' beer or a steak smothered in onions, don't forget that I'm payin' you thirty-five a month for a thirty-dollar flat."

Now I'd of gave my right eye to see Mrs. Collins beat Mrs. Garrett out. But I was goin' to do my best for Mrs. Garrett just the same, because I don't think it's square for a man to not try and play your hardest all the time in any kind of a game, no matter where your sympathies lays. So when it come my turn to bid on the first hand, and I seen the ace and king and four other

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hearts in my hand, I raised Mrs. Collins' bid o' two diamonds, and Mrs. Garrett made it two no trump and got away with it. On the next two deals Messenger and Mrs. Collins made a game, and Mrs. Garrett got set a trick once on a bid o' five clubs. The way the score was when it come to the last deal, I figured that if Mrs. Collins and Messenger made another game and rubber, the two women'd be mighty close to even.

Mrs. Garrett dealt 'em, and says:

"One without."

"Two spades," says Mrs. Collins.

Well, sir, they wasn't a spade in my hand, and I seen that if Mrs. Collins got it we was ruined on account o' me not havin' a trump. And w'ile I wanted Mrs. Collins to win I was goin' to do my best to not let her. So I says:

"Two without."

"You know what you're doin', do you?" says Mrs. Garrett.

"What do you mean, know what I'm doin'?" I says.

"No talkin' across the boards," says Messenger.

"All right," I says; "but you can depend on me, pardner, not to throw you down."

Well, Messenger passed and so did Mrs. Garrett; but Mrs. Collins wasn't through.

"Three spades," she says.

"Three without," says I.

"I hope it's all right," says Mrs. Garrett.

"I'll tell you one thing," I says: "it's a whole lot all-righter than if she played it in spades."

Messenger passed again and ditto for my pardner.

"I'll double," says Mrs. Collins, and we left it go at that.

Man, oh, Man! You ought to seen our genial hostess when I laid down my cards! And heard her too! Her face turned all three colors o' Old Glory. She slammed her hand down on the table, face up.

"I won't play it!" she hollers. "I won't be made a fool of! This poor idiot deliberately told me he had spades stopped, and look at his hand!"

"You're mistaken, Mrs. Garrett," I says. "I didn't say nothin' about spades."

"Shut your mouth!" she says. "That's what you ought to done all evenin'."

"I might as well of," I says, "for all the good it done me to keep it open at dinner."

Everybody in the room quit playin' and rubbered. Finally Garrett got up from where he was settin' and come over.

"What seems to be the trouble?" he says. "This ain't no barroom."

"Nobody'd ever suspect it o' bein'," I says.

"Look what he done!" says Mrs. Garrett. "He raised my no-trump bid over three spades without a spade in his hand."

"Well," says Mr. Garrett, "they's no use gettin' all fussed up over a game o' cards. The thing to do is pick up your hand and play it out and take your medicine."

"I can set her three," said Mrs. Collins. "I got seven spades, with the ace, king and queen, and I'll catch her jack on the third lead."

"And I got the ace o' hearts," says Messenger. "Even if it didn't take a trick it'd make aces easy; so our three hundred above the line gives Mrs. Collins a score of about ten more'n Mrs. Garrett."

"All right, then," says Garrett. "Mrs. Collins is entitled to the lady's prize."

"I don't want to take it," says Mrs. Collins.

"You got to take it," says Garrett.

And he give his wife a look that meant business. Anyway, she got up and went out o' the room, and when she come back she was smilin'. She had two packages in her hand, and she give one to Messenger and one to Mrs. Collins.

"There's the prizes," she says; "and I hope you'll like 'em."

Messenger unwrapped his'n and it was one o' them round leather cases that you use to carry extra collars in when you're travelin'. Messenger had told me earlier in the evenin' that he hadn't been outside o' Chicago in six years.

Mrs. Collins' prize was a chafin' dish.

"I don't blame Mrs. Garrett for bein' so crazy to win it," I says to her when they couldn't nobody hear. "Her and Garrett both must get hungry along about nine or ten P. M."

"I hate to take it," says Mrs. Collins.

"I wouldn't feel that way," I says. "I guess Mrs. Garrett will chafe enough without it."

When we was ready to go I shook hands with the host and hostess and says I was sorry if I'd pulled a boner.

"It was to be expected," says Mrs. Garrett.

"Yes," I says; "a man's liable to do most anything when he's starvin' to death."

The Messengers and Collinses was a little ways ahead of us on the stairs and I wanted we should hurry and catch up with 'em.

"You let 'em go!" says the Missus. "You've spoiled everything now without doin' nothin' more. Every time you talk you insult somebody."

I was glad that we didn't have to go far to our buildin'. The Missus was pleasant company, just like a bloodhound with the rabies.

I left her in the vestibule and went down to help Mike close up. He likes to be amongst friends at a sad hour like that.

At breakfast next mornin' the wife was more calm.

"Dearie," she says, "they don't neither one of us class as bridge experts. I'll admit I got a lot to learn about the game. What we want to do is play with the Hatches every evenin' this week, and maybe by next Tuesday night we'll know somethin'."

"I'm willin'," I says.

"I'll call up Mrs. Hatch this forenoon," she says, "and see if they want us to come over there this evenin'. But if we do go remember to not mention our club or tell 'em anything about the party."

Well, she had news for me when I got home.

"The San Susies is busted up," she says. "Not forever, but for a few months anyway. Mrs. Messenger called up to tell me."

"What's the idear?" I says.

"I don't know exactly," says the Missus. "Mrs. Messenger says that the Collinses had boxes for the opera every Tuesday night and the rest didn't feel like goin' on without the Collinses, and they couldn't all o' them agree on another night."

"I don't see why they should bust it up on account o' one couple," I says. "Why didn't you tell 'em about the Hatches? They're right here in the neighborhood and can play bridge as good as anybody."

"I wouldn't think o' doin' it!" says she. "They may play all right, but think o' how they talk and how they dress!"

"Well," I says, "between you and I, I ain't goin' to take cyanide over a piece o' news like this. Somehow it don't appeal to me to vote myself dry every Tuesday night all winter — to say nothin' o' two dollars a week annual dues to help buy a prize that I got no chance o' winnin' and wouldn't know what to do with it if I had it."

"It'd of been nice, though," she says, "to make friends with them people."

"Well," I says, "I'll feel a little more confident o' doin' that if I see 'em once a year — or not at all."

IV.

I CAN tell you the rest of it in about a minute. The Missus had became resigned and everything was goin' along smooth till last Tuesday evenin'. They was a new Chaplin show over to the Acme and we was on our way to see it. At the entrance to the buildin' where the Messengers lives we seen Mr. and Mrs. Hatch.

"Hello, there!" says the wife. "Better come along with us to the Acme."

"Not to-night," says Mrs. Hatch. "We're tied up every Tuesday evenin'."

"Some club?" ast the Missus.

"Yes," says Mrs. Hatch. "It's a bridge club — the San Susie. The Messengers and Collinses and Garretts and us and some other people's in it. Two weeks ago we was to Collinses', and last week to Beardsleys'; and to-night the Messengers is the hosts."

The Missus tried to say somethin', and couldn't.

"I been awful lucky," says Mrs. Hatch. "I win the prize at Collinses'. It was a silver pitcher — the prettiest you ever seen!"

The Missus found her voice.

"Do you have dinner too?" she ast.

"I should say we do!" says Mrs. Hatch. "And simply grand stuff to eat! It was nice last week at Beardsleys'; but you ought to been at Collinses'! First, they was an old-fashioned beefsteak supper; and then, when we was through playin', Mrs. Collins made us welsh rabbits in her chafin' dish."

"That don't tempt me," I says. "I'd just as soon try and eat a raw mushrat as a welsh rabbit."

"Well, we got to be goin' in," says Hatch.

"Good night," says Mrs. Hatch; "and I wisht you was comin' with us."

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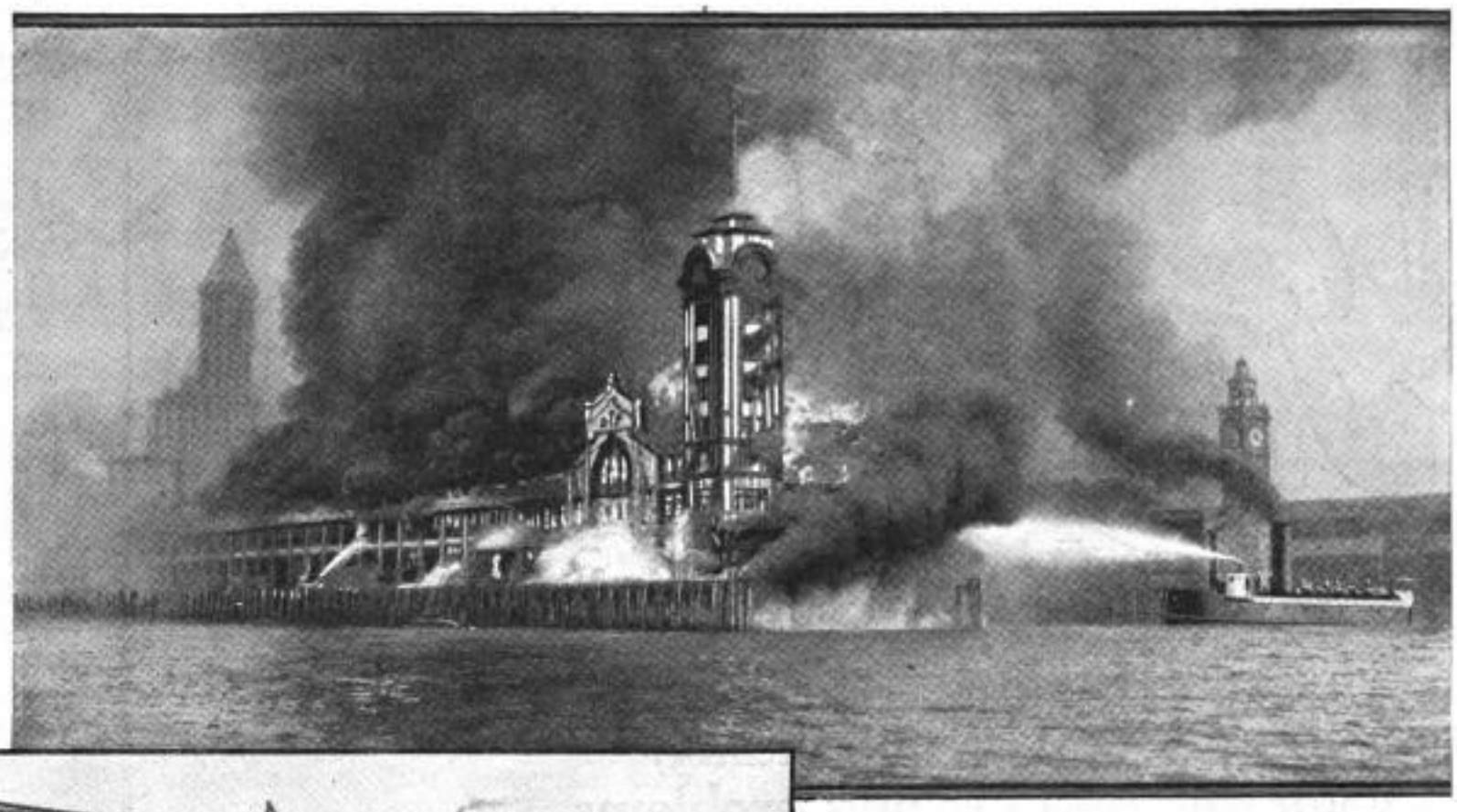
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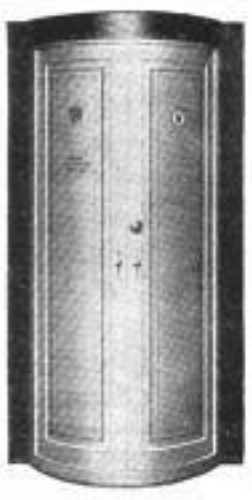
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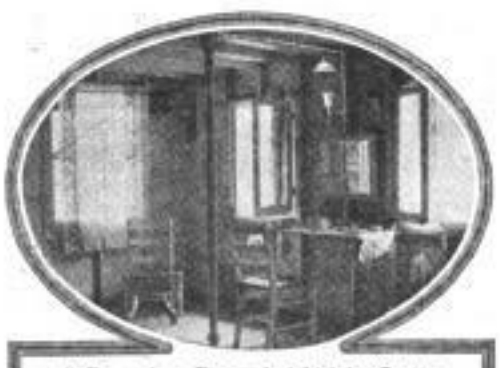
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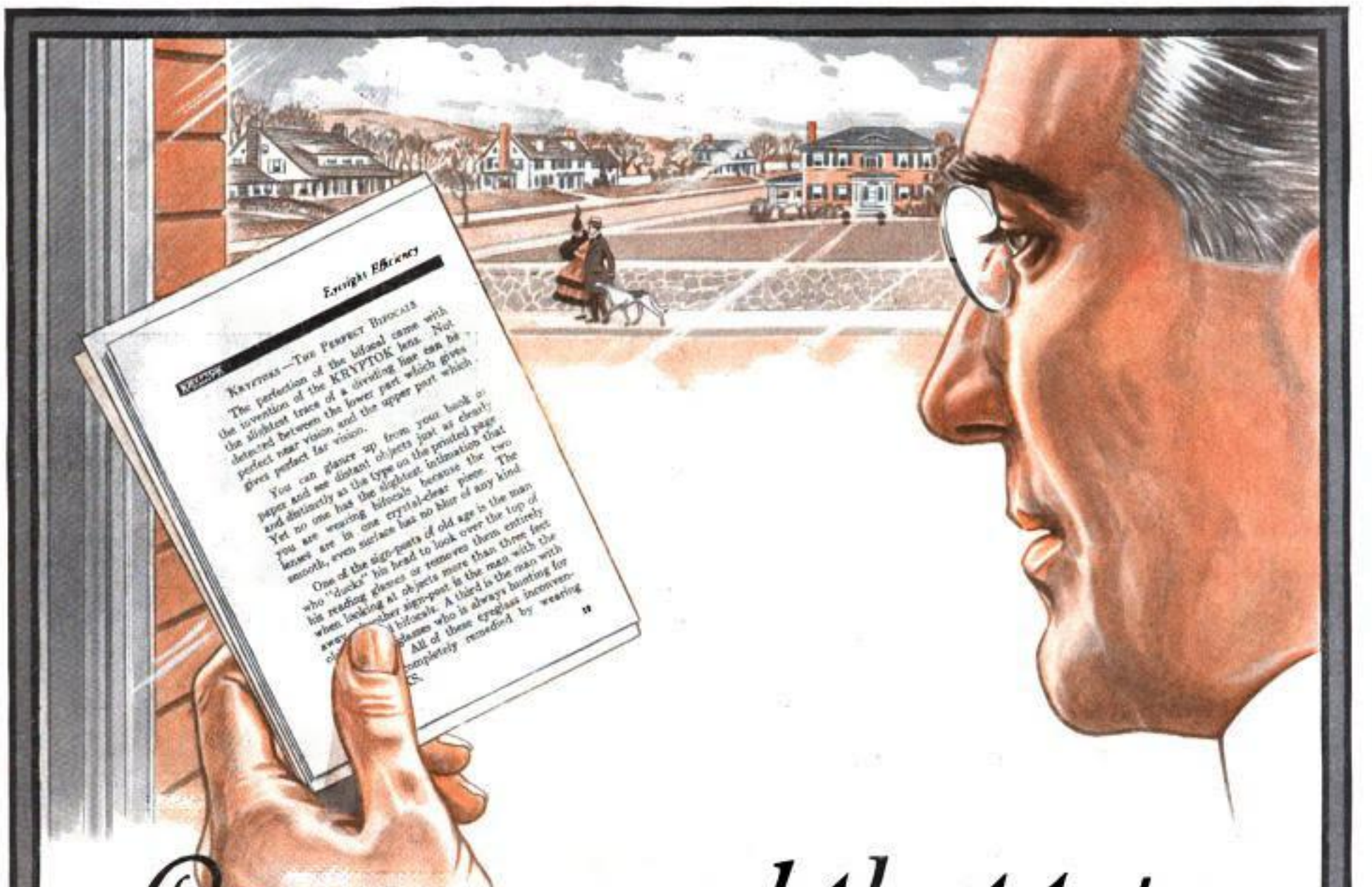


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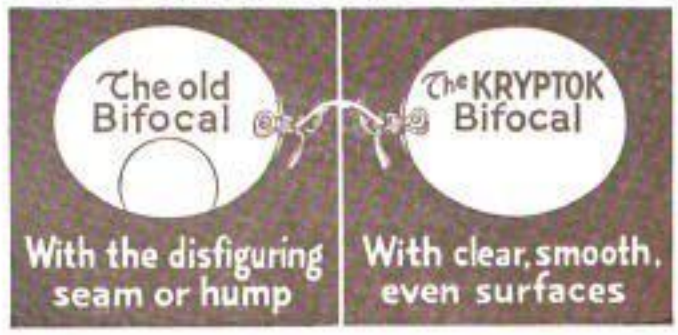
They free you from the even greater inconvenience of fussing with two pairs of glasses.

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KRYPTOK GLASSES

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KRYPTOK Glasses are made on strictly correct optical principles and are universally recommended by oculists, optometrists and opticians. Ask *your* oculist, optometrist or optician about KRYPTOKS. Attend to it this week, which is being observed from coast to coast as "Kryptok Week."

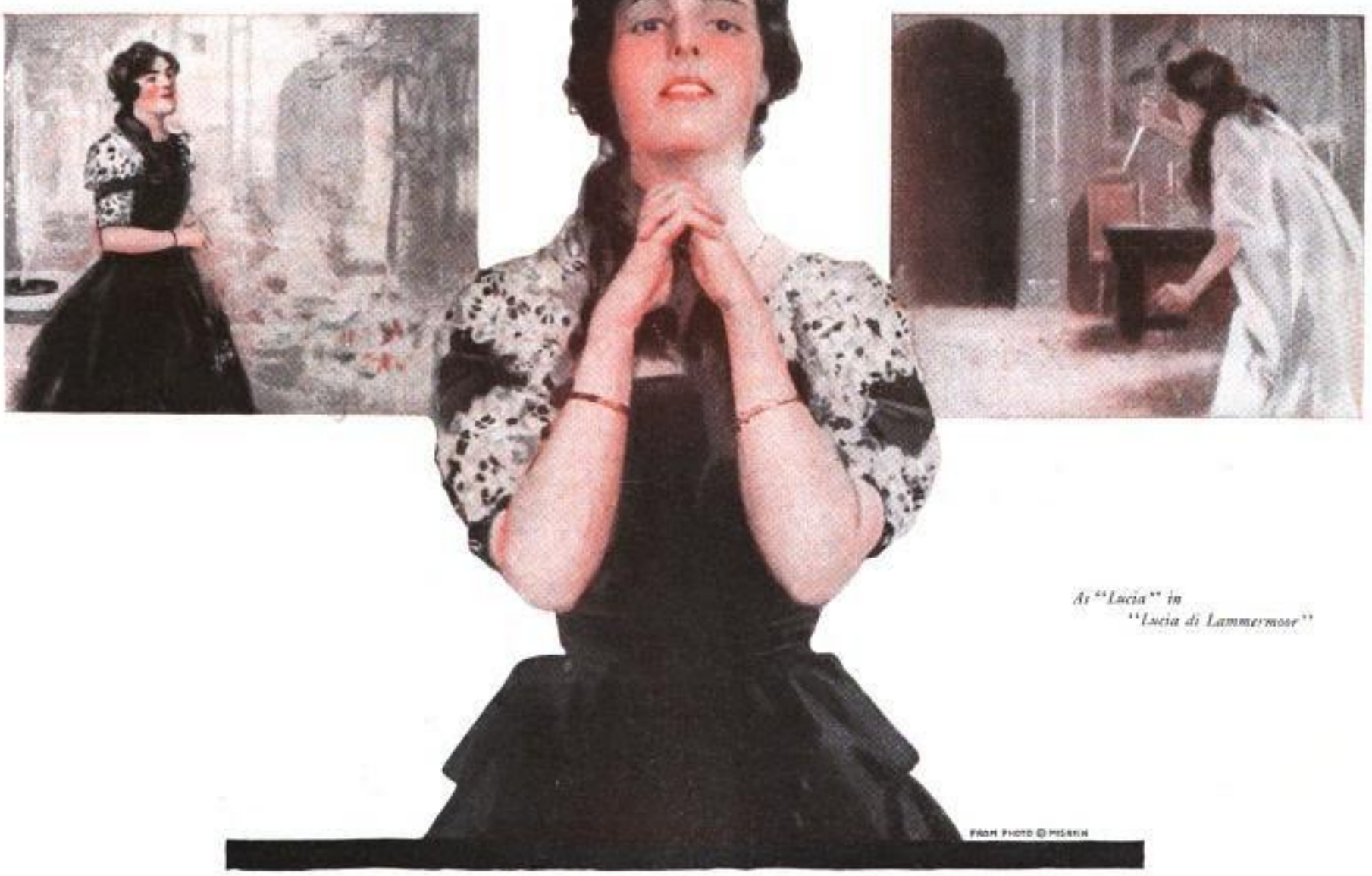
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UNITED STATES FIDELITY & GUARANTY COMPANY

Barrett Specification Roof

20 Year Guaranty Bond

This is the Bond that guarantees your roof for 20 years.

Why We Can Afford To Give a 20-Year Guaranty Bond—

Many people have asked: "How can you afford to give a 20-Year Guaranty on thousands of roofs all over the country laid by hundreds of different local roofers?" Well, the answer is simple.

First, We know the materials are right because we manufacture them.

Second, The Barrett Specification, while it may seem complex to a layman, is straightforward, plain-sailing to experienced roofers.

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We further know from 50 years' experience that a Barrett Specification Roof, properly laid, will last a good deal longer than twenty years *without maintenance or repairs.*

A Barrett Specification Roof is constructed of five plies of Specification Felt, with a liberal quantity of Specification Pitch (the greatest waterproofing material known) between each layer.

No other type of roofing approaches a Barrett Specification Roof in the amount of protective waterproofing material used in its construction.

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The 20-Year Guaranty is now given on all Barrett Specification Roofs of 50 squares and over in all towns in the United States and Canada with a population of 25,000 and over, *and in smaller places where our Inspection Service is available.*

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A copy of The Barrett 20-Year Specification, with roofing diagrams, sent free on request.

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ONE EVERY MINUTE

By Edwin Lefèvre

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

WHEN the war broke out in Europe, Wilberforce Shadd had worked for the grocery jobbing firm of Morris & Cunningham sixteen years. He had been married twelve. Before his marriage he did not know what it was to fear anything or anybody. Unfortunately, Mrs. Shadd's childhood was a series of daily humiliations which made it impossible for her ever to forget her dear dead mother's ceaseless prayer: "If I only had five dollars that I could call my own I'd feel independent!" Mrs. Shadd's father was honest though improvident, and as he was always in debt and always was trying to pay, there was never any cash in the house that any member of the family could call her own.

Ann Elizabeth grew up to be a pretty girl, sun-crowned, but pathetic by reason of a slenderness suggestive of under-feeding, and a look in her beautiful blue eyes as though the world were a bill collector to whom she was saying: "I'm sorry. You'll have to come another time!"

She was not at all mercenary, being too unaggressive for that, but it certainly was not Wilberforce's good looks or his kindly and considerate ways that made her marry him. What happened was that she accepted her mother's association of earthly happiness with financial independence and of financial independence with five dollars in cash. Shadd, who was a nice, likable chap, was paid every Saturday and always had money in his pocket—actual cash. It was inevitable that she began to associate Shadd with happiness, and finally with that happiness that needs a home to complete it. As for the worshiping Wilberforce, he saw in Ann Elizabeth a beautiful girl bound to become more beautiful by becoming exclusively his; and, moreover, one whom it would be wisdom to wed since she was a wonderful manager. To have an improvident father is an excellent training for a bride, and Wilberforce clearly saw—it was in the month of May—that there was no need to wait to save up. They could economize after they were married.



Men Did All the Talking Because He Was Full of Wall Street and Had to Talk

And so Ann Elizabeth Page and Wilberforce Shadd were married and began to save. They paid for the furniture on the installment plan. It made saving compulsory and, therefore, relatively frictionless. But Ann Elizabeth saved a little more than the furniture money. To feel that within the little luster cream jug on the mantelpiece snugly reposed one five-dollar bill and two ones gave her a feeling of both comfort and security. It was great to have something she did not have to hand to the collector every Thursday!

After they had paid in full for the furniture, Wilberforce suggested a little theater party in celebration of their emancipation; but Mrs. Shadd said very earnestly:

"Darling, if we got along so comfortably without spending this money foolishly, we can keep on not spending it. I can't forget how it was the constant worriment that shortened mamma's life ——"

"All right, ducky," quickly interrupted Shadd, who had heard the story many times, and kissed her. Nevertheless, she told him all about her mother's unanswered prayer.

She had her way, and the little hoard grew until it was so large that she was afraid to leave it at home, thinking of burglars, and afraid to carry it abroad with her, mindful of footpads. There was also the danger of dropping dead from heart failure or of being run over by an automobile. After several months of insomnia and dyspepsia she let Wilberforce have his way and deposit it in a savings bank, only to regret it the very next day—it was such a comfort to have the money in cash within physical reach! But inventive, like all women when they wish to do what they should not and at the same time not do it, she adopted the plan of laying aside a fixed sum every week but of depositing it only once a month. After twenty-nine days of hoarding she could afford to suffer one day for the sake of safety.

Wilberforce could not bear to make his pretty young wife unhappy by refusing to do as she wished, especially when it was for their own good. In the beginning when she carried her thrift to the extreme of interfering with his pleasures he remonstrated with her. But just as he gave up smoking at her suggestion, in order that both of them could feel they could afford the expensive neckties he liked, so did he give up his Sunday trips to Coney Island, in order to pay for an easy chair without which no home-body can be happy. They bought the dining-room rug by giving up his Thursday night bowling club. He had fondly dreamed of doubling the pleasure of his mild dissipations by sharing them with his wife. Instead, he increased her happiness by giving up his own.

And yet the worm half-turned at times. Whereupon, tragedy visible in her startled eyes, she would ask: "Suppose you lost your position?"

"I'd get another!"

"You can't pick up a good steady position everywhere. And even if you did get another, what would we live on until you found the other job? No, Wilberforce, darling, after you've got something laid by you can be as independent as you please."

And rather than see the azure skies of her eyes cloud over with the prescience of famine, he would give up the reckless purchase of a new suit and, instead, give her the money to put in the savings bank.

That dream of hers beat him—the dream of a golden independence to be acquired by force of habit. It is the tragedy of life that whoso lives by habit perishes by habit. If this were not so, the wise would be both happy and immortal; instead of which, as Solomon discovered, "How dieth the wise man? as the fool."

To be sure the poison worked so slowly that Wilberforce Shadd did not become aware of his own condition in time to swallow the antidote. After four or five years of regular hours for eating, drinking, working and loving—that is, of happy married life—he capitulated to the obvious necessity of regularly laying by a portion of his salary. The power to do so became in due time one of the blessings which Providence vouchsafes to the lucky ones who get regular wages. Wherefore, his fear grew that he might lose the job which enabled him to save money every week in order that he might not be afraid of losing his job!

Occasionally the young couple enjoyed the luxury of trembling together over the one tragical possibility of their lives. But they would get their bank book and look therein,

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and assure each other that if it were not for their savings they might indeed be afraid of losing his position. And then Mrs. Shadd reduced her hopes to one: That she might always have some money in cash that she could call their own. Whereupon he hoped that he might never lose his job.

And Shadd did not see that in becoming a slave to one habit he developed the far worse habit of forming habits. The friction of the unexpected makes some people unhappy. Shadd was the kind of man who wished all his days to be alike. He found comfort in making himself regularly miserable every morning by looking on his desk for a notice of dismissal. The failure to get the notice regularly gave him something to be grateful for during the rest of his working day and kept his nature sweet. Whenever Lipps, the office manager, approached, Shadd braced himself to hear the fatal words. When Lipps walked away without having uttered the death sentence, Shadd relaxed delectably. There was more comfort for Wilberforce Shadd in expecting the worst than in hoping for the best.

Old Mr. Morris and young Mr. Cunningham, his employers, took less and less notice of the clerk who insisted upon turning himself into a bit of office furniture. But that same clerk reflected on the safety of inconspicuousness, and became reconciled to the thought of not getting an increase in salary if, on the other hand, it meant not losing his job. After a few years his very face took on a peculiar expression—the look of a man forever afraid but forever telling himself that Fate, which always threatened him with dire things, was only jesting.

His fellow employees liked him, since there was nothing about him to arouse envy or contempt. He was kindly and considerate by nature, and he had additionally cultivated a dislike of violent emotions. Every morning he made it a point of greeting cordially two of his co-workers. One was William Ross, whose father had worked fifty-two years for old Mr. Morris' father, and then, according to the office legend, had died of a broken heart after Mr. Morris the First died of pneumonia. William himself was so old that he was utterly useless. He received eighteen dollars a week, ostensibly for keeping people from committing suicide by being crushed to a pulp at the bottom of the freight-elevator shaft. Of course everybody knew this was merely an excuse for giving the old chap regular wages without hurting his feelings. To Shadd old Ross gave comforting evidence that Morris & Cunningham were not addicted to the ruthless dismissal of faithful employees.

The other habitual friend was James Molloy, who, after being a promising lightweight, took the count and became a truck-driver for Morris & Cunningham. After five years the firm promoted him by raising him in the social scale. They made him chief packer and paid him five dollars a week more, but he got one hundred dollars a week more work out of his men. He could lick any two of them.

The reason why Shadd liked Molloy was that years before James had replied to a question:

"Afraid o' gett'n' fired? Aw, hell! Dere's more jobs lookin' for me than I kin fill in nineteen mont's and t'ree days, if I tried 'em out at de rate of six a week. Fergit it!"

And Wilberforce found pleasure in being brave by proxy. The firm would not summarily discharge him—as William Ross and his salary showed. And if it did, there was James Molloy to prove that better jobs were waiting for a good man to fill at the rate of six a week—for nineteen months and three days.



"No, Wilberforce, Darling, After You've Got Something Laid by You Can be as Independent as You Please"

II

WILBERFORCE SHADD, three months after the fall of Liège, was so sick of war news that he took to reading the scientific articles in his Sunday newspaper. On this Sabbath an eminent professor, of whom Wilberforce had never heard, had consented to be interviewed, and thus enabled the newspaper to prove that success could be won by anyone who went about it scientifically.

"A full-grown man's consciousness of himself has very little to do with that same man's success or failure. It is all a matter of his compulsions. He yields and is pushed upward or downward, as the case may be. A strong desire produces a soul deafness to everything else. The big captains of industry, the empire builders, the successful careerists everywhere, all have it. They get what they desire because they simply cannot hear arguments, threats, entreaties or moans. On the other hand, a given fear begets a fixed habit, and that habit drills a hole into the soul reservoir of his dynamic force.

"A man ceases to be a man when he ceases to have the potentiality of success within him. If a failure could diagnose his own case, he could cease being a failure and become at least a potential success by the simple expedient of ceasing to do that which made him a failure. But few men will acknowledge to themselves that they are failures, just as most men deny that they are henpecked when it is a fact that all American husbands are henpecked. A man whose life is not his own is a failure. Let such a man slay the tyrant—his fear of his wife which has engendered so many other fears, all of them success destroying! When she insists upon a Yes, let him say 'No' and stick to No!

"For a failure to realize he is a failure, he must ascertain the particular fear which made him one, and then determine honestly how that fear came to be born. Somebody planted the seed—his grandfather, his wife, his only child. Don't swat the individual mosquito within reach and think you have done away with malaria. Drain the breeding-pool! Don't fight your one dominating fear. Fight the source of all your fears. Be honest with yourself and learn who caused your failure. Then be ruthless!"

Wilberforce Shadd put down the newspaper with an unconvinced look. Was this writer right?

"Be honest with yourself!" he read again. To do this he frowned. The frown made him feel aggressive, and that made him ruthless toward everybody, and most of all toward himself.

The trouble with him was that same vision of a destitute old age which so stupidly benumbs all classes of men to-day. Financial fear; that is, the fear of losing his position—whence came that fear? He did not have it before he married. He did not have it immediately after he married. It came after he had been married some years. It came from his wife's constant harping on the need of saving a little every week, in order to have money in order not to fear the present or the future. Instead of valor, what came of that fear was the fear of everything.

Wilberforce Shadd saw clearly what had happened. His wife was to blame for his failure. His salary had not been raised in five years. The cost of living had gone up, and still he had not asked for a raise. And he was doing more work too. Half the time he acted as cashier. He had the work but not the pay—nor, to be just, the responsibility.

But how could he cease being afraid of his fear? The fear of years would die hard. All American husbands were henpecked. He had not realized it before. He had done what he had because he would not hurt his wife's feelings. In doing so he had become what he was.

He thought over his life and hers and determinedly went back to first causes, until he saw that his failure was due to that fixed idea of his that he must not be dismissed because he must save something every week.

By George, hereafter he must not save something every week!

Of course he had to live with Ann Elizabeth. She was a good and loving wife. He must not hurt her feelings. It would be much better to be fired! He felt like the man who committed suicide rather than run the risk of being killed in a duel. Death—that is, dismissal—offered the only solution.

What would he tell his wife? She would give him the money on the first of the month—on the very next day. He must be ruthless with her! The article said so. He was a rank failure because he was afraid, afraid of everything and everybody. He must not be afraid. He would ask for a raise. The worst that could happen was to be refused. No, they might dismiss him!

He must think calmly. There was time enough to be resolute in. Besides, why should asking for more salary and being refused necessarily mean that he must lose his position? He would sleep over it. A man always acted more wisely after sleeping on his perplexities.

On the next morning he decided that he was not yet really a failure, but that he was in danger of becoming one if he did not stop being afraid of everything and everybody. He was afraid of losing his job, and yet he had money enough in the bank to keep him and his wife two years.

Yes, but not enough to keep her silent two days! Poor thing, she worried so! He felt so sorry for her that he forgot himself for five minutes. He then decided to ask for the raise that same day, provided the opportunity offered.

He began to think that he ought to make his opportunity, instead of waiting for one to arrive of its own free will and accord. That is why, after breakfast, just before he left for the office, he said to his wife:

"I may have some news for you to-night."

He looked so serious, not to say menacing, that her face turned gray.

"Not—not—you're not afraid you—they ——" she stammered.

"I've been afraid too blamed long!" he accused her loudly. He regretted he had not said "damned," like a man, instead of "blamed," like a woman. Therefore, he slammed the door as he went out.

His anger grew as he walked, so that when he took the subway at Eighty-sixth Street he did not feel like reading the newspaper. From force of habit he glanced at the front page.

"STOCKS SCORE GAINS!" he read in one headline. That was it! People who gambled, damn 'em! made money, and those that worked faithfully got poorer and poorer!

Yes, but those that gambled were reckless devils. No, they simply were brave men, and those who meekly took what was given them and said thank you were cowards and deserved no better than they got from their employers.

He would be different!

And yet Wilberforce Shadd could not help his customary shudder in anticipation of his dismissal, as he looked on his

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To Feel That Within the Little Luster Cream Jug Reposed One Five-Dollar Bill and Two Ones Gave Her a Feeling of Comfort and Security

desk for the fatal missive. And then he called himself names for being such a coward. He was almost desperate when Lipps, the office manager, stopped beside him.

"By gad, I don't know what we're coming to!" grunted Lipps. "Here I've got a bill from the butcher that—why, it takes a millionaire to afford meat these days."

"Yes," agreed Shadd, "it does. I often wonder," he added subtly, "how people with small salaries manage."

Lipps shot a sharp look at Shadd. Did this person dare to dream of being sarcastic? Wilberforce's heart quailed. He made haste to add, conciliatingly jocular: "Americans eat too much meat. I guess I'll be free from dyspepsia." And he looked at his chief for permission to live.

Perhaps Lipps suspected what was going on in Wilberforce Shadd's mind, or perhaps he was thinking of his own case. At all events he said: "That's all right, but I'll tell you something, Shadd: A man who has a steady job is lucky to keep it. Some of these fellows who are making money out of war orders will be digging ditches 'somewhere near Paris'—New Jersey—for a living before many months."

"I guess that's right," assented W. Shadd. To himself he called it a narrow escape. After all, as long as he kept a job that enabled him to save something every week he wasn't so badly off. Some men were born to be rich; others to be paid by the week.

On the way home from work that night he met Hen Wilkins, an old high school mate and chum. Hen was glad to see Wilberforce and Wilberforce was glad to see Hen.

Wilkins was an animated sapience. Whatever he knew, he knew to a certainty, as anyone could tell from his words, voice and manner. Even as a boy Hen had that way about him, that converted his most casual utterances into religious dogmas. There had grown a legend about Hen's success in life which carried respect with it. Somehow Shadd assumed that Hen's was an unusual mind but, like all unusual minds, abnormal and therefore not altogether sound or safe. Hen, in short, was a success who was not successful.

Hen did all the talking because he was full of Wall Street and had to talk, while Shadd, being full of good nature, was willing to listen. While listening to Hen speak about Undersea Craft Company, Wilberforce Shadd could not help admiring the wonderful optimism of the speaker and his admirable confidence in his own judgment. It was obvious that Hen could read the future like print. It took a good hour of sober second thought to realize that Hen was fooling himself. And even then, the realization of it made you like Hen all the better, poor chap!

Wilberforce was still smiling tolerantly at Hen Wilkins' tip as he entered his apartment. His wife turned her left cheek toward him as though she dared him not to kiss her—as all wives do after the third year of matrimony—whereupon he kissed her with relish twice, just to show her, as all husbands do when they feel guilty. She might be overworrisome, but she could not help it any more than she could help her skin's being as smooth and fresh as a girl's.

She broke the silence, saying almost encouragingly:

"What you grinning at?"

"Oh, something Hen Wilkins was saying to me." And as she looked mildly expectant, he added: "It's too long to tell now. I'll keep it for after supper."

"All right; I've got the steak on."

He washed his face and hands. Then he remembered it was Monday night and the first of the month, and that he must deposit her month's savings out of his month's wages. That is what made him bitter. Her saving of his money had made him a coward and therefore a failure!

He fished the bank book from under the newspaper lining at the bottom of the third bureau drawer. Four bills were within. He added the few deposits made since the book was last balanced, and found he had $1832.68.

Then he went into the kitchenette to tell his wife that he no longer proposed to be a spineless cactus. He perceived the steak. He would prepare her for the blow.

"It certainly looks fine," he told her in a congratulatory tone of voice.

"Yes. I made him change it three times before I got it. As long as I've got to pay war prices for every morsel we eat, I want my money's worth."

"I guess they don't fool you very often," he said admiringly.

"It's the same price everywhere. They've got a combination," she explained.

This made him think of the high cost of living and therefore of his fear of being discharged. And that made him think of the article he had read, and how he had not asked for the needed raise and how she was responsible for his failure.

Thinking of her misdeeds—sowing the seed of cowardice in him—made him look at her compassionately. Her own eyes instantly became fearful.

"What," she asked tremulously, "are you hiding from me?"

"Why do you think, my dear," he said, mildly rebuking, "that I must be hiding something from you?"

"Because you look so guilty."

"I was just thinking ——"

He paused, in order to find some reason that would not hurt her feelings.

"What?" she prompted, pale-faced in advance.

"Er—of what Wilkins said." He smiled as if at the recollection, but in reality it was with relief. Ruthlessness came harder than he thought.

"What did he say?"

"I met him on the car and he got off at my corner. He's got a notion he's going to make a million."

"A million what?"

"Dollars."

"He's crazy," said Mrs. Shadd.

Nobody could do that; only the privileged few—with whom she was not on speaking terms.

"N-no," murmured Wilberforce charitably. "No, I wouldn't say crazy; but like all speculators a little off on that one subject. You know, the war ——"

"Do you mean in Europe?"

"Of co—— Yes, dearie. Well, here's what Hen says to me: 'Ever read Mahan's book on the influence of sea power in history?' 'No,' I says. 'Neither did I,' he says, 'but I read what a newspaper said about it. The dope is that whoever controls the sea wins the war. It's always been so from the earliest known war to the present.'"

"Well, nobody's won the war yet," said Mrs. Shadd, to show she read the newspapers.

"No. 'Well,' Hen Wilkins says, 'who's got the best navy? England! What in blazes is the use of Germany having a crackajack army and big artillery if she can't have the sea? None! Now what does Germany stand to lose in cash if she loses the war? Her whole wad—thousands of millions. Well, now, listen: You can't make a battleship in less than two or three years. A little submarine can sink a big superdreadnought. You can make submarines for $50,000 in sixty days and sell 'em for anything you've a mind to ask. Another thing: You can't deliver a battleship, even if Uncle Sam gave you permission, because the British Channel Fleet would put it out of business. But you can deliver the submarine in any harbor—provided the cash is deposited in New York, U. S. A. I figure that anything that can shorten the war is worth a million apiece,' says Hen. 'Now, do you suppose Germany is going to shy at ten or twenty or a hundred millions to win the war?' Of course," finished Wilberforce Shadd with a knowing smile, "I had to say 'No.'"

"Why did you have to?" asked Mrs. Shadd.

"Why—why, I just wanted to lead him on. So Hen went on to tell me that the Undersea Craft Company had sixty-five submarines off Staten Island, completely equipped to the last torpedo, with stores of food, liquid oxygen and gasoline to take them to any German port. He said the company was capitalized at only $10,000,000. At a million per submarine they'd have $65,000,000. That's equivalent to a dividend of $650 per share. In fact, all Hen wanted was one dividend and then quit."

"Why would he quit?"

"He'd have enough." Shadd thought he himself would quit in Hen's place.

"H'm!" Mrs. Shadd shook her head. She would never quit, once dividends began.

"Of course if the company took contracts to supply the other belligerents and could keep the revenue officers from snooping too close, it would stand to make billions! So Hen says whoever picks up a few shares of Undersea Craft Common, which is selling at about a couple of dollars a share, and puts it away and forgets he's got it, will soon be swearing to the tax assessor he really isn't worth a penny over nine and a half millions, honest he ain't. So I left Hen," finished Wilberforce with a forgiving smile, "swearing by the bones of his ancestors that he would buy as much U. C. Common as he could carry. You know that's a curb stock and a man has got to buy it outright. Hen wanted me to ——" He broke off abruptly. It was quite obvious he was not telling the whole truth. It wouldn't help matters to have her know that Hen had asked him for a loan to enable him to pick up five thousand shares. The worst of it was that he had lent Hen two dollars in cash—the price of one share.

"Wilberforce Shadd!" said Mrs. Shadd, and pushed back her empty plate to the middle of the table as though she wanted room. "Do you think for one moment that I'll let you lose all my savings ——"

"Lose your savings?" echoed Shadd rather vacantly.

"Yes, my savings. If I hadn't made you save money every time you wanted to throw it away ——"

(Continued on Page 33)



"Look Here, I Want You to Buy Some Stock for Me"

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THE ENCHANTED CAPTAIN

How Villa Came Back—By George Pattullo

WHAT do you think they are now calling Páncho Villa down in Mexico? El Capitán Encantado—no less—The Enchanted Captain, using the word "Captain" in its higher sense.

Hasn't he come back from the very jaws of death and, by the fire of his own genius and force, triumphed over the armies of the First Chief? He has. Was not the First Chief backed by the support of the United States? He was. And did not the Barbarians of the North announce, with blare of bugle and beating of drums, that they would get Páncho for what he did at Columbus and scatter his forces to the winds? They did. Yet he is there in full view, with more than twenty thousand men under his flag, the virtual master of Northern Mexico. That is the way the Mexicans reason it out.

When one comes to examine the facts it appears a remarkable achievement for a bandit. What wonder the *pelado* holds Villa to be something more than man! What wonder that he looms almost supernatural to the ignorant peons! He is the one great hero they have, and when the chance comes they follow him. They are rallying to him by the thousands. Whoever fights Villa now, fights the very spirit of Mexico.



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Villa is the Only Great Military Leader They Have and the Idol of the Masses

Of course we don't want to believe that; we would rather consider him a picturesque outlaw, who can be eliminated without our mixing in it. But there is nobody in Mexico capable of the trick. His strength grows prodigiously. There is no faction that can contend against him.

And yet there can never be peace in that harried land until Villa is suppressed. Two agents, and two only, are capable of accomplishing the feat—death and the American Army.

There has been a persistent effort to minimize his recent successes. The motives are obvious: The Carrancistas have to do that to keep up their bluff at authority, and we prefer to shut our eyes lest it become our duty to go after Páncho. It may be that this course will be impossible for us to sustain ere this article appears, and we shall be driven to act. The bulk of our people don't want that; but a situation understood loses much of its danger, and it would be well to face the real facts.

The Idol of the Mexican Masses

THESE are that Villa is again a formidable menace. His various commands will total close to twenty-five thousand men. The Mexicans won't fight him. It is true that their *jefes* can lead them into action against the bandit, but they go half-heartedly; and the first decent chance they get it's "Viva Villa!" and they bang away at their own officers and go over joyously to Páncho. Witness what occurred in Chihuahua City on September sixteenth.

He is the only great military leader they have and the idol of the masses. And, to give the devil his due, he is their only real patriot, whatever we may think of his methods.

Since September first Villa has acquired mastery of hundreds of miles of railroads and scores of towns; he has captured fifty per cent of the rolling stock of Northern Mexico and holds whatever territory he desires. The bandit could have Juarez any day he wanted it, so far as Carrancista opposition is concerned; but he prefers not to take chances so close to the American forces at El Paso. Jimenez, Parral, San Andres, Chihuahua City—he takes them as he needs them, evacuating when he wishes to trap another enemy force. Perhaps by the time this is published he will have Torreon, too, with its rich stores of cotton and wheat and corn.

And now he has proclaimed his mission. It is to drive out the army the Barbarians of the North maintain on Mexican soil. He has summoned Mexico to rise and sweep them from the face of the earth.

It is a trump card to play. The average native hates the gringo worse than a Chinaman, and Páncho can get ten willing volunteers to fight the United States where one would respond for service against his own breed.

As a declaration of the ideas that animate him, his manifesto to the people of Chihuahua, issued from San Andres the second week in December, is interesting. Here are a few of its gems:

"Our beloved country has reached one of those solemn moments in which, in order to oppose ourselves to the unjustified invasion of our eternal enemies, the Barbarians of the North, we should be united. We have had since last March an American Army, commanded by Pershing, in the Galeana district, constructing cement roads from the other side of the Rio Bravo to the San Buenaventura Valley, which has become, for the present, the base of operations for the abhorred Yankee. This has been done with the patient consent of the so-called Constitutionalist Government, which would like to build ammunition factories to continue the destruction of Mexicans with bloodshed, to make it easier for its leaders and allies to enter the interior.

"It is, therefore, a great and arduous task we must fulfill as Mexicans. I summon you to take up arms to overthrow the most immoral government we have ever had. . . .

"Without hope of seeing a change of conduct in the present rulers of this country, I have the honor of stating to the Mexican people that from this date on I will have my troops enter in the most active way possible, and will start military operations to overthrow the traitors and to put at the head of the government any citizen who, by his recognized integrity and civic virtues, can put Mexico among the free and cultured peoples, a place legitimately ours. . . .

"No military nor armed citizen may be nominated for President, because the army has its own definite uses. There are no exceptions to this rule. . . .

"Since the date of this document, the revolutionary army declares void all the concessions, privileges, etc., granted by the so-called Constitutionalist Government, excepting only the marriage licenses, certificates of birth, death, and all laws connected with the civil status of persons. . . .

"The revolution needing the resources of natives and foreigners alike for the reconstruction of the country, we will not be responsible for debts or claims made by foreigners. . . .

"No foreigner may acquire real estate or any other property hereafter if he has not been naturalized as a Mexican for twenty-five years, and has not resided continuously in this country during that period. . . . All property of foreigners is hereby confiscated to the nation.

"It having been demonstrated fully that the North Americans have been in the greater part responsible for our internal strife, which they have been fostering, as is proved by the unjustified and continued presence on our soil of their troops, all North Americans are declared incapable of acquiring any property, as well as Chinese. . . . All railroad lines, with all their stock, are hereby confiscated for the use of the nation. Foreign companies which claim rights of property in the railroads will not be considered. . . . Mining properties of the country, which are owned by foreigners, will be confiscated also for the use of the nation.

"To stimulate the Mexican manufacturer and to increase industries generally all over the country, all mercantile operations with the United States are hereby suspended. All rail and wire communication will be eighteen miles below the international boundary, to enforce this provision.

"All military chiefs are urged to require all male inhabitants of their respective territories to take up military training, to be prepared for the great struggle with the invader. Those who refuse will be declared traitors and shot, their property being confiscated."

Happenings Since the Columbus Raid

ALL of which makes it look as though the Enchanted Captain was organizing for a real struggle.

But how did he do it? How did Páncho Villa come back?

When pressure of other affairs made it expedient to drop the bandit off the front page, the newspaper correspondents eagerly seized the opportunity afforded by the Carrancistas. They buried Villa in fifty-seven lonely and unwept graves. One day he was shot to avenge a woman. Another, the American cavalry had riddled him with bullets. And, of course, the Carrancistas used to kill him off every morning before breakfast. Whenever they failed to do so you could be reasonably sure that their spokesman was sick in bed.

Here is the story of Páncho Villa from the date of the Columbus raid, on March ninth, as nearly as it can be gathered. It would be presumptuous for me to assert that it is flawless. But in my estimation this is as faithful a narrative of his doings as can be obtained from any sources outside of Villa himself.

Let me state at the outset that the American Army never actually engaged a force under personal command of Villa during his flight. Twice they almost had him when he was lying wounded; but they did not know it. The Mexicans who gave Pershing's army trouble were Carrancistas, armed civilians resentful of the presence of foreign troops, and small bands of Villistas under Julio Acosta and Candelario Cervantes.

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The chief himself was in hiding, to recover from a dangerous wound. That explains his months of inactivity. And the Carranza forces made no real effort to effect his capture. A large portion of the time he was within striking distance of them, or actually under their noses.

To understand properly what follows, it is necessary to go back to November of 1915. Carranza had been recognized by the American Government, and permission had been granted to transport five thousand of his troops across United States territory for the defense of Agua Prieta, on the Arizona line. From the moment of that recognition Villa was a gone goose; and he knew it.

He failed dismally in front of Agua Prieta and started a retreat, going by way of Cananea and Nacosari back to the state of Chihuahua. I was over a portion of his trail not long afterward; it was strewn with the skeletons of horses and mules. Arrived in the capital, he was faced by a desperate situation. The Carrancista forces, with the material support of the United States to draw on, were pressing him hard. Many of his *jefes* were frightened, seeing doom ahead. The people were worn out and starving; there was no more fight in them. The country was wrung dry. One after another of his captains announced that they were through with Villa and hastened to join what they felt convinced would now be the winning side.

Realizing he was up against it, Páncho went out on a balcony of the National Palace, in Chihuahua City, one day in December, and made a speech to the populace. It was a farewell.

"You are sick of me now," he said. "You are exhausted and miserable. You do not want any more fighting. I leave you. But don't forget this—the man you hate at this moment will be back within nine months. I will never desert my country. I have never fought for personal enrichment, but for the people. Therefore, I will come back. Hear me! I will answer your call in the hour of need."

He is always picturesque in what he says, and has astounding magnetism to drive home his words. The people huzzaed and Villa went off to Bustillos, to which point he had summoned his forces for disbandment. They came from all the surrounding region, nearly eighteen thousand men.

There he released them for a period from his service and bade them good-by. They were passionately devoted to him; but they had, also, had their fill of fighting and privation, and were eager to be gone.

Villa Wounded and in Hiding

THEY broke up, but not all of them departed with their equipment. Some, operating under powerful chiefs, went off as units; but the majority, thus assembled to take leave of Villa, laid down their arms.

He buried in the vicinity of Bustillos twelve thousand rifles, eight light cannon, some machine guns, and nearly two million rounds of ammunition. They would need them later, he explained. Foresight is one of Páncho's most valuable assets.

This equipment was cached in several spots, some of it being buried near Colonia Dublan, now the American base. Ten heavy cannon and several caissons were among the lot.

Then he went off into his old haunts, with some hundreds of the faithful, to resume the life of a bandit. And one March day he was overcome by a fit of rage against the Americans for their treatment of him and headed for the border. In the darkest hours of the night he swooped down on Columbus, New Mexico, and there laid up more trouble for himself than had beset him in his entire career.



PHOTO, BY THE INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE, NEW YORK CITY

Francisco Villa and His Staff

Twelve hours after his mad act he repented the impulse in bitterness of heart. A presentiment of what it would bring down on them assailed Villa. He upbraided Pablo Lopez and Candelario Cervantes, his lieutenants.

"Now see what you have done!" he cried, with a fine disregard of his own leadership in it. "This will bring a whole nation on our backs."

Lopez merely groaned. He was on a stretcher because of bullet wounds in both legs, and had been carried in that manner from Palomas.

They struck into the Sierra Madre, on the border of Sonora. Their plan was to go south and fall on Guerrero in order to seize the ammunition and supplies of the garrison under Cavazos. He had about two hundred men and they anticipated no great difficulty.

Toward the end of March they tackled Guerrero about dusk and by dawn held possession of the town. It lies in a sort of bowl. Villa was entering the place as conqueror when some Carrancistas on one of the surrounding heights opened fire unexpectedly. A soft-nosed bullet caught him in the right leg below the knee, fracturing the bone in three places.

That is the way he obtained his wound. He was not shot by the pursuing American forces; and the stories about young Arrieta cracking down on him with a .45, in Guerrero, because Páncho had stolen his sister are without a shred of truth. Villa doesn't have to steal women in Mexico.

His followers took him into the house of Señor Fernando Gonzalez, where his leg was dressed. Then they put him in a buggy and took him into the Sierra Tarahumar by easy stages. There he was concealed by the Indians.

While he was in hiding, the forces operating under his flag split up under various leaders and went off to prey where they thought the pickings would be easiest. The Carrancistas saw their chance and grasped it. If they could announce that Páncho Villa was dead and convince the Americans of it, perhaps the expedition would be withdrawn. At any rate it would help their cause enormously to make people believe that he had been killed, and they set energetically to work on the job. The elimination of Páncho made their own task of pacification immeasurably lighter and gave them a weapon to use in negotiations with Washington for the hobbling and gradual retirement of the pursuing army.

It so happened that a large portion of the American press and public was utterly weary of the whole mess, and they jumped at the chance to believe that the cause of it all had been wiped out. They wanted to forget Mexico and return to business. Consequently the bandit was proclaimed dead, and Carranza commanders solemnly promised to produce his body immediately. Numerous bluffs at doing so were attempted, but they were feeble efforts at the best; and, despite the fact that energetic Carranza agents buried Villa over half of Chihuahua, strong doubts lingered in the public mind that he was really out of the way. The American military authorities never believed it for a moment.

All the while he was in the region of Guerrero, being nursed by the Tarahumar Indians.

Gossip and rumors were flying like wildfire over that country concerning the American column under Pershing. Word reached Villa that a force was approaching Guerrero, and he ordered that he be taken up into the mountain fastnesses, where Julio Acosta, one of his former generals, had his retreat. Two youths accompanied the wounded bandit on this trip—Juan Murga and Javier Hernandez.

Dodd's Cavalry on the Trail

BEFORE they had gone far the rapid advance of a detachment of Dodd's cavalry surprised them. The two attendants fled, taking everything belonging to the wounded man, and leaving him alone with a horse. Villa was in bad plight. The Barbarians of the North were close upon him and he might be discovered any minute. In this extremity he turned his horse loose and hid in a cave. From there he saw about fifty troopers ride by. They passed within ten yards of him. He has since asserted that he also witnessed from his cave an engagement between the American troopers and some Mexicans.

Villa dared not venture out, lest he be seen and taken. He remained in the cave three days, without food and suffering horribly. His leg swelled and turned black. Murga and Hernandez had left him without water, and he was almost unconscious a considerable portion of the time.

Then up to the cave, on the third day, came Nicolás Fernandez with a stretcher. Some Indians had advised him of the chief's hiding place. Fernandez and his men carried Villa toward Bachiniva, which town they circled in order to avoid the Carrancista garrison; on to El Royo, nothing more than a plantation, where the mother of Tomás Morales, one of the nine men who made up Villa's first army, dressed his wounds. Morales was killed in a fight against the Federals in 1913; Páncho was much devoted to him.

As soon as could be they moved on to Rubio. Followers joined him every hour. They had to cross a plateau miles in extent, which was bare of shelter of any description. Not a gulch or a tree offered screen; but they accomplished it, moving in the dark. They reached San Antonio de Orenales and then took refuge at a small ranch near the Bustillos Plantation.

Here they were unexpectedly set upon by a force of Carrancistas during the dressing of Villa's wound. He had only fifty men with him. While these went into action, to hold

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Rebel Wounded Lying on Flat Cars and Tended by the Women Camp Followers

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DOUBLOON GOLD

By John Russell

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT



"Gentlemen, You Been Kidnap'," He Was Good Enough to Explain. "We are Sorry; But it Was of a Necessitate"

I REMEMBERED the big chap with the China-blue eyes and the great mop of tangled fair hair. I had seen him one night, a month or so before, at Monte Carlo, where he wound up a run against the red by snapping the sovereigns off his cuff links. And here, in the Casino Pavao, at Funchal, I remarked him in almost the identical gesture. He fumbled through all his pockets before he found and tossed out upon the board a goldpiece, broad and ruddy as his own open-air face. Now, as then, I saw him summon his last reserve for a final plunge. The coin fell on *manque*, and there he let it lie.

We were in charge of a highly superior banker at that table—a model banker, a window model of a banker, with spade-cut beard, jet brows, waxen face, and a perfectly faultless armor of full dress. Throughout the evening he had been spinning the wheel and shooting the little marble along its saucer rim with the detached regularity of an automaton. But when this strange token dropped shimmering beside him he stood like one transfixed, then bent over to stare, and presently passed a signal to the fat croupier across from him. And both of them stared at the thing, which shone like a full moon on the smooth green pool of the table.

I was not so sure of the rest. But it seemed to me that a sudden flame lighted their professionally indifferent eyes, that the spark of some swift excitement leaped between them. I say I could not be sure, because I was tiptoe with eagerness myself.

Nobody else was paying any noticeable attention to the big gambler or to his fortunes. A silent crowd jostled stiffly about the board, three deep, unmindful of the heat, the puddled air, the aching blue-white lights—a cosmopolitan crowd, such as one finds in the season at a minor crossroads like Madeira, where types are varied, if not extreme.

There was the English invalid contingent, of course—the prop and frigid corrective of so many subtropical resorts; and the local social element, dark, dapper and Portuguese, playing a wary and penurious stake; and the casual commercial, chiefly Teuton, playing high and stolidly; and the whole hodgepodge of chance tourists from the steamers in port—South Americans, South Africans, lean and yellowish administrators from the West Coast, one or two frock-coated Arabs, with the fez, Spaniards from Canary, and Hebraic gentlemen from the ends of the earth. In short, a Casino crowd, solely intent upon the game, and restrained from any common human sentiment like curiosity by its own multiplied strangeness.

And I rejoiced that this was so; for I desired no competition, and I meant to get that big gambler's big goldpiece, one way or another.

"*Faites vos jeu'!*" The banker had recovered sufficiently to make his spin, droning with guttural accent the familiar phrase: "*Faites vos jeu', mess'h!*"

I suppose every traveler likes to esteem himself rather a dab at collecting. How else account for the populations that live by the sale and the manufacture of assorted relics? I had lugged a bag of ancient coins half round the world, and I desperately wanted that particular coin, so large, so curious—and genuine—being offered as a bet. But there was something more to my temptation.

The day had been tinged for me with the charm and color of this Old World island town, lying like a flower wreath on a mailed breast, with its rioting gardens, its twining streets, its grim basalt barriers and savage beaches. I felt the lure of authentic adventure in pursuing such a memento, a goldpiece possibly historic, stamped with the flourish of dead kings. One has the sense at times of spying from ambush upon a promise of emprise and some great gain. It is the glamour of things, a magic flush on dull and sordid fact. It starts up anyhow, at a face, a whisper, a strain of music—a stock quotation. True, in the present state of a fallen world it often proves counterfeit—and expensive, too often. But what of that? One follows still; if only for the sake of the story.

"*Faites vos jeu'!*" advised the banker, who himself presided over romantic possibilities at a dollar a throw.

By the judicious use of an elbow I worked my way through the press. There fell the usual interval of suspense while the marble circled low. It gave me my chance to lean over the shoulder of the big gambler, who sat glowering and expectant, and to murmur in his ear.

"I'll take it up for ten pounds," I offered.

He nodded, without so much as looking at me; and I dropped five American eagles beside his stake.

"*Rien ne va plus!*"

But I had already effected my exchange; and I snatched away the big goldpiece just as the marble struck, hopped, and rattled into a socket.

"*Vint e uno,*" announced the banker, surprised into his own native tongue; and I caught the unmistakable quiver of a live disappointment as his glance crossed mine with the flash of a knifeblade.

The gambler waited until a silver rake had swept away his eagles. With a visible effort, then, he braced himself against the table and rose. He turned to me, met my smirk of triumph with a frown, and plowed out of the throng to the natural refuge, the little barroom on the terrace side, where I followed him quite shamelessly.

II

THE hour was early; we had the place to ourselves as we pledged each other in the quaint device they call a cocktail at the Pavao.

"You made a good bargain," he said, setting down his glass. "There must be at least twenty-five dollars' worth of pure gold in that slug if there's a penny—let alone its curio value."

His manner had a rough edge. Anyone who has lost over the green cloth knows the spleen it can raise against all reason. I was the better pleased next instant when he broke through, with a smile of sound good nature:

"Here's hoping it brings you better luck than mine."

I liked that smile, and the voice, easy and true as a bell, and the whole hearty, big-boned cast of him; and I marveled what twist had made a splendid great fellow like this, with his arching chest and walking-beam breadth of shoulder, the hanger-on at unhealthy gaming rooms. He was neither old nor young enough to be merely foolish. Forty would be about his age, I judged; but his eyes were new, like those of a child, and the only marks about them were the little sun crinkles of outdoor living.

"You were willing to sell," I reminded him with a half query.

"Of course!" he nodded. "When the game gets me running I'd stake my shoes if I could sell 'em. And ten pounds was more than the bank would have paid. All the same, you've got a rare piece, cheap."

"Just what have I got?"

"A doubloon—don't you know? One of those queer Portuguese cart wheels. Sink it! I made sure I'd found a lucky at last—anybody would."

I echoed that glorious old word:

"A doubloon?"

"Aye!" He smiled again. "Pieces of eight—what? The pirates used to cut throats for 'em."

On sudden impulse I risked a small experiment.

"I've no wish to profit by your misfortune," I said. "This is evidently very valuable. Call the ten pounds a loan."

He glanced at the coin as I laid it before him; and then, with a widening of pupil, at me. I was startled to see him hesitate.

"No," he decided. "No. But look here, that's decent of you. I will say it's downright decent."

"Not at all," I protested virtuously. "It might be worth many times what I paid you."

"That wouldn't worry me."

But something was worrying him as he frowned down at the golden disk. I felt a trouble on the man that bit deeper than his losses. He had an odd, abrupt trick of passing a hand hard over his brow as if to brush away some constant irritation, a gesture at once naïve and passionate. At such times he looked about him with an uneasy air, puzzled and, I could almost say, resentful.

"You must be very much attached to the thing," I persisted.

He slid it back to me brusquely, with a jab of his forefinger.

"Thanks. Would you mind putting it out of sight?"

We were sitting at one of the small tables that lined the side of the little room. It so chanced that I sat facing the bar, which was not a proper bar at all but a long, low sideboard, whereon an attendant compounded drinks. My new friend was at my left and thus failed to see what now I saw—a detached head glaring out of the wall, sharp and definite as a cameo. I was slow to connect this singular phenomenon with a strip of mirror over the sideboard and regarded it merely with wonder, for the face was very much alive, convulsed and eager. Tardily, then, I recognized the jet spadebeard of the superior banker, and at the same moment felt a hot breath stirring in my back hair.

"Hello!" I exclaimed, and spun round in time further to recognize a pair of perfect coattails; they were just disappearing through the doorway into the *salle* behind me.

He could not have had ten seconds' start, but when I reached the doorway the fellow had vanished in a fringe of bystanders. Another banker, bald-headed and not in the least superior, was now in charge at roulette, and I noticed that the fat croupier had also been replaced.

I turned back to the attendant at the bar, a popeyed nondescript in a white jacket.

"Who was that?" I demanded indignantly. "Who is that man, and what the devil did he mean by blowing down the back of my neck?"

He stared at me, with fluttering lids, chalk-faced—I was to appreciate presently what terror rode that obscure soul.

"*Ndo compriendo,*" he stammered, though I had heard him use good-enough English of a sort in wheedling for tips. Impatient at his stupidity and my own jumpy nerves, I flung away from him—or, rather, I started to fling and was halted there in my tracks.

Now the contact of a revolver is something that no man need be taught to identify. It is a part of instinctive knowledge. When a hard blunt nose snuggled suddenly under my lowest rib I required no verbal order to make me stand quite passive and obedient. So I did stand, while still mechanically resisting the furtive, tremulous fingers that came stealing round my wrist, trying to force my hand open.

I was not half so frightened as amazed, and certainly not half so frightened as the creature himself. I knew it must be the wretched little attendant who was tickling me with that revolver, and that he was trying to hold me up for something—what it might be I scarcely thought. If he had

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been respectable in any way, through strength or skill or personality, I believe I might have yielded. But to be robbed by this miserable hireling, this popeyed dispenser of bad cocktails, himself in a state of the most abject funk, roused all the stubbornness of which I was capable. As if a sheep had assaulted me!

I suppose I should have allowed myself to be shot ingloriously had not the big gambler discovered what was going on. In two steps he was by me, pouched the weapon with a fist like a muff, and simply abolished Popeye.

"Easy now!" he warned him. "Don't yell!" It was an absurd anticlimax to see that bold, bad gunman being jammed upright to keep him from falling in a heap. "Reposo yourself, matey, if you know what's good. Be quiet—comprendo so much? Nobody's going to hurt you."

Somehow I found myself back at the little table. The gambler occupied the chair at my right this time, whence he could watch my late enemy, who hung collapsed over the bar. Except for these trifling changes, the whole incident might have seemed illusion.

"What was that for?" I managed to ask.

The gambler answered with a negligence that struck me in my condition of mind like an affront:

"Well, the lad's of no importance—don't you see? He had to do what he was told and he wasn't up to his job—that's all. But I thought we'd best keep him in view. No sense having him run off to report."

"How true!" I said with a faint attempt at emulation. "One concedes the frivolity of having the lad run off to report. After all, he could only confess that he had failed to murder me. But suppose I do it?"

"What—complain?"

"It occurs to me I might. I'm not vindictive, but I really don't care for pistols with my drinks."

"Who to?"

"Why, to the manager, I suppose; the maestro—the man who holds the gambling concession in this place."

"That's the johnny with the beard. He would be pleased to get a complaint from you!" he snorted. "Why, it was he who gave this poor fool his orders!"

"Oh!" I said, for lack of more adequate comment.

"And he, again, is only a lesser devil. And if you should call the police, or the military, or anybody, all the way up—the governor himself—you'd probably find the same."

I regarded him to know whether he was serious. He was; and his laconic method of statement had an extraordinary effect of bitterness. Action had lent him brief relief, but the cloud of some fixed discontent dwelt in this strong soul. Even as I watched, its shadow descended upon him again.

"From your account they seem prepared to spare no pains in making the visitor feel quite at home," I observed—"up to the point of inducing him to remain permanently. Was there any other object in the recent attention to me, do you think?"

"You've got it in your hand."

I unclenched my hand and sat blinking down, with some astonishment, at the thing I had held throughout and was still holding—the Portuguese doubloon. His smile was grim this time.

"Pieces of eight—what? They used to cut throats for 'em."

"Who wants the thing so badly?" I asked squarely. "Who's after it?"

"Number One," was his cryptic answer.

"Number One!" I cried. "Which Number One?"

"Do you think I'm trying to mystify you?" he returned impatiently. "Look here—I've had that confounded relic only since yesterday myself. They tried these same tricks on me until I got tired and wrung a little yellow viper's ears for him. Well, Number One wants it. Number One is the cause, the source, the trouble maker, for whose sake they move. I'm telling you every bit he could tell me—just that: Number One."

I drew a long breath. Adventure—romance? The most hardened realist must have admitted that here was a promising lead. From the opened windows on the terrace came a stealthy, sudden rush of rain, confusing and drowning the fret of the sea below. The curtains flapped inward and we had a whiff of the island night, warm and damp, charged with the heady scents of lush vegetation. Back in the ballroom they were starting a waltz of Waldteufel's, I think it was, some jingly strain that ran with the clink of money on the tables. A suitable setting for a wondrous tale; but it was borne upon me that if I wished full value for my venture I should have to play up now, and play up sharp.

This difficult man was not the kind to unbuckle offhand. He was hardly what one might call a subjective peddler of his wares. He would not care two pins for my thrills, my quest of fancy, which to him, in his own heavy obsession, must seem the most contemptible trifles.

With studied carelessness I took the doubloon on my thumb, flipped it and stuck it in my pocket.

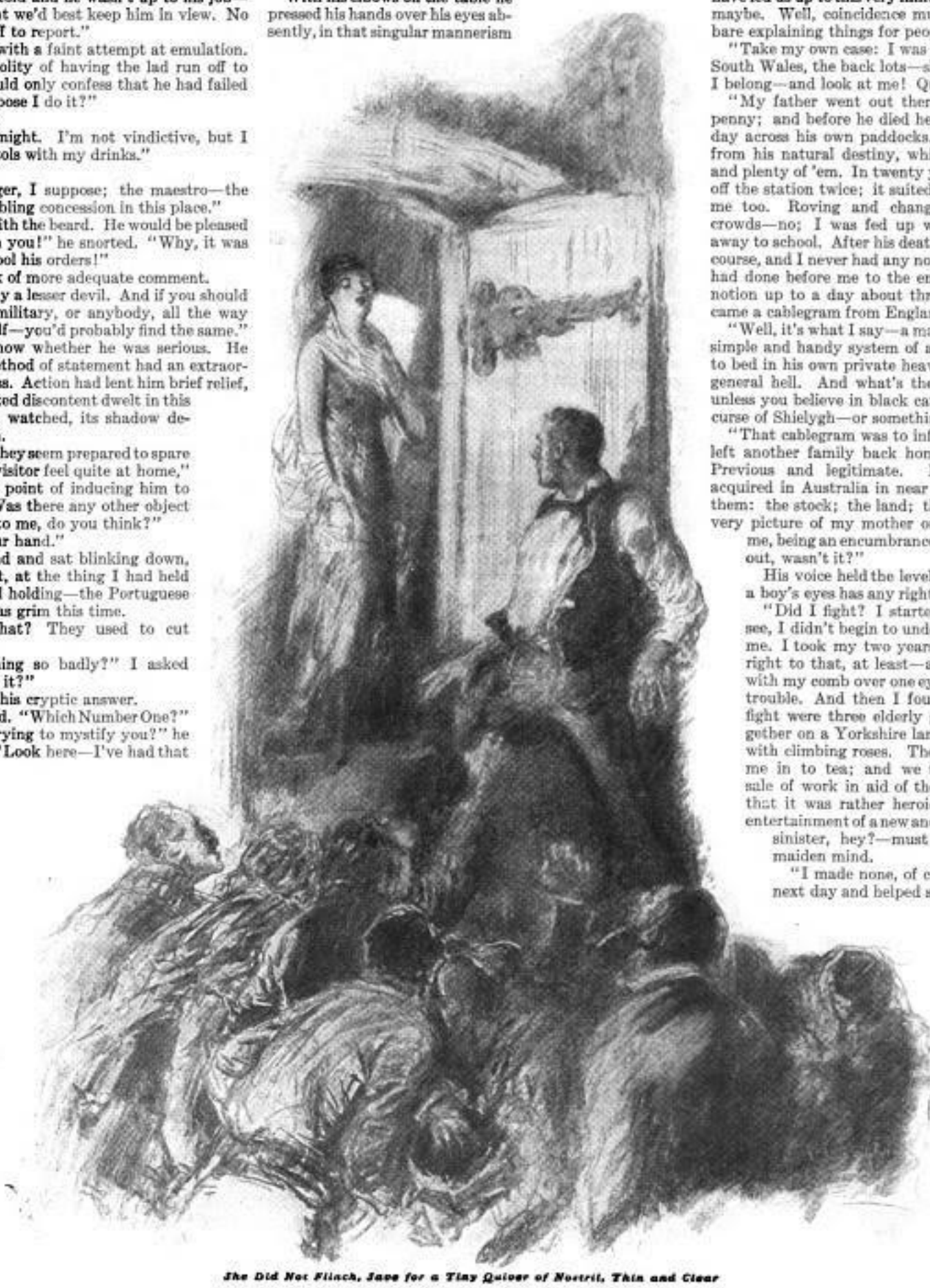
"No wonder you were so willing to make a trade!" I said dryly. "One would say the liabilities outweigh the assets. As they have now descended to me, it remains to inquire whether they were honestly come by."

I had caught him fairly out of himself. He sat up as if stung, seemed ready to retort, and then yielded with a laugh—deep-throated tribute.

"You want an abstract of title?"

"My dear sir, I'm frank to say that's what I wanted from the first. I remembered you from Monte Carlo, you see."

With his elbows on the table he pressed his hands over his eyes absently, in that singular mannerism



She Did Not Flinch, Save for a Tiny Quiver of Nostril, Thin and Clear

he had; and when they were clear he searched me again, gauging my significance in some alien train of thought.

"You seem entitled to it," he acknowledged slowly, "if only by your cheek, you know. Please note you came asking. I shouldn't care to punch your head later for calling me a liar."

And this was the way I won his story at last.

III

"DO YOU happen to carry any good, live, working superstitions about you?" he began, and marked my blink of surprise. "No? It's a pity. Things must be so much simpler to a man who's satisfied to trust in laws outside himself and his own vision. A streak of fatalism, hey? What a comfort! No use kicking about anything—it's all been arranged for you. Or astrology, now: The stars were in the wrong house, which naturally accounts for Jemmy Jones being in the wrong pew. What 'o, there's warm cheer for Jemmy!

"Why are you and I chumming here together on this hole-in-a-corner of an island, for instance, with no end of a silly yarn between us? Likely you'd much rather be somewhere and doing something else—I'm blessed, but I should. Yet here we are; and both our lives, from a world apart, have led us up to this very minute. Now why? Coincidence maybe. Well, coincidence must be worked a bit threadbare explaining things for people.

"Take my own case: I was born in the Riverina of New South Wales, the back lots—sheep country. That's where I belong—and look at me! Quite a gap to bridge—what?

"My father went out there as a jackaroo, without a penny; and before he died he could ride straightaway all day across his own paddocks. Nothing ever turned him from his natural destiny, which was raising good sheep, and plenty of 'em. In twenty years I don't suppose he was off the station twice; it suited him. It would have suited me too. Roving and changing and mucking about in crowds—no; I was fed up with that when he sent me away to school. After his death I stepped into his place, of course, and I never had any notion except to carry on as he had done before me to the end of my billet. Never any notion up to a day about three months ago, when there came a cablegram from England.

"Well, it's what I say—a man is better off if he has some simple and handy system of accounting for life. He goes to bed in his own private heaven and he wakes up in the general hell. And what's the reason? There isn't any, unless you believe in black cats or astral influence, or the curse of Shielygh—or something.

"That cablegram was to inform me that my father had left another family back home. Previous, so to speak. Previous and legitimate. Naturally everything he'd acquired in Australia in near half a century belonged to them: the stock; the land; the house I was born in; the very picture of my mother on the wall—everything but me, being an encumbrance on the estate. A fair knockout, wasn't it?"

His voice held the level acerbity that no man with a boy's eyes has any right to know.

"Did I fight? I started to—rather! At first, you see, I didn't begin to understand what it was had hit me. I took my two years' wages as overseer—I'd a right to that, at least—and I came on to England, with my comb over one eye, regularly scratching after trouble. And then I found the only people I could fight were three elderly gentlewomen who lived together on a Yorkshire lane in a little cottage covered with climbing roses. They were most polite and had me in to tea; and we talked about something—a sale of work in aid of the local church, I think. At that it was rather heroic of them, you know. The entertainment of a new and unsuspected half brother—sinister, hey?—must present difficulties to the maiden mind.

"I made none, of course. I saw their solicitor next day and helped straighten out his papers for him. After which I departed.

"The only thing I took away was a bit of family history."

Such was his blunt way of putting it; yet I was not so dull as to miss a glimpse of what it meant, the sacrifice he had made in his bitter grievance; the true and knightly spirit he must have shown toward those three innocent gentlewomen, so lightly and whimsically touched in his narrative.

At this point he paused and reached into the side pocket of his dinner jacket.

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"Have you seen the guidebook they sell about the streets here," he asked—"the English Guide to Madeira?"

I blinked again at the abrupt transition, but his hand came away empty.

"Never mind," he resumed. "I'll show you something presently to surprise you. Meanwhile hark to the family record:

"It seems my people had inhabited their corner of Yorkshire time out of mind. That's a common thing enough, a rural line rooted deep in the soil. But, what isn't so common, they've managed somehow to keep the precious old ancestral name alive and going—from the Ark, perhaps. Yeoman, franklin and squire, as they say, there is always a Robert Matcham above ground somewhere. Robert Matcham, the descendant of uncounted Robert Matchams—d'ye see? It was my father's name, and when he made his break to Australia the tradition was too strong for him: he never changed it—which explains how the solicitor came to trace him at last. You'd hardly call it a fortunate heirloom; but it's the only one I've got—my sole inheritance—for Robert Matcham happens to be my name as well."

He seemed to mean it as a sort of introduction, in spite of the discomfortable irony of his tone.

"It's now three months, as I tell you, since Nemesis or Belial or coincidence—whatever you like—began to play this scurvy joke on me. It hasn't quit yet. To what end, hey? What's it about? What's it damn well for? Perhaps that sounds like whining. Well, it's only whining for a chance to hit back at something or somebody. Wait till you've been caught up by the scruff and cuffed blind, as I've been, and no place to get your teeth in. Listen now:

"My one idea was to get a part of what I'd lost, money enough to buy a little place of my own away there in the bush, the only thing I cared about or knew. I needed a stake—not much, just a bit of stake. An easy thing for an able-bodied man, you'd say. But could I get it? Well, I'm broke again as I sit here—you'll understand why your suggestion of a loan rather knocked the smoke out of me—and what I've been through in trying makes a pitiful comedy.

"There was a syndicate undertook to send me out as managing partner on its big station in Victoria. They only required a deposit, which I paid; and when I went round for the receipt that syndicate had vanished into thin air. I found a place with a wool merchant, who promptly failed. Twice I booked for Sydney on my own—missed one boat through a train wreck, and the other was libeled at the dockhead. I tried stowing away, and got as far as Havre before they threw me off.

"Gamble? I gambled the way another man gets drunk—from exasperated craving, knowing the folly of it. Longchamp, Enghien, Monte Carlo—you follow my course? Once and again I made a winning, but never quite enough; and finally Monte Carlo left me flat. You say you saw me there? Then you know how flat that was. At Marseilles I had to ship for mere bread on a friendly tramp going round to Lisbon.

"Now notice how a man is made to look like a monkey on a string. I didn't even know where that tramp was bound till she anchored in the Tagus. The same evening I got caught in a monarchist riot on the Rocio, had the clothes torn off me and landed in a cell. They released me next morning, with handsome apologies and a coat, not so handsome, which they said was mine. It wasn't; mine was gone to rags. But in the lining of the one they gave me I found two Portuguese bills, and something else: a ticket by the Empreza Nacional steamer sailing for Madeira—within the hour! I took it. My word! What else was there to do?

"You'll observe I never was in Madeira before—never meant or wanted to come here; had hardly heard of the isle.

"I landed yesterday; and perhaps you can guess the first thing I did in a place where horses are so plenty and so cheap. Man, I was crazy to get a saddle between my knees again—me that was raised in a saddle. So I hopped aboard the likeliest nag and rode for the open, out the coast—eastward, it seems. Why again should it be eastward? I can't tell you; but it was the way that offered, winding along between the mountains and the sea, where the lava rocks prop the sugar terraces, black and green in layers, and the blue water below.

"Well, I rode on for an hour or more until the path led me down to the very edge of the tide, where I had rough going over a cobbled strand. At a certain place, which I need not describe, the girth slipped and I had to dismount to tighten it. And now, friend, I've brought you into the bit at last; and you can draw your own moral, for it was there, standing almost in the wash, as I was ——"

He seemed to hesitate on the phrase.

"You found the doubloon?" I finished for him.

"Winkjng up at me from the beach like a yellow eye!" he roared, and his big fist crashed upon the table and dropped a silence between us. I sat nonplused.

"Nobody could blame you after that," I said, at length, "for thinking you had a lucky. As you tell it, the whole purpose of your Odyssey was the finding of that pocket piece."

I should have laughed—had I not chanced to meet his clear blue gaze fixed upon me with deadly candor.

"Is such your opinion?" he asked.

"You were certainly justified in backing the thing for all you were worth," I answered lamely.

"I see I may have to punch your head after all." He smiled quietly. "I've no skill to show you how it struck me; that's the trouble."

He reached into his pocket again and this time brought out and flattened carefully before him, with his powerful, deliberate hands, a little red-bound pamphlet. "Then let me show you what I'd been reading along the way."

IV

I TOOK the pamphlet from him with expectation at low ebb. It was the guidebook to Madeira, a product of the local printer, I judged, thrown together to catch the coppers of the tourist trade. I took it, I say, rather skeptically, and glanced down the page to which he had folded; but before I had scanned the half a shock went through me. My incredulity vanished like mist in a wind. For here is what I read:

As for the dixovery of this lovely Island of Maderia, which is indeed a glorious pearl in the sea, it was probable in 1370; but not by the Portuguese, which come much later. The first was dixovered by sad accident by a lovely, oldest legend, by an Englishman named Robin à Machin, Roberto Machin, or Robert Matcham. He was brave lover of a too beautiful woman to describe, named Anna d'Arfet, his dear love, which he could not marry because the enterprise was not recommended by the patrons.

Hizory teaches us these two evaded together to establish in France and took shipment with a pilot captain friend named Pedro Morales, who was great fighting pilot of Spain. They delivered free on board and everything of best description, until the ship ran against a storm, which was indeed terrible. Many days they blow where the Pilots could not say; and after varied assortment of troubles they came against this strange shore of Maderia and all wrecked. So perished in each other arms this famous love story, which are indeed a sad and lovely legend.

The pilot Pedro Morales exaped and went away to Portugal, where he told the King about this Island. So it was dizovered again by a navigator for the King, and always the populations since named the place Machico, after Robert Matcham and Anna d'Arfet, which died together on the shore.

I had no least desire left to laugh when I had finished, not even to smile at the method of the quaint chronicler through whose commercial phrase there penetrated such a heroic gusto of sentiment. Again and more subtly, more alluringly, I felt the presence of that valid marvel, the delightful fantasy of truth, for which no man ever quite outgrows the yearning. It was here, under my hand.

"Where did you get this?" I demanded.

"Bought it from a hawker on the streets. Everybody buys 'em. They tell you the price of hammocks and seats in the theater and where to get sugar-cane brandy and 'article of native indus'ry.'"

"But is it true?"

"Quite true. Do you suppose I wouldn't go to the municipal library and see? You'll find it in all the history books, just as he says there—the local tradition about the discovery of Madeira."

"And you yourself are Robert Matcham!" I murmured.

All the excitement was on my side. Except for his single outcry, with the vivid flash of color it had lent, he betrayed none. "Have you chanced to examine the coin yourself?" he asked in his level voice.

I felt a kind of anger against him, that any chap with such a yarn should take such an indifferent way to spin it; and presently plucking out the doubloon and holding it under the lights, I came to the crowning wonder of all.

It was a rude bit of coinage, in size and weight considerably better than a double eagle, of a metal too soft to have long withstood the direct friction of the waves. An incrusted discoloration gave me a hint that it must have lain well bedded down; the bright scratches told what recent battering it had suffered on the rocks. On the reverse I made out a coat of arms, almost obliterated; but the obverse was clearer. It bore a profile head, with the titles of Fernando I, King of Portugal, and under that—the date.

"Thirteen-seventy," I read; and repeated aloud with a gasp: "Thirteen-seventy! Why—that's the very year!"

He nodded slowly.

"Do you realize what this means?" I cried at him. "In the same year this piece was minted a man of your own name set sail from England and was lost on these shores! It might

(Continued on Page 78)



"Easy Now! Don't Yell! Repose Yourself, Matey, if You Know What's Good"

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Ready! Action! Camera! Go!



PHOTO. FROM FOX STUDIO

Sixty Tons of Water Will Presently Come Tearing Down the Stairs and Wash These Merrymakers Into the Sewer

By ROB WAGNER

BARRYWORTH in the movies? You're not serious, Kirk—surely! It's too shameful to contemplate! Why do you wish to sentence me to the lowest rung on the dramatic ladder when I've been so near the top? If my health really demands an outdoor life, as the medicine men declare, I'll get me a job selling orange orchards to Eastern tourists or driving an auto hearse. But the moving pictures? Not so long as I can look the world in its fishy eye and tell it to climb a tree!"

Yes, I said all that, and more, less than ten years ago; and I meant every word of it. The person to whom it was addressed was Kirkland, manager of the Tobosco Stock Company; the place was Los Angeles; and the time, to be exact, was January 5, 1907.

When nowadays you see the name of some world-famous star aggressively and proudly proclaimed on great twenty-four-sheet posters as appearing in a new film drama, it seems incredible that the moving picture should have grown from such a contemptible beginning to one of the highest forms of dramatic expression—and all in less than a decade!

To make those remarks of mine doubly absurd, here I am, sitting down to write of the photo play, not as a carping critic, but as a director—and, as things go, a fairly successful one.

The wheel of fortune that brought me to this unique position revolved somewhat as follows:

Four solemn and frowning diagnosticians sat round my bed in The Players, in New York, and gravely shook their heads, thereby registering "Not a chance!" When they left, my domestic manager came to me and said: "Stanley Barryworth, those ridiculous men have told you that your final curtain is due to ring down in less than a month—but I guess they have never heard of the Arizona Desert. We leave to-morrow."

The Healing Power of the Desert

MRS. BARRYWORTH is small and optimistic; but optimism in this case was difficult to share—for had I not been condemned to death by four very expensive doctors? Manlike, I thought their syndicated wisdom was more likely to be correct than the hunch of a mere woman. Besides, even if I did survive and starve the unwelcome colonists in my poor old bellows, what could an actor do in the desert?

Here I was, in the fullness of my manhood, one of the best-known stars of the stage; risen in my work from property boy to playing Shaksperean rôles and high comedy; big, and apparently as husky as ever. Yet I "had it"; and the desert was my only chance of survival.

Well, I'll say this much for women: Their hunches make the frowning wisdom of the male appear like the center of a doughnut. The owl looks wise, but his brains would never give him a headache.

Besides, who knows as much about a man as his wife?

When Mrs. Barryworth defied the pathological pilots, and took charge of the sinking ship, she soon had daughter and me bundled into a train and headed west. At Nogales we disembarked; and she immediately set to work and chartered a prairie schooner, loaded it with provisions, and in three days we had set sail on the great American Desert. She had anticipated my starving æstheticism by packing along paints, brushes and small canvases; for I was to paint my way across the great, gorgeous wastes of Arizona, until we reached California. Painting had always been my avocation and now I was to indulge my soul to its limit.

I will not dwell at length upon this voyage, for it had little to do with the story I am about to tell. But I picked up immediately and within a year I was apparently as well and strong as ever. When we finally landed in Los Angeles I had with me about forty canvases, which I immediately put on exhibition in a local gallery. Though the critics treated me kindly—or charitably—and I made a few sales, the result would scarcely have permitted my choosing painting as a profession.

Feeling that I had entirely recovered, I accepted the blandishments of a stock company, which flatteringly advertised my appearance as a momentous event in local dramatic circles. Within six months, however, I abruptly learned that I was not yet well enough to devote myself to the indoor confinement of the stage, and had about made up my mind to seek employment among the cow-punchers back in Arizona when Kirkland called me into his office and urged me into a life of dramatic crime.

I gave my objection to this urge in the first paragraph; but Kirkland, with more vision, believed there was a great future in motion pictures, and he was not at all impressed with my very superior attitude.

"Don't get too sniffy, old top," he said; "it won't be many years before actors better than you will be cavorting before the camera. Films have already killed melodrama, and they'll go after the big stuff too. This fellow Dodds, who wants you with him, is going to do notable things with canned drama; and if you take my advice you'll jump in and grow up with him in this newest of the arts. Your shame can be temporarily concealed by sworn secrecy and grease paint."

After all, there seemed to be something sporting about the adventure; and I finally agreed to meet this chap Dodds, who was the director of a moving-picture company pioneering in California.

I found him a quiet, modest, gentlemanly fellow, and I was very much impressed with his seriousness and artistic optimism; so, finally, I accepted his offer. I was to start anonymously in outdoor pictures, and was secretly to receive one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week. This was less than half of my salary when I was in my dramatic glory, but four times as much as the highest-salaried lead in the picture company. However, the rôles I was to play would at least permit me to live in the open; and, besides, I almost shared Dodds' hope of a splendid future for the film drama. By occasionally working in Mrs. Barryworth in character parts, and daughter as a juvenile, we all felt that we could at least live. Many people did not consider this important; but we did.

Rough-and-Ready Studio Methods

THE studio was a strange affair—a few shacks, an office, a dressing room, and a square platform, without sides or top. The cast was made up of cowboys, Indians, and a few actors, real and alleged. However, they were all adequate to the character of work the studio was doing, for the pictures were mostly holdups, train robberies, Indian fighting, and rodeos. Besides "Westerns," they were turning out comics—so called.

It was all lowbrow stuff, but purveying with profit to the taste of that period.

Contrary to the popular tenderfoot stories of the fiction writers, I was received cordially and generously. The cowboys did not think me a sissy because I could not bust an outlaw. Bronco-busting is as much a matter of special training as trap shooting or billiard playing, and the boys did not expect me to risk my neck in any vain four-flushing; in fact, I found them much better-mannered and more kindly than I had been led to believe in stories I had read of them. Furthermore, they recognized my particular excellence and would watch my dramatic technic with the wistfulness of children.

But I learned right away that good acting was not a first requisite in my new art, nor repression, nor quiet subtlety of expression. Action—action—all the time! The stories were usually violent or mawkishly sentimental; but always tempestuous.

As our locations were usually in the mountains or on the desert, we had small use for "sets." The side of a barn, with a few borrowed pictures nailed on; a carpet laid on the ground; a couple of chairs; a table—and behold an "interior" of the sheriff's home! A volume of Dante's Inferno served as a Bible, a law book, dictionary, and for purposes less polite, in all scenes where a book was needed. Sometimes, when we wanted to be very splashy, we had a set painted by a real scene painter. The men were "hired off" the legitimate stage; and, having worked under its traditions and artificial lights, they did not change their technic to meet the fierce white light of day.

As we had no diffusers our interiors were made in strong sunlight, which often resulted in shadows of the actors pointing east, while shadows on the scenery headed west.

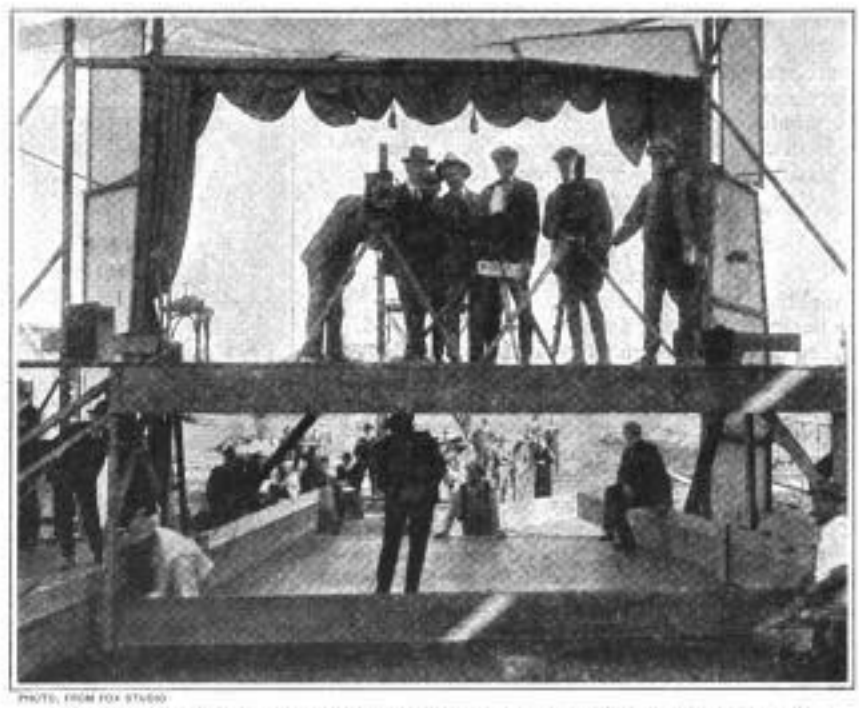


PHOTO. FROM FOX STUDIO

The Director and Camera Men Ready to Start the Picture as the People are Swept Beneath This Bridge

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Thomas Ince Directing a Round Peg Into a Square Hole

Instead of the painted mountains receding in atmospheric perspective through the open door or window, they looked like little painted mountains only a few feet away. Even when we attempted realism by sticking a eucalyptus branch in the ground, like as not it would cast a shadow on the sky!

These sets, painted on canvas, would shake like aspen leaves every time anybody opened or closed a door. An adobe wall or prison tower would suffer perpetual seismic disturbances whenever the action became at all rough. As we had no windbreaks, curtains and papers would fly about as though a tornado had come tearing through the transom.

We built one set, on the top of a department store downtown, which consisted of four "flats," eight feet high, with some tobacco advertisements tacked on the wall. This was an interior for a scene in a modern Carmen story.

To the film fans of to-day, used to the magnificent sets of the great feature plays, those of the early days would seem grotesquely inadequate and funny; yet they were most pleasing to the popeyed peasantry of that uncultured period.

I recall one picture made by a certain studio, which was incorrect in almost every conceivable detail. It was a Puritan story, in which the costumes ranged all the way from the Queen Elizabeth doublet to the powdered wig of the eighteenth century. The Puritans made the sign of the cross upon entering church, and when they were attacked by mounted Sioux Indians in war bonnets they staved off the enemy with rifles loaded at the breech.

Of course the least research would have informed the director that Massachusetts Indians shaved their scalps and had no horses. Even a schoolboy should not have made the other blunders.

Those Western pictures, made in Eastern studios, where the cowboys used bangtailed park horses and English saddles, and the sheriff looked like a New England "constibule," got by east of the Alleghanies and in Europe; but out here they were howled at.

Scenario departments were yet unknown—every director writing his own stories. Actors were paid from fifteen to thirty dollars a week; and, as can be seen from our stage equipment, our overhead expenses were very small. Under these primitive conditions we began to turn out five or six thrillers a month, very few of them costing more than four hundred dollars, and some as low as a hundred. A famous director, who, it is said, has spent more than a million dollars on one story, told me that the first picture he directed cost just seventy dollars.

The Whetstone of Endeavor

THE queer thing about the terrible stuff we were making was that it sold like hot cakes, and our Eastern bosses frowned upon further elaboration, expense, or "highbrow" pictures.

I may say in beginning that you might have had better pictures sooner if even these first directors—that is, some of them—had been allowed any expression of their real artistry. But always back East there were men grouped round a mahogany table who were interested only in cumulative nickels; they were the absolute arbiters of the stuff we made.

How we struggled and fought against the ignorance and inertia of our management! Dodds, for instance, one day tried some close-up stuff, only to get a letter from the New York office telling him not to repeat this offense. "Who ever heard of men talking when they were cut off at the knees? Show their feet!" At another time we made a whole story where the camera deliberately threw the background out of focus in order to concentrate on the figures; and the film came back with an order to retake eighteen scenes and see that every nail in the background showed plainly.

However, we managed to put one over on the New York office. We made Damon and Pythias, but in order to fool them we modernized it into a hair-pants story; yet we retained the motive of the classic from which it was adapted.

I do not wish to imply that Dodds and I were the only ones who wanted to make beautiful pictures. There were several men struggling with their bosses and the public taste, and it is interesting to note that those men are at present at the top of the heap. The director whose first picture cost seventy dollars made even those cheap productions artistic; but he never really expressed himself until he was able to command his own money.

It is fashionable among certain directors to think that public taste is so low that it does not pay to address pictures to a higher appreciation. Most of the early directors believed this; but their estimate was based upon an abnormal condition, for a few companies absolutely controlling the market could give the people anything they pleased—and they had to take it. Only an open market could really determine what the public wanted; but competition in the early days was negligible.



The Crude Construction of the Early Days of the Movies

Among the "wildcat" and "independent" companies struggling for existence there were a few men of vision—more, I think, than we had in our dear little Trust; but they were unable to market their pictures profitably, while we turned out the worst pictures imaginable and still made money.

When, along about 1910 or 1911, the camera patents which had given us our monopoly began to lapse, independent companies came into the game, and with their competition there began the most brilliant period of the motion-picture industry. Competition may be wicked in the struggle for the staff of life, but for things of the mind and heart it is the whetstone of highest endeavor.

Pretty soon, all over the United States, companies sprang up overnight; any fellow with a few thousand dollars could hire a camera man, throw up a studio, and start taking pictures.

With the multiplication of companies, which came like mushrooms, attendance increased, and for the next five years there was a veritable debauch of picture making. Everybody made money, and competition compelled spending it. Those were the golden days of the industry.

Dodds and I disloyally welcomed our new rivals, for we felt that competition would force our mahogany bosses to new and finer efforts. And, sure enough, we built a magnificent studio—concrete and steel—the finest, at that time, in the land. Then we started to spend money on equipment and personnel; and, the legitimate stage being in the dumps, we were able to corral a few fairly good actors.

We spent lavishly on everything except stories—supposed to be of little account. If we had a beautiful he-doll and a popular baby-doll, all we had to do was to provide a bunch of action in order to get a picture. This we did by ourselves. Dodds, being a busy person, usually unloaded this work upon my fair old back, and thus he was the cause of my becoming "one of the most prolific dramatists of the twentieth century." I wrote sometimes as many as three great dramas in a week! Any unusual occurrence would serve to hang a story on. I would often film the event and write the story afterward.

Once, while doing some pirate stuff on Santa Cruz Island, we learned of the wreck of the Santa Rosa, at Point Conception. So Dodds loaded me, with a hero, heroine, villain and camera man, into a launch, and told me to beat it over and get some pictures. Neither the villain nor the camera man could run a gasoline engine—this was before the day when even the extra man has his "motah"; so little Stanley became the engineer of a fragile little craft that put to sea on the tail of a great storm. It was sixty miles across the raging main to the wreck of the coaster, and the only reason we ever got there was because of a special Deity who looks after fools. We were very frightened, especially as our engine went dead about fifteen miles from shore and we began to drift toward New Zealand, seven thousand miles off our port bow.

Realistic Hardships of the Sea

BESIDES my function as navigator and chief engineer, I had also to work at my trade of dramatist; for it was up to me to write a scenario for our wreck picture. This was rather difficult, as I did not know whether I should have a hero or heroine with me when we made a landing. They were both so ill that I feared their prayers for death would be answered. The wrenching that those poor children gave their plumbing speaks wonders for the human anatomy.

The camera man also grew very white round the gills during those four hours when we drifted helplessly in the swell and wind. He lay on his back and looked, but said never a word. But the villain became more sinister every minute. He held his stomach, but lost his temper. If he ever got ashore! Well, the things he promised are too terrible to contemplate; but the worst that could have befallen me was to have him beat it and leave me villainless just when I needed villainy the most.

Having steered our course since sundown by the lights of Point Conception, and later by the fires the refugees had built upon the beach, we reached our destination at just two A. M.

It's queer how everybody's point of view changed in the warmth of those fires and the thrilling stories of the folk about them. The camera man had come back to earth—figuratively as well; the hero and heroine were glad to be alive; and even the villain did not want to desert his part.



Pavlowa and Gerard Rehearsing The Dumb Girl of Portici

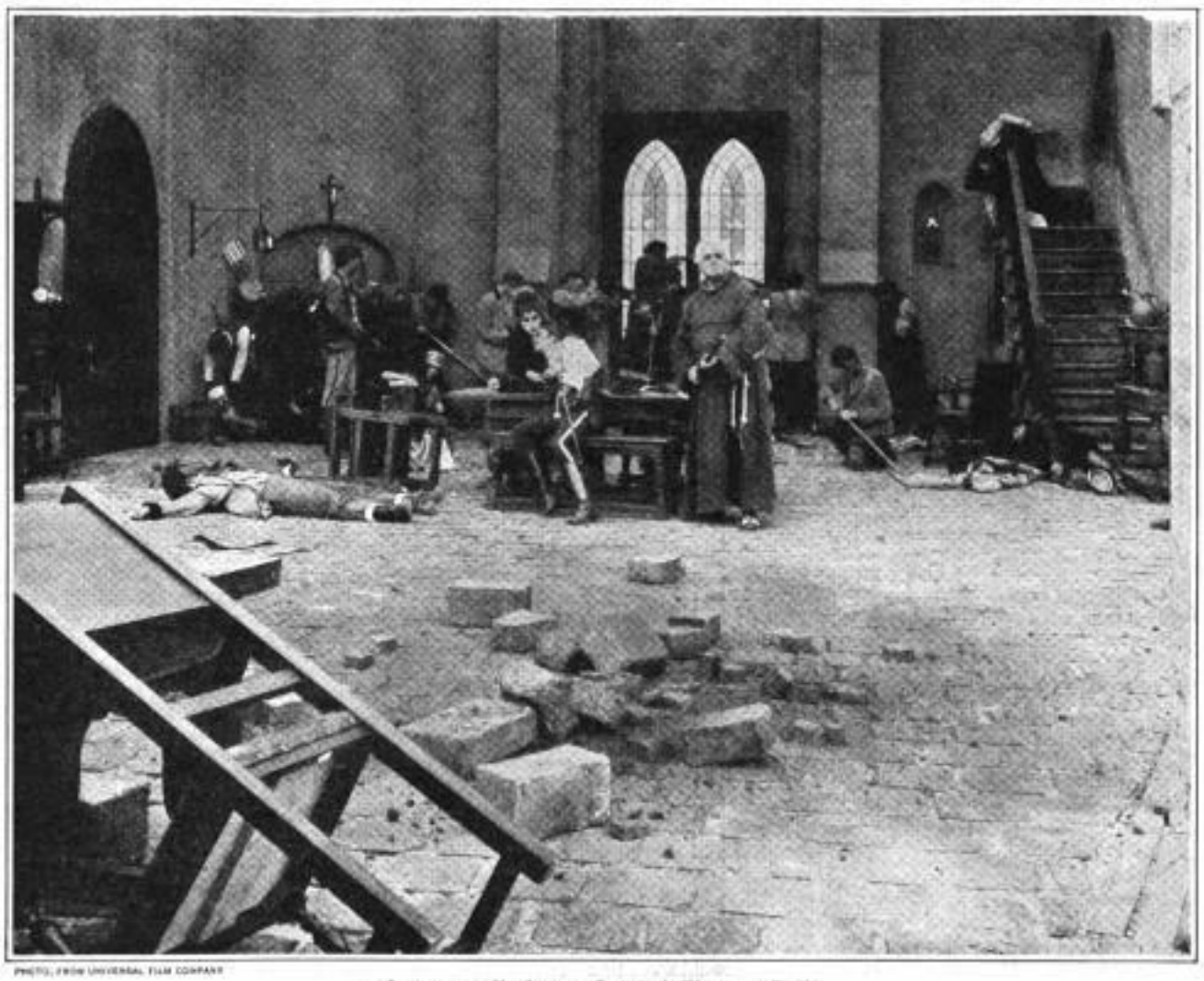
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At sunrise they were still taking off passengers by means of a tugboat and life-saving apparatus; so that was our chance. The sea had gone down enough to permit a trip to the steamer. We made about ten scenes aboard, even to the loading of the lovers into the breeches buoy. Then we went back to the beach and made a bully one of the sweethearts coming ashore, while the villain rushed up and cut the cable, so that they went plunging into the sea. On this occasion the picture was made only up to the point where the villain starts to cut. The rest of it was staged six weeks later in the harbor off San Pedro.

That was one of the best wreck pictures ever done; even the story was pretty strong, for had I not put heart—and other things—into it? Chances to get scenes like this were rare, but we could always build stories round the laying of a corner stone or a colored funeral. Is it any wonder we never bought scenarios when we could write 'em as we went along? To be sure, many of the stories were pretty punk, but so great was the public demand that even this tremendous outpouring of one-reelers was insufficient.

The comedies of this period had even less structure than the dramas. A tramp, dude, burglar, policeman, girl, boy, father, mother, yap farmer and Chinaman were the *dramatis personæ* of nine-tenths of the comics. Any two or three of this cast would start out with a camera man in the morning and, without the least idea of what the day would bring forth, would cut didos whenever and wherever a dido suggested itself.

The one motive in the lives of these alleged comedians was to pursue or to be pursued. All the jumpy slapsticking of the first two hundred feet was a mere prelude to the pursuit of the burglar, which, starting with a single householder, accumulated like a rolling snowball until the whole village—nursemaids, police, charwomen and bankers—went tearing through the streets in the most undignified fashion. If the leading pursuer fell, the others, instead of running round him, piled up on his wriggling form like football scrimmagers. We all laughed at these sprightly races; and if the pursuing bunch ran into a scaffolding and spilled the mortar, or blindly ran off the end of the dock into the drink, we howled our heads off.



PHOTO, FROM UNIVERSAL FILM COMPANY

Scenes are No Longer Painted, They are Built

Low Costs and High Profits

A COMPANY near us, which did nothing but comics, made arrangements with the fire department to turn in all alarms at the studio, so that in case of a picturesque burning they could beat it out and make some foolish scenes. So enthusiastically had the neighborhood hook-and-ladder company entered into the spirit of the thing that on one occasion they loaned all their rubber coats and helmets to the cut-ups; and when an alarm was turned in the actors arrived at the burning dwelling fully equipped for their comedy, while the firemen had to put out the fire with consequent singeing and drenching.

Another time a telephone call announced that the oil fields near Bakersfield were on fire; so there was a chance to pull some real diabolism. They sent a camera man and a villain over there at sixty miles an hour, and made a picture of the dreadful man setting fire to a well; which act resulted in the burning of the country for miles round.

These comedies superseded the old camera tricks, wherein the feathers flew back into the pillow and swimmers popped feet foremost out of the water and landed on the springboard. Comics never ran more than five hundred feet and sometimes were as short as eighty. They were called split reels, and were usually tacked on to some drama that was shy the footage necessary to bring it up to the standard one thousand feet. Crude and elemental as these pictures were, they contained the germ of real comedy—as I shall show later on. The drama lacked story and structure, but they had the "punch"—that quality which to the bourgeois mind is so essential in a picture.

These were the great days of the moving picture! Life was full and splendid. As our work was only vaguely planned, we never quite knew what the immediate future held for us. It is true that art languished and we were simple purveyors of punch; but our stuff was selling.

Selling? Why, pictures that cost only a thousand dollars would net the manufacturer twenty thousand dollars! And even though the Trust had been broken and independents everywhere were making pictures, we had the great plants and were still supreme, because of the momentum of our equipment and our names. When we began to make two-reel and three-reel pictures—features, so called—we started to spend money and became wildly extravagant. Some of our stuff cost as much as a dollar and a half a foot! A three-reeler for twelve hundred dollars! Stupendous! And to think that in less than six years we should see productions costing close to a million dollars—seventy-five dollars a foot!

But our little twelve-hundred-dollar pictures were the grand little money-makers. I happen to know of one that netted the company more than ninety thousand dollars.

It was these great profits that wrought such ominous consequences. Knowing that we were making fortunes for our bosses, we were not particularly careful of our expenditures. True, we had not gone into the expense of the tremendous sets of the present-day pictures—nor were salaries insane; but when we wanted a certain location we went and got it. A director would send a company of twenty-five a distance of two hundred miles to get a single scene. We bought properties, rented trains and steamers, with the utmost prodigality. Yet our earnings kept miles ahead of our expenditures.

The public had gone movie-mad; but its madness did not make us a bit mad. We wrecked trains, rescued maids, pursued burglars, upset apple carts, with the most joyous abandon. Whereas before 1910 there were only about eight or ten manufacturers, with perhaps five or six companies each, by 1913 there were hundreds of them, some of the largest having as many as twenty companies. From whence, then, came all the directors? Actors could be recruited from the stage; but the stage could not possibly supply the thousands of directors who came into being almost overnight.

Well, they came from here, there and everywhere. Of the five directors in a neighboring studio, one had been a cowpuncher, one a policeman, one a messenger boy, one an undertaker—and, curiously enough, he was making comics—and only one from the stage. Others had come into the game as extra men, scene painters, camera kids and publicity men; and, as there was a constantly increasing demand for more directors, they were recruited right on the lot. I actually know of a chauffeur, with no more experience than that of piloting alcoholic beach parties, who was "chauffing" one morning and directing the next.

Needless to say, drama that is purveyed by the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, is likely to have about the dramatic standards of those tradesmen; yet in all walks of life Opportunity sometimes raps on the door of one who is equal to it. A few of our most popular directors were rescued from these humble occupations and are now great artists. The success of some of them is one of the most hopeful things of democracy. Many mute inglorious Miltons would not remain mute if they had an opportunity to sing.

I know of one chap who, only two years ago, was a butcher's boy, delivering meat at a certain studio. He went to the managing director and told him the Park Commission was going to drain a lake in one of the parks, and he had written a story round it in which the villain would open the gates, letting the water out, while he and the heroine would submit to being dragged through the black muck of the bottom by a rope from shore. The stunt sounded messy enough to be promising; so the director let the lad make the picture. So well did he do it that to-day he is getting two hundred and fifty dollars a week, and earning every cent of it.

Though uneducated and uncultured in the general acceptance of those terms, he had received a splendid education in the University of the Street, and knew human nature to a rare degree. Having a whimsical slant on the foibles of men, he now directs some of the most riotous comedies at which the world laughs.

Dodds' End

BUT these men were uncommon five years ago. The average director produced pictures no higher than his brow, and many of them had brows like old *Pithecanthropus erectus*. Coarse and vulgar men abused their enormous powers shamefully. They would roar and swear, hire and fire, at their own sweet will.

Fortunately, at our studio, Dodds, who was an artist and a gentleman, had permeated the place with an atmosphere of joy and decency. In the most exasperating circumstances he never lost his temper or raised his voice. Had he lived, he would to-day have been one of the great men of the profession; but—alas!—he was most tragically killed at the studio by a Japanese gardener who went suddenly insane.

This real tragedy, happening in a place where for two years we had been pulling stage violence of all kinds, had a curious psychological consequence. When the boy opened fire on Dodds, who was sitting at a desk, an actor who on the screen had always been applauded for his splendid heroics made his get-away faster than I am telling it. And the fellow who showed real heroism by jumping in and overwhelming the heavily armed murderer had probably been hissed at more than any stage villain of the time. He was 'way out by the gate, doing some roping stunts with the cowboys, when he heard the shot; but he knew by its sound that it was a ball cartridge, and with one bound he was in the studio, grappling with the Jap boy.

Among the women the same contrasts were noticeable. Several of them screamed and ran away in abject terror; yet one red-headed lass, who has since become famous for her nerve, daring and art, sat perfectly still, though one of the bullets crashed through the window right behind her.

Dodds' death cast a gloom over the studio for many months. It had the effect of a stimulant upon me, however; for I was more than ever anxious to realize the ideals that the poor fellow believed were latent in the pictures. I had been coöperating with him for several years and had directed many stories in which I had acted the lead.

(Continued on Page 85)

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SAVING IT FOR DAD

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY M. LEONE BRACKER



"If it Will Give You a Bit of Comfort to Try—Why, Go Ahead and Do Anything You Want To"

MARK SAWYER'S office door bore the word "President"; on the doors of the twins' offices appeared respectively the words "Treasurer" and "Secretary." But Mark's title was empty of anything except compliment, for power had departed from him because he was sixty-five years old and was the father of twin sons who forgot that he had created the business from nothing but energy and ability.

So Mark, being a loving but wise parent, gave each of the boys twenty per cent of the stock in his company, and retained sixty per cent for himself—at the same time effacing himself from active participation in the company's vicissitudes. He became, so to speak, an interested spectator with a reserved seat.

Mark's last important official step had been to increase largely the size and capacity of the plant; to add new lines of manufacture; and to accumulate an amplitude of indebtedness, perfectly justified by the concern's condition and prospects.

Then he stepped out—"to give the boys a chance," as he expressed it.

Luke and Peter, the twins—the Sawyer family showed a bias toward Biblical names—took hold with enthusiasm.

"Dad," said Luke, "you've worked like a dog all your life. Now you sit round and watch us go to it! Just forget you have anything to do with this institution, except to spend the money it earns."

"Sure," said Peter; "and don't worry. Luke and I have grown up in this woodenware game, and if there's a new wrinkle in it that we don't know, between us we'll start out to find it before dinner. Give us a couple of months to grab hold and we'll show you the most up-to-date, most efficient woodworking plant in the country."

The old gentleman's eyes twinkled.

"No more of the old man's back-number tactics go, eh?" he said.

"You know, dad, you've been pretty—conservative—about adopting new ideas."

"Once," said Mark, "there was a kitten that tried to teach the old cats a better way to catch mice; but when the kitten got its growth it went back to watching the mouse-hole just like the rest. That's the way I built up this business—by watching the mouseholes. I grabbed every mouse that came in and watched to see that none of 'em sneaked away. . . . But this mill belongs to you boys. Catch your mice any way you want to—only catch 'em."

The old gentleman walked into his office, shut the door, put his feet at a comfortable elevation, and lighted his pipe. If the prospects of inaction, of becoming an idler rather than a pulley, gave him uneasiness he showed no signs of it.

Peter and Luke laid out their campaign.

"The main thing to give our attention to now," said Luke, "is getting this mill done. We stopped operations in January and ought to be able to start again in June."

"Maybe we can shave that a little," said Peter.

But they didn't shave it. June saw the mills still inactive, with not days but weeks and possibly months of construction ahead. The war had intervened. Labor and materials were hard to come by, and their prices gave one something to think about with uneasiness. Hitherto day laborers had been plentiful at a dollar-seventy-five a day. Now they were scarce at two dollars and even two and a quarter. Shafting, pulleys and machine work had advanced—not by leaps and bounds, but by aëroplane flights.

"Pete," said his brother, "the machinery alone is going to run thirty thousand dollars over dad's estimates."

"Labor will go five or six thousand."

"And, at that, we can't get enough of it."

"Dad picked the right minute to get out. This is going to be no job for an old man. It'll take all the energy and strength and ideas we've got—and then some!" said Luke gloomily.

"Anyhow, we've got money enough to finish up. Thank goodness, dad fixed up that matter with the bank!"

"We've got enough to finish construction," said Luke, who was the financial and office man; "but we'll have just about a nickel to start moving on. And how long will it be before we get returns? Sixty days. And where will the pay roll come from? Tell me that! The pay roll for sixty days will be fifteen or sixteen thousand dollars. And supplies and material?" He mopped his forehead.

"Lucky for dad we're here!" said Pete. "We'll pull it through for him."

"Got to," said Luke. "We could start out at our age. Thirty-four years hasn't anything to be afraid of. But dad—where'd he be if anything happened?"

"How much are we going to need?"

"I figure about thirty thousand will do the business."

"Where'll we get it?"

"We'll have to find a bank to take our paper. We ought to have little trouble with that. This plant will show a value of two hundred and thirty thousand. We've borrowed fifty thousand so far. That isn't our limit, by any means."

The boys' figures were correct—if everything went through as they planned. But things seldom do. Only two days later a veneer lathe that was being skidded up an incline to the second floor became unmanageable and slewed over the edge. It had to be sent back to the factory, and repairs and freight amounted to nine hundred dollars. Two weeks later the boilers were fired and an attempt was made to start the engine to turn over and test out the machinery of one department. But the engine failed to start. Instead, it sucked over a few buckets of water from the boilers, with the result that the cylinder blew up, badly scalding the engineer, wrecking the roof of the engine room and making necessary the purchase of a new cylinder. Cost of the accident, twenty-two hundred dollars.

The result of these and a multitude of other mishaps, large and small, was that the mill, instead of starting up in June, was not ready to turn over till the first of October—and, instead of being paid for by the money from the last loan, faced a sheaf of material and machinery bills amounting to thirteen thousand dollars.

Then the twins went out to borrow money, applying now for fifty thousand dollars instead of the thirty they anticipated. Much to their chagrin and disquiet, the best they could do on the notes of the concern was twenty-five thousand dollars; which left them eighteen thousand dollars short of Luke's estimate of the minimum it was possible to commence business on.

"If she only runs now!" Peter said, in one of the conferences that were becoming almost hourly affairs—conferences of two, with the old gentleman in his office, taking no worry and supposedly smoking good cigars, with no thought for the morrow. "I never saw a new mill start up without some sort of trouble—but this one's got to!"

"You figure we ought to turn out eight carloads a week. That's about six thousand dollars. If a few folks come in with the cash and take their two per cent in fifteen days—why, we'll get past. If they don't——" Luke did not need to finish the sentence; in fact, he had finished it on a number of occasions before.

"There's as much chance of manufacturing to capacity the first week or the first month as there is of pouring kerosene on a cake of ice and burning it up. If I get out a couple of carloads for shipment in ten days I'll think I've done a good job."

That first week was difficult for the boys. Peter lived out in the plant; Luke sat in his office and figured, but got no pleasure from it, and listened to the small whistle blow for shutdowns. It seemed to him it had got the habit and couldn't stop. He was a high-strung, fidgety individual, and he came to hate that whistle with an active, virulent hatred. He personified it as the voice of a Jeremiah wailing of inevitable ruin.

And still the old gentleman sat in his office, smoking cigars and refraining from worry. Probably his hearing was a trifle affected by years, so that the sound of the whistle had no tale to tell him.

"Don't worry, dad!" had been said by each of the twins until it had reached the dignity of a creed; so dad was not worried—or if he was worrying he never mentioned it to the boys.

But Mother Sawyer was not so easily deceived.

"Ain't things goin' all right, Mark?" she asked more than once.

"I'm just fidgitin' a mite," said the old gentleman. "I hain't used to this job of loafin' yet."

"Why don't you buckle in and do somethin', then?"

"The truth is, ma, that I'm growin' old and sort of forgetful. And new ways of doin' things have come up that I don't know nothin' about; and I'm gen'ally a back number."

"Mark," said Mother Sawyer severely, "be you lettin' them childern run over you?"

"Now, ma," said Mark with a twinkle in his old gray eyes, "them boys is bein' right kind to me. I hain't got a worry in the world. If you could see the trouble they put themselves to so's to keep me from worryin' it 'ud do your heart good."

"Then there's somethin' to worry about?"

"I calc'late the boys is a mite disturbed in their minds. Just how much grounds for it they got I don't know. I hain't allowed to bother my head. But they do a heap of discussin'; and I dunno's I've heard one of 'em laugh right out for weeks."

"Pa," said the old lady, "be you goin' to let them two childern fool away what you worked a lifetime to build up? Eh? Hain't it about time you was takin' off your coat and bucklin' in?"

"Can't be done, ma. I've taken my step. I stepped out! I put it up to the boys to run the mill, and now I can't shove 'em aside, can I? 'Twouldn't be fair."

"I s'pose it 'ud be fair to sit by and let them lose every cent you got—at your age! Be you hankerin' for a trip to the poorhouse?"

"I was there visitin' the superintendent once, ma; and you hain't no idee how comfortable it is! Each old feller gets a plug of tobacco in the mornin' and don't have nothin' to do all day but chaw it."

"I'm agoin' to speak to them boys myself."

"No, you hain't, ma," said the old gentleman gently, but in a tone his wife had come to know as accompanying stubborn determination. "If the boys ever ask for help they'll git it—but I don't calc'late they'll ask. Till they do, things stands as they be."

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Mother Sawyer made her disgust apparent by actions, but abandoned argument. She was not a woman to waste words that might be valuable at a later day.

From the moment actual manufacturing started, the boys faced the problem—not of showing a profit, not of producing dividends, but of meeting the bare pay roll. For themselves they drew only what was absolutely necessary to live; but their father's weekly salary check was not interfered with. Dad mustn't know. Dad mustn't worry. To hear the boys talk of their father, one would have figured him helpless and in his dotage.

"Poor old dad! Peter, we've got to pull it through for him. This concern simply can't bust!"

"Of course we could look after him and mother; but it would break his heart to be dependent. We're doing some better. Three cars this week. How's collections?"

Luke shook his head. So far, there hadn't been any such thing—no collections; and the pay roll continued inexorably. Nothing else was met; nothing could be met. Timber bills, which were to be met weekly, began to climb. Carloads of containers for shipping the product were in the storehouse unpaid for, the discount day past, the thirty days drawing to a close. Smaller bills for supplies, parts and necessities lay accusingly in a drawer, where Luke thumbed them over daily, dreading the day when they would be past due and creditors would begin making uncomfortable inquiries about their money.

"We've got orders enough. Business is good—if we could only ship and get returns. We can't hope to manufacture at a profit this first month; but we've got to get our money out of what we do turn out! I checked up the bills again to-day. What d'you suppose they amount to? And for heaven's sake, Peter, cut down on buying!"

"I haven't bought even a nail that wasn't necessary. But I've got to have what I've got to have. How much did they total?"

"Counting containers and timber, fourteen thousand and odd."

"Not such an awful lot," said Peter hopefully.

"It wouldn't be if we didn't owe seventy-five thousand on notes, and if we had a little capital to run on, and if they didn't all come due in a bunch. In another week we'll have to scratch gravel to raise the pay roll."

And that is about all they did. Bills arrived at the past-due stage; dunning letters arrived; the concern brought up at a point where its condition, from being merely precarious, was one of imminent ruin.

"There's something that can be done," said Peter. "We've got to reach out and pull off something. We've got to get money somewhere. Just sitting here and manufacturing isn't going to pull us out. We can't make it fast enough."

At the expiration of sixty days Luke succeeded in inducing the company from which their timber came to take sixty-day notes for the amount due them—notes aggregating upward of ten thousand dollars. The container people, to whom an item of six thousand dollars was now due, refused to make further shipments, and the tone of their letters suggested an uneasiness that might result in trouble. Other smaller creditors grew insistent.

"What keeps me awake nights," said Luke, "is that some little fellow, who has two hundred dollars coming, may get frightened and kick over the whole dish. Let somebody start suit—and the whole hive will be down on us!"

"Make another riffle at borrowing some money," suggested Peter.

Luke had tried and tried again. Money was tight, and the statement of the company did not appear to warrant the board of any bank in venturing a part of the money under their control; but there was nothing for it but to try again. He went to the city.

The board of one of the largest banks listened with courtesy to his story—and then gave him a mild shock. Any shock now, short of the announcement of actual bankruptcy, would have been mild.

"Your statement isn't inviting on its face," said the president, not without kindness. "If you young men were known to us, even by reputation, we might, notwithstanding, be justified in taking a chance on you. Perhaps you don't know it, but to-day more money is loaned on men than on assets! A man of known ability can borrow, on nothing, more money than an unknown or suspected man can get on gilt-edged collateral. The first thing we look to is the moral risk—which includes the business ability of the individual under discussion."

"But ours is a well-known concern. We've been in business forty years and have always discounted our bills."

"The concern—but not yourselves. You, as you tell me, have been in charge of affairs only a few months. From the moment of your taking charge matters seem not to have prospered. Mind, I am not saying you are at fault. Every act you have performed may have been the act of a competent business man—and it may not. It may have been good business for you to arrive at the condition you are in. If we knew you we could tell better. But we don't know you. Therefore, in your case the moral risk—the man risk—is such an unknown quantity that we must decline to help you out. I'm sorry."

Luke tried his persuasive eloquence on two other banks in vain and boarded the train for home in discouragement but with new matter on hand to reflect upon—namely, that he and Peter were negligible quantities in the financial world. Bright, up-to-date, able they might be; but they were unproved.

They were not under suspicion—not that exactly—but there was no assayers' report on them. Nobody knew how much they ran to the ton—and the gods of finance traded few jackknives unsight, unseen.

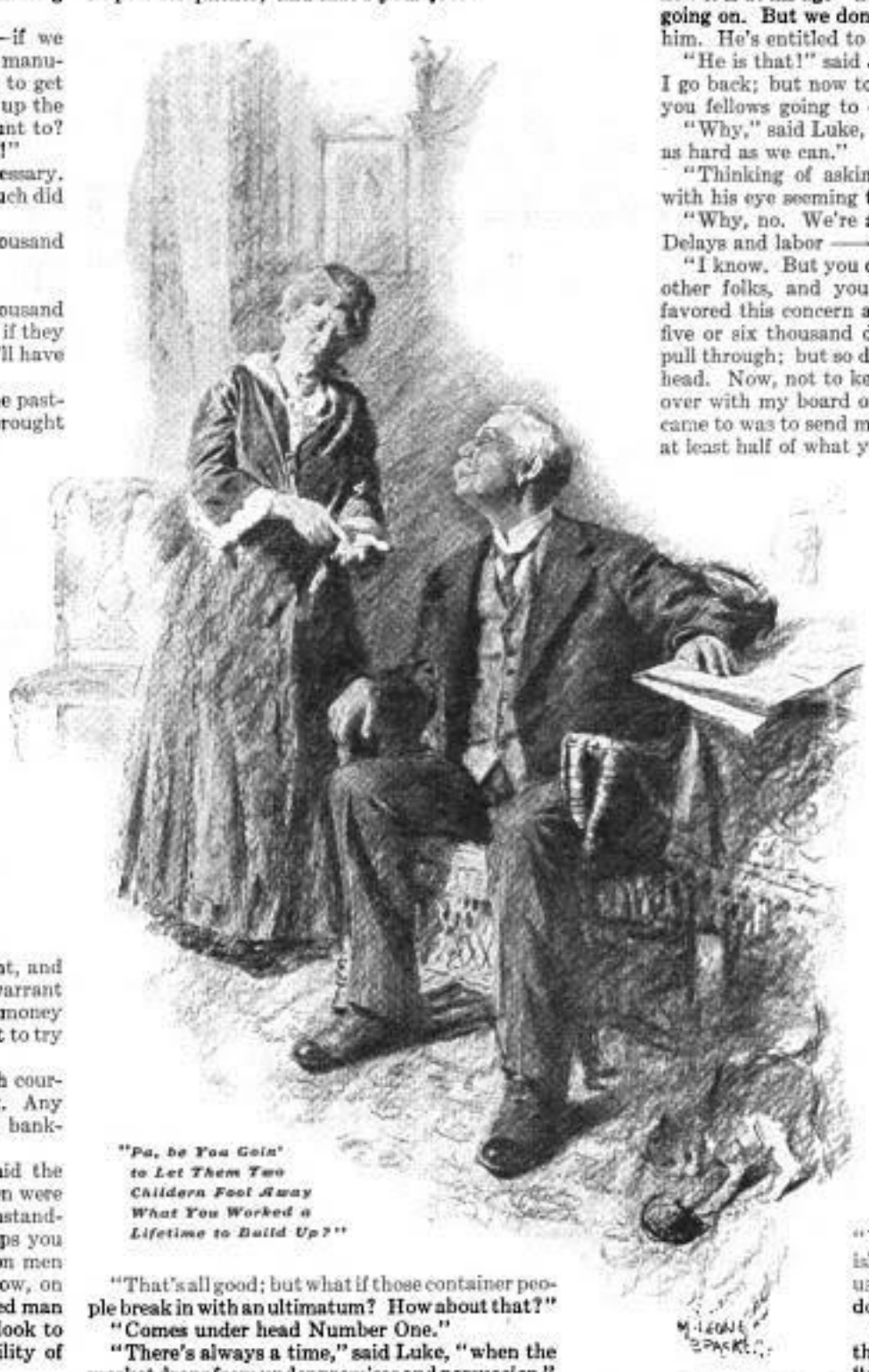
He reported to Peter, who took the thing less seriously.

"Well," said he, "we've got to show 'em. But while we're showing 'em we've got to save this shop for dad. Nobody'll help us, so we've got to help ourselves."

"How?"

"First and foremost, by staving off creditors. That's your job. When a dunning letter comes in it's up to you to dictate a reply that'll make 'em sorry we don't owe twice as much. Second, we've got to economize. Nobody ever pared expense down so far that another slice couldn't be hacked off. That's my job.

"Third, we've got to manufacture and ship faster. That's my job. Fourth, we've got to get our money out of our shipments quicker; and that's your job."



"Pa, he You Goin' to Let Them Two Childern Fool Away What You Worked a Lifetime to Build Up?"

"That's all good; but what if those container people break in with an ultimatum? How about that?"

"Comes under head Number One."

"There's always a time," said Luke, "when the market drops from under promises and persuasion."

"I presume the timber folks might shut down on us too. I never mentioned that before, but it's a possibility."

"If only we'd gain on it, I wouldn't care if it wasn't more than a hundred dollars a month. But we don't. We keep up the pay roll; we pay our small incidental bills; but we don't pay off anything—and timber keeps gaining on us."

If two young men ever wriggled and twisted, and made black appear—if not white—at least a little grayish, to stall off financial ruin, Luke and Peter were those two young men. It is remarkable how long a business that is actually stubbing its toe on the edge of insolvency can stagger along before it falls. . . . And still Old Man Sawyer sat behind his door, with the ironic title of President on it, and didn't worry—and didn't know. The boys were saving it for dad!

And then, on a Tuesday, proving that any day in the week can be unlucky if pressure is brought to bear, a gentleman from Peoria, Illinois, alighted from the train and walked, with brisk determination, to the office and asked for Luke.

"Mr. Sawyer?" said he. "My name's Judkins. We know each other by letter pretty well."

Luke felt suddenly as if he wanted to sit down—as if, in fact, he would have to sit down. It had come at last; for this Judkins was none other than the Judkins of the Container Company, whose letters had grown stronger and stronger on the subject of something in the line of immediate cash payments.

"Sit down, Mr. Judkins," said Luke, recognizing with astonishment that his voice sounded calm and natural, and was not, as he feared, a sort of hysterical scream.

"How's your father?" said Judkins. "I suppose he's away sowing his wild oats, now that he's turned things over to you. He and I used to smoke cigars together once on a time."

"No; dad's here," said Luke. "He hasn't taken any active part in the business for six months; but—you know how it is at his age—he likes to be round and watch what's going on. But we don't let anything worry him or bother him. He's entitled to a good long loaf."

"He is that!" said Judkins. "I'll loaf with him before I go back; but now to get down to brass tacks—what are you fellows going to do?"

"Why," said Luke, "we're going right along, digging in as hard as we can."

"Thinking of asking for a receiver?" asked Judkins, with his eye seeming to Luke to bore into his very brain.

"Why, no. We're all right. We've been a little close. Delays and labor ——"

"I know. But you owe us a whopping bill, and you owe other folks, and you've borrowed to your limit. I've favored this concern all I could, but I can't afford to lose five or six thousand dollars. I know you think you can pull through; but so does every fellow who gets in over his head. Now, not to keep you in suspense, I've talked you over with my board of directors, and the conclusion they came to was to send me here to tell you that I had to have at least half of what you owe me in cash—or to start suit. And starting suit means the appointment of a receiver."

The stenographer rapped on the door, a diversion that helped Luke to pull himself together.

"Mr. Barnes is in the office," said the young woman. "He's got to catch a train and wants to know if you can see him."

Luke turned to Mr. Judkins, who nodded his head and said he would be glad to wait, for the whole afternoon was before him.

Foreboding weighed on Luke's mind as he went out, for Mr. Barnes was president of the lumber company that supplied the Sawyers with their logs—and moneys in the total sum of nearly thirteen thousand dollars were due them—some on notes, some on open account.

"Mr. Sawyer," said Mr. Barnes, "we've got to have a showdown." Mr. Barnes wasted no words in useless preliminaries. "I just want to notify you that we will furnish logs till the end of this week; then if the amount due us, above the face of the notes we hold, is not paid, we shall shut off on you—and ask for a receiver. There's nothing to discuss. Our decision is final."

"Very well," said Luke, still astonished to hear his voice sounding as usual. "We'll try to fix you up. You don't give us much time, though."

"We've given you more already than we should," said Mr. Barnes. "Good afternoon!"

Luke didn't go back to his office and Mr. Judkins. Instead, he walked steadily out into the mill to find Peter.

"Pete," he said when he found his brother, "it's come! We're busted. Judkins is here. Barnes just left. You might as well blow the whistle and send the crew home. We're done!"

"Hold on a minute!" said Peter. "They've got your goat. Tell me."

Luke told him with minute detail.

"But we can't bust," Peter said stubbornly. "There's dad. We've got to save it for him."

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"Save it! I tell you it's gone now! We'll be in the hands of a receiver before to-morrow night."

"Poor old dad! We've got to tell him! We've foozled his business for him, and we've got to go in and stand there, with him looking at us, and tell him. . . . Come on! Let's get it over before I lose my nerve and run away."

For the moment, Mr. Judkins, of the Container Company, was forgotten, while the twins, with something of the air of schoolboys on their way to make a confession of putting sulphur in the furnace, rapped on their father's door.

"Come in!" called Mark; and they entered.

The old gentleman sat before his desk, his feet on its scratched top, smoking a cigar—and not worrying.

"Huh!" he said, looking them over with his twinkling gray eyes. "What you been up to now?"

"Dad," said Luke, his voice breaking, "we're busted."

Mark lowered his feet.

"What? Up-to-date efficiency and all?"

"Don't rub it in, dad. We've kept it from you because we didn't want you to worry; but things have gone wrong from the start. And when we got to manufacturing and showing a profit it was too late. We couldn't get money, and the debts kept climbing; and now Barnes and Judkins are going to throw us into bankruptcy."

"We don't care a darn for ourselves," said Peter unsteadily. "It's you! We've been trying to save it for you. Anyhow"—he said this lugubriously—"we've kept you from worrying about it."

"Oh, sure!" said Mark. "Bein' my age, I kind of miss some faculties I used to have. For instance, I can't see any more; and I can't hear; and I can't reason. Sure, you've kept me from worryin'. Your intentions was good and kind. . . . And now what?"

"Why—nothing, dad. We're goners!"

"You can't think of anythin' more to do?"

"We've done all that can be done. The end of the rope has slipped through and we can't grab it again."

"Don't figger an old feller like me might do somethin' in this here emergency?"

"Nobody can; but if you think you can, if it will give you a bit of comfort to try—why, go ahead and do anything you want to."

"Figger you'd sort of like to have me set in the game?"

Luke looked at Peter and Peter looked at Luke. There was something about their dad that heartened them. Perhaps it was a survival of their childhood, when they thought he was the most wonderful mortal under the sun, and believed in him, and depended on him with their whole hearts and souls—as every father should make his sons regard him.

"Dad," said Luke, "if we ever needed you I guess this is the time."

"All right!" Mark said. "Judkins is here, hain't he? Thought I see him pass my window."

"He's waiting for me, in my room."

"You boys go out and set on a log pile and whittle a spell," said Mark. "I'm goin' in and chat with him."

Mark rose and went into the next office. There was a new spring in his step, a something in his manner that was almost eagerness. The battle horse was once more scenting the fray.

"Hello, Frank!" he said to Judkins. "Glad to see you, even if you have come with both barrels loaded and a knife in your sleeve."

"Sorry, Mark; but things didn't look good to us, and the board sent me on."

"With instructions to get your money or spill the beans?"

"That's about what it amounts to."

"Um. . . . Well, let's get business off our minds, and then talk about things—eh? Now here's where you get off. We've bought about six hundred thousand dollars' worth of stuff from you, first and last, and we've paid for it. Owe you along about six thousand now? Eh?"

"Yes."

"Now then, Frank, my friend, maybe we can fork over that money to-day, and maybe we can't—that isn't the question. The point is, we don't want to. The next point is that we represent a business of sixty thousand a year to you—and we'll keep on representing it; for I ain't busted—not by a darn' sight!

"We need what money we've got, and the fellow that holds a gun to my head hain't goin' to be popular. Now I'll give you a check for what we owe and you can take your foot in your hand and hike, or you can take this firm's note for ninety days and stay and visit."

"You mean ——"

"I mean, if you want our business, give us something when we ask for it. We've never asked you for anything. Take the note and keep the business, or take the money and it's the last you ever get out of this concern."

"I don't get you, Mark. You're making a lot of talk with a capital I in it. Where do you come in? We thought you were out of it for good."

"Did, eh? Listen, friend—right now I'm the whole bag of tricks; and maybe I'll keep on being it."

"You've taken charge?"

"Perzactly!"

"Hum! . . . Ah! That changes things some. We know you! You assure me it's safe to take your note?"

"It's a chance I'd take, personal, to hold a million dollars of business in the next ten or twelve years."

Judkins considered a minute.

"Make your note," he said at last. "It's a bet I'm making on you."

That afternoon Mark and the boys had a talk. It was brief.

"Do I get the idea?" asked Mark. "You want I should take hold till things blows over?"

"There's no use," said Luke; "but we'd like to have you try, just so you'll see we've done all we could."

"I'm the boss?"

"Yes."

"Then," said Mark, "you kids git you a pack of cards and a cribbage board, and git into your office and play that pastime till I call you out. That's your job—keepin' out from underfoot. Start now. . . . How much stock we got?"

"About fifteen carloads, packed in the warehouse; but a rotten assortment. We can't ship a car to-day."

"How much unpacked?"

"Probably from fifteen to twenty cars of pins; two or three cars of turned stock, and the kilns full of veneer stuff."

"And about logs enough coming along to run half the mill? That's the trouble with assortment, hain't it? Tryin' to give a little timber to every department and gittin' no real assortment anywheres?"



For the Moment, Mr. Judkins Was Forgotten, While the Twins Rapped on Their Father's Door

"Yes."

"Git your cribbage board."

With that Mark stamped out to find the superintendent.

"Bill," he said, "I'm the works. Just got hired. Here's what happens: Shut down every department except the veneer and dish room. Ram every log that'll make veneer into veneer. Everybody from the other departments packs pins. Everybody! Git after it."

The result of this eruption was that the warehouse began to bulge with the packed product. Twelve veneer dish machines ran their full ten hours a day, turning out their forty thousand dishes each—building an assortment that made shipments possible. All hands packing pins turned out a matter of three thousand boxes a day, or two carloads. The second day a car went out; and after that a car went every day. Meantime Mark went to the bank.

"I know you fellows have given me all the money the law allows; but I want more. Here's the idea: I want money quick, and returns from shipments mean waiting from fifteen to thirty days.

"Now, then, every time I ship a car I'll fetch you the invoice and shipping papers. You pay me ninety per cent of the face for them, reserving the balance. I pay you a thirtieth of one per cent for each day that goes before the invoice is paid. See?"

"It's unusual, Mark. . . . What are you fussing round for? Thought you'd retired!"

"I've retired like a feller with that insomnia thing. Both eyes is darned wide open. I'm ringmaster and clown and performers in that show right now."

"That's different," said the banker. "Guess we can fix you up. We were getting fidgety about the boys."

This emergency measure gave Mark money to travel on, so to speak. His pay roll of fifteen hundred dollars a week was taken care of and some four thousand dollars in addition was to hand. Of course this was a temporary aid, for as soon as the accumulated product was shipped no more funds could come in from invoices; but danger, imminent danger, was pushed some weeks away. For instance, Mr. Barnes, of the lumber company, was paid what he demanded, and peace reigned in that quarter.

Nobody knew better than Mark Sawyer that what he was doing was makeshift, and dangerous makeshift, with a day of reckoning ahead; but what he must have was time, and anything that gave him time gave him a chance. He had gotten rid, for the moment, of the two most troublesome creditors, and by his extraordinary inflation of shipments he was taking care of all current expenses and making a little gain. But soon the stock would be shipped out; shipments would fall. If timber failed to come in, in sufficient quantities to run the mill, he would inevitably find himself losing ground again.

The task confronting him was: First, to raise a lump sum of, say, twenty-five thousand dollars; and, second, to compel the lumber company to live up to their contract for timber—or to get timber elsewhere.

"We owe about ninety thousand dollars," he said to himself, "and forty of that we hain't got any business to owe. I got to get that back somehow."

Then came a letter from Barnes, of the lumber company, which gave Mark a good hour of cogitation. The letter was a notice that the firm's note for six thousand dollars would not be renewed at maturity—and maturity was fourteen days distant!

"That letter means," he said to himself, "that Barnes hankers to get into the woodenware business, and this looks to him like the time and place. If he can bust us, and then bid us in at, let's say, fifty to seventy-five thousand dollars less'n we're worth, not countin' goodwill and sichlike, he stands to make a nice little wad. If he had this mill, ready to run at a cost of somewheres round two hundred thousand, and his sawmills and his timber—why, I calc'late he'd have a perty sweet thing. And that's what he's aimin' to bring about."

At the end of the third cigar Mark hauled down a dusty atlas, containing detailed maps of the adjoining townships, and studied it carefully.

"I hain't never knifed a man, even when it would show a profit—nor I hain't meddled with his schemes, but I guess this here situation sort of justifies a change of heart," he said. And then he called in the boys.

"How's cribbage?" he asked.

"You're game to take it this way," said Luke. "Have we got to the end?"

"Well," said Mark, "a feller with a telescope might see it from here, if he was to look through the little end; but sich hain't my habit. . . . Take a look at this map and see what kind of business men you are in a pinch."

They bent over the map spread out on the desk.

"Here," said Mark, "is Barnes' holdings—all up and down the east side of four townships, and stretchin' most across the bottom of two. Over here, shut-off-like, he's got a chunk of two sections. All the rest of it's timber, some cats and dogs, with one good whopping piece and a couple of good-sized ones thrown in. See?"

"Yes."

"Well, is there anything in it for us?"

Luke looked at Peter, who shook his head in a melancholy manner.

"What's the use, dad?" he said.

"I was figgerin' on buyin' a little stumpage, maybe."

"What with?"

"Some credit, a lot of bluff—and talk that listens like real money. Look here! Barnes bought up and put out of business Green's mill, over Dexter-way. He bought Wiggins' portable mill. Just a year ago he bought up and closed down that little chair company over there in Waverly. Why? Because he wanted to control all the timber in this valley—that's why! Because he wanted to fix it so's if anybody wanted to sell timber there was just one place to sell—and that to him. Right, eh?"

"Yes," conceded Peter.

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A Boycott With a Brass Band

The Garment Trade Moves Out



Every Week Day, Between Twelve and One o'Clock, Shoppers Were Driven Away and the Sidewalks Made Almost Impassable

SOLID, serious New York business men, representing maybe one hundred million dollars, getting together to spend an afternoon—playing with dynamite! At least it looked like that in the beginning.

A great crisis had arisen in their affairs. They met at an uptown restaurant to discuss it and find a solution if possible. But before proceeding with their talk they went into a private room, carefully locked the door, and made certain that all proposals should be passed upon by an attorney.

These gentlemen owned or directed most of the big establishments in the Fifth-Avenue shopping district. For years they had been developing that district, linking it up with street-car lines, subways, railroad terminals and hotels, making it a center for choice merchandise of every kind—dry goods, garments, millinery, footwear, silks, linens, furs, jewels, plate, china, glass, musical instruments, antiques, pictures, books and the like—sold in the great department stores and in the little specialty shops. It had become a shopping center, not merely for New York but for the nation, a retail street second to none in the world. And now, almost overnight, it was threatened with destruction.

Another variety of business had been creeping into the side streets flanking the Avenue. Huge loft buildings for manufacturing purposes had been run up, and as fast as they were finished filled with firms in the women's-garment industry, which came up from streets farther south, round Union Square, bringing their thousands of employees. Every week day, between twelve and one o'clock, these garment workers thronged the Avenue to get a breath of fresh air during the lunch hour. The sidewalks were packed with them and made almost impassable. Shoppers were driven away. Hotels lost their lunch business. All that makes Fifth Avenue vanished wherever the employees of Potash & Perlmutter swarmed during the noon hour—character, color, atmosphere, leisure, dignity.

Such congestion had been familiar for years below Twenty-third Street, but it had been assumed that it would never cross this deadline. Now it was over the line and steadily moving north; it had already reached the Thirties. Many business men predicted that it would sweep on up Fifth Avenue, overwhelming the whole retail and residence district, and that nothing on earth could stop it. A gloomy outlook! For such an invasion from the East Side would wipe out the heart of New York as effectively as if it were swept by sixteen-inch shells.

What the Committee Has Accomplished

SO THESE gentlemen had come together to see what they could do to check the invasion. They locked the door because it seemed as though something terrible would be needed. At that period the problem was new and more or less unknown. The method they had in mind was drastic. It amounted to a boycott. If employed without due safeguards it might be illegal—in restraint of trade. Before going ahead they wanted to be certain that they were within the law.

Most of the Fifth-Avenue merchants bought goods of the women's-garment manufacturers. If they all agreed to purchase no goods of business houses that had invaded their territory, that would clearly stop the sweep of factories northward.

Moreover, the garment manufacturers were housed in new loft buildings erected by speculative builders. The speculative builder operates with money borrowed from banks, life-insurance companies and other lenders. If the banking interests could be brought to refuse further loans on loft buildings in the Fifth-Avenue district another check could be put on the invasion. For men of such business influence as met together that day this was quite feasible.

They had two powerful weapons, these Fifth-Avenue merchants, a club and a knife, and by using them blindly forthwith they might have amply protected their interests. But before going ahead on the obvious course they appointed a committee to make a thorough study of the whole situation; and when this Save New York Committee got deep into the situation it was able to deal with the difficulties, not by force, but by intelligence, persuasion and public spirit.

Here are some of the things that have been accomplished in six months:

A canvass showed that about two hundred and twenty-five manufacturers had invaded the shopping district. More than two hundred of these were led to sign agreements to move out at the expiration of their leases. Some have moved already, and fully ninety per cent will move in a little more than eighteen months. The influx of other manufacturers has been stopped.

Instead of merely safeguarding Fifth Avenue against the intrusion of factories, a great section called the Save New York Zone has been set aside for restriction. It extends from Thirty-second Street to Fifty-ninth Street, south and north, and from Third to Seventh Avenue, east and west. In this zone, comprising a hundred and fifty city blocks, no factories will be permitted in future.

Real-estate values have been influenced for the better. The invasion of factories lowered values in the retail section, and also in the manufacturing section from which the invaders had moved. The northward movement has been checked. Factories are being sent back to the south, in the districts where they were established before. The balance has been restored and realty values have improved in both districts.

As the factories move out, steps are being taken to replace them with wholesale concerns and manufacturers' salesrooms, which do not employ thousands of factory workers and so cause congestion. Their new location will give better purchasing facilities to the throngs of out-of-town buyers who flock to New York every year.

Best of all, something has been learned about the business troubles of Potash & Perlmutter. The women's-garment trades, so little understood even in the metropolis itself, make up a tremendous industry. More than one-quarter of all New York's manufacturing industries turns upon the cloaks, suits, skirts, waists, millinery, laces, furs, silks, underwear and trimmings of women's clothes. The women's-garment industry employs perhaps a quarter-million persons, pays wages and salaries exceeding two million dollars weekly, and makes goods worth more than half a billion dollars yearly. Only eleven states in the Union have that much total manufacturing output. The business of Potash & Perlmutter, if distributed through the West, would double the present manufacturing output of a dozen states. Something has also been learned about the haphazard real-estate operations that have dominated New York's growth and caused such enormous loss and congestion.

New York has the large carelessness and provincialism of a true metropolis. Like London, Paris and Berlin, it is an aggregation of self-satisfied villages that live pretty much to themselves, while growing into each other. The inhabitant of Billingsgate, in London, where the fish and the cockney accent come from, knows nothing of the West End and the fashionable world, and in New York the East Sider knows so little about the Central-Park region that sightseeing automobiles are actually run there for his benefit. In Manhattan a new bridge thrown open or a subway system finished takes enough of the population to some new section to make a city the size of Indianapolis, but the average resident, a mile or two away, will probably not be aware that such a community is in existence.

Putting on the Legal Screws

THIS provincialism and the lack of a general city plan have made New York rich territory for the freebooting real-estate operator, who has the town constantly torn up with his inchoate improvements.

"This will be a mighty fine town when they get it done," said a visitor, contemplating New York's building activities and street excavations.

"Yes," agreed the seasoned New Yorker, "but they'll never get it done!"

Some years ago a new bank building was being erected in Union Square, when the city, hunting for a courthouse site, contemplated condemning several blocks in that neighborhood. Eventually a site was found elsewhere. But had the project gone through the city would have started tearing down that new bank building—an action typical of New York, the gigantic, the expanding and, until just lately, the planless.

The Save New York Committee found that it had legal means of forcing Potash & Perlmutter out of the fashionable shopping district. Money-lending interests saw the folly of making more investments in loft buildings which would damage previous investments by lowering real-estate values. The Fifth-Avenue retail concerns were willing to enter into an agreement in buying that gave preference to manufacturers outside the threatened zone. Having settled matters from their own point of view, the committee called on Potash & Perlmutter to hear what they had to say.

And Potash & Perlmutter had a good deal to say. They explained that, far from wanting to invade the Fifth-Avenue section, they were more or less helpless victims of real-estate speculators, backed up by Dame Fashion. Brought there partly against their better judgment,

(Continued on Page 37)

By James H. Collins

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THE GARB OF MEN

By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY IVAN DE IVANOWSKI

THEY used to say—and how long ago it seems since they used to say it!—that the world would never see another world war. They said that the planet, being more or less highly civilized with regard to its principal geographical divisions, and in the main peaceably inclined, would never again send forth armed millions to slit the throats of yet other armed millions. That was what they said back yonder in 1912 and 1913, and in the early part of 1914 even.

But something happened—something unforeseen and unexpected and unplausible happened. And, at that, the structure of amity between the nations which so carefully had been built up on treaty and pledge, so shrewdly tongued-and-grooved by the promises of Christian statesmen, so beautifully puttied up by the prayers of Christian men, so excellently dovetailed and mortised and rabbeted together, all at once broke down, span by span; just as it is claimed that a fiddler who stations himself in the middle of a bridge and plays upon his fiddle a certain note may, if only he keeps up his playing long enough, play down that bridge, however strong and well-piered it is.

We still regard the fiddle theory as a fable concocted upon a hypothesis of physics; but when that other thing happened—a thing utterly inconceivable—we so quickly adjusted ourselves to it that at once yesterday's impossibility became to-day's actuality and to-morrow's certain prospect.

This war having begun, they said it could not at the very most last more than a few months; that the countries immediately concerned could not, any of them, for very long withstand the drains upon them in men and money and munitions and misery; that the people at home would rise in revolt against the stupid malignity of it, if the men at the front did not.

Only a few war-seasoned elderly men, including one in a War Office at London and one in a General Staff at Berlin and one in a Cabinet Chamber at Paris, warned their respective people to prepare themselves for a struggle bloodier, and more violent and costlier and possibly more prolonged, than any war within the memories of living men.

At first we couldn't believe that either; none of us could believe it. But those old men were right and the rest of us were wrong. The words of the war wiseacres came true.

Presently we beheld enacted the intolerable situation they had predicted; and in our own country at least the tallies of dead, as enumerated in the foreign dispatches, began to mean to us only headlines on the second page of the morning paper.

Then they said that when, by slaughter and maiming and incredible exertion, the manhood of Europe had been decimated to a given point the actual physical exhaustion of the combatants would force all the armies to a standstill. But the thing went on.

It went on through its first year and through its second year. We have seen it going on into its third year, with no sign of abatement, no evidence of a weakening anywhere among the states and the peoples immediately affected. And so, figuring what lies in front of us and them by what lies behind, we may, without violence to credibility, figure it as going on until all of Britain's able-bodied adult male population wears khaki or has been buried in it; until sundry millions of the men of France are corpses or on crutches; until Germania has scraped and harrowed and combed her domains for cannon fodder; until Russia's countless supply of prime human grist for the red hopper of this red mill no longer is countless but countable.

There is a town in the northern part of the Republic of France called Courney. Rather, I should say that once upon a time there was such a town. Considered as a town, bearing the outward manifestations of a town and nourishing within it the communal spirit of a town, it ceased to exist quite a time back. Nevertheless, it is with that town, or with the recent site of it, that this story purports to deal.

There is no particular need of our trying to recreate the picture of it as it was before the war began. Before the war it was one of a vast number of suchlike drowsy, cozy little towns lying, each one of them, in the midst of tilled fat acres on the breasts of a pleasant land; a town with the gray highroad running through it to form its main street, and with farms and orchards and vineyards and garden patches round about it; so that in the springtime, when the orchard trees bloomed and the grapevines put forth their young leaves and the wind blew, it became a little island, set in the center of a little, billowy green-and-white sea; a town of snug small houses of red brick and gray brick, with a priest and a mayor, a schoolhouse and a beet-sugar factory, a town well for the gossips and a town shrine for the devout.

Nor is there any especial necessity for us to try to describe it as it was after the war had rolled forward and back and forward again over it; for then it was transformed as most of those small towns that lay in the tracks of the hostile armies were transformed. It became a ruin, a most utter and complete and squalid ruin, filled with sights that were affronts to the eye and smells that were abominations to the nose.



"Let Me Go! Let Me Go Back! I am a Soldier of France!"

In this place there abode, at the time of which I aim to write, a few living creatures. They were human beings, but they had ceased to exist after the ordinary fashion of human beings in this twentieth century of ours. So often, in the first months and the first years of the war, had their simple but ample standards been forcibly upset that by now almost they had forgotten such standards had ever been.

To them yesterday was a dimming memory, and to-morrow a dismal prospect without hope in it of anything better. To-day was all and everything to them; each day was destiny itself. Just to get through it with breath of life in one's body and rags over one's hide and a shelter above one's head—that was the first and the last of their aim. They lived not because life was worth while any more, but because to keep on living is an instinct, and because most human beings are so blessed—or, maybe, so cursed—with a certain adaptability of temperament, a certain inherent knack of adjustability that they may endure anything—even the unendurable—if only they have ceased to think about the past and to fret about the future.

And these people in this town had ceased to think. They were out of habit with thinking. A long time before, their sensibilities had been rocked to sleep by the everlasting lullaby of the cannon; their imaginations were wrapped in a smoky coma. They lived on without conscious effort, without conscious ambition, almost without conscious desire: just as blind worms live under a bank, or slugs in a marsh, or protoplasms in a pond.

Once, twice, three times Courney had been a stepping-stone in the swept and garnished pathways of battle. Back in September of 1914 the Germans, sweeping southward as an irresistible force, took possession of this town, after shelling it quite flat with their big guns to drive out the defending garrison of French and British. Then, a little later, in front of Paris the irresistible force met the immovable body and answered the old, old question of the scientists; and, as the Germans fell back to dig themselves in along the Somme and the Aisne, there was again desperate hard fighting here, and many, very many, lives were spent in the effort of one side to take and retain, and of the other to gain and hold fast, the little peaky heaps of wreckage protruding above the stumps of the wasted orchard trees.

Now, though, for a long time things had been quiet in Courney. Though placed in debatable territory, as the campaign experts regard debatable territory, it had lapsed into an eddy and a backwater of war, becoming, so to speak, a void and a vacuum amid the twisting currents of the war. In the core of a tornado there may be calm while about it the vortex swirls and twists. If this frequently is true of windstorms it occasionally is true of wars.

Often to the right of them and to the left of them, sometimes far in front of them, and once in a while far back in the rear of them, those who still abode at Courney heard the distant voices of the big guns; but their place of habitation, by reasons of shifts in the war game, was no longer on a route of communication between separate groups of the same fighting force. It was not even on a line of travel. No news of the world beyond their limited horizon seeped in to them. They did not know how went the war—who won or who lost—and almost they had quit desiring to know. What does one colony of blind worms in a bank care how fares it with colonies of blind worms in other banks?

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To Them Yesterday Was a Dimming Memory, and To-Morrow a Dismal Prospect Without Hope in It of Anything Better

You think this state of apathy could not come to pass? Well, I know that it can, because with my own eyes I saw it coming to pass in the times while yet the war was new; while it yet was a shock and an affront to our beliefs; and you must remember that now I write of a much later time, when the world war has become the world's custom.

Also, could you have looked in upon the surviving remnant of the inhabitants of Courney, you would have had a clearer and fuller corroboration of the fact I state, because then you would have seen that here in this place lived only those who were too old or too feeble to care, or else who were too young to understand.

All tallied, there were not more then than twenty remaining of two or three hundred who once had been counted as the people of this inconsequential village; and of these but two were individuals in what ordinarily would be called the prime of life.

One of these two was a French petty officer, whose eyes had been shot out, and who, having been left behind in the first retreat toward Paris, had been forgotten, and had stayed behind ever since. The other had likewise been a soldier. He was a Breton peasant. His disability seemed slight enough when he sustained it. A bullet bored across the small of his back, missing the spine. But the bullet bore with it minute fragments of his uniform coat; and so laden with filth had his outer garments become, after weeks and months of service in the field, that, with the fragments of cloth, germs of tetanus had been carried into his flesh also, and lockjaw had followed.

Being as strong as a bullock, he had weathered the hideous agonies of his disease; but it left him beset with an affliction like a queer sort of palsy, which affected his limbs, his tongue, and the nerves and muscles of his face. Continually he twitched all over. He moved by a series of spasmodic jerks, and when he sought to speak the sounds he uttered came out from his contorted throat in slobbery, unintelligible gasps and grunts. He was sane enough, but he had the look about him of being an idiot.

Besides these two there were three or four very aged, very infirm men on the edge of their dotage; likewise some women, including one masterful, high-tempered old woman and a younger woman who wept continuously, with a monotonous mewing sound, for a husband who was dead in battle and for a fourteen-year-old son who had vanished altogether out of her life, and who, for all she knew, was dead too. The rest were children—young children, and a baby or so. There were no sizable youths whatsoever, and no girls verging on maidenhood, remaining in this place.

So this small group was what was left of Courney. Their houses being gone and family ties for the most part wiped out, they consorted together in a rude communal system which a common misery had forced upon them. Theirs was the primitive socialism that the cave dweller may have known in his tribe. As I say, their houses were gone; so they denned in holes where the cellars under the houses had been. Time had been when they fled to the shelter of these holes as the fighting, swinging northward or southward, included Courney in its orbit.

Afterward they had contrived patchwork roofage to keep out the worst of the weather; and now they called these underground shelters home, which was an insult to the word home. Once they had had horse meat to eat—the flesh of killed cavalry mounts and wagon teams. Now perforce they were vegetarians, living upon cabbages and beets and potatoes which grew half wild in the old garden patches, and on a coarse bran bread made of a flour ground by hand out of the grain that sprouted in fields where real harvests formerly had grown.

The more robust and capable among the adults cultivated these poor crops in a pecking and puny sort of way. The children went clothed in ancient rags, which partly covered their undeveloped and stunted bodies, and played in the rubbish; and sometimes in their play they delved too deep and uncovered grisly and horrible objects. On sunny days the blind soldier and the palsied one sat in the sunshine, and when it rained they took refuge with the others in whichever of the leaky burrows was handiest for them to reach. If they walked the Breton towed his mate in a crippling, zigzag course, for one lacked the eyes to see where he went and the other lacked the ability to steer his afflicted legs on a direct line.

The wreckage of rafters and beams and house furnishings provided abundant supplies of wood and for fires. By a kind of general assent, headship and authority were vested jointly in the old tempestuous woman and the blind man, for the reasons that she had the strongest body and the most resolute will, and he the keenest mind of them all.

So these people lived along, without a priest to give them comfort by his preaching; without a physician to mind their ailments; with no set code of laws to be administered and none to administer them. Existence for them was reduced to its raw elementals. Since frequently they heard the big guns sounding distantly and faintly, they knew that the war still went on. And, if they gave the matter a thought, to them it seemed that the war always would go on. Time and the passage of time meant little. A day was merely a period of lightness marked at one end by a sunrise and at the other by a sunset; and when that was over and darkness had come, they bedded themselves down under fouled and ragged coverlids and slept the dumb, dreamless sleep of the lower animals. Except for the weeping woman who went about with her red eyes continually streaming and her whining wail forever sounding, no one among them seemingly gave thought to those of their own kinspeople and friends who were dead or scattered or missing.

Well, late one afternoon in the early fall of the year, the workers had quit their tasks and were gathering in toward a common center, before the oncoming of dusk, when they heard cries and beheld the crotchety old woman who shared leadership with the blinded man, running toward them. She had been gathering beets in one of the patches to the southward of their ruins; and now, as she came at top speed along the path that marked where their main street had once been, threading her way swiftly in and out among the gray mounds of rubbish, she held a burden of the red roots in her long bony arms.

She lumbered up, out of breath, to tell them she had seen soldiers approaching from the south. Since it was from that direction they came, these soldiers doubtlessly would be French soldiers; and, that being so, the dwellers in Courney need feel no fear of mistreatment at their hands. Nevertheless, always before, the coming of soldiers had meant fighting; so, without waiting to spy out their number or to gauge from their movements a hint of their possible intentions, she had hastened to spread the alarm.

"I saw them quite plainly!" she cried out between pants for breath. "They have marched out of the woods yonder—the woods that bound the fields below where the highroad to Laon ran in the old days. And now they are spreading out across the field, to the right and the left. Infantry they are, I think—and they have a machine gun with them."

"How many, grandmother? How many of them are there?"

It was the eyeless man who asked the question. He had straightened up from where he sat, and stood erect, with his arms groping before him and his nostrils dilated.

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"No great number," answered the old woman; "perhaps two companies—perhaps a battalion. And as they came nearer to me they looked—they looked so queer!"

"How? How? What do you mean by queer?" It was the blind man seeking to know.

She dropped her burden of beetroots and threw out her hands in a gesture of helplessness.

"Queer!" she repeated stupidly. "Their clothes now—their clothes seemed not to fit them. They are such queer-looking soldiers—for Frenchmen."

"Oh, if only the good God would give me back my eyes for one little hour!" cried the blind man impotently. Then, in a different voice, "What is that?" he said, and swung about, facing north.

His ears, keener than theirs, as a blind man's ears are apt to be, had caught, above the babble of their excited voices, another sound.

Scuttling, shuffling, half falling, the palsied man, moving at the best speed of which he was capable, rounded a heap of shattered gray masonry that had once been the village church, and made toward the clustered group of them. His jaws worked spasmodically. With one fluttering hand he pointed, over his left shoulder, behind him. He strove to speak words, but from his throat issued only clicking, slobbery grunts and gasps.

"What is it now?" demanded the old woman.

She clutched him, forcing him to a quaking standstill. He kept on gurgling and kept on pointing.

"Soldiers? Are there more soldiers coming?"

He nodded eagerly.

"From the north?"

He made signs of assent.

"Frenchmen?"

He shook his head until it seemed he would shake it off his shoulders.

"Germans, then? From that way the Germans are coming, eh?"

Again he nodded, making queer movements with his hands, the meaning of which they could not interpret. Indeed, none there waited to try. With one accord they started for the deepest and securest of their burrows—the one beneath the battered-down sugar-beet factory. Its fallen walls and its shattered roof made a lid, tons heavy and yards thick, above the cellar of it. In times of fighting it had been their safest refuge. So once more they ran to hide themselves there. The ragged children scurried on ahead like a flight of autumn leaves. The very old men and the women followed after the children; and behind all the rest, like a rearguard, went the cripple and the old woman, steering the blind man between them.

At the gullet of a little tunnel-like opening leading down to the deep basement below, these three halted a brief moment; and the palsied man and the woman, looking backward, were in time to see a skirmisher in the uniform of a French foot soldier cross a narrow vista in the ruins, perhaps a hundred yards away, and vanish behind a culm of broken masonry. Seen at that distance, he seemed short, squatty—almost gnomish. Back in the rear of him somewhere a bugle sounded a halting, uncertain blast, which trailed off suddenly to nothing, as though the bugler might be out of breath; and then—pow, pow, pow!—the first shots sounded. High overhead a misdirected bullet whistled with a droning, querulous note. The three tarried no longer, but slid down into the mouth of the tunnel.

Inside the cellar the women and children already were stretched close up to the thick stone sides, looking like flattened piles of rags against the flagged floor. They had taken due care, all of them, to drop down out of line with two small openings which once had been windows in the south wall of the factory cellar, and which now, with their sashes gone, were like square portholes, set at the level of the earth. Through these openings came most of the air and all of the daylight which reached their subterranean retreat.

The old woman cowered down in an angle of the wall, rocking back and forth and hugging her two bony knees with her two bony arms; but the maimed soldiers, as befitting men who had once been soldiers, took stations just beneath the window holes, the one to listen and the other to watch for what might befall in the narrow compass of space lying immediately in front of them. For a moment after they found their places there was silence there in the cellar, save for the rustling of bodies and the wheeze of forced breathing. Then a woman's voice was uplifted wailingly: "Oh, this war! Why should it come back here again? Why couldn't it leave us poor ones alone?"

"Hush, you!" snapped the blinded man in a voice of authority. "There are men out there fighting for France. Hush and listen!"

A ragged volley, sounding as though it had been fired almost over their heads, cut off her lamentation, and she hid her face in her hands, bending her body forward to cover and shield a baby that was between her knees upon the floor.

From a distance, toward the north, the firing was answered. Somewhere close at hand a rapid-fire gun began a staccato outburst as the gun crew pumped its belts of cartridges into its barrel; but at once this chattering note became interrupted, and then it slackened, and then it stopped altogether.

"Idiots! Fools! Imbeciles!" snarled the blind man. "They have jammed the magazine! And listen, comrade, listen to the rifle fire from over here—half a company firing, then the other half. Veterans would never fire so. Raw recruits with green officers—that's what they must be. . . . And listen! The Germans are no better."

Outside, near by, a high-pitched strained voice gave an order, and past the window openings soldiers began to pass, some shrilly cheering, some singing the song of France, the Marseillaise Hymn. Their trunks were not visible. From the cellar could be seen only their legs from the knees down, with stained leather leggings on each pair of shanks, and their feet, in heavy military boots, sliding and slithering over the cinders and the shards of broken tiling alongside the wrecked factory wall.

Peering upward, trying vainly at his angled range of vision to see the bodies of those who passed, the palsied man reached out and grasped the arm of his mate in a hard grip, uttering meaningless sounds. It was as though he sought to tell of some astounding discovery he had just made.

"Yes, yes, brother; I understand," said the blind man. "I cannot see, but I can hear. There is no swing to their step, eh? Their feet scuffle inside their boots, eh? Yes, yes, I know—they are very weary. They have come far to-day to fight these Huns. And how feebly they sing the song as they go past us here! They must be very tired—that is it, eh? But, tired or not, they are Frenchmen, and

(Concluded on Page 46)

A SCRAP OF PAPER

XVI

By Arthur Somers Roche

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL FOSTER

MARTIN MASTERMAN had but one passion—that was his invalid daughter. Power, place and fortune, these were not passions—they were a disease with him. For Laurel he would have faced poverty cheerfully. No man is wholly bad, and Masterman, unmoral rather than immoral, hard, cruel, grasping, had his soft spot. If any doctor could have convinced him that it lay in his power to heal the little girl, and had demanded therefor all of Masterman's fortune, Masterman would have given it.

Laurel dined seldom with her parents—once or twice a week at the outside. When she did it was an event, planned a couple of days in advance, and Masterman allowed nothing to prevent his attending the function. The day following the loss of the fateful paper he left Cardigan and Blaisdell at five o'clock to keep his engagement to dine at home. What good did it do them to sit and brood? The Greenhams were doing the best they could, and the Greenhams were the best detectives in the business. If the Greenhams couldn't find the girl and young man who had procured the paper from Harry Mack—well, no one could find them.

"And if they don't," Blaisdell had piped, in reply to this summing up of the situation by Masterman, "what then?"

"Then," said Masterman heavily, "we confess defeat and do as this pair of precious maniacs demand."

"That means ruin!" cried Blaisdell.

"And our refusal means the same thing, doesn't it?"

There the argument had ended, to be succeeded by futile worryings. There was nothing to be done, except hope that the Greenhams would succeed in finding the possessors of the paper and wresting it from them. And the Greenhams were working as they had never worked before, for Martin Masterman had held before the two brothers the promise of a reward which would lift them at once into the wealthy class. They were combing the city. The three millionaires could do nothing save irritate one another. So Masterman went home.

Kirby dreaded the meeting with Masterman. She had pictured him as some all-devouring ogre whose baleful glance alone was enough to wither and shrivel ordinary humans. Instead, she met a grim-faced old man, deeper-lined of face and more burning of eye than anyone she had ever met. The events of the day, Kirby could see, were telling on him, but she noted the effect merely because she knew the cause. To his wife and to his daughter he seemed the same gentle husband and father he had always been, for they knew only his soft side. Mrs. Masterman was absolutely convinced that her husband had never done a wrong thing in his life, but was the victim of jealousy. She believed none of the charges made against him. Her faith was supreme.

The dinner passed pleasantly. Masterman, on being introduced to "Miss Rohan," had given her one moment of fright. On hearing her voice he had raised his eyebrows faintly.

"Your voice is vaguely familiar, Miss Rohan. Have I ever heard it before?"

"Possibly," said Kirby, with a flash of her teeth, "but I do not know where."

"My imagination probably," said Masterman. Then he spoke to her of Paris, of Colorado, complimented her on her work, asked what sort of portrait she planned to paint of Laurel, and other conventional questions. But mostly he devoted himself to his little daughter, causing Kirby to wonder at the many-sidedness of human nature. Here was a man whose every business action tended to reduce the opportunities in life of millions of children. Yet he loved his own daughter above everything else. Though in his business life he was relentless in pursuit of power to the exclusion of aught else, yet at home his every smile, his every look, his every caress showed that he was as human as other fathers. Why, then, this cruelty toward the world?

She began to understand: Masterman recognized nothing save family. Community, nation, world, these were less than nothing to him! Only his family counted where tenderness and generosity were concerned. Like the caveman, he protected his own, cherished them, but with all others he was at war. The family was his unit and his whole!

This was the explanation. He had the caveman's attitude toward the world and, like the caveman, had been outgrown by the rest of the world, passed in the race of civilization. Kirby told herself that, though the innocent suffer with the guilty, it is the greater good that counts. So she steeled her heart once more.

The meal passed. Laurel, clinging to her father's hand, insisted that he see her birthday book.

"I've four more names in it since you saw it last, daddy," she said. "You must see them."

He assented, and she sped away to her own room to fetch the volume.

"You are going to give me your best efforts?" queried Masterman, while his daughter was away. "Miss Rohan, no one, not even her mother, understands my little girl as I do. She has the soul of Joan of Arc! You have seen her; you know she is lovely; there is no doubt of your technical skill; you can reproduce her features. But so can a thousand other artists. I obtained your services for two reasons: One is because you are a fair and just woman. How do I know? I am somewhat of a connoisseur, Miss Rohan, despite that lying tale about my Botticelli in this morning's Citizen. I can read between the strokes of the brush even as one may sometimes read between the lines of a story or letter. I saw your portrait of Señora Davost, the Spanish dancer. That woman is a bad woman, and a woman like you," and he bowed, "would recognize and despise her in spite of her charm and good looks. And yet, in your portrait, while you do not hide the evil that is in her, while you bring it out upon the canvas with a soul analysis that is almost uncanny, you do not stop there. You also bring out the traits of generosity, of impulsive nobility that are in her soul. I read them in your painting, and I admired you. For it is not every woman, nor yet every man, that can be absolutely fair. And you were, when it was not necessary, for all the señora wanted was a portrait of herself, showing her hair, complexion and figure, eyes and teeth. But you painted her as the Book of Judgment must have her recorded.

"That is one of the reasons why I want you to paint my daughter—because you will accord her her spiritual due. The other reason is really part of the first—because you have genius. So then, Miss Rohan, you will paint, not the daughter of Martin Masterman, but a little girl named Laurel. For genius and a sense of fairness mean no compromise with yourself. Other artists have painted Laurel—they have made a doll of her, because they thought to flatter my pride in her. But you will give me her soul on canvas, and when she is gone—for she is not here for long, Miss Rohan—I shall have my child, not a painted image of her, to look upon."

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Kirby, swept away by the man's emotion, touched him on the arm:

"Oh, Mr. Masterman, if you feel that way about her, I think ——"

But a smile, not directed at her, cut short the words that would have inevitably caused suspicion. Masterman had caught sight of Laurel returning.

"Here it is, daddy. Here's the book."

They were in Masterman's library now. Masterman was seated in a heavy armchair. Opposite him sat his sad-eyed, nervous wife. Laurel drew the book away as her father reached for it.

"Get out your pen first, daddy," she commanded. She looked at Kirby. "I give my own presents to those whose names are written here," she announced proudly. "But little girls don't always know what grown-ups want, so daddy gets something else for them—always. He never forgets!"

"You see, Miss Rohan"—the financier's smile left his daughter to rest on Kirby a moment—"those whom my daughter loves must pay the price. They must be prepared to accept the regard of Laurel's father, unwelcome though it may be."

"As if anyone isn't proud to have you love them, daddy," exclaimed Laurel indignantly.

There was incredulity in the whimsical smile which the financier turned on Kirby.

"When the important person feels this way I don't suppose it should matter about the rest of the world," he said.

Then he opened the book. Laurel's hand guided his. They found the first of the names, the second, the third and the fourth—Adele Rohan's. Carefully Masterman had written down the names of the first three. At the name which Kirby had written he found difficulty with his fountain pen.

"All out of ink," he said with a smile. "I'll have to get another."

He rose and walked into the little workroom which adjoined his library. Kirby stared after him, wide-eyed with apprehension. "Conscience does make cowards of us all!"

Not by the flicker of an eyelash had Masterman shown any emotion on seeing the signature of Adele Rohan. It was merely a coincidence that his pen should have run dry at the very moment it devolved upon it to transcribe the name of the Western-Parisian artist. It did not mean that Masterman knew the chirography of Miss Rohan, and, therefore, realized that an impostor was sitting in his library. Yet, though it was the merest coincidence, Kirby's muscles grew tense, and her brain was suddenly as alert as though pricked with needles. But she relaxed at Masterman's speedy return. He had another pen in his hand and his countenance was alight with that tenderness which she knew he reserved for his daughter.

"Now for Miss Rohan's name and birthday," he laughed.

He worked sideways into the chair on whose arm Laurel was still perched. With her arm about his neck, and her cheek close to his, while she watched the operation, he wrote the name of Adele Rohan in the little notebook which seemed wholly devoted to the uses to which it was being put tonight. He closed the little book, placed it in an inside pocket, swung Laurel into the air and set her gently on the ground.

"And now to work," he said. "Daddy has a hundred and one things to do, so shoo-ooh!"

He waved her from the room laughingly, and she responded to his mirth.

"But Miss Rohan must stay with me till bedtime," she said, grasping Kirby by the hand.

"Miss Rohan may want to read or write letters," suggested Mrs. Masterman, "or perhaps she would like to call upon some of her friends in the city."

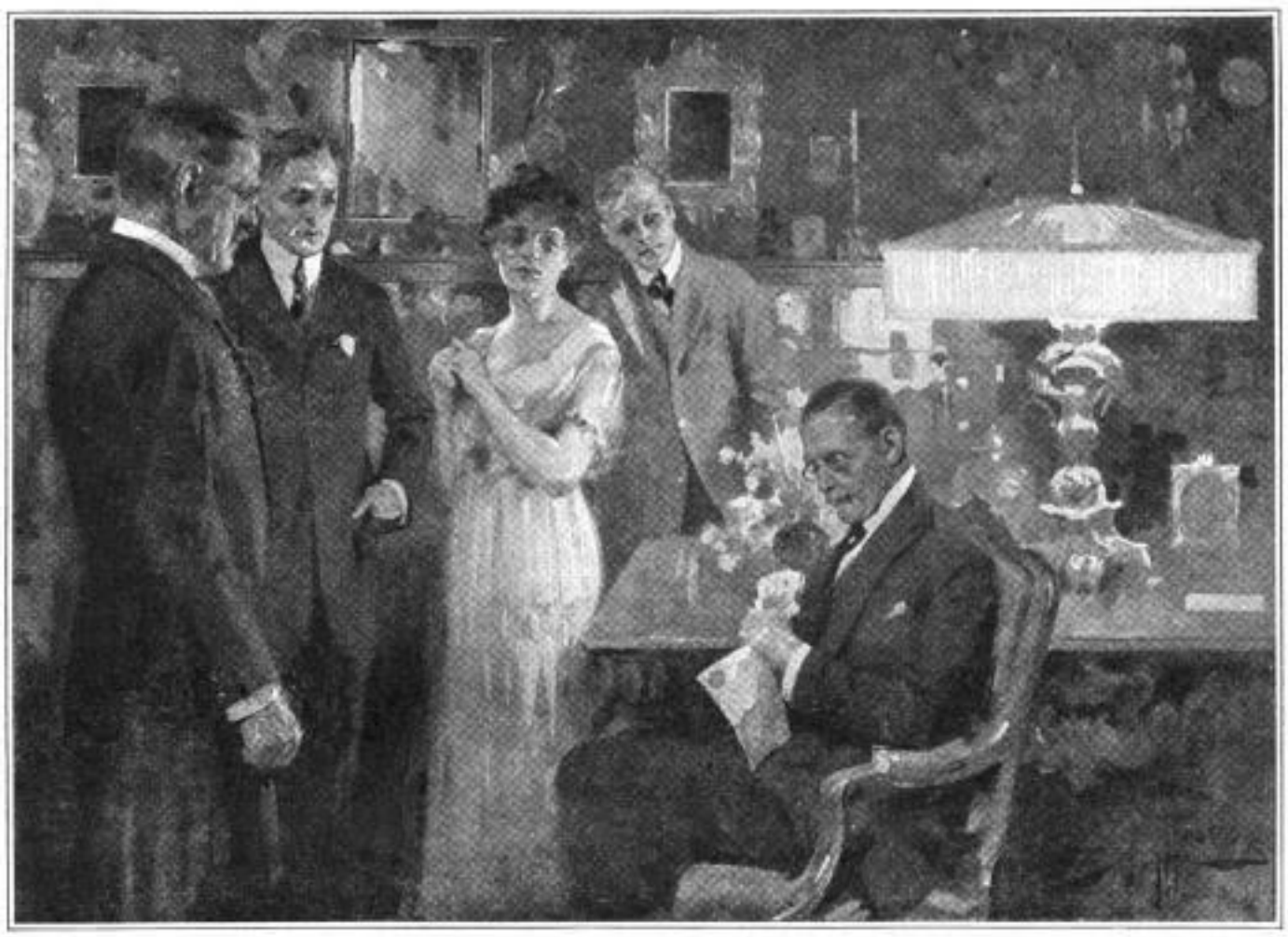
That a young lady, unattended, should go out at night to pay calls was contrary to Mrs. Masterman's idea of the conventions; but artists, especially women artists, even when as charming and well-mannered as Miss Rohan, were apt to be unconventional.

But Kirby shook her head.

"I'd rather play with a certain dear little girl I know than do anything else," she said.

"Then by all means do what you'd rather do," said Masterman with a genial smile.

But the benignity left his eye the moment that Kirby, hand in hand with Laurel and followed by Mrs. Masterman, left the room. He strode to the table, picked up the birthday book which Laurel, with the inconsequence of childhood, had left behind her, and carried it into his workroom. He placed the book upon a small table upon which was already an unfolded letter. The letter was dated



"This, Masterman, is a Warrant for Your Arrest"

Denver and was signed by Adele Rohan. Kirby's belief that Masterman and the girl she was impersonating had never met had been correct, but she had not thought upon the fact that they must have corresponded.

Swiftly Masterman compared the two signatures. He did so carefully, although anyone would have been certain at a glance that two different hands had penned them. He wanted to be quite sure! There was, of course, the possibility that Miss Rohan had dictated this letter, and that someone had not only written it but signed it. But there was nothing in this note, which was an acceptance of his offer of ten thousand for a portrait of Laurel, and which stated that the artist would arrive at about this very time, to indicate that it was other than Miss Rohan's own handwriting.

"Certainly," said Masterman to himself, "she would not commission anyone with so vile a handwriting to write her letters for her, eccentric though she may be. It's her own handwriting!"

Then who was the impostor? Masterman answered that question without hesitation. It was Kirby Rowland, the young woman who had over the telephone given him the command about universal transfers.

Masterman might have conversed with Kirby a year without definitely recognizing that voice which sounded so vaguely familiar—that is, without extraneous suggestion. But that extraneous suggestion had come with suspicion. It is often so. We meet a person who looks familiar, but we cannot name him. Then he mentions casually that he hasn't been in Philadelphia for seven years. We know him! The train of thought leading to recognition has been started.

So it was with Masterman. When he discovered, to his own satisfaction at any rate, that the guest in his household was not Adele Rohan, but was an impostor, he remembered at once the only place where he had ever heard her voice before—over the telephone the previous day. At first his rage was almost ungovernable. Not quite certain, or rather not willing to admit his certainty, until the two signatures were laid side by side, he had exhibited that wonderful self-control that had done so much toward placing him where he was.

His first impulse was to send a servant for Kirby and force the truth from her; but he dismissed that idea at once. There was a bare possibility that the guest in his house was not an impostor. Masterman never acted on impulse when great issues were at stake; he never acted on mere knowledge; he acted on evidence! And he wanted all the evidence obtainable. Quite calmly he sat down before his private telephone and had himself connected with the superintendent of the telegraph company, which Masterman practically owned.

"I want you," he said, "to find out for me at once if a Miss Adele Rohan, an artist, has left Denver and, if so, find out her destination." He gave the address which was on Miss Rohan's letter. "I want an answer within one hour."

"You'll have it, Mr. Masterman," said the superintendent obsequiously, and Masterman hung up. But he joggled the receiver again almost immediately. This time he connected with Terence Greenham, and demanded his immediate presence. After that he called up Cardigan and Blaisdell, and those harassed gentlemen promised to be with him as soon as swift automobiles could convey them from their homes, where they had been pacing their respective libraries, torn by a hundred fears.

Blaisdell and Greenham arrived almost together, Cardigan a few moments later. A servant, used to surreptitious visitors, smuggled the three men into the Masterman library without anyone else suspecting their presence. Masterman refused to talk until all three men were present. Then tersely he told them of his suspicions.

"But why wait for the Denver message?" demanded Greenham. "I've seen her; I'll know her! Send for her!"

"But wouldn't it be a good idea to find out if she really is Miss Rohan? It may not be Kirby Rowland masquerading as Adele Rohan, it may have been Adele Rohan masquerading as Kirby Rowland. She isn't alone in this, you know, Greenham. If by any chance she really is the Rohan woman, it will be the Rohan acquaintance among whom we must search for this Dixon Grant. That will help, won't it? Of course, if she is really Kirby Rowland, you'll have to stick to her acquaintances in hope of locating Grant. This woman, whatever her real name is—and we'll know that in a little while—isn't alone. Remember that! We've got her; before taking her let's find out what we can. Smoke."

In full control of himself he smoked in silence, while Blaisdell and Cardigan walked the floor, and Terence Greenham tried to compute how much Masterman would lop off his promised reward if Masterman had really succeeded where the detective had failed. Then the phone tinkled. Masterman listened a moment, then spoke:

"I want you, Keeler, to send at once to this house a message for Miss Adele Rohan. It must bear the Denver date line of a couple of hours ago. Have it brief. Something like this: 'Come at once.' Sign it 'Elise,' or any other name that suits your fancy. Understand? At once!"

He turned to his companions.

"Well, gentlemen, Keeler has received word from Denver that Miss Adele Rohan left that city, bound for New York, this afternoon! There is no possibility of mistake. Miss Rohan is well known in Denver, and the Denver office of the telegraph company even sent on the number of her drawing-room. I knew it before, but I am certain now—the young woman at present playing in the nursery with my daughter is not Miss Rohan; she is the woman who possesses the paper we lost yesterday."

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"Then bring her in here," roared Cardigan, "and we'll make her give it up!" Masterman shook his head.

"I've had the pleasure of conversing with the young lady, Cardigan. The girl who's had the nerve to come up to my house when she knew that I'd give a fortune to get hold of her is not the kind to surrender in a moment. Besides, Laurel has taken a fancy to her, and no force is to be used on her."

Cardigan, fists doubled, glared at him.

"Then what do we do? Beg her to hand it back? Why are we here?"

"No," said Masterman coldly, "we don't beg her. Nor do we use force. We use restraint. You spoke of incarcerating Mack in your Long Island place. What's the matter with taking this young woman down there?"

"I suppose she'll come gladly," sneered Cardigan.

"There are measures, my dear Cardigan, that are effective without being brutal. It is one of those we shall use." He unlocked a desk and from a drawer he took a small bottle and a roll of surgical gauze.

"I think chloroform will do the work, eh?" He looked at Greenham, and the detective took bottle and gauze from the financier's hands.

"I can use it," said Greenham. "Send for her."

Masterman hesitated a moment.

"We'll give her a chance first. I'll try to reason with her. If I can't—this library is sound-proof—we'll go ahead with the chloroform. Then, Cardigan, you can carry her out the side entrance; I'll have a servant tell your chauffeur to move down there. And then—take her to Bellmere. When she wakes up in the morning and finds that she's locked in a room—who's down at Bellmere now?"

"Only a caretaker," answered Cardigan. "And he'll keep his mouth shut—he and his wife."

"Good," said Masterman. "Well, then, when the young lady learns that she's to remain in Bellmere until she surrenders that paper—after I've had a little talk with her, convincing her that she'll stay there until she dies of old age if she doesn't surrender it—I think we'll have no difficulty with her."

Blaisdell put his finger on the weak spot in Masterman's logic:

"But the men with her—Grant and Mack? Perhaps they have the paper? What good'll it do ——"

"Despite all that's happened—Mack's rescue of her and all that—I still do not believe that Mack and the girl are in league together. In the first place, their demands are so utterly opposed; in the second, I cannot conceive of this young woman's having anything at all to do with Mack. He is a blackmailing scoundrel; she, though acting insanely, is a lady who would not stoop to use the paper for personal profit. Why Mack rescued her I don't profess to understand, but that it means that he has any understanding with her I refuse to believe. And I'm sure that Mack hasn't got the paper. She has it. Why, that's it!" he exclaimed. "She has it, was on the verge of capture—was captured—and Mack rescued her. He rescued her, thinking that he could later obtain it from her. But he was immediately locked up, and since his release she's been in this house. Though she was out to-day—shopping, she told my wife—I do not believe she saw Mack. He is out of the game—for the present, at any rate.

"And the other man—Grant. From what you have told us, Greenham, it seems certain that he is no friend of Mack, although the latter gave him the paper. But he is a friend of Miss Rowland. More—he must be her lover. To no one else would he have confided the nature of that document. To no one else would he have apportioned a part in this little play.

"If this man Grant communicates with me I shall tell him that unless he surrenders the paper—provided that she hasn't it—he will never see her again. Further, if he threatens publication I will inform him that when it comes Martin Masterman's time to be destroyed by his enemies he will take whatever of those enemies he can along with him. I will tell him that publication means death to me; it will also mean death to Miss Rowland. Any more objections?"

The others were silent. Masterman spoke again:

"We'll give her a chance. If she is stubborn Cardigan will take her to Bellmere. You, Greenham, will at once order a woman operative, impersonating Miss Rowland, to take the night train to Chicago. Then let her disappear for awhile. This is merely in case Grant should try to trace the young woman. He might hire some private detective agency to locate her. They would learn that the supposed 'Miss Rohan' had received a telegram and left at once for Denver. It merely covers her trail. For I shall see that my servants know of the telegram which Keeler will send here, and of Miss Rohan's sudden departure.



Not Only Was the Game Up, But Masterman Had Him on the Hip!

"Then, if Grant loves the girl—and he must love her—he will know that it is useless to attempt tracing her, and if he has the paper in his possession he will surrender."

"You count a lot on the effect of love, don't you?" sneered Cardigan.

"The force that has made history is hardly to be scoffed at," was Masterman's reply. Then he gave his last instructions:

"Greenham, you keep after this Grant—and Mack, too, though I cannot see where he figures. Cardigan, you stay with this girl at Bellmere; but"—and he spoke with sudden vehemence—"if you harm her you'll settle with me. You, Blaisdell, go home and try to stop whimpering. Ready?"

He pressed a bell; a servant came, and immediately left to inform Miss Rohan that Mr. Masterman would like to see her in his library. Little Laurel had just been put to bed, and Kirby was on the verge of retiring to her own room. Mrs. Masterman and Kirby, in fact, were just parting in the hall outside Laurel's bedroom when the servant gave Kirby the message.

"If Mr. Masterman gets to talking art he doesn't know when to stop. I think I'll say good night now," smiled Mrs. Masterman. Impulsively she kissed Kirby, and with a heavy heart—why is it that a spy, doing a gallant service, despises himself?—Kirby went to the library.

Once across the threshold, seeing that Masterman was not alone, recognizing the faces of Blaisdell and Cardigan from their newspaper pictures, she would have turned and fled the room; but Greenham was too quick. He closed the door and locked it; and Kirby recognized him. She knew the purpose of the meeting. But the color came back to her cheeks as quickly as it fled. Her lips curled in a smile; her eyes sparkled with that light that illumines the eyes of the born fighter going joyously into battle. She had had tremors before; she had been frightened before; but this had been as the nervousness of the soldier on the eve of battle. Battle itself she did not dread. Moreover, she had taken a quick liking, that was really warm affection, for Laurel Masterman. It irked Kirby to be masquerading in the home of Laurel. She was glad the issue was joined. She waited for Masterman to speak.

"Miss Rowland," he said heavily, "you are in my house on false pretenses. You can go to jail for that."

"I dare you to send me there, Mr. Masterman," she smiled.

"We'll discuss that later. First, I want a paper which you possess. We won't beat about the bush, please. You know the paper I mean."

"Certainly. I shall not give it to you."

"Then we shall be compelled to search your effects."

She laughed.

"You are perfectly welcome. It is not among them."

"Then you will tell us where it is."

Again she laughed.

"You think so?"

"I am certain of it. If not now—in the future."

She met his eye.

"Mr. Masterman, I will never surrender that paper until the work which I have begun is finished. You may kill me, if you dare, but you will not get that paper."

Only a fool could have doubted her sincerity. There was nothing to be gained by argument. Resolute, unafraid, defiance in every inch of her, Kirby faced the master of transportation; and the great financier was a reader of character. He knew that it was hopeless to argue, futile to threaten. The only thing to do was to imprison Kirby, wait for Grant to make a demand, and then use her as the club to swing over him.

Ten minutes later a burly man descended the steps of the side entrance to the Masterman mansion, bearing a limp figure in his arms. He placed his burden inside the waiting limousine, and spoke one word to the chauffeur: "Hurry!"

XVII

GRANT telephoned the Masterman home in the morning. Both Kirby and he had agreed that telephoning was not the safest thing in the world, yet, if he asked for Miss Rohan, and their conversation was confined to conventionalities, there seemed hardly any risk. He, of course, would give an assumed name if requested to tell who wished to speak with Miss Rohan. There might be danger, but in the midst of the dangers which surrounded them this particular one seemed almost negligible.

"Miss Rohan is not here," said the servant who answered his call.

"Not there!" Grant was aghast. "What do you mean?"

"She left last night for Denver," was the amazing reply.

For a moment, dazed, Grant could say nothing. And when he could it was merely a feeble question:

"Are—are you sure?"

"Certainly, sir," said the servant icily. "If it's anything important you may speak with Mr. Masterman. His instructions are that anyone calling for Miss Rohan shall be connected with him if desired."

"Let me speak to him," said Grant hoarsely.

A moment later a harsh voice sounded in his ears.

"Well, who is this? Someone asking for Miss Rohan?"

"Yes, a friend of hers. I'm told she left for Denver last night."

"Are you inquiring for Miss Rohan or Miss Rowland?" queried the financier.

The game was up! Grant choked back an explanation.

"Either one," he stammered.

A grim chuckle came along the wire.

"Well, to any friends of Miss Rohan that happen to have known of her presence in town, I can only say that she received a telegram last night and took the night train for Chicago en route for Denver. To anyone asking for Miss Rowland, I can only say that if that person knew of Miss Rowland's presence in my home he must also know of the existence of a certain little paper. Am I correct?"

Grant glanced over his shoulder. He was telephoning from a drug store. His was the only booth. It would be impossible for Masterman to work the trick he had attempted when Kirby had phoned him—that of trying to attempt detention of the person talking with him. Drug stores do not have house detectives amenable to the sudden commands of money. Escape was easy if necessary. And of this last, now that Kirby was known for what and whom she was, he was not certain there was necessity. The game was up! Yet he temporized.

"And if you are correct? What then?"

"Then, Mr. Dixon Grant," snapped Masterman, "if you care to see Miss Rowland again you will turn that paper over to me at once."

"And supposing that I meet threat with threat? Unless I hear from Miss Rowland within the hour—she knows where to reach me—and learn that she is not annoyed by you, I will turn that paper over to the newspapers."

"Who wouldn't print it," jeered Masterman.

"Are you sure? I have noticed that one paper, the Citizen, seems glad to print anything that tends to show you up for what you really are! Furthermore, you seem to think yourself that certain papers would print it, else why did you grant universal transfers? Let's not bluff. You've hidden Miss Rowland away. You've taken advantage of her assumption of Miss Rohan's identity to concoct a telegram calling her away in order that anyone anxious to see the real Miss Rohan would be fooled. And also to clear yourself of any charge of abduction. Very clever! Only it doesn't work, Mr. Martin Masterman! One hour! If I don't hear from Miss Rowland by then I turn that precious document over to the papers!"

"And if you do, Mr. Grant, do you know what will happen? My life will be in danger—in fact, I am prepared to admit that I do not believe there is a spot on earth where

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I would be safe from the people. I am ready to take my medicine; but someone else will take it before myself. As surely as I speak to you now, Mr. Grant, so surely will Miss Kirby Rowland go before me! If I'm to die, so does she—and first! Now then, do you print that paper or do you give it up to me? I'll reward you. You'll not lose anything by abandoning this insane scheme of yours to ruin property. You'll be rich ——"

A click at the other end of the wire made him realize that he was pouring his golden promises into a lifeless machine. For Grant had hung up and staggered from the booth. Not only was the game up, but Masterman had him on the hip! There was no doubting the sincerity of Masterman's threat. Grant believed implicitly that the publication of that paper meant the signing of Kirby's death warrant. His first impulse had been to promise Masterman surrender of that paper at once; to tell him where it was. That he did not yield to his impulse was due to no lack of love for Kirby, no disregard of the danger that menaced her; it was due to common sense—common sense which, even in this moment of surprise and shock, bade him hesitate. Dimly he could see that there was a weakness in Masterman's position, that the financier was by no means impregnably intrenched in his demands. But he realized that until his brain cleared from the cloud that Kirby's capture had caused he was in no position to deal with Masterman. One thing alone was clear to him—while publication of that paper was withheld Kirby was safe! Masterman would not dare harm her, knowing the inevitable result. Masterman would wait.

As he walked up the street his mind cleared; his mental processes became lucid once more. He sat down on a bench in a little park and reviewed the situation. Kirby had been captured; she had been smuggled away to some hiding place. Her trail had been covered by the pretense of her having received a telegram calling her to Denver. To the police Masterman could say that he had no idea that Miss Rohan was not what she represented herself to be—the eccentric portrait painter. Ostensibly, Miss Rohan had started for Denver; in reality, she had been taken ——

She was not in the Masterman home, that was positive. Masterman would not dare keep her there. So he had had her taken somewhere else. That was as certain as the course of the sun. And so was something else: Before abducting Kirby, Masterman had tried to get the paper from her. No one but a fool would have failed to demand the paper. Masterman was no fool. He had demanded it, and he had not got it! If he had he wouldn't be asking Grant for it. Why hadn't he got it? Because Kirby had refused. And why had Kirby refused? Because the game wasn't up!



It was clear as crystal. Kirby didn't want the paper surrendered. If she had—well, she'd have told Masterman where it was. Why argue any further than that? Moreover, Kirby knew the name of the hotel where Grant was stopping. She'd have got him on the phone and told him what had happened. But why wasn't the game up? Because Kirby relied on him, Dixon Grant, to play it through to a winning finish!

She relied on his wit to extricate her from her danger, and then go through with their plans to the end agreed upon by them.

And if Kirby wasn't a quitter, if Kirby was game enough to risk indignity and restraint, he must do his part. For the time being Kirby was safe. While the paper was unpublished Masterman faced a weapon as dreaded by him as Kirby's capture was hateful to Grant. The odds had shifted, that was all. Instead of being in favor of Grant and Kirby, they were even now. It was up to Grant to rescue Kirby and cause another shifting of the odds in Kirby's war. But how? There must be a way! Kirby, by her refusal to surrender the paper, showed her faith in Grant to find that way. It was up to him to justify that faith. He slumped farther down upon the bench, his brain clear now, and working at its utmost efficiency. Where had they taken Kirby? How could he rescue her?

Half an hour of concentrated thought and his head was dizzy with the problem. It was clear enough what must be done. How to do it he did not yet see clearly. Mechanically he reached for a morning paper, discarded by some earlier loiterer in the park. The sheet was open at the "Want Ads" page, and the first column of this page was devoted to personals. Idly, hardly seeing what he read, his eye went down the column. It stopped and read one advertisement a second time. It was the personal inserted by Harry Mack in every morning paper save the Citizen, which had not run his advertisement for the two simple reasons that Hanrahan had taken it away with him and had not returned, and that Mack had neglected to pay for its insertion. But as in the one intended to be inserted in the Citizen, this one gave the newspaper publishing it as the place to address Mack.

There was no question in Grant's mind as to whom it was addressed to. And this was Thursday. At six P. M., if Mack kept his word, the game would be out of the hands of the self-constituted battlers for the people. And publication—it would not matter to Masterman that Harry Mack caused the publication—Kirby would die. Now, indeed, the game was up! Mack could undoubtedly tell a story so convincing that his inability to produce the paper itself would not greatly affect credence in his tale. A paper like the Citizen, for example, careless of libel suits, would print greedily Mack's story. And Mack would give Kirby's name and his, Grant's. He must see Mack at once, and try to prevent his thwarted cupidity from wrecking a plan destined to ameliorate the conditions of the poor. The man's conscience must be appealed to. Grant must try—— Here Grant laughed at the idea of Mack's having a conscience. Then he remembered how Mack had rescued Kirby from the clutches of the Masterman agents.

Grant had scoffed at the idea that chivalry had actuated that rescue. But did it matter what had actuated it? Mack had done it. For his own reasons Mack had not wanted Kirby captured by Masterman. And then Grant laughed again at his own stupidity. For as Masterman had reasoned so did he at last. Mack had saved Kirby because she held the paper which he did not wish to pass into Masterman's possession. That was the answer to that riddle. And if Mack had saved Kirby once, would he not try it again? And could not Mack, with his underworld cunning, be of invaluable assistance to Grant? Grant alone could hardly hope to rescue Kirby if she were guarded properly. But with Mack—he smiled at the idea of forming an alliance with the crook; but he needed help, and the shrewd brain of Harry Mack could give that help. He entered a telegraph office and swiftly wrote a message:

H. M. Will be in café of Hotel Blank waiting for you.
D. G.

He delivered the envelope to a clerk.

"This will go at once? How soon will it be delivered?"

The clerk saw that it was addressed in care of the Dispatch.

"Boy ought to get down there in the subway in ten minutes."

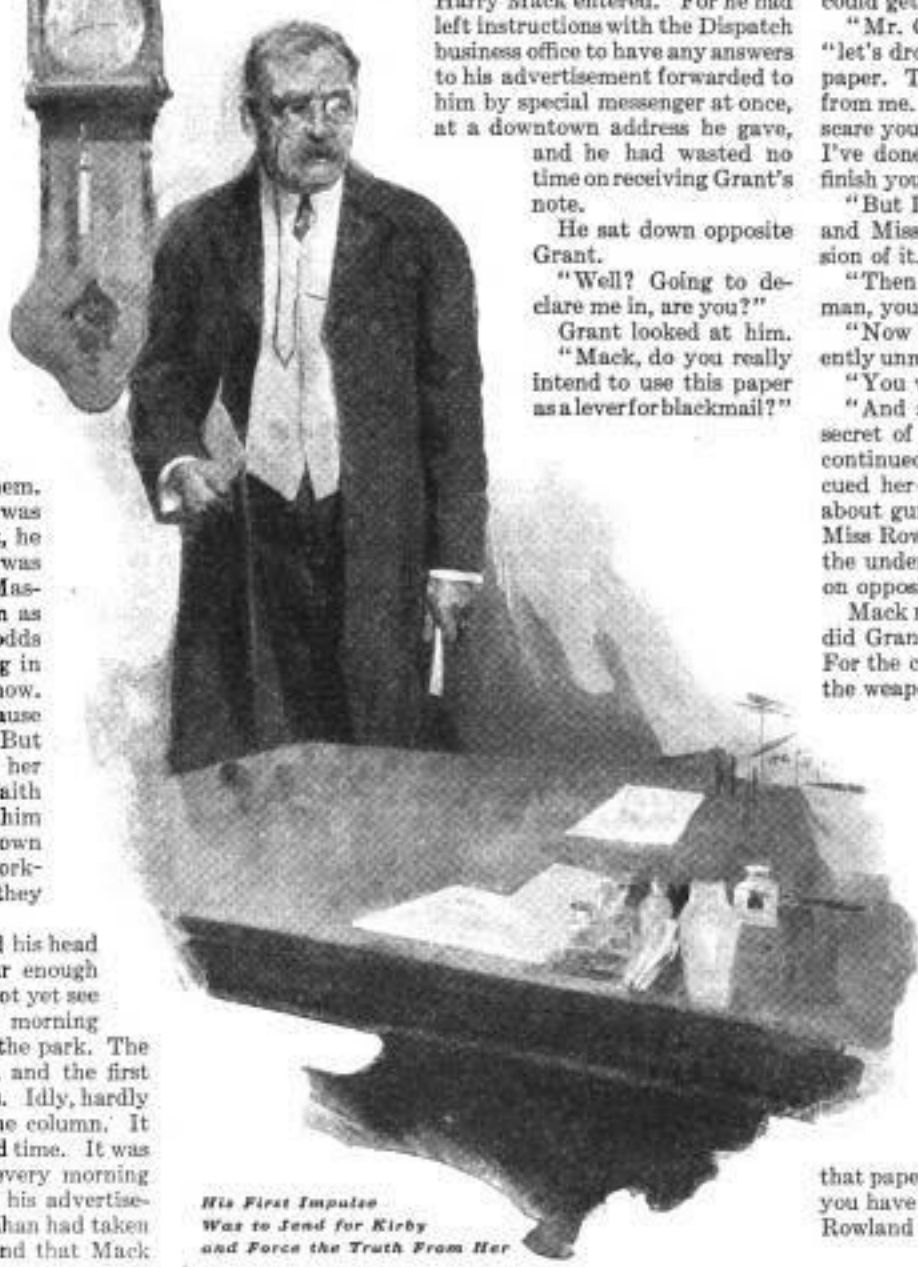
"Give him this for speed," said Grant, and passed a coin to the clerk. A moment later a boy dashed out of the office, and Grant entered the Blank and made his way to the café. Inside of an hour Harry Mack entered. For he had left instructions with the Dispatch business office to have any answers to his advertisement forwarded to him by special messenger at once, at a downtown address he gave, and he had wasted no time on receiving Grant's note.

He sat down opposite Grant.

"Well? Going to declare me in, are you?"

Grant looked at him.

"Mack, do you really intend to use this paper as a lever for blackmail?"



His First Impulse Was to Send for Kirby and Force the Truth From Her

"If you must be so crude of expression—yes," replied Mack.

"And there's no way in which I can persuade you to join with Miss Rowland and myself in using it as a weapon to get the people their rightful dues?"

Mack sneered.

"I can get twenty-five thousand from a newspaper for what I can tell them. Twenty-five thousand is a drop in the bucket compared to what I ought to get; but even a drop is a sizable drink to a man dying of thirst. I don't even get the drop working with you crazy people. Of course I'm going to use that paper for myself. But I'll divide the coin in three pieces—one for each of us. What's the answer? Do you join with me, or do I grab what I can from the papers?"

"Why hurry?" inquired Grant.

"Because you people will gum the game," snarled Mack. "You'll get caught by the Masterman gang and lose the paper, and then where'll I be? You people are the kind that wouldn't back my story up if you didn't have the paper. You'd be afraid of trouble. You'd be afraid of anarchy and heaven knows what not if you corroborated my statements. No, you people aren't after the coin. You'd have got it before this if you had been. Your girl gave me an idea of what you wanted. You want to reform the world. With the paper in your possession you think Masterman will do as you say. He ain't got sense enough to see that you people wouldn't publish the thing anyway, for fear of awful consequences to the country. That's the way I dope you two anyway, and I'll bet I'm right!"

Grant met his angry glance.

"Maybe you are, Mack; but, as you say, no paper is going to pay you a large sum for your story unless Miss Rowland and I corroborate it."

"By your actions," amended Mack. "By the fact that you two are lying low and hiding from Masterman. That'll be corroboration enough, considering the straight yarn I can spring."

"But you're too good a sport to sell for twenty-five thousand when there's a chance for millions."

"Where's my chance?"

"As long as Miss Rowland and I have the paper you think you have a chance, eh?"

"I know I've got a chance," snarled Mack. "But you won't have the paper long. Masterman's gang'll land you—and then I lose."

"And supposing that Masterman had landed Miss Rowland? Would you try to rescue her, thinking that later you could get hold of the paper?"

"Mr. Grant," said Mack, and his voice was menacing, "let's drop the foolish talk. I won't give my story to any paper. Twenty-five thousand or so won't buy that secret from me. I want a million. I put that advertisement in to scare you people. I've done it. I want to get hold of you. I've done it. Now you hand me over that paper or I'll finish you here in this café!"

"But I haven't the paper. It's locked away in a vault, and Miss Rowland is the only one who can get possession of it."

"Then lead me to her. I mean it, Grant. As I'm a living man, you'll be a dead one if you don't. Where is she?"

"Now we're getting down to cases," said Grant, apparently unmoved by the threat. "I don't know where she is."

"You what?"

"And as I don't care to entrust anyone else with the secret of this paper, I thought you'd help me find her," continued Grant calmly. "After we've found her and rescued her—well, then, Mr. Mack, I'll listen to your talk about gun play. But I haven't the paper. I can't get it. Miss Rowland can. Do you want to help me find her, with the understanding that after she's rescued you and I are on opposite sides again?"

Mack removed his hand from his pocket. Not until then did Grant realize how absolutely serious Mack had been. For the coat pocket sagged as the hand was removed and the weapon inside settled back into place. Mack was desperate, but Mack also was the only person Grant knew who could help him now. Wars, even people's wars, can make as strange bedfellows as politics. After Kirby was rescued—but let the future and Dixon Grant take care of Kirby. Kirby would come to no harm from Mack; Grant would die first. Moreover, armed men have been disarmed before this. The risk was slight, thought Grant, compared to the stake at issue—the rescue of a people.

"What's happened?" demanded Mack.

Swiftly Grant told him of Kirby's venture into the house of Masterman, and his own recent telephonic conversation with Masterman.

"You, Mack," he finished, "are powerless while Miss Rowland is in Masterman's hands. Though I warn you that you'll not get hold of that paper while I'm able to prevent you, you can see that you have absolutely no chance to get hold of it while Miss Rowland is a prisoner. Will you help me?"

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 20, 1917

Another Side to High Prices

HERE is an anthracite coal mine. The operator can take out forty per cent of the coal at a minimum cost a ton—as he used to do twenty-odd years ago. With improved methods, which involve more expensive equipment and a greater mine cost, he can take out sixty-five per cent of the coal, as at present. The supply of anthracite being strictly limited, so far as known, it is good long-run economy to recover sixty-five per cent and pay somewhat more a ton.

For many years we got cheap lumber by ruthless slaughter of forests, taking the timber that was easiest to reach and wasting much of the rest. On a long view we could have afforded to pay more for lumber then and conserve the timber supply. Cheap coal was wastefully burned; cheap lumber wastefully used. Many instances might be shown where cheapness that involves waste is not good economy.

Especially where it involves waste of human material. Cheap clothes and sweated labor, cheap articles made by overworked children, are not a good investment. Cheap food and discouraged farm boys do not spell long-run prosperity.

High prices that inspired better methods of distribution might well be a gain. In this matter of coal it has been declared that distribution to consumers in cities costs fifty cents a ton more than it should; which—according to a recent statement by members of the Geological Survey—is more than half of the total return on a ton to all the capital invested in the coal industry, including coal lands, mining machinery, railroads and coal yards.

If these high prices brought about a thorough study of our methods and habits of production, distribution and consumption they would be profitable in the long run.

More Coöperation

IF A MAN is selling lead pencils, first of all he wants people to use lead pencils, and in that basic respect his interest is identical with that of his competitors. He ought to be working heartily with them in every legitimate means of promoting the lead-pencil habit.

The principle applies in many cases where it is not so obvious. Banks generally opposed postal savings, in which they saw nothing but competition with themselves. At present, deposits in postal-savings banks are increasing at the rate of a million dollars a week. At the latest report there were six hundred and sixty thousand depositors in these institutions, with more than a hundred million dollars to their credit.

Meantime deposits in other savings banks have increased as never before. Far from injuring other savings banks, postal concerns have helped them. They have got some hundreds of thousands of persons into the habit of saving and made them potential bank customers. They have enlarged the common market.

Savings banks and life-insurance companies are in the same general line of trade. Both have something to sell to those who should make provision for the future. Their tendency has been to regard each other somewhat as competitors; but they ought to work heartily together on the sound principle that whatever either of them can do to enlarge the market for their common article—namely, provision for the future—will ultimately benefit both.

There is a lot of this purblind competition—for example, fratricidal jealousies between railroad and trolley, newspapers and periodical publications, gas and electric light. A pull together to enlarge the common market would be more to the point.

Saving and Insurance

NINE years ago savings banks in Massachusetts were authorized to write life insurance. The idea was that, by cutting out the expense of solicitation and of sending an agent round to collect the premiums, the cost of industrial life insurance could be considerably reduced. In nine years, according to a statement before us, the banks that took advantage of this authorization have written fourteen thousand insurance policies for a total of some six million dollars, which is merely a drop in the bucket.

A sound article of insurance was obtainable at low cost—waiting for anybody to come and take it. But there was no push behind the plan; no one to urge it. So comparatively very few people did come and take insurance.

Recently an enterprising Middle West savings bank formed an alliance with some life-insurance companies and launched a lively campaign to drum up savers and insurers on a plan that made a man's savings-bank balance automatically available to pay his life-insurance premium. Other banks are adopting the idea, and an important accretion of savings and insurance will probably result from it.

The motive, of course, is selfish—the bank wants more depositors; the insurance companies want more policy holders. But it is incomparably better for people to be drummed into saving and insurance through somebody's self-interest than for them not to save and insure.

By a great advertising propaganda the British Government has been selling millions of pounds of war-savings certificates to wage-earners. It wants the money to prosecute the war, and by a vigorous application of that interested motive it has got hundreds of thousands of people into the good habit of saving.

Ideas do not take hold in proportion to their goodness. They take hold in proportion to the steam behind them.

An Opening

BOTH major parties confessedly are bankrupt in issues. Neither stands for any broad, definable program.

What the country most needs is better organization. Europe, for the time being at least, is going over bodily to state socialism, because Germany has demonstrated that the energies of a nation can be more efficiently coördinated under centralized state management than on the individualistic, competitive plan.

We do not want state socialism; but we do want better coördination of national energies. Every intelligent person who looks at Europe, then at the United States, and calculates upon lively after-the-war competition between Europe and the United States, agrees to that.

Both parties have been, in about equal degree, agencies of disorganization and disunion. They have really done nothing to harmonize the pull of interest against interest—as in the case of labor and capital, producer and carrier—but rather have played upon those antagonisms for political gain. Only incidentally have they tried to teach sound economic thinking. They have carefully inculcated hostility to organization in business—only recently coming round, with various reservations, to sanction coöperation among manufacturers for export trade.

Will either party commit itself to a definite principle and program of better organization? That would involve looking over production, distribution and consumption, pretty much as the nations at war have done, to see where coöperation will give a better result than mere blind competition. It would involve continuous effort for a better understanding between interest and interest. It would involve a great propaganda of sound economics.

There is an opening adequate for the most soaring political ambition. But better organization means a lot of hard, sincere work. Is politics up to it?

Justice

A LADY suffering from low spirits carefully empties her revolver into the body of her husband. Of course she is not put on trial for murder. Society does not demand of her simply: "Were you mentally competent?" and "Did you deliberately kill this man?" Instead, she is permitted to put the deceased spouse on trial, without benefit of counsel or clergy; and a sloppy-minded, sensation-hunting audience, morally naked and unashamed, is treated to a real-life, heart-interest circus performance.

She was very happy; her husband was very rude; she is quite sure he was unfaithful; her own flirtations were merely the blind outreachings of an agonized child-soul that found cruel prison bars between itself and the gumdrops it craved. This part of the performance evokes prolonged slobbering from the more susceptible female auditors.

The judge sits by, a figure of shame, helpless to prevent the most solemn function of the law from being converted into a cheap and nasty melodrama.

When a murder trial holds rigidly to this: "Were you mentally competent?"—the answer to be given by disinterested experts—and "Did you deliberately kill?" slobbery sentiment will have to get its thrills at the movies; but there will be fewer murders. At present the "unwritten law" is the law that applies to murder in the United States.

Food Prices

THE final report from Washington puts the outturn of cereals in the United States in 1916 at over a billion bushels smaller than in 1915, and the farm value at over eight hundred million dollars greater.

That smaller production means more money to the producer is an old story. In 1912 farmers raised over three billion bushels of corn, and its farm value on December first was estimated by the Government at slightly over one and a half billion dollars. In 1916 they raised only two and a half billion bushels, and its farm value was over two and a quarter billion dollars—the farm price being eighty-nine cents a bushel against forty-nine in 1912.

Undoubtedly war helps to raise prices, for men are better fed when engaged in destruction than when engaged in production. The International Institute of Agriculture, at Rome, calculates the world's wheat crop for 1916 at a trifle under three and a half billion bushels and its consumption at more than three and three-quarter billion bushels; so there would be an actual lack of bread somewhere but for the large reserve carried over from the big harvest of 1915.

Smaller production and war demand are the big facts about high-priced food.

Shipping Outlook

MARINE war-insurance rates recently advanced to the highest point since the early weeks of the war. In two months last fall England lost, through mine and submarine, about half as much tonnage as in the whole year 1915. Our consul general at Christiania reports that Norway, the next heaviest sufferer, lost ten million dollars' worth of shipping in the same two months.

Up to last fall the submarine, as regards shipping economics, had been little more than a homicidal nuisance. The damage it inflicted was relatively so slight that one could get insurance against it at about one per cent, and shipyards turned out new tonnage about as fast as the old was destroyed. But the loss of five hundred thousand tons by two nations in two months and a rise in war-risk rates to eight per cent for North Atlantic and fifteen per cent for Mediterranean waters suggest a possibly very different complexion. The rise in insurance rates was partly due to a fear among British underwriters that rejection of Germany's peace overtures would bring more vigorous submarine warfare.

That fear, along with last autumn's destruction, suggests that the end of the war—in spite of Germany's interned merchant fleet—may find the world short of ships; in which case a ship would be an excellent investment.

The consul general at Christiania reports that the amount of tonnage now building for Norwegian owners in shipyards at home and abroad cannot be definitely stated, but is estimated at about twelve hundred thousand tons, "a large amount of which is building in American yards." This is no doubt much more ocean tonnage than is building for American owners. Mostly we are still just talking about merchant marine.

It is high time to get that new Shipping Board at work and to inject some ginger into this subject.

The Point of View

YEARS ago a very famous Englishman visiting the United States was escorted by a humble American citizen to a luncheon in a private house. The bottle-nosed cabby manipulated his vehicle so carelessly that the cab step was a good two feet from the carriage block, and the visitor had to step into the mud. The native apologized for this inadvertence; in the rush of American life, he said, many of the nicer points were overlooked. But the Englishman shook his head and asked: "What can your country come to?" He could see no promise for a country that landed distinguished visitors in the mud.

If you had been surveying the state of Italy under Austrian domination along about 1845 you would have found much that from the American point of view seemed utterly unbearable. But to a fine old Italian nobleman at that time the United States seemed the most dreadful of all habited regions of the earth. "There can be nothing more frightful," he solemnly averred, "than a country where servants refuse to give the name of master to those whom they serve."

Of course he was quite right from his point of view. It all depends upon that.

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WOMEN, WAR AND WAGES

By Forrest Crissey

UNDER the pressure of war production, industry in America has learned many new things about work and workers; but few of these facts promise greater importance for the future than the findings on the score of the mechanical abilities of women.

Examples given along this line by managers, superintendents and production captains in munitions plants are so extreme as to stagger credulity and make any writer who has a proper regard for his standing hesitate to repeat them—even when they are hedged about with all the qualifying circumstances that he is able to see in connection with them.

Here is an example of what I have encountered along this line of inquiry. It is offered without any reflection upon the veracity of those who have given the statements, and at the same time with the frank admission that they must be accepted or rejected by each reader according to the measure of his faith. All that the writer vouches for is the fact that these statements came from men in high positions as production executives in munitions plants.

"I know of a case," declared the head of a large plant in the Philadelphia district, "where a young woman was put on a machine which had been handled, up to that time, by a man who was considered a very fair worker. Of course an exact record of the number of pieces turned out by him had been kept.

"After this young woman had been at the work for a much shorter time than the man she had succeeded, my attention was called to her score. She was turning out just two and one-half times as much work as he had averaged. True, she was an exceptional girl—probably the most proficient in a force of more than four hundred; but the fact remains that she had many sister workers who were not hopelessly behind her. In short, the girl munitions worker has demonstrated that the somewhat common masculine notion to the effect that the feminine mind is generally incapable of grasping mechanics is utter rot."

A Girl's Amazing Shop Record

THIS story was repeated to a production executive in one of the largest munitions plants in the East, with the comment that it seemed incredible and altogether too much to ask readers to believe.

"If that's too much for you," exclaimed this man in authority over hundreds of women workers at lathes, punches and presses, "you certainly can't stand for a statement of some of the things that have happened right here under my own eyes."

"Well; tell me the worst," I replied.

"There is a certain punch job here that had been held by a machine-tool man who was drawing sixty cents and turning out six units of product to the hour. He was considered a good man at his job too. Among the young women who came to us when the pressure for production decided us to use female help was one who demonstrated, right from the jump, that she had a keen, quick mind, and that her fingers were under its complete control.

"Consequently we decided to try her out on the machine-tool job to which I have just referred. She was put on a nineteen-cent piece basis and given the ordinary amount of coaching. In a very short time she turned out fifty-one perfect pieces in an hour as against the six pieces produced by the man whose place she had taken."

After watching for a moment the effect of this on his hearer the executive resumed:

"You are at liberty to accept this statement or not, as you like. I'm frank to admit that I would have hard work to swallow it if it had not occurred right under my own eyes, and if I were not in a measure prepared for it by the astonishing performance records of scores of other young women workers. The truth is, women are wonderful workers along mechanical lines. They have a deftness of movement and a touch that are marvelous and that turn out work with surprising facility. They are nimble of mind and of finger; and as ordinary operators, tool operators and inspectors they have given an account of themselves calculated to warm the heart of any executive who is pushing for production. In this connection it should be said that the quality of their work is up to a high standard that keeps pace with its volume."

"What about the future for women in mechanical lines?" he was asked.

"I'm not predicting anything beyond the fact that women must be reckoned with in this field. Their performance in this time of high pressure has put them on the map in a way that cannot be ignored. Both American industry and American workingwomen have found out something by this experience that neither is going to forget."

The production head of a large Eastern munitions plant makes the interesting point that girls and women take their tasks at the lathes, presses and benches with more seriousness than men, and that their minds are focused on production with an intentness that translates itself into remarkable results.

"And when it comes to a natural feeling for mechanics," exclaimed this authority, "you would be astonished at the startling demonstrations we have of that here at our plant every day! It is simply another case of feminine intuition taking the short cut and beating the man to it. There are girls who have been working here only a few months, and who are without technical training, who have an understanding of machinery that one would think impossible except as a result of an engineering course.

"Another point that does not get past the manufacturer is the fact that the girl operator does not begin to break so many tools as the boy or even the man at the same stage of experience. My observation is that a force of girl workers in a factory like this breaks about one-third as many tools as an equal force of men and boys—at least, this is true in the use of pellet tools. This is mainly because of the girl's natural manual dexterity. Her fingers move deftly and she does not fumble and blunder like the ordinary boy."

The president of a company making shrapnel fuses says: "I don't know how we could even handle the job of fuse assembling without women. The adaptability of girls for this peculiar task is simply astonishing. They 'catch on,' as the saying is, with almost incredible quickness. It is hard to exaggerate the value of this distinctive feminine quality of adaptability in mechanical work of this kind. And you can hardly say too much on the score of their intuitive dexterity, their facility with their fingers. This is why they leave the men and boys far behind, as a rule, when it comes to work on primers and fuses, and tasks of that character. The same is true in drill-press work, where nimbleness and sureness of movement are the essential factors in large production. The fingers of the girl or the woman fairly flash in their movements; but they are as sure as they are nimble."

Of course the leading European nations have been learning the lesson of woman's mechanical efficiency on a much larger scale than has the United States; but here it points to a different problem. There the adjustment must naturally be more simple, for the reason that several million men, whose places in industry have been taken by women, will never return to their old jobs. England has now about three and a quarter million women workers, and of these nearly three-fourths of a million are said to be filling places vacated by men who have gone to the Front. In Germany the most plausible authorities place the number of women who are doing industrial work at 4,793,000—or only 495,000 fewer than men thus engaged.

Though the readjustment in the United States, due to the fact that women have demonstrated their natural fitness and feeling for mechanical pursuits, will not be on a scale remotely approaching that of the European countries, it will be more complicated in principle, for the reason that the withdrawal of the abnormal demands on labor due to the Old World war will release the full quota of male workers to fill our normal working demands.

The Office Woman's Wage

FORTUNATELY this problem will not have to be solved in a moment. But it is well to remember that it is posted on the bulletin board of coming events! When womankind put on overalls and took her place at the lathe and the machinist's bench she certainly "started something." All manufacturers who have used women in their plants are agreed on this point.

Now for a glimpse of what has happened to the female salary earner who has stuck to the beaten paths that lead to office doors instead of to the entrance gates of munitions plants. The stenographer and the clerk represent the most numerous battalions of these workers in conventional fields, where the invisible portion of the salary check is the privilege of keeping soft and clean hands, and meeting the public.

Probably the most surprising statement that may be made concerning the present-day status of the stenographer is that her pay has advanced precious little in the last decade. No doubt many stenographers, and perhaps most employers of stenographic talent, will be inclined to question this; but fortunately one of the largest furnishers of this type of workers in America has kept extensive records, covering all the important cities of the United States for a period of more than ten years. This big typewriter company has been a natural source of supply for all grades of stenographic help, and consequently its records are sufficiently comprehensive to afford the basis for an average that is really representative of the whole field.

These records show that in 1906 the average weekly salary received by stenographers in the four largest cities of the country were: New York, $12.90; Chicago, $12.44; Philadelphia, $11.45; Boston, $10.45. To-day the score stands: New York, $13.21; Chicago, $13.02; Philadelphia, $11.66; Boston, $11.67. The average gain in the



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average stenographer's salary check in these great centers in ten years has been: New York, thirty-one cents; Chicago, fifty-eight cents; Philadelphia, twenty-one cents; Boston, $1.22.

Detroit appears to have done the largest job of salary boosting for its stenographers, so far as any important industrial city is concerned. In 1906 it was paying an average of $8.72, while this year the record stands at $13.52—an advance of $4.80. Richmond is a close second, with a gain of $4.46. San Francisco's average to-day is the highest of any large city, the figures being $15.10; ten years ago its average was $13.62. In connection with the fat wages received by workers in the great munitions center of Pittsburgh it is interesting to note that, according to this authority, the average pay given its stenographers in 1916 is $11.69.

All this, however, does not go to show that there have been no decided changes in the stenographic world as a result of war conditions.

A woman who handles this class of help for perhaps the largest employment organization in New York City declares that a distinctive development of to-day is the more independent and selective attitude of the stenographer who knows she is competent. She subjects both her present and prospective position and employer to a scrutiny not in the cards before. The typical stenographer, in other words, is keenly alive to the possibility of improving her working conditions or salary, or both.

"Her tendency," remarks this expert, who has observed so many, "is to 'shop' round until she is exactly suited. One girl of my acquaintance declined a good position because the location was outside the zone of a five-cent car fare from her boarding place. She said there were plenty of other equally good positions that were not open to this objection. The business man who needs a stenographer may insure himself against getting or keeping a really competent one by intimating that there is a liability he may require stenographic work on Saturday afternoons.

"Hundreds of harassed employers have lost their most valued stenographers of late by asking for overtime work—especially on Saturday afternoons. Again, it has been a period of extensive change and readjustment on the part of the experienced stenographers who have become dissatisfied with the atmosphere of their positions."

According to this authority, if any competent stenographer in New York City is remaining in a position where her employer or any of her working associates are distasteful to her, she is decidedly out of fashion and behind the times. Girls who have previously put up with irksome conditions are now often compelling their employers to change those conditions, or else they are moving on to new places that promise pleasanter environment. In a word, the capable stenographer of 1916 is decidedly "choosey," and keeps her hat and coat within easy reach. If her employer values her services he will do well to remember that it now takes only a slight cause to move her to another office.

Top-Notch Stenographers

Though the average salary of the stenographer has not advanced to any conspicuous extent within the last two years, or the last ten years, that average is admittedly held down by the immensely increased number of novices fresh from the shorthand schools. In other words, the seasoned and capable stenographer is in position today to command a somewhat higher salary than ever before. To a considerable extent she is living up to her opportunities in this respect; but she is apparently quite as much interested in securing working conditions exactly to her liking as in getting an advance in salary. At least this is the observation of a shrewd woman who passes upon hundreds of female applicants for stenographic positions of a better sort. In her opinion there is quite an improvement in the quality of the general run of applicants in this field, due to the fact that the great bulk of beginners became absorbed by industry in the earlier stages of the war boom.

Then, too, this same pressure has relieved the stenographic field of hundreds of girls who were unfitted by birth or lack of education to become competent office help, but who are admirably adapted to the bench or the lathe of the munitions plant, or to a line of mechanical work in a factory that has had its working force depleted by the demands of the munitions makers. Naturally this shifting of that element in the stenographic field least adapted to its demands also has the effect of improving the class of beginners now available for the shorthand schools.

Fewer girls of almost no education, who distinctly lack the mental quickness necessary to secure even a moderate success as stenographers and typists, crowd into the classes of shorthand schools simply because stenographic positions appear to give more leisure and comfort, and perhaps more pay, than a "store job." They can make unprecedented wages at munitions work without the mental stress and the expense of a course of study. Therefore, the ranks of shorthand undergraduates are relieved of a considerable burden in the way of vocational misfits.

This same authority says there is unquestionably a larger number of highly paid office positions open to women to-day than ever before; that a competent law stenographer, for example, is often able to secure thirty and even thirty-five dollars a week; and that these figures are also within reach of the woman stenographer who is capable of handling dictation and correspondence in German, French and Spanish. Uncle Sam's increased trade with foreign countries has created hundreds of good positions for the stenographers who are at home in languages other than English, says this woman who finds desk positions for hundreds of girls and women of the better grade.

Women Bookkeepers' Pay

"Another office helper," she says, "who has bided her time to secure concessions is the bookkeeper. If she is fairly competent her employer will do almost anything within human reason rather than let her go. He has, perhaps, a keener dislike for changing bookkeepers than for changing stenographers. The bookkeeper has not always realized this, but the pressure of war prosperity has brought this out conspicuously.

"In one way the woman bookkeeper has, in a sense, been a little more independent than the average man in the same line, for the reason that the man has more often been the breadwinner for a family. At any rate, she has experienced a decided awakening to the fact that she is now in better position than ever before to get the concessions necessary to make her situation more comfortable, and perhaps more profitable. This fact is not allowed to escape my attention for a moment, because I receive inquiries daily from this class of women workers, who are looking about for places better to their liking, or for those to which they can go if their present employers do not grant them the concessions they ask."

When this specialist in female office help was asked whether many of these office positions were not held by women who are no longer young, she answered:

"Certainly they are! Do not think for a moment that gray hairs are a handicap to a woman applicant for a position of this class and character. If anything gray hairs count as a help. The average business man might prefer a young woman for ordinary stenographic work, but when it comes to a woman who has the handling of accounts, of moneys, and even of highly technical matters—like legal stenography, for example—I am convinced that he looks with favor upon gray hairs and the settled temperament and ripened judgment which are supposed to go with them.

"What salary does a good woman bookkeeper get? I could, by consulting our records, show you scores of them who are drawing twenty-five dollars a week now. Of course some are drawing still better than that. That, however, is way above the average, and is mentioned only as an indication that competent women bookkeepers are not lightly considered, especially in these days of readjustment."

Shorthand schools have an unprecedented enrollment of students who are, according to a visiting expert, of uncommon fitness for work. In seven of these schools it was found that all their students were placed as fast as graduated, and that this failed to fill their applications from industry by about twenty-five per cent.

According to the head of an organization which places many thousands of stenographers every year, Greater New York alone has more than forty thousand stenographers and typists, of which fully four-fifths are girls and women. By this authority the great army of stenographers is divided into two classes—juniors and seniors—the latter being those who receive more than twelve dollars a week. The juniors are estimated as representing sixty per cent of the whole body of operators.

One specialist in the placing of women who work in offices makes the interesting observation that the girl clerk does not find it quite so easy to place herself in a new position as does the stenographer, for the reason that her experience does not "carry" from one position to another so readily as the stenographer's.

"Only a few weeks ago," remarked this keen observer, "I had an example in point, which is typical of a large class of experiences in the same line. A girl came in here who was getting fifteen dollars a week checking invoices. She was determined to leave her place at once, because certain elements in her environment were distasteful. Both her appearance and her record were excellent. The only opening for her at the moment seemed to be a position in which her work would be estimating materials. Her experience in checking invoices does not count in her new work and she is, therefore, set back to twelve dollars a week. If she was a stenographer she would undoubtedly have escaped this setting-back process. This is one of the disadvantages of doing clerical work instead of stenography."

The influence of the war upon the earnings of women appears to parallel, as a rule, the effect it has had in the field of male earnings. In other words, the largest increase in pay has come to the rougher and harder forms of labor. The scrubwoman has at last come into her own and has had a decided uplift in her wage scale, while the earnings of the "saleslady" and of the office girl have stuck at about the same old figure.

The head of a large Chicago department store says that scrubwomen who were content to get six dollars a week before the war can now command from nine to twelve dollars, with three meals a day at the store restaurant. This authority explains that foreign women of the immigrant class generally seek employment as scrubwomen when they land in this country. After they have been here about six months they generally contrive to master enough English and to learn enough of American ways to step up from the scrubbing squad into more profitable work.

Since the outbreak of the war, however, hardly any women of this class of labor have arrived from Europe. Those in this field, however, have graduated from it and left vacancies that can be filled only by a raise of wages ranging from fifty per cent to one hundred.

Good Times for Cash Girls

About the same situation has developed in the department store in regard to porters. The green immigrant man just over is naturally inclined to look for work as a porter. In this capacity a fair wage was a dollar and a half a day before war conditions made themselves felt. A store that secured all the porter help it needed at this figure is now paying two dollars and thirty cents and expects it will not long be able to meet its needs at that price.

The lowly cash girl of the department store is one of the star beneficiaries of the war-wage scale. Where before she was content to start in at two dollars and a half a week she now begins at four—sometimes at five. Stock boys have been advanced at about the same rate. They now begin at six dollars a week instead of at four.

One of the most interesting effects of the war-wage situation is the earlier attainment of long trousers on thousands of boys. The pressure of the demand for boy workers has become so intense that this symbol of adolescence is available at a younger age than ever before to the boy who prefers to go out into the present wage harvest rather than stick in school.

Though it is true that the present period of the swollen pay envelope has made it possible for thousands of families to keep their boys in school, whereas before it was not possible, it is also true that the boys, like their fathers, have tasted the blood of big earning and of a scale of spending beyond their former dreams. They are eager to get their share while the getting is good—irrespective of the fact that they are not positively compelled to toil and turn their entire earnings over to the head of the family.

The pressure of war prosperity has produced few effects more interesting than that of eliminating certain forms of juvenile loafing in the big industrial centers—at least in reducing it to a state of unpopularity that it has never known under conditions of ordinary industrial activity.

Here's one example, and the way in which this unpremeditated uplift worked out in an individual case is typical of an extensive class of experience. The pool rooms of a certain West Side district in Chicago were frequented by a boy who came of a fairly decent family, but fell into bad ways and contrived to pick up enough money to maintain his vice by "skinning greenhorns" at the pool tables. Of course he was welcomed by the management of the pool room, because he acted as a "come-on," who encouraged business. In this way he was able to "rustle" about eight dollars a week from the pockets of pool players who overestimated their skill with the cues.

The Temptation to Work

Once or twice, it is said, this young man fell into the hands of the law for some minor offenses and was sent to the bridewell. In short, he had taken the preparatory course in criminal training. Then came the war, with its urgent demand for workers. Consciously or unconsciously the attitude of the police and of the officers intrusted with the enforcement of the law seemed to change from passive tolerance of the pool-room and saloon loafer to that of resentment against idling and loafing.

This new form of moral pressure made itself felt to a decided extent in the locality frequented by this boy. Week by week his appointed job became more lonesome and less interesting, attended by an increasing number of unfriendly glances. At last he surrendered to this uncomfortable pressure, and when offered a job paying almost four dollars a day he went to work. He was surprised to find how interesting a real job was, and how agreeable it was to find himself regarded with the friendly eyes with which the world looks upon a producer. The sensation was decidedly different from that of being regarded as a loafer and a "skin." The boy was skillful with his hands and made good on his job.

Finally, however, his ambition was awakened by his work to the point where his mind was made up to a life enlistment in the ranks of the workers. He saw that a steady job, with a future before it, was more important than easy money for the passing moment. Consequently he watched his chance and found an opportunity to change to an eighteen-dollar job in a factory, where he has an excellent prospect ahead.

One informant familiar with this phase of city life says that he is personally acquainted with half a dozen young men who would not work at low wages, but preferred the shifty arts of loafing and panhandling until war prosperity came along and offered its prizes. This was a temptation too strong to be resisted, and these professional loafers have now left their life of idleness and belong to the dinner-bucket brigade. In the opinion of this informant it is probable they will remain permanently in the ranks of the producers; at least they will stick until a period of depression throws them into the old life of idleness again. Work is much a matter of habit and is decidedly catching—especially when adorned with the enticing bait of big wages.

The peculiar situation the middle-class male salary worker has been up against throughout the war period is graphically shown by the experience of a certain steady and ambitious young man holding an assistant chief-clerkship in a large financial institution in Chicago. His salary is about one hundred dollars a month.

Four years ago he determined to get ahead, taking two hundred dollars in savings as a basis. He used that as a first payment on a lot, on which he borrowed enough to build a house. His monthly payments amounted to thirty-five dollars, decreasing slightly each month. When nearly two years had passed he had paid about $528 on his principal and had an increased value in the property of nearly four hundred dollars. This gave him a total saving of some $928 above his rent, which had been twenty-eight dollars a month. He sold the place at a net profit of $748.

Then he repeated the operation; and at the end of eighteen months he disposed of

(Continued on Page 29)

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Good Morning, Have You Used Pears' Soap?

Yes, you've heard that before, but—*do you* use Pears' Soap?

Do you know that Pears' is recognized by chemists as the *ideal* toilet soap? By physicians, as ideal for the complexion?

Do you realize that back of every cake of Pears' is a standard of purity and skill more than a century old?

Do you know that the ordinary toilet soaps you buy contain a large percentage of water?

Do you know that there is not even a trace of moisture in Pears'? That every cake is aged *a year* before it is offered for sale?

Do you realize that a King can have no purer soap than Pears' and that the poorest man can have no more economical soap?

Do you know that Pears' Soap sells for only 15c a cake (box of one dozen, $1.50)? That Pears' Glycerine Soap (scented) sells for 20c a cake (box of 3 cakes, 51c)? They last twice as long as ordinary, un-aged, water-laden soap.

Thousands of families have standardized on Pears'. This means they have ceased to experiment, and order Pears' by the dozen cakes when their supply runs low.

Of course your dealer has Pears'. He has many customers who would refuse to consider any other kind.

If you wish to test Pears' for little expense, Walter Janvier, 419 Canal Street, New York (Pears' United States Agent), will send you a trial cake of the unscented for 4c in stamps.

Pears' Soap, made by A. & F. Pears, Ltd., has the largest sale of any high-grade toilet soap in the world.

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THE Eastern Manufacturing Company owns and operates at Bangor, Maine, one of the biggest writing paper plants in the world. Its excellent strategic position on tide-water, close to its own forests, gives it a decided advantage in freight rates.

The Eastern controls the important raw materials and processes that affect cost or quality of its papers. Its up-to-date machinery is operated by cheap electric power from a big hydro-electric development. An efficient system of scientific management increases production and reduces overhead. Its ownership of 200,000 acres of spruce forest assures a permanent supply of wood. It owns and operates its own pulp mills and bleach-making plant. The enormous volume of its purchases wins the lowest prices on the big rag markets.

All commercial papers are a mixture of wood and rag fibers. The art of paper making is to mix the right proportions in the right way. Writing paper can be made of rags alone. So can a ring be made of 24-karat gold. One would be about as sensible as the other. For every grade of Eastern Star Business Papers the mixture of rag and wood fiber is scientifically determined by exhaustive study of the practical use to which the paper will be put.

These are the essential manufacturing economies that will help business men understand how we can give so much quality at so little cost in all writing papers bearing the Eastern Star water-mark.

It's the manufacturer's control of raw materials that determines the price you pay for paper

Look at that sheet of paper on your desk, so familiar that you never think of the wonder of it. Listen. To bring that scrap of paper to you:—

Woodsmen felled trees in a northern wilderness in the zero-depths of winter. Lumberjacks risked their lives driving logs down mountain torrents.

Men toiled over great vats like witches' cauldrons that boiled and stewed with steam and gases.

Chemists peered into retorts and test-tubes and stirred strange mixtures in their laboratories.

Ragpickers combed the world's great cities.

Miners burrowed hundreds of feet into the earth.

Tugs towed barges around stormy headlands.

Waterfalls were harnessed to great dynamos to breed tame thunderbolts of electricity.

Men brewed chlorine gas, the terror of modern warfare, and turned it to a peaceful purpose.

All that and more men did to bring to your desk one crisp sheet of Eastern Star Business Paper.

There is a suitable quality at a right price for each purpose—letterheads, business forms, ledgers, advertising printing, and every commercial use

EASTERN MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Bangor, Maine

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(Continued from Page 26)

his second place at a net profit of six hundred dollars, making the total earnings he had made by investment and by judicious discretion in the business of building about $1348 at the end of three and a half years.

At this point the increased cost of living began to pinch. Unfortunately he had invested about eight hundred dollars in another lot. Because of the big increase in the cost of building materials and building labor, the house he had planned was not put up. Now his lot is lying idle and the taxes are making him groan.

Living expenses have increased immensely and his present rent demands more from him each month than did his payments for his first house.

In the last six months he has saved nothing. Instead of watching his thrifty savings scheme add a little each month to his resources, his eyes are now fixed on the high cost of living, the thermometer of which is steadily climbing. Semimonthly his glance anxiously shifts to the figures on his salary check. They have not moved up a peg. As a self-starting thrifter he is a little discouraged; and when he hears what munitions workers and all other laborers, from common to semiskilled, are getting his disposition undergoes a severe strain. He says the only possible relief he can see ahead is the hope that he may be continued in his position and at his present salary when thousands of unskilled laborers who are now getting unprecedented wages are out on the street looking for jobs.

This young man, who receives one hundred dollars a month, is unable to draw any appreciable amount of sympathy from his fellow clerks. Most of them are able to point out to him that he is getting considerably more than they are and that he has at least something salted away for a rainy day. They remind him that they have reason to complain if anyone has.

Speaking of the situation generally, junior bank clerks appear to be getting from thirty-five to sixty dollars a month, depending upon their length of service; while, upon the same basis, senior clerks receive from sixty-five to eighty dollars a month. Bank "cage men" are a little better paid, their salaries ranging from seventy to ninety dollars a month. "Currency men" and stenographers seem to be in about the same class on the salary list, drawing from seventy-five to one hundred dollars a month. Stenographers drawing eighty-five dollars a month or more, however, are usually classed as secretaries.

The Tale the Tellers Tell

The salaries of tellers range from ninety to one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month in the large banks. If the man at the receiving or paying window who handles your funds gets one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month, or more, he is above the average, and his ability is being recognized in his pay.

When official rank is reached in banking circles salaries have a remarkably wide range, but the starting point is about twenty-five hundred dollars a year. Many bank presidents receive salaries of more than twenty-five thousand dollars a year, and it is reported that some of these officials get in the neighborhood of one hundred thousand dollars a year.

Though every bank clerk begins with the idea of becoming a president some day, times like the present compel him to turn sadly speculative eyes upon the callings where the worker enjoys less "class" and fewer white collars and sport shirts, but more coin at the end of the month.

The general manager of a New York labor exchange which handles about nine hundred accepted applications a month says that bookkeepers and clerks generally have not been advanced in salary to exceed ten per cent since the start of the war. He even believes that ten per cent is a high estimate. Bank clerks have benefited to some extent, in his opinion, by the war pressure. Every financial institution has been swamped with business, and consequently the call for additional help has been loud and strong. Contrary to precedent and tradition, therefore, the bank clerk and bookkeeper have looked at their positions in the light of competitive demand, and have forced a raise out of the scheduled order for advancement.

According to this man, whose observation is remarkably broad, the bank clerk who changes one employer for another, as a rule, does not realize more than three dollars a week as a result of his move. Young boys just starting at clerical work, in positions which are expected to be permanent and lead to promotion, begin at six dollars a week now, instead of at four dollars, and are extremely scarce at that. Male stenographers of the better grade, when taking initial positions, now receive fifteen dollars a week as against ten paid before the war.

In concert with nearly all students of the salary problem of to-day, this expert in furnishing office help calls attention to the fact that the perplexed employer of to-day is more inclined to pay an advanced price for the new or additional office help he must have than an advance in the salaries of his established helpers of the same grade. Of course he justifies this attitude on the ground that he will retain his old employees after he is obliged to dismiss the later recruits to his pay roll.

The extent to which the conflict between the classy allurement of the white-collar position and the sordid attainments of the munitions-maker's wage is pressing for an adjustment in the minds of workers is oddly illustrated by the experience of a young man in the Philadelphia district.

Back to the Overalls

His family had been inclined to education and had a decided leaning toward the professions. At the outbreak of the war, when the labor scouts were beating the highways for helpers who wanted big earnings in preference to genteel positions, Jimmy yielded to their bland statements and felt quite heroic—especially after he struck his gait and made an average of six dollars a day straightening rifle barrels.

It was rather expert work and for that reason was decidedly interesting. Consequently Jimmy was happy in his job until a particular circumstance impressed him with the fact that he was not living up to family traditions in making his way by the sweat of his brow rather than by the exercise of his mental faculties. After an inward struggle of some duration and seriousness Jimmy finally decided in favor of the family traditions and secured a transfer to the clerical department of the munitions plant, where his salary check was just one-half of what his pay envelope had contained, on the average, when he was a wage-earner.

For a time the consciousness that he was in the class to which he belonged, and that his working garments were neat enough to wear to a family gathering, seemed to fill the void between eighteen dollars and thirty-six. After awhile, however, Jimmy began to work his arithmetic overtime and to neglect the worship of his proud family traditions. He grew restless and irascible, and finally applied to the management for a shift back to his old job, on the ground that his eyes could not stand the strain of clerical work. But now they have no difficulty in squinting along the length of scores of shining rifle barrels and detecting the slightest curvature; and they can also see eighteen dollars a week in his savings account that was not visible when he wore a white collar at his work.

The question as to how the men who are helping to prepare "preparedness" for Uncle Sam are faring in comparison with those who are making munitions for other nations is both interesting and pertinent. On this score Col. George Montgomery, commandant of the Frankford Arsenal, at Philadelphia, said:

"There has been no advance whatever in the pay of government clerks, so far as I am informed, since the advance in prices; but there has been a very appreciable advance in the pay given to labor and to shopmen.

"In 1909 we were able to get plenty of labor for $1.50 a day. During the years between 1909 and this year that rate was advanced to only $1.76; but within the present year it has gone from $1.76 to $2.40. Ordinary workers on machines have been advanced from $1.76 to $2.24 and $2.40 a day here at the Arsenal. These men are not skilled mechanics at all in any sense of the word. We pay a little more to those working outside the shops than to those working inside. Other people here earn up to $3.50 and four dollars a day, without counting piecework reward.

"The fact is, we have men loading shells who have been earning seven dollars a day, without any overtime. And they deserve it. Before piecework was established the men did not make so much, and we did not have to pay so much before the present labor stringency began.

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Every Goodyear Blue Streak Bicycle Tire is our card of introduction to some boy. Through this tire he gets his first impression of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company. And first impressions are lasting.

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"Last July toolmakers were advanced twenty per cent. They have been advanced once since then. The advance in the pay of mechanics was as follows:

"Machine-tool makers have been advanced from the rate of $3.52, maximum, to five dollars a day. The lowest-paid have been advanced from $2.76 to $3.24 a day. Foremen have been pushed ahead from $4.25 and five dollars to from six to nine dollars a day. As a matter of fact, there are only two who are getting nine dollars a day. They are night foremen. They are practically night superintendents. They get three thousand dollars a year. Of course they get no piecework payments. Neither do mechanics working on instruments, because the work is too irregular and not of sufficient volume to warrant piecework payments.

"Operatives of automatic screw machines get $4.56 a day, and piecework raises that. Though these men—about fifty in number—are not machinists, they are bright and resourceful workmen. If they were not they could not operate such machines.

"The men in the shops have had large advances. In other words, it was no more than natural that we had to meet competition. On the other hand, the clerks have had no advances; though, of course, they have to pay just as high prices for necessities as the shopmen."

The Pay of Railroad Men

Railroad salaries out on the lines are certainly not on the munitions scale. When the average station agent compares his earnings with those of the members of one of the "brotherhoods" of railroad employees he is not moved to any great amount of hilarity. The country-station agent in the Middle West who receives above seventy-five dollars a month is undoubtedly more fortunate than most of those who hold down jobs like his. If he has half a dozen men or more under him his pay may amount to close to a hundred dollars a month; but if it goes above that point his post is an important one and he must show himself to be an executive and a business-getter.

The freight clerk out on the line is able to command fifty-five dollars a month and a cashier about sixty-five. A telegraph operator and ticket agent is not likely to receive much under sixty-five or more than seventy-five dollars a month in salary.

A prominent railroad executive remarked that the clerks and their helpers receiving from forty to eighty-five dollars a month are, of all railroad employees, the ones who feel the present high cost of living most keenly, because their salaries are stationary and the range of their natural and legitimate wants is continually increasing.

In spite of all this, there seems to be no trouble in filling these posts with young men who are intensely disinclined to step out of the white-collar class. Not a few of them, according to this railroad official, whose view is a broad one, have had some college training—about enough, perhaps, to give them the feeling that it would be beneath them to work for wages instead of a salary, even though the wages were decidedly the larger.

He does not consider it unnatural that these young men should prefer to do clean work instead of dirty, or that they would rather wear neat business suits, white collars and sport shirts at their work than to go about in soiled overalls. He only makes the point that for the first time in the history of this country there is a genuine economic pressure to determine how high a value, in dollars and cents, young men of this class put upon the gentility of clerical pursuits—upon white-collar associations as contrasted with the grime of the shop.

Apparently one must count on working in a city railroad office for at least five years before being able to draw ninety dollars a month; and he must give a good account of himself, at that, in order to reach that point on the salary scale. On the other hand, brakemen and firemen start at about that rate of wages. At least in the West the brakeman or fireman who is fairly steady and capable may reasonably expect to find himself drawing a hundred and fifty dollars a month within from three to five years from the time when he begins his work with the railroad.

In other words, the testimony of those familiar with promotion and pay in railroad service indicates that it takes the clerk longer to achieve a ninety-dollar-a-month position than is required for a brakeman or a fireman to reach a one-hundred-and-fifty-dollar job—and overalls and dinner-pail living are decidedly cheaper than natty business suits and the sort of sustenance and associations they demand.

In the words of a rate clerk, whose brother has just been promoted out of the fireman class:

"Bill has it over me, coming and going. His pay is not quite double my salary and he doesn't have to spend a cent to put on dog—not a cent! The more grease and dirt he can accumulate, the more efficient he appears. What's more, he's independent. Lord, he's independent! That's a luxury to an office man. He has to play up to a lot of superiors who are all pulling in different directions. The dignity of a position and the splendor of a two-dollar shirt are the most expensive mistakes I ever made. Bill's pay envelope proves that to me every time I see it. I'm certainly in on the wrong side of the railroad game.

"As a boy, in Sunday-school, I learned a text to the effect that blessed are the humble: for they shall be exalted. If that verse wasn't built to fit these days in the field of work and its compensation, then I can't understand a line of the Scriptures. Right now the brand of meekness that doesn't balk at putting on overalls and grabbing a dinner bucket is the sort which is inheriting the earth at the rate of about three hundred and thirty-three and a third per cent."

A traveling salesman for a large wholesale grocery whose territory is nearly one hundred miles from Chicago makes this interesting comment on the condition of the clerks in the retail-grocery trade of a district that is decidedly prosperous:

"The best-paid retail grocery clerk in all my acquaintance—and I have more than three hundred customers—draws twenty-five dollars a week and has a reputation throughout my entire district of being a wonder. Other clerks speak of him as a man who has arrived, and they think of his salary check with a mixture of envy and admiration. They may well envy him, for the rank and file of them are not getting more than fifteen dollars a week; in fact, I am convinced that the average pay of this class of workers is not more than twelve dollars a week.

"In other words, they are getting about two-thirds as much as the commonest kind of street labor commands in their towns. A laborer who can scarcely speak English is able to get three dollars a day in many of the towns where these experienced clerks—most of them keen, energetic and faithful boys, who are keen business-getters—are getting twelve. In some of the towns in my territory the difference between the pay of the unskilled wage-earner and the experienced grocery clerk is considerably larger than this."

The Ill-Paid Grocery Clerk

"One of my best friends is a grocery clerk who draws a salary of only twelve dollars a week—and he's a capable clerk, too, who's been behind the counter for years. It would naturally be supposed that he would at least have the advantage, by reason of his position, of securing his family food supplies at a price that would not yield his employer a profit—but such is not the case. He pays the same scale of prices as the customers he waits upon.

"Not far from him lives a mason who is by no means remarkably proficient at his trade. He is just a good, fair workman, who prefers to leave the more difficult and fancy tasks in his line to others, while he puts in the foundations of farm buildings. This mason gets seven dollars a day, and his board in addition, when handling country jobs. The carpenter who works with him receives two dollars less.

"If either of these men was to put in the hours the grocery clerk gives to his employer the results would be rather startling; for this would mean from six in the morning until seven at night for all week days, save Saturday, when the clerk is lucky to leave the store before ten or eleven at night.

"It would not be fair to leave the impression that the retail grocers are, as a rule, underpaying their clerks. The fact is that a very large proportion of them are paying their help all their businesses will stand. In other words, the retail-grocery business is not an easy road to wealth and its net profits are far smaller than the public supposes. Many of these merchants could improve their own financial condition if they were able to change places with the masons, the carpenters and the ordinary mechanics of their communities—more especially at the present time, when it is difficult for them to get many kinds of goods, without regard to price."

Generalizations regarding salaries, wages and savings are difficult—and they must be accepted as generalizations only. Wide and persistent inquiry among all classes of men whose opinions might naturally be expected to be closest to the facts indicates that the average increase in salaries for office and clerical help since the European war began has not been above ten per cent, and is probably nearer six per cent.

On the other hand, the average wage increase in that period has been so great that one hesitates to make the most conservative guess that can be made. Possibly the average increase in wages would not be more than fifty per cent the country over; but to one who has been mixing with munitions workers and seeing their bulging wage scores this guess looks altogether too conservative. Certainly there are thousands upon thousands of cases in every munitions district where the increase has been several hundred per cent. These instances, moreover, are by no means confined to munitions workers.

If there is any section of the country where common labor cannot command from thirty to thirty-five cents an hour it is decidedly well concealed from the munitions scouts who are after workers. This same grade of labor was receiving from fifteen and one-half cents to twenty and one-fourth before the war—that is, when it could find employment at all.

How much the cost of living has increased since the war began is a matter of much speculation. Some very plausible authorities assert that the average is forty per cent. One large financial concern in New York is said to have made a searching investigation into the increase of living expenses, so far as its own salaried employees below official rank are concerned, and to have found the increase to be thirty-one per cent.

How Much is Saved?

What percentage of salaries is being saved must remain a matter of conjecture. Banks in munitions districts and officers of munitions companies and of concerns most sensitively affected by the activities of the war stocks very generally express the opinion that the salaried men under their immediate observation who receive pay checks large enough to permit them, by the exercise of fair economy, to save anything are, as a class, putting away about fifteen per cent of their earnings.

They include in savings life and accident insurance premiums and real estate and stock investments, as well as bank deposits. But this percentage does not apply to salaried men in general, without regard to where they are located, or to all grades of salaried men in the munitions centers.

As to the relative amount of savings "salted away" by the wageworkers in the service of the munitions plants, the general opinion of their superintendents, and of bank tellers, to whom they would naturally take the overflow from their fat pay envelopes, appears to be that it does not amount to more than five per cent of the total wage pay roll of the plants under their surveillance.

Probably the world of salaried workers never descended upon the Christmas stocking with quite the hopeful hunger that characterized their approach on the morning of December 25, 1916. Where expectations had not already been satisfied by pre-Christmas announcements on the part of employers, the big question in the minds of the salary-earners was whether the signer of the familiar pay check would "come across" with the bonus, or "extra," in recognition of the greatly increased cost of living.

All other possibilities under the patronage of Santa Claus became insignificant beside this question. Hundreds of employers of office help gave generous checks to all persons on their salary pay roll. One large Wall Street financial house, for example, gave each clerk a bonus amounting to one-third of his salary for the year, besides an extra bonus of twelve per cent.

Some of the banks in the same district announced a salary increase of ten per cent, besides a bonus of ten per cent. One large public-service company distributed about six million dollars to its salaried workers.

As a rule the employers of salaried help placed special stress upon the point that the Christmas check was "a gift—not a raise."

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A year ago we said:

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Use it for 30 days. If you like it, pay $5 for it. If not, return it.





To Dealers: This is your assurance of the continuation of our Trial-Offer sales policy. Actual results justify this. You may rely upon full protection against loss under its operation. Write for particulars.

WE devoted a whole year's advertising to this extraordinary offer. We wish every man who shaves to have an opportunity to try this razor.

Those who know the convenience of self-shaving, should experience the supreme comfort of shaving daily with an edge that does not grow dull, but actually improves while in use.

The unusual merit of the AutoStrop Razor makes it safe for us to leave the decision to your personal satisfaction, and this offer is made without any qualification whatever.

The habit of self-shaving is so great a convenience that it is never abandoned unless it involves discomfort through poor equipment and dull blades.

The AutoStrop Safety Razor is more than a razor, more than a safety device. It is stropped, it shaves and is cleaned without removing the blade; and like a perfectly stropped, ordinary razor, the blade improves with use.

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Dirty, stagnant, breathed-over worn-out air—alive with disease germs and dry as tinder—sends thousands to an untimely end, impairs the health and efficiency of millions.

But no longer need *any* family be exposed to such danger.

There is now a heating system which heats and ventilates, *Nature's* way—with warm, MOIST AIR. This is the ROUND OAK MOIST AIR HEATING SYSTEM!

Steam and Hot Water have supplied heat. Warm Air Furnaces have supplied fresh air. But the Round Oak System supplies not only ample warmth but *everchanging Moistair*—free from dust, gas, smoke and other impurities.

When you replace your present heating plant or build insist on getting a

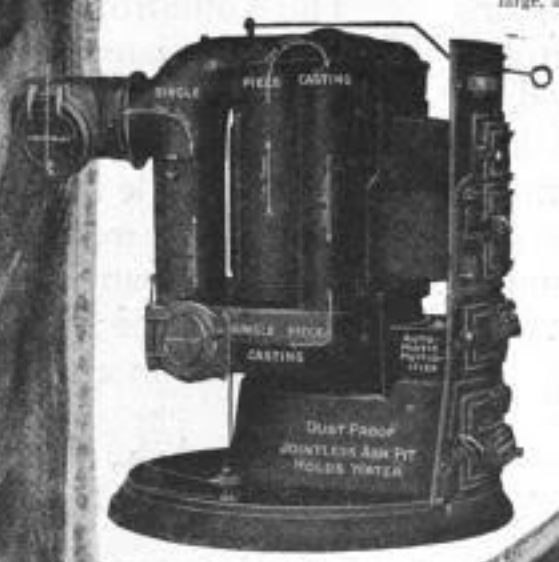
Round Oak Moistair Heating System

"Made by the Makers of the Genuine Round Oak Stove"

Makers of Good Goods Only

Five Star Points of Round Oak Supremacy

* **Health** Only Heating System that automatically ventilates and HUMIDIFIES.
* **Comfort** Delivers pure, warm, everchanging moist air, free from dust, gas, smoke—fitted with gas-tight doors and dampers.
* **Economy** Longest fire travel all inside casing; improved hot blast *Ring*; extra deep fire pot; extra large combustion chamber affords perfect combustion, most heat on minimum of fuel.
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Of the 60,000 Round Oak Heating Systems in operation today, each, so far as we can learn, is giving unqualified satisfaction. Each is giving its owner a warm, cheery, comfortable home; each is flooding that home with *fresh* air; each is automatically humidifying the air; each is proving an extra durable plant, easily operated and requiring but little care and attention. And lastly, each

SAVES FUEL BY THE TON!

Properly humidified air at 68 degrees is more comfortable than dry air at 75 degrees. Add to this the further fuel economies effected by (1) the **Round Oak extra deep fire pot** with combustion chamber full size to the top; (2) longest fire travel inside the casing; (3) air-tight perfect fire control—and you will realize that every Round Oak owner makes a *fuel saving of 20 to 35 per cent.*

The Round Oak Moistair story of "Health, Comfort and Economy" is too big to be told here. But it is all told in book form, and if you'll send for and read it, you'll find it tremendously interesting—and instructive.

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After 46 years' experience we have published for home owners a large, attractive book. In this book are a number of simple questions. Answer and return them to us and the Round Oak Heating Engineers will design and blueprint and forward free of charge, a complete plan and cost schedule for the healthful, economical heating of your home.

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ONE EVERY MINUTE

(Continued from Page 5)

"I didn't buy what I wanted, so that if the savings belong to anybody ——" began the turning worm.

"Of course they belong to somebody. But that's no reason you should think that you can take 'em out of the bank ——"

"Hold on! I only told you that I met Hen Wilkins and that he said ——"

"I know what he said. A silly, crazy yarn that wouldn't fool a three-year-old ——"

The seed of rebellion within the soul of Wilberforce Shadd was sprouting. He said almost firmly:

"You really can't point to anything he said that isn't sound sense, my dear. If you admit that the control of the sea ——"

"Whoever heard," she interrupted, "that anybody made money in Wall Street?"

"Well, there was Harriman and ——"

"Who? Everybody I ever heard of loses money down there. Suppose you lose the money that you want to take out of the bank and ——"

"But I don't want to lose it. And I'm not going to."

He saw that her plump bosom was heaving. Her cheeks were flushed. She looked very pretty. Nevertheless, he must not do what she commanded him to do.

"Then why do you talk about it? Oh, Wilberforce, if you knew what it means to feel that you haven't a cent in the world that you can call your own, you wouldn't want to take the few dollars we've saved up with so much trouble ——"

It was the old story, the enslaving argument, the refrain of her lachrymose wail. He must do something to emancipate himself.

He must disobey her. He must!

"I will!" he cried shrilly.

"W-what?" she gasped, and gazed at him with such horrified incredulity in her eyes, that obeying a blind impulse to seek safety and success by sticking to his resolution he fled from the room.

III

HE HALTED, out of breath, at a corner three blocks distant and began to think. He felt that he had won a victory. A wave of courage engulfed his soul. He would be different in the future. By being different he would cease to be a failure. This thought cheered him greatly as he walked toward the savings bank.

He owned $1800. Not only did it represent the savings of years but it stood for all the pleasures he had not had. How many nice neckties he had not bought with that money! How many cigars he had not smoked, how many laughs at the theater he had not laughed! It was supposed, in return, to make him feel like telling all the world to go to Hades. Instead, what he felt like saying was "Leave me alone, please!"

The money had made him a coward!

Yet the rich were supposed to be arrogant. How much money would it take to make him arrogant? Millions! And he never would make more than he was making. He knew it!

That was the worst of it—he couldn't even delude himself into thinking that he would be rich some day. Not to dream of success was to be dead beyond all hope of resurrection. If what Hen Wilkins said could only be true he might make a lot of money.

Pshaw! The kind of man he was would never make money!

A burst of self-anger set fire to something within him and made him grit his teeth.

"I'll show them!" he muttered—aloud, as though he actually heard many derisive voices.

"I'll take the money out of the bank and make money with it," he asserted.

At the door of the institution that was supposed to be a reservoir of minted courage which would keep clerks from fearing to lose their jobs, he hesitated. Whereupon he again accused himself of cowardice and literally goaded himself into entering the institution. He approached one of the tellers.

The lack of practice at being a brave man made him loquacious. He smiled and said:

"I know I can deposit money after the usual hours, Monday nights, because I do it the first Monday of every month. But could I take out money?"

His sustaining anger having oozed out of his system, Wilberforce Shadd now hoped that the clerk would say No.

Instead, the clerk behind the bars stared a moment at Mr. Shadd, distinctly sneered, and replied in a voice full of insulting skepticism:

"Yes, if you have any money here to take out!"

It was a fresh prick, and Wilberforce's gorge rose again.

"I haven't got as much as a millionaire like you has," he said angrily, "but if I can take out ——"

"Unless you've got so much you need a truck, I guess we won't go out of business if you withdraw your deposit to-night."

"I'll take it all out," threatened Mr. Shadd with a fierce frown.

"You'll find blank checks just behind you," retorted the clerk with a murderous smile; and Wilberforce, with trembling hands, filled out a check and received from the savings bank $1832.68 in cash, the savings of ten years of a wife whose father had blighted her youth in order that she might blight her husband's life.

He clutched with a veritable death-grip the roll of bills that represented his entire fortune, and walked out. Once in the street he recalled every hold-up yarn he had ever heard. He saw a pedestrian coming who wore a woman's garb; but that merely made him remember that it was a favorite trick of thugs, as per Sunday newspapers, to don feminine habiliments in order to approach their victims unsuspected.

He forced himself to reason calmly. He concluded that if it had not been for his wife he never would have taken the money from the bank or risked having it stolen. She had accomplished this by forbidding him to lose the money in Wall Street.

He would not lose it. He would make money. Hen Wilkins was a clever chap. Just where was he wrong in his argument? Nowhere!

He saw again Hen Wilkins' confident face as he predicted that a fortune awaited all holders of the stock that was going to end the world war. With his soul in a tremble, Wilberforce Shadd decided that if he bought that stock he would make money.

If he had money how different life would be! He heard himself telling Morris & Cunningham to keep their job. No need to be vulgar. He would resign and live on the interest of his money.

Why not?

Fabulous fortunes had been made in Wall Street. Everybody knew it. Wall Street was the only place where a man could make a lot of money by risking a little.

He couldn't go to Wall Street at night, but he could and would go to the residence of his tall friend, Francis T. Woodcock, who was a member of the New York Stock Exchange and, therefore, just the man through whom to lose the money. He used to bowl with Woodcock before Woodcock moved into a house in West Eighty-seventh Street as a result of several years of relentless stockbrokering.

"I'll do it!" he threatened; but still walked toward home. If he did and made money, a lot of money, it would be heaven.

He saw what desirable things he could change dollars into!

"I'll do it!" he told himself again, and determinately walked toward Woodcock's house.

The broker was surprised to see Shadd; also a trifle disturbed by reason of the subtly desperate look on Wilberforce's face. Like all good stockbrokers, Woodcock specialized in face-reading, to enable him to size up the other brokers' real intentions when they were offering or bidding for stocks in which Woodcock had orders "at the market."

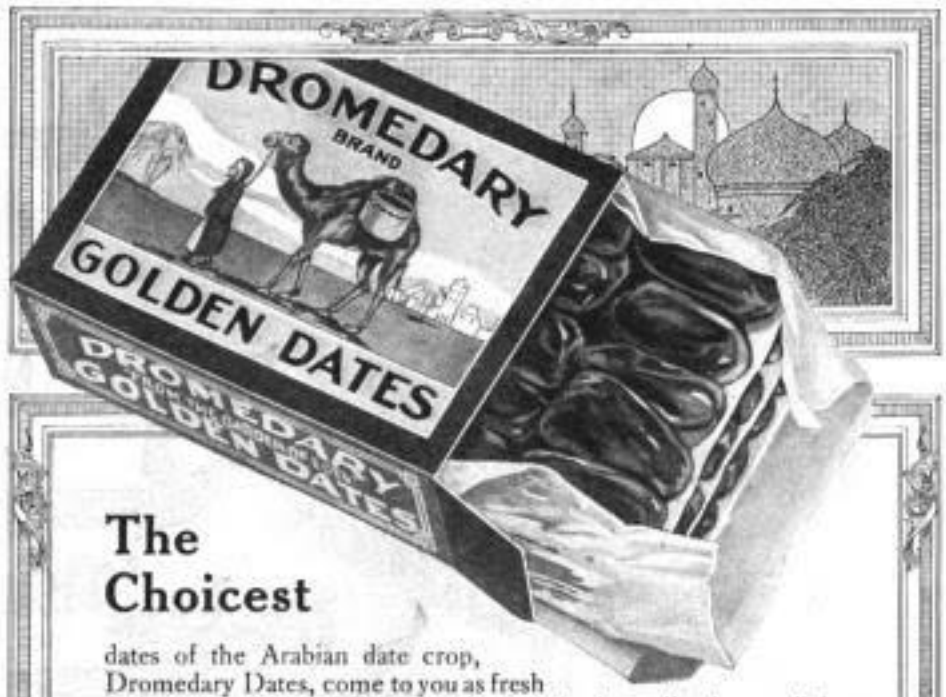
To play safe, the face-reader now looked at his watch and synchronously put on an expression of intense regret.

"Hello, Shadd! Glad to see you. What can I do for you?" He shook hands with Wilberforce with hasty cordiality, and once more looked at his watch with one of those transparent efforts at concealment that accentuate the guilt. Mr. Shadd was impressed by the manifold occupations of this man who had but a minute or two to spare. In this hour of business he also must be all business. His fingers tightened on the wad they had not ceased to death-clutch since leaving the bank. He said quickly:

"I've come to give you some money."

Mr. Francis T. Woodcock promptly and naturally smiled. Then he grew serious, even forbidding. It was a new one and he nearly had fallen for it.

(Continued on Page 35)



The Choicest

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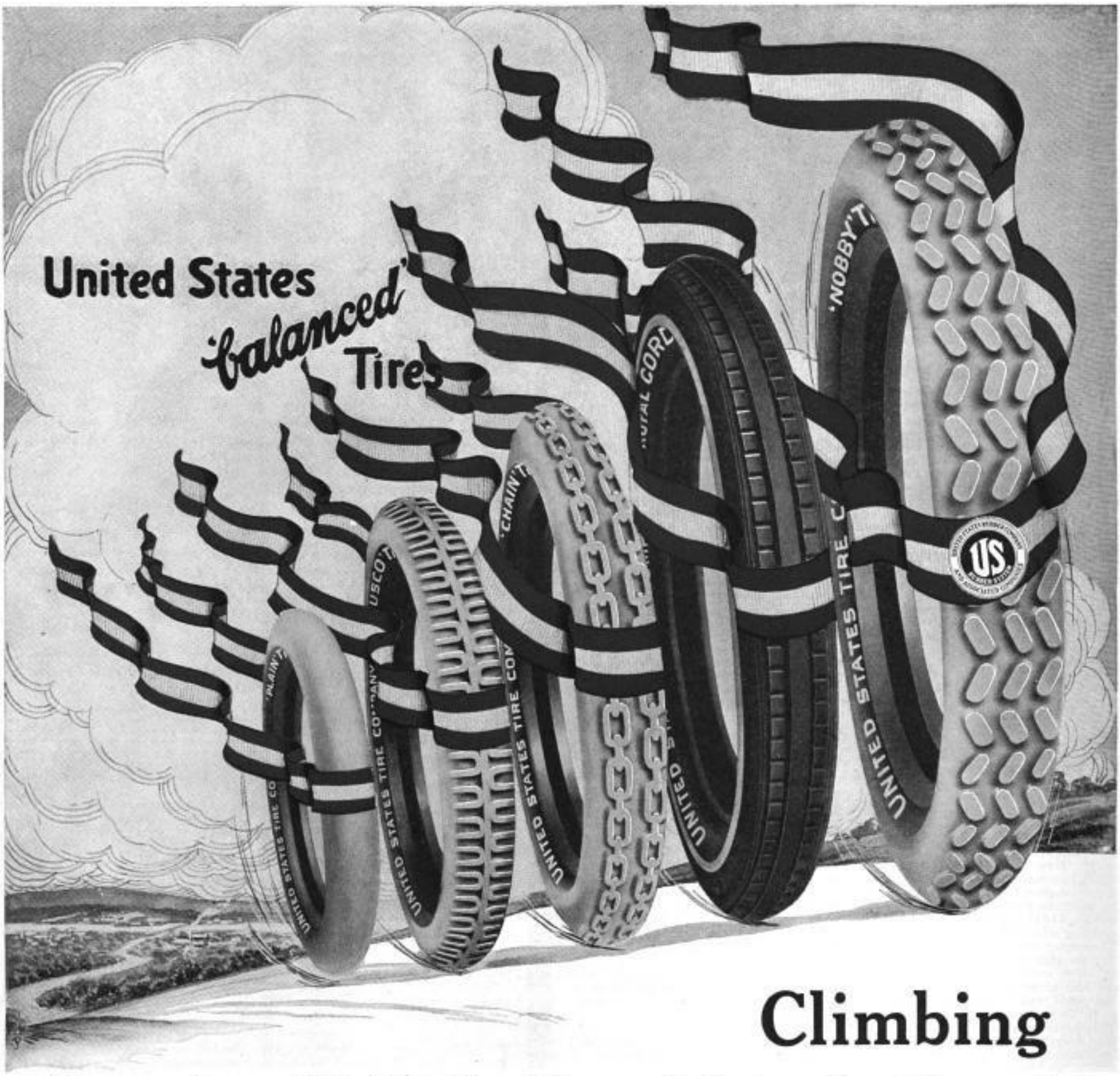
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For years everyone has admitted that United States Tires are *good* tires. Year-after-year sales increases have proved that.

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Then you will understand why United States Tires have climbed, and are still climbing, in prestige and sales.

United States Tire Company

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(Continued from Page 33)

"And after you've given it to me," the broker spoke coldly, "how much do I give you back?"

"That," answered Shadd, playing for time in which to prepare his little speech, "is something that I cannot tell." Seeing the distrust in the broker's eyes grow acute, he went on: "Look here, I want you to buy some stock for me."

"If you'll come to the office——"

"I—I c-can't," stammered Wilberforce Shadd, who did not see how he could very well tell this man he was afraid the firm would discharge him. "I—I—I can't get away from my work during business hours just now. We are rushed to death."

Stimulated by the excellence of his own excuse, he went on briskly: "I didn't think you'd mind taking the money and save me going downtown. I've brought it in cash—ah—so that there wouldn't be any trouble—er—about the check not being certified, you know."

He took the money from his pocket, gave it to the broker, said "There's $1832," and sighed with relief.

"Where did you get it?" jocularly inquired Woodcock after he had it in his possession.

"It represents our—no," he corrected himself, and said firmly, "it represents my savings. I took it out of the savings bank."

"They allow you only a measly four per cent," interjected Woodcock, to show that as a conservative business man he approved Shadd's action.

"Yes. Well, I want you to buy me as much——" Wilberforce Shadd paused and stared blankly at his tall and ruthless friend, Woodcock. He had forgotten the name of the stock Hen Wilkins was crazy about.

"What's the stock?" asked Woodcock, in the voice of an overworked dispensary surgeon asking "Which leg?"

"Wait a minute," entreated Wilberforce Shadd, and endeavored to recall the name. There would be a first dividend of 650 per cent out of war profits from Germany for winning the war by controlling the sea by submarines, under the sea——

"Undersea Craft common!" exclaimed Wilberforce Shadd triumphantly.

"What!" shrieked Woodcock, who still had a shred of conscience. "If you want to throw your money out of the window, why don't you do it without witnesses, instead of asking an old friend to cheer you on?"

"Look here," and Wilberforce Shadd spoke firmly, not being married to Woodcock. "Look here, I know what I'm doing. It's straight, scientific psychology."

"Ouch! Ouch!" squealed Woodcock so agonizedly that Wilberforce Shadd frowned angrily. This man was seeking to dissuade him from making money. But Shadd explained gravely: "I've doped it out that, of all the stocks you chaps in Wall Street trade in, Undersea Craft common is the——"

"It is! It is!" feverishly anticipated Woodcock. "The very worst! Why, I'm not sure the company did not go out of business years ago."

"That's all you know," said Shadd courageously, thinking of the money he would surely make. "It hasn't occurred to you that whoever controls the sea wins the war, and that since the company makes and sells submarines——"

"You'll need a d——d good one to dive after your money!" broke in Woodcock.

"Mr. Woodcock, you may be wonderfully well posted and know all about—er—normal securities and gilt-edge investments and first-mortgage bonds and such things; but"—and here Wilberforce Shadd looked earnestly at the broker—"you don't know everything!"

"I admit I don't," said Woodcock grimly. "I only know that you've been reading fool editorials by naval experts. Does your wife know what you are doing?"

"She does not," said Shadd, and almost shivered. The reaction made him add hotly:

"Will you take the order or do you wish me to find another broker? In that case give me my money back."

"I hate like the deuce to execute such an order," said Woodcock resignedly, since he could not return the money; "but I suppose you know what you are doing."

"Do I know what I am doing?" echoed Wilberforce Shadd, and thought of his years of suffering. He had become a slave, a coward. But he would no longer be one. He'd rather be flat broke. He finished in a ringing voice: "You bet your life I know what I'm doing!"

The words and particularly the voice impressed Woodcock so that he said coaxingly:

"Say, old fellow, just what do you hear about U. C. common?"

Shadd instantly thought of Hen Wilkins' impassioned oratory. To repeat it would make it sound like nonsense. He replied firmly:

"I can't tell you. I'm sorry."

"Why can't you?" persisted the broker, sure now it was a confidential tip from the inside.

"I—I can't," said Shadd. Then in desperation: "Do I get a receipt?"

"Excuse me," said Woodcock coldly, thinking it distrust. "Of course you get a receipt," and he led the way into the library, which also was den, lounging room or cardroom, according to the visitor's errand.

The broker made out a receipt, gave it to Shadd, jotted down the latter's office address, and shook hands with the cocky little chap who wanted to buy eighteen hundred dollars' worth of one of the worst of the "cats and dogs" in which people had lost money on the Curb years before.

IV

ON HIS way home Shadd wondered whether he ought to tell his wife what he had done. This, he reflected, would involve telling her why, and he could not tell her why without telling her that she with her foolish fears had robbed him of his manhood. And if he blamed her for making his life a failure, what would she say, how would she feel—the loving wife who couldn't help worrying because her father's improvidence had driven her to it?

"Poor Ann Elizabeth!" he muttered. Then he thought of himself.

"Damn!" he said.

He decided it was wiser—that is, safer—to say nothing. Then he hoped she would ask no questions. He had never lied to her and it did not occur to him that he might begin now.

He kissed her more affectionately than usual. He loved her; and he feared; and he hoped.

"Where's the book?" she asked abruptly. A black cloud enveloped him. He couldn't speak. When he could he said:

"What book? Oh, yes. It's—in the bank. Ah—they—they have to balance it."

"It isn't six months——"

"New rule!" he broke in desperately. "All the banks do it now. It's all right."

"I guess it is, if you say so, dear," she said trustingly.

Now how in blazes could he tell her that he had taken that money—her savings as much as his—to speculate with in Wall Street? Why had he taken it out of the bank at all? It was drawing four per cent, and everybody lost money in Wall Street. And the end of all unsuccessful gamblers, who had only themselves to blame, was the morgue or the penitentiary!

Gone! The savings of a lifetime, the refuge against a destitute old age, gone!

Eighteen hundred dollars!

What a lot of money any lot of money is when it is all the money you have in the world!

Ten thousand hardships endured in order to have that money in the bank—golden crutches for the days when the keepers of the house should tremble and the strong men bow themselves! The sweat of a life of toil solidified into eighteen hundred pieces of silver; courage coined and laid away for the day when he must be brave.

All gone!

And whose fault was it? Whose if not this woman's? If it had not been for her he wouldn't have had this money in the bank, and the tragedy of taking it and losing it would not have been enacted. And she must not know it was enacting under her eyes, like the ass that he was.

"I'll go to bed now," he told her. "I want to stop at the watchmaker's tomorrow morning." He had never before lied to her; but he wasn't going to make her unhappy.

After a night of troubled sleep he rose and was out of the house a half hour earlier than usual. Fortunately she did not notice that anything was the matter.

He wished to call up the broker and tell him not to buy that stock, but to hold the money and he would call for it. At 9.30 A. M. he told Mr. Lipps he wished to get a piece of toothache gum and went to the corner drug store—to telephone to Woodcock. He dropped his nickel in the proper slot with hands that trembled, and got the broker's office.

"I want Mr. Woodcock, in a hurry."

"He's out at the moment. We expect him in any minute. Will anyone else do?"

"Well, I just want to get my—er—my—It's a personal matter and I'd rather talk to Mr. Woodcock." Life wasn't worth living!

"If you tell us when and where to call up, the moment he comes in——"

"No. I'll call him up in five minutes."

"Better make it ten. Hold on! Here he is! One moment." Shadd waited in an agony of suspense.

"This is Woodcock. Who is it? Oh, good morning, Shadd. Just got in. Out all morning getting that stock for you. I had to pay nine dollars a share. The two hundred shares was all the man had. Lucky thing I went out myself, for just after I grabbed the stock there came a bid for it over the phone. Somebody wanted all the U. C. common they could lay their hands on. What did you want to say to me?"

Wilberforce Shadd, realizing that his fate was in the hands of a Higher Power, replied resignedly: "Oh, I just wanted to know if you had bought the stock."

"I got it all right."

"Good——" began Shadd, who, having lost all hope, could think of nothing but "good-by," but could not bring himself to say it when he recalled that "good buy" and "good-by" were the same over the telephone. But the broker took the syncopated farewell to denote approval and said:

"Don't mention it."

Shadd emerged from the telephone booth a corpse that somehow had not yet lost the power of locomotion. He felt he needed a bracer. For a moment he thought of having a drink of whisky. Then he thought that if he did, and Lipps smelled liquor in his breath and discharged him, he might as well curl up and die, now that he had nothing in the bank!

Nothing in the bank!

"Say," he said to the drug clerk, "I feel sick—kind of faint in my stomach. Will a drink of aromatic spirits of ammonia help me?"

"It won't hurt you," confessed the clerk.

"Give me one," said Shadd, forgetting to say "please" in his distress.

The money was gone!

He drank the bracer with the air of a Socrates gulping the hemlock, and returned to the office.

"Feel better?" asked Lipps with a perfunctory sort of kindness.

"Ye-es, thank you," said Shadd, and hastened to his desk.

▼

THAT night his wife talked to him about the latest advance in sugar. What she had to pay for beef was an outrage. And at that she had been obliged to go to a Harlem cut-rate market. There was no use in going to their old butcher. He was a robber not only as to price but also as to weight.

"Yes, I know," said Wilberforce gloomily, and prayed for the miracle of silence. He loved his wife, but his secret was blackmailing his soul out of its usual placidity.

"Other people," she said, avoiding his eyes, "are getting raises."

He knew what was coming, so he said coldly: "And others are losing their jobs on account of the war. Molloy told me he had orders to let one packer and one driver go last Saturday."

She sighed, the nervous sigh of a person who chronically fears and therefore chronically has a weight squeezing the air out of the lungs. She inflated her chest, but instead of growing courageous merely allowed herself to deflate again.

It was fully five minutes before she said: "I don't see—really I don't, dear, though I've tried and tried—but I don't see how we can save as much as we have. There's the bills for you to look over——"

"That's all right, sweetheart," he said kindly. "We won't save for a while, that's all. As long as we've got our health——"

"That's the most important thing," she assented without enthusiasm. "At the same time, when you know you are not eating up every cent you make——"

"Maybe I'll—I'll—get a raise," he said. Then quite boldly, almost threateningly, "I can ask for it!"

"Oh, Wilberforce! Suppose they said no and let you go, now that we are not going to be able to save up much. By the way, you haven't brought the book home. Is it in the bank? I can stop and get it——"

An icy hand clutched his heart. This is no mere figure of speech. He distinctly felt the four fingers and the thumb; they were very cold, and they gripped very tightly.

(Continued on Page 37)



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In the Pullman car only a limited number of passengers are accommodated; there is no crowding. Operating over practically every railroad in the country, it is rarely necessary for the passengers to change cars from departure to destination. Both of these conditions contribute to the safety and comfort of unescorted women and children.

For fifty years the Pullman Company has directed its efforts to the determination of the needs of the traveling public, and the development of a service to meet these requirements. That twenty-nine per cent of Pullman conductors and twenty-five per cent of Pullman porters have been in the continuous service of the Company for over ten years indicates the high personnel of the employes by whom the service is rendered.

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(Continued from Page 35)

Then his heart got back on the job, the worse for the gripping.

He had assumed that the money had been lost. It was merely common sense to ask Woodcock if it had been a total loss. Then he must beg the broker to get some of the money back. Whatever was recovered he would instantly deposit in another bank, keep the book in the office and say nothing about the shrinkage.

If he could get a thousand back out of the eighteen-hundred-dollar investment, he would be more than happy!

"You haven't answered, Wilberforce," his wife reminded him.

"Answered what?" he said, in order to gain time in which to acquire a frozen face.

"Shall I get the book at the bank?"

"They wouldn't give it to you; and, besides, I've got it in the office. I think I ought to keep it there hereafter."

"Oh, Wilberforce!" she said tearfully. She did not like to tell him that she loved to look over the figures and add them and rejoice that they had that little nest-egg. She didn't wish him to think that she was getting to be a miser, because at times she feared she was.

"Won't you bring it home?" she pleaded.

She looked so broken-hearted that he couldn't help saying: "Very well. I'll try to remember to bring it to-morrow. It's in the safe."

He hoped it might be in the bank safe, so that it wouldn't be altogether a lie.

"Thank you, dear," she said, and looked her gratitude.

He couldn't bear it. He almost told her what he had done. That night he scarcely slept, thinking about that nonexistent bank book. He knew that sooner or later he must tell her. Well, suppose he got only a thousand back? It was better than losing the entire eighteen hundred. Woodcock, whom he had known for years, might be a decent chap after all.

On the next day, Wilberforce Shadd asked Lipps, the office manager, for permission to prolong his luncheon hour, and went to the office of Francis T. Woodcock & Co.

He was very brave on the way down, fully determined to hear the worst and be done with it. When he reached the door to the broker's office he hesitated. The toothache had ceased and he no longer wished to see the dentist.

While in doubt, a man may hope. When he knows that every cent is lost, there remains only death. As Wilberforce Shadd stood there, a man who evidently was a stranger to doubt and dyspepsia came out.

"Wish to see somebody in the office?" he asked, and smiled pleasantly at Shadd. Wilberforce gratefully thought him a fine man, not knowing that the kindly looking stranger was long of 'em to the hilt in a roaring bull market.

"Yes; I'd like to see Mr. Woodcock."

"Well, he's in there now, but he won't be in five minutes."

The stranger to dyspepsia—long of 'em and all going up!—stepped back into the office and held the door open for Wilberforce Shadd to enter.

"Hey, Frank! Somebody to see you!"

Woodcock came out. He did not seem surprised to see Wilberforce.

"Hello, Shadd! Got my message?"

"No. What message?"

"Why, about an hour ago I told them to telephone to you and find out if you wanted to do anything about that measly stock of yours."

That the heart can stop beating without causing death to the owner thereof is not a theory but a fact established by Wilberforce Shadd then and there.

"That's why I came," said Shadd; "though I didn't get your message."

He felt as if he had turned into lead. He asked himself why he had taken the eighteen hundred dollars from the bank. Then he asked himself the same question again. Then he shook his head. He didn't know why—now.

"It's fourteen bid," said Woodcock. "That means exactly one thousand dollars' profit."

"How—how—do you make exactly a th-thousand?" asked Shadd, not daring to hope it was true, yet hoping away!

"Of course, if I deduct commissions it may fall short by a few dollars. I call that being—er—careful!"

"Careful?" echoed the dazed Shadd.

"Well, close then," corrected the tall broker defiantly. "I call it a d——d good three days' work."

Shadd was blinking furiously. All he could see was the gate to heaven wide open. Above it he saw dollar signs made of glowing stars. He had made money, not lost it! He had beaten the game! He had taken the first step toward a fortune!

"At $14 a share you can get $2800 for your stock—that is, if you get a hustle on and slide out before the suckers get wise to the play," continued Woodcock. "The talk is, of course, that if the company can get some big contracts from the belligerent powers it will mean big profits ——"

Shadd laughed hysterically. Then, to account for his laughter, he explained sheepishly:

"I couldn't help laughing when you said if the company got big contracts ——"

"Of course," interrupted Woodcock seriously, even respectfully, "if you know what's going on ——"

"I do! I do!" cried Shadd.

"You might tell a fellow. When it gets to 30 or 40 you'll probably blame me for not advising you to load up to the guards."

At 30 or 40 it would be $6000 or $8000.

"You think so?" Shadd, who was now breathing pure oxygen, meant to ask whether Woodcock really thought the stock might sell at 30 or 40—preferably 40. Shadd himself did not know any reason why any stock that could sell at 14 should not sell at 30 or 40. Woodcock naturally thought the cagy, close-mouthed Shadd was making fun of him. It annoyed him, so that he said, almost rudely:

"Well, if you want to sell now at 14, I'll see what I can do."

"Is that the best price?"

"I'll find out," corrected Woodcock, "if I can still do as well as that," and he sent to the Curb for a quotation on Undersea Craft common. It came back: *U. C. 16 bid; offered at 20.* The broker read it aloud and added reluctantly, being an honest man: "That means we might do a little better than 16 for your stock."

Shadd, whose mind was now working most actively, instantly figured that at 18 he would get $3600 for his stock. He had doubled his money. And yet he had been praying for the boon of losing only $800.

"I was a darned fool!" he began, unaware that he was thinking aloud.

A young man, thin, nervous, ferret-faced, shrewd-eyed, came in. He nodded at Woodcock and looked distrustfully at Mr. Wilberforce Shadd.

"Spit it out, Eddie!" commanded Woodcock.

"Say, you sent out a while ago for a quote on ——" He paused.

"On U. C. common," prompted Woodcock.

"It's 20 bid. I think that maybe I could get you 21 or 22 ——"

"Fade, friend, in the general direction of the pavement." Then as Eddie looked injured, Woodcock asked: "What's it offered at? And, remember, we're buying it here!"

"Well, it isn't offered ——"

"Oh, no! What's it offered at?"

"At 35," defiantly confessed Eddie. "Of course nobody is going to pay that price!"

"And your customer?" coldly inquired Woodcock.

"He's a nut. Honest, his people ought to put him away. He's lousy with it and wants to get rid of it. Somebody's got to get the commissions, and it might as well be me. Maybe I could work him up to give 23, but I wouldn't promise ——"

"No. Well, you needn't hurt yourself trying to look as if you didn't know in your heart of hearts that I was a d——d fool, Eddie. Wait for us in the other room, will you?"

The moment they were alone, Woodcock said to Shadd: "There, Shadd; you probably can get 25. I don't want to urge you to do anything. All I say to you is that you've got five thousand beans waiting for you to put in the bank if you give the word. Five thousand dollars!"

Shadd saw what $5000 would mean. It was wealth, and wealth was happiness. But the unscrupulous little curb broker, Eddie, who looked like a regular fox and was so anxious to buy the stock, had reluctantly admitted that 35 was asked for U. C. common. That meant that nobody except Woodcock was willing to sell the 200 shares Shadd owned for less than $7000.

The square of the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides. Also $7000 was better than $5000.

"I won't sell at 25," said Shadd. Things which are equal to the same thing are equal to each other. He thought of 35 and 25. They were not equal to each other. Wherefore Shadd added: "Certainly not!"

"You know best," said Woodcock, and left the room to tell Eddie to be grateful he didn't have him arrested for trying to obtain money under false pretenses.

In the meanwhile, Shadd, knowing himself to be a coward and beginning to fear that Woodcock might return and irresistibly urge him to accept even the $5000, astutely went away, trembling with excitement and happiness. He had made money and he was going to make more.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A BOYCOTT WITH A BRASS BAND

(Continued from Page 17)

through cunningly planned combinations that made them afraid to stay downtown when their competitors were moving up, they had found rents too high and the advantages to themselves, their customers and their employees nothing like what they had anticipated.

Almost from the day it was born the women's-garment industry has been the football of the real-estate manipulator and promoter.

The first ready-to-wear clothes for women were made in New York back in the early seventies, with cloaks as the beginning. Women's suits followed in the eighties, and dresses and waists in the nineties; and since then the business has expanded in countless well-made, well-fitting, ready-to-wear garments for women, children and infants, American in every phase and feature, as any American woman who has searched the shops abroad will testify.

This business is the backbone of New York's manufacturing industries. It has also offered opportunities for advancement and prosperity to the thousands of Hebrew and Italian immigrants who have come to New York the past generation. When Abe Potash and Morris Perlmutter land from Ellis Island this business offers them jobs, an education in American business methods, and later sometimes a chance to go into business for themselves. Eighty per cent of our whole output of women's ready-to-wear clothing is made in New York. Small concerns are constantly making a start in aprons, petticoats, waists, trimmings, feathers and what not, and by energy, industry and singleness of purpose are growing into important manufacturing enterprises.

The business started far downtown, in the region of Grand Street, when there were still fine retail shops in that neighborhood. Its factories drove the retail business to Union Square. Then real-estate speculators moved the factories north, ruining land values round Grand Street, and the retail shops were driven to Twenty-third Street. Again the speculators moved the factories, and the shops went to Fifth Avenue, where they hoped to be left in peace. But the factories began to follow, and there was no other place for the shops to go, and so they were finally forced to make a stand and fight for life.

The New York real-estate speculator has been operating on a system peculiar to the metropolis, which has favored the planless moving about of different interests and industries. An obscure promoter, whose chief stock in trade may be an intimate knowledge of East-Side firms and conditions, gets hold of a site in some uptown street and erects a factory building. All the mechanism of New York money-lending seems to favor him in carrying out a project that would not be feasible elsewhere. He pays one hundred thousand dollars for the land, and puts up a building costing two hundred thousand dollars. He can borrow sixty thousand dollars on the land, and perhaps one hundred and fifty thousand on the building.

While the job is in hand he runs short of money, and the lenders advance him more to protect their own interests. When the building is done it stands as a masterpiece



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"Starvation hunger" brought on by exercise!

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RIDER AGENTS Wanted—Make money taking orders for Bicycles, *Tires* and Sundries from our big catalog. Do Business *direct* with the leading bicycle house in America. *Do not buy* until you *know* what we can do for you. WRITE TO US.
MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. K-55, CHICAGO


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In the homes of the wealthy, nails or tacks are prohibited in any room.
Moore Push-Pins
with their transparent glass heads and needle points, are used exclusively to hang Prints, small Pictures, Draperies, etc., and Moore Push-less Hangers for heavier articles. Samples and booklet "*How Hems*" Free.
Moore Push-Pins. Made in 2 Sizes. *Glass Heads, Steel Points*
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10c pkts. Everywhere or by mail
MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., 125 Berkley St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A High School Course In Two Years
Learn in your own home. Here is a thorough, complete, and simplified high school course that you can finish in two years. *Meets all college entrance requirements.* Prepared by leading members of the faculties of universities and academies.
Write for booklet. Send your name and address for our booklet and full particulars. No obligations. Write today—now.
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BETTER THAN MUCILAGE

NATHAN FLEXIBLE NO-METAL ARCH SUPPORTS

give immediate relief to tired, aching feet, rest the body and aid Nature to restore normal strength to weakened arches. Relieve and prevent flat feet. At dealers' or direct.
Write for Booklet and Free 10-day Trial Offer
View of arch cut with knife
Nathan Anklet Support Co., 90-B Reade St., N.Y.

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & Co., Dept. 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

in borrowing, with its first and second mortgages. While it is going up the promoter canvasses for tenants, skillfully playing competitors against each other, so that one firm is afraid to stay behind in its old locality when rivals are moving into this new structure. Various tempting inducements of low rents for a year or two may be employed to help along the enterprise. When the building is filled the promoter sells it bodily to some investor, as a profitable plant.

Then the promoter puts up another loft building, with his profits, maybe in that very neighborhood, financing and filling it in the same way. With dozens of promoters working on that scheme one building often robs another of tenants. For fifteen years New York has been suffering from building booms of this description. Fictitious real-estate prosperity in one neighborhood is accompanied by real-estate panics in other sections, and lower values usually result in five years where any section has been invaded by a loft-building boom. These methods have been possible because organization and control have been lacking among the banking interests, the city authorities and the business and real-estate interests.

This was what the Save New York Committee learned when it probed into the difficulties of the garment industry. And it also ran plump into Dame Fashion as a disorganizer. While the women's-clothing industry had been growing up in the metropolis, a men's-clothing industry had also been developed along almost the same lines technically, but in a vastly different way in organization and standardization.

An Unstandardized Industry

The making of men's ready-to-wear clothing started in numerous small plants. As the experimental stage of the industry was passed, however, the business centered in large factories, and these were established in suburbs and smaller cities, where expenses were reasonable and congestion problems absent. The men's-clothing manufacturers have a strong national organization for dealing with general problems. Men's fashions are fairly stable. The season's models can be planned months ahead, and manufacturing lends itself to routine.

But the women's-clothing industry, unorganized and unstandardized, is so close to fashion changes that routine manufacturing is said to be almost impossible, and location in a factory town not to be thought of.

"Why don't you fellows move your factories over to Brooklyn," asked the committee, "and maintain just a salesroom here in New York for your customers?"

All sorts of answers were given to that question, but the principal reason seems to be that many of the garment concerns are too small to separate factory from salesroom, and even the large houses have to keep all their facilities close to their customers. It is nothing out of the ordinary for a buyer in these lines to order a certain garment from a model, but with changes in cut, trimming, and so forth, that must be carried out in a few hours. For buyers are anxious to show the public novelties, and manufacturers keep as close to buyers and fashion changes as possible. It is necessary to have workrooms, designers, salesmen, supplies and all other parts of the business together, and to work from hour to hour in many cases. Even then, when Dame Fashion changes her mood, the garment manufacturer may be left in a quandary.

Men's clothing is a fairly settled industry. Women's clothing is not. Various efforts have been made to organize it, but without success. It is still an industry in the making, despite its vast extent, and about the only way in which the manufacturers hang together is in moving to the same locality, so that buyers calling on one concern will find the others handy.

The Save New York Committee used both its club and its knife. The Fifth-Avenue shops agreed to give the preference in buying goods to manufacturers outside the threatened zone, at the expiration of one year, which was considered ample time for everybody to move. And the banking interests were led to see that more discrimination in lending money in that zone would protect their investments and realty values generally.

To put matters bluntly, the committee had all the weapons for a vigorous little boycott. By using only its club and knife it could have prevented more factory building in the zone, and probably it would have driven out all the manufacturers already established there. With a bit of secrecy and some high-handedness, evacuation might have been secured quickly, effectively—and intolerably. However, the committee took the curse off its boycott—and here is a suggestion for making a boycott pleasant and popular:

From the beginning, everything was conducted as openly as possible. The Fifth-Avenue merchants subscribed a fund of twenty-five thousand dollars, which was spent for big page advertisements in the New York newspapers, telling everybody all about everything. The danger to the city's finest district was shown, and the way to save it pointed out. The committee told exactly what it was doing, and why, and how, and this very openness took off all the curse, purified all the motives, disarmed resentment and criticism, and aroused public spirit and support everywhere.

After that, clearing the zone and insuring its future protection was a matter of patient adjustment of the individual difficulties of the invading manufacturers. Everybody understood the why of moving, and approved it, even those who were put to great inconvenience. What puzzled them chiefly was the how.

Mr. Perlmutter Has the Floor

Morris Perlmutter grew eloquently sentimental when the committee called on him, in the handsome new offices of Potash & Perlmutter, fitted up rococco, in antique bronze and Circassian walnut.

"Gentlemen!" he exclaimed dramatically. "Listen! For a lot of Fifth-Avenue retail fellers telling us we got to move, we should care nothing at all. Most of our customers is out-of-town firms, y'understand. This is the swellest place we ever had. We like it! We love it! Me and Abe, we live here all the day and half the night yet. All what we got in this world, everything what we been able to make since we come to America, poor young fellers, since way before the Spanish war, it's here, *Gott sei Dank!* But, gentlemen, more as our office, more as our customers, more as our business, more even as our very lives, we love New York. For, what we got, we got it in New York. *Aber* there was no more New York, like you pointed it out in the papers, I see myself our finish. Good night! We got a slim chance. So soon we could find out how we should get rid of our lease, and where we should move back to, move it is! And if your committee got more expense in this *Geschäft* as they counted on, and needs some more money for to save New York, call on us—y'see?"

And right there again is a question! When Abe and Morris moved north at the bidding of the real estater, they went into quarters larger than they had ever occupied before, and in a thoroughly modern manufacturing building, fireproof, light, clean, and conforming to the rigid factory regulations—very different from the loft building of twenty years before, from which they moved, and startling in its contrast to the converted brownstone residence where they first started in business. When they looked round to see where they could move back south, there was no building available of the same size and modernness.

In other words, there had to be coöperation between real-estate men, bankers, manufacturers and the committee, in order to erect modern loft buildings in the old manufacturing district, and these projects the committee took up in detail. Quarters for firms that were moving out within a year were found. But others had leases running for two years or more. They could not be moved back south until modern factory buildings were ready for them. So the committee had, in their cases, to extend the time set for giving preference in the buying of goods, and also to work with property owners and builders to provide proper quarters. The upshot was a comprehensive plan for centralizing the garment industry in a permanent home, where its customers could conveniently reach all the manufacturers, and all manufacturers be on a fair footing with their competitors.

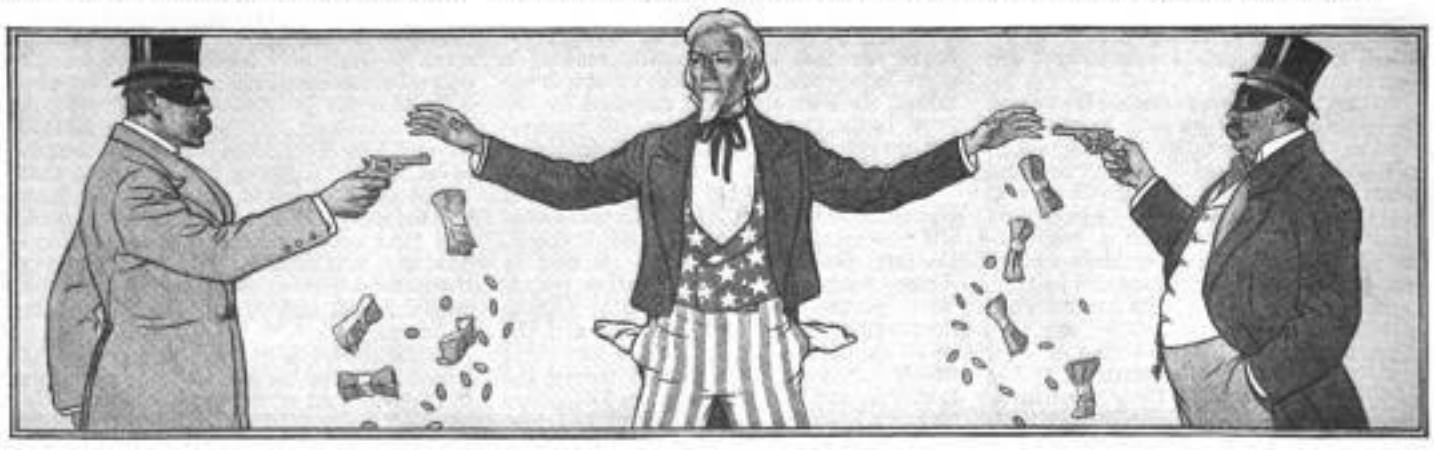
A Lesson for Other Cities

Another phase was the finding of unobjectionable tenants for the loft buildings in the zone to be vacated by the manufacturers. This called for constructive work in creating a permanent center devoted to the showrooms of manufacturers and wholesalers, locating them where they would be handy to the hotels for out-of-town buyers.

During the past fifteen years New York, aided by the energetic real-estate promoter, has been pretty thoroughly scrambled by the construction of new bridges, subways, tunnels and street-car routes. Conditions have finally become so chaotic that something must be done to unscramble the town. Factories must be located in suitable districts, wholesale business centralized in other sections, residence neighborhoods protected against invasion, and real-estate values stabilized so that taxes will yield revenue for running the community. The future of New York has been safeguarded by a new zone system, imposed by law, under which certain classes of buildings only can be erected in certain districts. To provide for the future by such a zone system is one thing, but to move objectionable concerns out of an invaded district is another.

From one aspect the work of the Save New York Committee may look like turmoil round the parish pump, and people in other cities might well ask what bearing this local New York problem has upon them. But from another viewpoint it has a national lesson. The tendency to let a city grow unregulated will be found in communities one-tenth the size of the metropolis, and any community that permits itself to become scrambled in this way will have the same job of unscrambling sooner or later.

The committee thought it was simply going to make a few badly needed repairs to the parish pump when it started operations. Somebody was hurting certain business interests. Things could be set right apparently by vigorously swatting that somebody with the weapon closest at hand. But investigation laid bare a big civic shortcoming. Practically everybody in New York was responsible, and matters had to be explained to everybody. At the outset, all that seemed to be needed was a brisk, quiet little boycott. What happened, however, was the education of an entire city in its laws of growth and the arousing of a civic spirit that would correct this evil and prevent its ever happening again.



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Wanted-A $50,000 Man

The response to this advertisement, run in several cities by a big Boston corporation, was enormous. Hundreds of applicants presented themselves, but one by one they were turned down. Their training and knowledge of business principles were not broad enough to fit them for the position. What was wanted was a man with a trained mind—a man who knew the great fundamental principles upon which all business is built.

There are many big positions waiting, right now, for men who are prepared to fill them. Yet qualified men are seldom found. There is a dearth of good material, a famine in the market. In almost every big business there are $10,000 and even $15,000 positions open, waiting for the right men to step in.

It is the knowledge of the fundamental principles of business, and the ability to apply these principles quickly and exactly, that make men valuable executives. Each move, each decision they make must be backed up by a clear grasp of the *why* and *how* of the problem at hand.

The problems that an executive must face are far more complicated than those listed below. Yet, these comparatively simple problems are the very rocks upon which business careers are smashed. Sooner or later you, too, will meet these questions. How will you answer them?

Do you know why most inexperienced promoters fail in trying to raise money for a new business, and how to avoid their mistakes?

Do you know what facts to get in order to figure the percentage of its sales that a business can afford to spend for advertising?

Do you know how to satisfy a bank as to your deserving a loan?

When you hire a man do you know what questions to ask and what to leave unasked in order to get a line on the applicant's character without his realizing it?

What are the essentials a business man should watch for and satisfy himself on before he signs his name to a business paper?

Can you answer a letter of complaint so as to satisfy the complainant and yet preserve the firm's prestige?

Can you analyze the market of a proposition so as to tell accurately whether it will be cheaper to sell direct by mail or thru usual trade channels?

By comparison of a series of financial statements, can you tell whether the business is going as it should, and then put your finger on the weakness or strength shown?

The knowledge that carries men thru

You cannot catalog the answers to these broad questions. Circumstances vary. But the big underlying principles always remain the same. It is the knowledge of the basic principles that carries men thru to success.

It is this broad grasp of the fundamentals of business that the Alexander Hamilton Institute is giving to more than 50,000 business men today.

The Modern Business Course and Service of the Institute gives you a logical foundation on which to build your future business knowledge and experience. All departments of business are covered and presented to you in interesting, practical form.

Based upon the actual experience of thousands of successful business men

The Institute collects, classifies and transmits to you thru the Modern Business Course and Service the best thought and practice in modern business. It will give you a thoro and sound training in the fundamental principles underlying all departments of business—it will give you a knowledge that could otherwise be obtained *only* by years of bitter experience—if at all.

Advisory Council

Business and educational authority of the highest standing are represented in the Advisory Council of the Alexander Hamilton Institute. This Council includes: Frank A. Vanderlip, President of the National City Bank of New York. Judge Elbert H. Gary, Head of the U. S. Steel Corporation. John Hays Hammond, the eminent engineer. Joseph French Johnson, Dean of the New York University School of Commerce; and Jeremiah W. Jenks, the statistician and economist.

The kind of men enrolled

Presidents of big corporations are often enrolled for this Course and Service along with ambitious young clerks in their employ. Among the 50,000 subscribers are such men as H. C. Osborn, President American Multigraph Sales Co.; Melville W. Mix, President of the Dodge Mfg. Co.; George M. Verity, President of the American Rolling Mills; William H. Ingersoll, Marketing Manager of the biggest watch company in the world; N. A. Hawkins, General Sales Manager of the Ford Motor Co., and scores of others equally prominent.

In the Standard Oil Co., 242 men are enrolled in the Alexander Hamilton Institute; in the U. S. Steel Corporation, 450; in the National Cash Register Co., 194; in the General Electric Co., 282; in the Pennsylvania Railroad, 87; and so on down the list of the biggest concerns in America.

Helps men succeed in a big way

What the Alexander Hamilton Institute has done for its subscribers will probably never be known in its entirety. But daily there filter into headquarters in New York many intensely human stories, showing what the Modern Business Course and Service has done for its subscribers

One day you hear of a brilliant lad of twenty-two, in a big New York bank, rising to a $9,500 job, and giving credit to the Institute for his success.

The next day a factory manager writes that the Course has just helped him save his firm $7,000 a year and that a "fair slice" of this went to increase his salary.

The next day a man in a Western concern tells how he saved the firm $37,000 a year *by one suggestion*, and what happened then to *his* salary.

These are only typical cases. There are literally thousands of them. Such remarkable cases are cited by the score in "Forging Ahead in Business."

"Forging Ahead in Business"

A careful reading of this 130-page book, "Forging Ahead in Business," copy of which we will send you free, will repay you many times over. It will help measure what you know—what you don't know, and what you should know—to make success *sure*. This Course and Service will fit you to grasp the opportunities that are bound to come to those who are prepared.

Alexander Hamilton Institute

550 Astor Place **New York City**



Send me "Forging Ahead in Business"—FREE

Name _____

Business Address _____

Business Position _____

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No Other Six Resembles Hudson Super-Six

Don't Be Misled—It is a Hudson Invention

Sixes have come into renewed popularity since the Super-Six won the top place. But the Super-Six invention—controlled by our patents—added 80 per cent to the six-type efficiency. And that 80 per cent is what gave it supremacy, when the V-types threatened to displace the Six.

Late in 1915, remember, the Six in front rank cars seemed a waning type. Even the Light Six, which Hudson gave first rank, had revealed some vital engineering limitations.

It had not solved the problem of motor vibration. It had not minimized friction and wear. Its endurance had proved disappointing.

Sixes at that time held hardly a single record. They were mostly held by Fours.

And leading engineers, including the Hudson, were seeking a remedy in Eights and Twelves. At that time the Six, for high-grade cars, seemed to be giving way to 8's and 12's.

What Saved the Day

It was the Super-Six invention, remember, which then saved the day for the Six.

Hudson engineers discovered the shortcoming. By a basic invention they corrected the fault. They ended nearly all the vibration. They doubled the motor's endurance. Thus they created a motor which has since won all the worth-while records.

Don't think that the Super-Six is like any other Six.

'Twas the Super-Six That Won

The Super-Six, in a hundred tests, has out-performed all other motor types. It has not merely broken records. It has made new records which, a year ago, no man considered possible.

It broke the 24-hour endurance record by 52 per cent. It broke the transcontinental record twice in one round trip. A Super-Six touring car went from San Francisco to New York and back in 10 days and 21 hours.

It beat twenty famous rivals up Pike's Peak. It broke all stock-car speed records, and all for quick acceleration.

Then, after 7,000 record-breaking miles, it showed itself in new condition. Not a part or bearing showed evidence of wear.

No other motor ever built has shown anywhere near such endurance.

All By Saving Waste

The Super-Six develops no more power than other like-size motors. It simply delivers more. It almost eliminates motor friction and wear by ending nearly all the vibration.

That vibration, which wasted power, was the great fault of the Six. It is that which led to the Eight and Twelve as a possible solution. Any motor in which that fault remains can't compare with the Super-Six.

A New Gasoline Saver

The Hudson Super-Six, in endurance and performance, stands foremost in the world. The new-style bodies which we have created make the car look its supremacy. A new exclusive feature—a gasoline saver—gives it this year another advantage.

It now outsells any other front-rank car. It has 25,000 enthusiastic owners, who know that no rival can match them.

You can prove in one hour, at any Hudson showroom, that this car deserves its place. And that no other car, at any price, can be classed with its performance. Do that before the spring demand overwhelms us.

Phaeton,	7-passenger, $1650	Touring Sedan	$2175	Town Car	$2925
Roadster,	2-passenger, 1650	Limousine	2925	Town Car Landaulet	3025
Cabriolet,	3-passenger, 1950	*(All Prices f. o. b. Detroit)*		Limousine Landaulet	3025

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

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A SCRAP OF PAPER

(Continued from Page 23)

"Can you drive a car?" demanded Mack with seeming irrelevance.

"Yes; why?"

"Day before yesterday Cardigan wanted to drug me and take me to his place on Long Island. Masterman has country places at Bar Harbor and Pinehurst. Too far! Blaisdell's nearest country place is in the Thousand Islands. Now they wouldn't let any more people into the secret than necessary. They wouldn't send her to some other millionaire's place. Too risky. Cardigan's is the nearest place. It's a cinch they wouldn't keep her in town, so she must be in the country, and that means Cardigan's country place at Bellmere. You've heard of it?"

"Seen photographs in the Sunday papers," said Grant.

"So have I. Well, that seems the most likely place to look for her. Easily reached by automobile, no need of taking her on a train where crew and passengers might see something to arouse suspicion. And it's the place Cardigan proposed taking me! I'll bet she's there!"

"Then, let's start now," said Grant, rising. "It will take us four hours to get there, including the time we waste now getting started."

"No hurry," said Mack. "We don't want to get there until after dark, you know. Still, we'll want to get down to Edgewater, the nearest village to Cardigan's place, and scout round. Come on, let's hire a car!"

At eleven o'clock that night an electric wire, cleverly concealed in the shrubbery that girded the lawns about the Cardigan country house, was trod upon by the foot of Harry Mack. Within the house six Greenham operatives prepared for action. Ten minutes later Handsome Harry Mack and Dixon Grant were dragged into the presence of Martin Masterman. For the master of transportation was a very shrewd man. It had occurred to him that Grant might learn where Kirby was, and that Cardigan and an aged caretaker might not be sufficient to cope with an outraged lover. And as he wished to question Kirby, and to try to succeed where the Cardigan threats had failed, he had come down to Bellmere himself, bringing the Greenham operatives.

He looked from one to the other of the captives who had been surprised and overcome before Mack could even place his hand on the automatic pistol in his coat pocket.

"Well, gentlemen," said the master of transportation, "Miss Rowland won't tell where that paper is. One of you gentlemen will! No? I don't want to use force, gentlemen, but I want that paper! Cardigan, bring in the girl!"

And Kirby Rowland, sick at sight of brutal fingers crushing the throat of Dixon Grant, told the hiding place of the paper.

"In my own vaults!" said Masterman, gasping. "Of all the nerve ——"

He never finished that sentence, for at that moment the front-door bell clanged ominously. Bellmere had other visitors besides Mack and Grant that night; and these later visitors came not like thieves in the night, but boldly and unafraid. And they pounded on the front door.

"There's a dozen of 'em," gasped a Greenham operative who had peered through a window. "A dozen, and I just heard one of 'em orderin' the others to fire their guns at the lock to bust it in!"

Masterman glared.

"Cardigan, open the door for them and see who and what they are. Threaten them with the law. If that doesn't warn them off advise them that armed men are here and will resist any forced entrance."

But it takes more than threats, more than bullets, to stop the advance of United States marshals. They swept in like a tide, and at Cardigan's protest one seized him by the arm and declared that he was under arrest.

"On what charge?" demanded Cardigan.

"On the charge of conspiring in restraint of trade, and on a warrant issued by a United States Court! And we want Masterman! Where is he?"

They flooded into the house, followed by two men whom Cardigan, fear clutching at his throat, recognized. So did Masterman, a moment later, and he thanked the presence of mind that had made him order Kirby, Dixon Grant and Harry Mack hidden away in a room on the top floor.

"What does this mean?" he blustered, glaring at the men he recognized.

But his bluster broke down when one of them, ignoring his question, said:

"In addition to other charges, Mr. Masterman, there will be the one of kidnaping, for which I guarantee you twenty years behind the bars unless you immediately produce one Kirby Rowland, alleged to be detained by you."

Masterman knew the game was up. He looked at a Greenham operative. The man sullenly left the room. A moment later the three prisoners were confronting their erstwhile captors and their rescuers in a room where economic history was shortly to be made. For the thin-faced man with the stern manner was Morley Ellis, attorney-general of the United States of America; and behind him stood Lindley Jackson.

XVIII

WHEN Handsome Harry Mack flicked a pellet into the high ball of Tom Hanrahan, he thought that his little finger had sent enough of the narcotic into Tom Hanrahan's glass to render the reporter harmless for at least ninety-six hours. But the international crook reckoned without the newspaperman's wonderful constitution. Hanrahan had been a football star and captain of his crew at college. And during the four years that had elapsed since graduation he had kept himself in fine condition. Within twenty-four hours after being found unconscious on the floor of the Tube, Hanrahan awoke. He found himself in a small room whose white furnishings were proof of its connection with a hospital.

"Well, where the deuce — how the deuce ——" Then he knew, and despite a splitting headache and a nausea that enfeebled him he rolled out of bed and staggered toward a half-opened closet wherein he could see his clothes hanging. Halfway to the closet he collapsed, and the noise of his fall brought in a nurse from the hall outside. A passing doctor came in answer to her cry, and together they managed to get Hanrahan back into bed. But when the nurse put something to his lips Hanrahan had recovered his senses again and brushed it aside.

"Get Jackson — Lindley Jackson," he gasped.

"Here, here, my man, drink this," commanded the doctor. "You're mighty sick! No time to talk now."

He put his arm about Hanrahan's shoulders and raised him that he might swallow the easier. But a sudden fury seemed to sweep over Hanrahan. He broke the doctor's grip and hurled the glass across the room, where it splintered in a score of pieces.

"I'm Hanrahan—of the Citizen. Get Jackson—Lindley Jackson!"

The doctor looked at the nurse.

"Is this so? Did you find any papers on him?"

The nurse shook her head.

"Just some letters without their envelopes. Over ninety dollars, so we put him in a private room. His clothing was expensive too; but no identification."

The reporter listened to her, then spoke again.

"Inside pocket—my vest—police card. Send for Jackson—vital—important—get him."

The nurse sped to the closet; she brought out the waistcoat, and in that neglected pocket which Hanrahan mentioned she found his police identification card.

"Better phone his employers," suggested the doctor. "Tell them the man was found drugged in the Tube last night; that no one there seemed to know who he was; that we have just discovered his identity; and that, while he is in no danger, perhaps someone in the office might care to see him. Add that the man states that he has something of vital importance to tell his employers."

Hanrahan heard these instructions and sank back on his pillow with a sigh of relief. Twenty minutes later Lindley Jackson, who for twenty-four hours had wondered about Hanrahan, greatly perturbed entered the sick room. The doctor had told him of Hanrahan's condition, had stated that only a man wonderfully endowed with physical and mental strength could have recovered so quickly, and warned Jackson not to excite his employee.

Hanrahan thrust out a feeble hand.

"Got the goods, boss. Had most of it, and then met Harry Mack—wanted to put personal in paper, threatening Kirby Rowland and Dixon Grant with exposure unless they came across. Mack got wise that I was next to his game. Drugged me. Guess they must have a new barkeep in the Tube. All the old-timers know me." He grinned feebly. "Here's the dope: Mack found paper lost by Masterman. Kirby Rowland, chum of girl I know, Jessie Sigmund—and Miss Sigmund started me on right trail—got hold of paper. With Dixon Grant, friend of hers, started some game of their own. Masterman's agents—Greenhams—after them. Miss Rowland hides in Masterman's house under name of Adele Rohan, the artist. Rowland girl is artist herself. Don't know about Grant. Get the girl. She can tell story. In Masterman's house. I know it. Don't ask me how—get her! She'll talk. You'll find some way. But before you get her"—and now he fought desperately with the drowsiness that attacked him—"ask permission of Jessie Sigmund. Gave me first tip. Must have her permission to use tip. Got to be square or she won't—she won't—marry me. Got to be fair ——"

His voice died away. He was not to speak again for fifteen hours; he was not to be his old, jovial, healthy self for a month. Jackson looked down at him. His eyes softened; he patted the unconscious head.

"Some boy!" he said. Then he turned to the doctor.

"The best the hospital can afford, doctor," he said curtly. "Send the bills to me. Have you a telephone?"

Of course they had, and Jackson was led to it. He found Miss Sigmund's number in the book and called her up.

"Miss Sigmund? . . . This is Lindley Jackson, publisher of the Citizen. Mr. Hanrahan, one of my men, has informed me that before seeing Miss Kirby Rowland I must ask your permission. . . . Question of honor, I believe. . . . You gave him a tip that has led to her discovery. . . . Why doesn't he ask you? Well, Miss Sigmund, he's ill—not seriously, no. . . . Yes, you can come up and see him—Presbyterian Hospital. . . . Drugged—all right in a day or so, I assure you, Miss Sigmund. . . . We may act, then, upon whatever tip you gave him. Thank you. . . . No, don't worry; he's all right. Sleeping and in no danger. . . . And when he's able to talk, Miss Sigmund, kindly tell him that the paper gives him a month's vacation, and that he's to be managing editor on his return."

Then, with a last command that Hanrahan be treated well, Jackson dashed from the hospital and into the car that awaited him, giving his chauffeur the name of a hotel.

In ten minutes he had sent up his name to Morley Ellis, a guest at the hotel, and was riding in the elevator to Ellis' room. The attorney-general met him at the door. They shook hands warmly.

Each admired the other tremendously, and in addition to admiration and liking there was gratitude on the side of Ellis, for Lindley Jackson's money and support had made Ellis district attorney of his state. In that office he had made a remarkable record, and upon the accession of his party to national power Jackson, who had supported the new administration with both money and brains, had forced upon a president, reluctant to appoint so pronounced a radical, the name of Morley Ellis as his attorney-general.

Ellis never forgot a friend. He knew that what he was he owed in great measure to Lindley Jackson. He was his own man, nobody owned him, but he knew his debt and would pay on demand, provided the demand was in accord with his conscience. And Lindley Jackson's demand would not offend the conscience of Ellis! Jackson got right down to business.

"Meant to see you to-night anyway, Ellis," he said, "but didn't think it would be on business. However, it is. You're over here investigating the turpentine crowd, aren't you?"

Ellis nodded.

"Suppose you've got a pile of blank warrants, eh?"

"Lots of subpœnas and a few warrants, yes."

"Would you have the nerve to arrest Martin Masterman?"

Ellis smiled grimly.

(Concluded on Page 43)



What's the Good of Having Bunions?

"NO good at all," you *say*. But you go right on wearing narrow, pinching, bone-bending shoes that *cause* bunions—and corns, callouses, flat-foot, ingrown nails, etc.

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(Concluded from Page 41)

"You know me, Lindley. Show me some evidence justifying his arrest, and I'll act."

"Then you'll act," said Jackson grimly.

Swiftly he reviewed the events of the past twenty-four hours, beginning with his invitation to attend the conference at Masterman's house and ending with the words of Tom Hanrahan.

"Of course," he ended, "I learned of the existence of this remarkable document only in confidence. I would not have thought to search for it except for what Masterman told me. And yet, what I've found out is without betraying the confidence. It was not to be expected of any newspaperman that, learning of the existence of such a paper, he should make no effort to find it, even though knowledge of its existence was learned in confidence. Masterman himself admitted that the paper might be brought to me. In that case I saw no reason why I shouldn't make an effort to have it brought to me. At any rate, right or wrong, I feel that I'm relieved of my promise to keep silent. From outside sources I have learned what Masterman was so anxious to keep secret. Further, before even exacting any confidences he mentioned a force that menaced something—himself. I've tried to be fair to him, Ellis, but the thing is too big. So then, do you summon a bunch of marshals, raid Masterman's house, get hold of the Rowland girl, force her—if we can—to tell the nature of this paper, arrest Masterman—or not?"

"You've given me evidence enough, Lindley," replied Ellis, "to make me believe that there is a criminal conspiracy behind this universal transfer business. And as the Consolidated Car Lines does a business in Jersey City, and is therefore an interstate concern, it comes under the control of the Federal Government. We'll raid Masterman in an hour."

And in just exactly that time Morley Ellis rang the bell of the Masterman mansion. Behind him were a dozen United States marshals. It was the United States Government against the Masterman money, and servants who would have scoffed at the police broke down before the attorney-general.

In ten minutes Ellis had learned that Kirby Rowland was at Cardigan's place at Bellmere, and that Masterman had gone down there an hour earlier. The servant who had aided in the laying of the false trail to cover Kirby's whereabouts, who had witnessed bribe money time and again, dared not lie to a member of the cabinet. And four hours later the attorney-general, Jackson, Cardigan, Masterman, Mack, Grant and Kirby Rowland, with a dozen or more marshals and detectives to act as supernumeraries, staged the final act of the drama that had begun when the hand of Handsome Harry Mack seized the paper that had blown from Masterman's office.

XIX

"MISS ROWLAND," said the attorney-general, "am I right in presuming that you have in your possession a paper signed by Martin Masterman?"

The old gray wolf of finance was not dead yet. He showed his teeth.

"I have it in my vaults," he snarled. "This woman just confessed to me that she had placed it there. You can't get it!"

"No?" Ellis smiled his thin-lipped, frosty smile. "I have yet to learn of the vault that will refuse to open for the United States Government! Miss Rowland, will you kindly tell us the nature of that document?"

Again Masterman spoke.

"There is a million dollars, Miss Rowland, to be distributed between you and Grant and Mack if you refuse to answer that question. No, Ellis, don't threaten me! You think you can jail me. For what? For kidnaping? But I think the young lady will listen to reason, a million dollars' worth of reason, and will refuse to press that charge. For conspiracy in restraint of trade? Prove it! My lawyers will fight for twenty years! Miss Rowland, refuse to answer him."

"And, Miss Rowland, the alternative is jail for contempt of court," said Ellis. "We have evidence that you know of a paper, have a paper, that would convict Martin Masterman and others of agreeing to sell Consolidated 'short' in advance of granting universal transfers. A conspiracy! Am I correct?"

"You are not," said Kirby. And while Jackson and Ellis gasped, Masterman smiled. But only for a moment, for Kirby went on: "Clear the room, Mr. Ellis, of your detectives, and then I will tell you ——"

Mack broke his silence.

"You'll tell him? So help me, if you do, I'll ——"

Grant, recovered from the throttling to which he had been subjected in the effort to make Kirby confess to Masterman, wheeled upon the crook.

"You'll do nothing, Mack," he said softly. "Nothing! You've bragged about being willing to go to the chair for either of us. You'll never see the chair. One threat against Miss Rowland, and I'll save the state expense—with my own hands!"

Mack stared into eyes as coldly angry as his own were hotly venomous, and gone were his dreams of great wealth. Opportunity had knocked, but she had not paused. He sank down into a chair and was a mere spectator and auditor of what followed. He held a part no longer.

Cardigan's voice broke the pause that followed this by-play:

"Make it more money, Martin!"

Kirby stilled him.

"Don't waste your breath," she counseled. Then she looked at her lover. "Will you tell, Dick, or shall I?"

He nodded:

"Go ahead, Kirby."

She turned to the attorney-general; her voice was calm, almost unexpressive.

"Mr. Masterman, Mr. Cardigan and Mr. Blaisdell signed a paper. In some way that paper got into the hands of Harry Mack there," and she pointed at the slumped figure of the international crook. "Mack placed it, for some reason or other—probably because he was in danger of arrest—in the pocket of Mr. Grant. Mr. Grant showed it to me. It seemed to me that with that paper Mr. Grant and I could reconstruct the country. We began by demanding that Mr. Masterman grant universal transfers in this city. We had made further demands—that he and his associates reduce railroad fares, the price of coal and food, and that they increase wages. We thought that in this manner the great corporations would be unable to meet expenses and that the Government would be compelled to step in and take charge. Which was what we wanted—all utilities, all wealth, to be owned by the people. Then Mr. Masterman captured me and, by hurting Mr. Grant, forced me to confess that I had hidden this paper in his vaults, under the name of Margaret Blake."

She paused.

"But the contents of the paper?" demanded Ellis and Jackson almost in the same breath.

The girl walked to the door and opened it; the detectives and marshals had left the room and were not in the hall. She returned. "It would not do for others to know the contents of this paper," she said. "Too many know it now. Gentlemen, it was an agreement whereby Masterman, Cardigan and Blaisdell agreed to act in concert with certain bankers. They were to cease the mining of coal, cease the production of food, cease the manufacture of all raw materials, call all loans issued by banks to all merchants, reduce all transportation facilities to an absolute minimum! In short, they were to tie up not only business but the function of eating—of living, practically. That was the paper!"

Ellis gasped.

"But the reason, Masterman, the reason?"

"To make money, more money. What better reason could we have?" said Masterman. "To make all the money possible to be made. To get the money of this country into the hands of the men who've made this country! If I could have trusted Cardigan and Blaisdell not to betray me by selling stocks short —— But you can't trust anybody in this world but yourself." He glared at Ellis and at Jackson. "Arrest me! Publish the story! And then what will the people say when they learn that half a dozen men could have done what I and my associates proposed doing?"

Never so tremendous, so virile, so scornful of mere humans had Masterman been as in this the hour of his defeat. Ellis stepped back from him, staring incredulously at the man whose ruthless motives had at last been disclosed. He spoke softly, incredulously.

"So this was your plan, Masterman?"

He drew a paper from his pocket. "This, Masterman, is a warrant for your arrest." He tore the paper into several pieces, then rose from the chair into which he had dropped.

"Miss Rowland, may we attend you back to town?"

Masterman's jaw dropped; Jackson stared; the others stood rigid in amazement.

"Good Lord, Ellis, are you mad?" gasped Jackson. "Aren't you going to arrest Masterman?"

The blue eyes of the thin-faced radical who was attorney-general took on a filmy look. Prophets scorned have worn that look—a look of communion with something beyond, something greater than this world holds.

"Arrest him? Jackson, it's too big! With that paper I could do anything. I could do as this enthusiastic but misguided young lady hoped to do. I could break the power of money, force Government ownership, could create a Utopia. But I won't!

"Why? Because a Utopia created by force could not last! The people are not ready for it. When they are it will exist already. But the time has not yet come! Only what God puts into the hearts and minds of men may last for long! Men do not want Utopia! If they wanted it they would have it. By struggle man shall achieve, not by gift! That is and has been God's law! And a Utopia created but to fail—as it inevitably would to-day—would postpone the coming of the real Utopia a thousand years. When men are ready for a world for which the Golden Rule shall be sufficient government, that world will be theirs. It cannot be forced upon them ahead of God's destined time!

"Arrest Masterman and let the world know? Masterman is right! The people, with definite proof of the puppets they have always been, would tear down in a day a nation it has taken a century to build! I will not see it torn down! Come!"

"But you can make yourself president," cried Jackson. "I get your point; almost I agree with you; I do agree with you! But the power, man, the power! You can win all your cases against the trusts! You can make a record such as no prosecuting officer has ever made! The White House—Ellis, are you mad? Don't publish the paper, but keep it to force Masterman, not to establish Government ownership or the Utopia you talk about, but to yield to the laws already established! You will win your cases ——"

But Morley Ellis shook his head.

"While that paper exists the nation is not safe! I want it destroyed. Someone would find it some day. In whatever place I put it, it would be found! The White House? Man dear, that's why I want it destroyed! I am ambitious. If the paper were in my possession God knows to what ambition would lead me. I might use this paper to force the moneyed interests to support me. I dare not use it legitimately; I will not use it illegitimately! If I cannot enforce the present laws against the trusts with the means provided my office, then I am a failure; and failures do not belong in the White House!"

He looked at Masterman.

"In your own heart, Masterman, you are convicted of being a traitor to your country. You have been false to your kind, and you know it. No words of mine can add to that knowledge. Come!"

He turned again to Jackson and Kirby, who stood with Grant, staring at a man whom suddenly they knew to be worthy of standing beside the greatest the nation had produced.

But Masterman stopped them with an upraised hand.

"Ellis, I thought all men were like myself; that all craved power, and merely pretended love for their kind because they were failures. But you have given up something for the right! I used to believe all you preachers of the people's rights were crazy—or liars. But you're a better man than I am. Morley Ellis, and it's Martin Masterman talking! A better man. You have eyes; you see! You almost make me see with your eyes. I have thought you a faker, a demagogue, but you're a man! And—Ellis, hereafter the trusts will obey the laws strictly. Your cases will not be defended. You will win for the Government.

"It's only in stories that a man reconstructs his whole view of life in a moment, not in real life. But, Ellis, you've made me think. And you, Miss Rowland; you gave up a fortune for the sake of others. I'll remember that."

He swept the room with his fiery old eyes. They lighted on Handsome Harry Mack. The harsh lips curled in a smile.

"Mack, you and Cardigan and myself are the same breed. No reason why we should quarrel. You're clever; if you want a chance in the world—an honest chance, not blackmail millions—well, I've been given another chance, there's no reason why you shouldn't be. Come to my office to-morrow."

Mack lifted his eyes. He did not answer, but his eyes spoke for his lips. Foreign to all his principles were these happenings of to-night, but something stirred in the breast of Handsome Harry Mack which we might call conscience. He felt a sudden desire to earn rather than to steal.

"And you, Grant," went on the suddenly mellow voice of the financier, "would you work for such a scoundrel as myself?"

"If you had my kind of work," said Grant.

"Books?"

Grant shook his head.

"I'm a civil engineer. I couldn't get work, so I entered Bryant & Manners' office. But it's not my line, and I hate it. If there were some construction work ——"

"Come to my office to-morrow," said the financier.

He looked at Kirby.

"Miss Rowland, to-day my daughter wept because you had gone away. I understand that you are an artist. Could you not come to my house? You are a miniature painter, eh? I would like one of my little girl. Miss Rohan will paint the portrait that shall hang in my study, but you will paint the likeness that I shall always carry with me. Will—will you come? It is not Martin Masterman who asks you; not the man you believe to be responsible for the poverty of millions—a poverty he will try to remedy, my dear, if you do not ask too much—but it is the father of a little girl named Laurel, who loves you and is unhappy because her new friend has gone away.

"You think I am a bad old man. Maybe I am, my dear, maybe I am not. At the moment it looks as though I were, and that my whole life has been wrongly employed. But I have only done what others before me, countless others, have done in lesser degrees—gained power and forgotten the weak. And even if I am guilty of evil, surely my little daughter is not to blame for my sins, sins which shall be balanced by good because Martin Masterman can play the game!"

He lifted his shaggy old head. "You had me down, Ellis! You let me up! I was beaten and spared. I do not strike the hand that spared me!" He turned once more to Kirby. "Will you come to Laurel, not to me?"

Kirby's hand stole out and gripped the fingers of Dick.

"If—if my husband"—and she blushed—"will let me, I'll come to both."

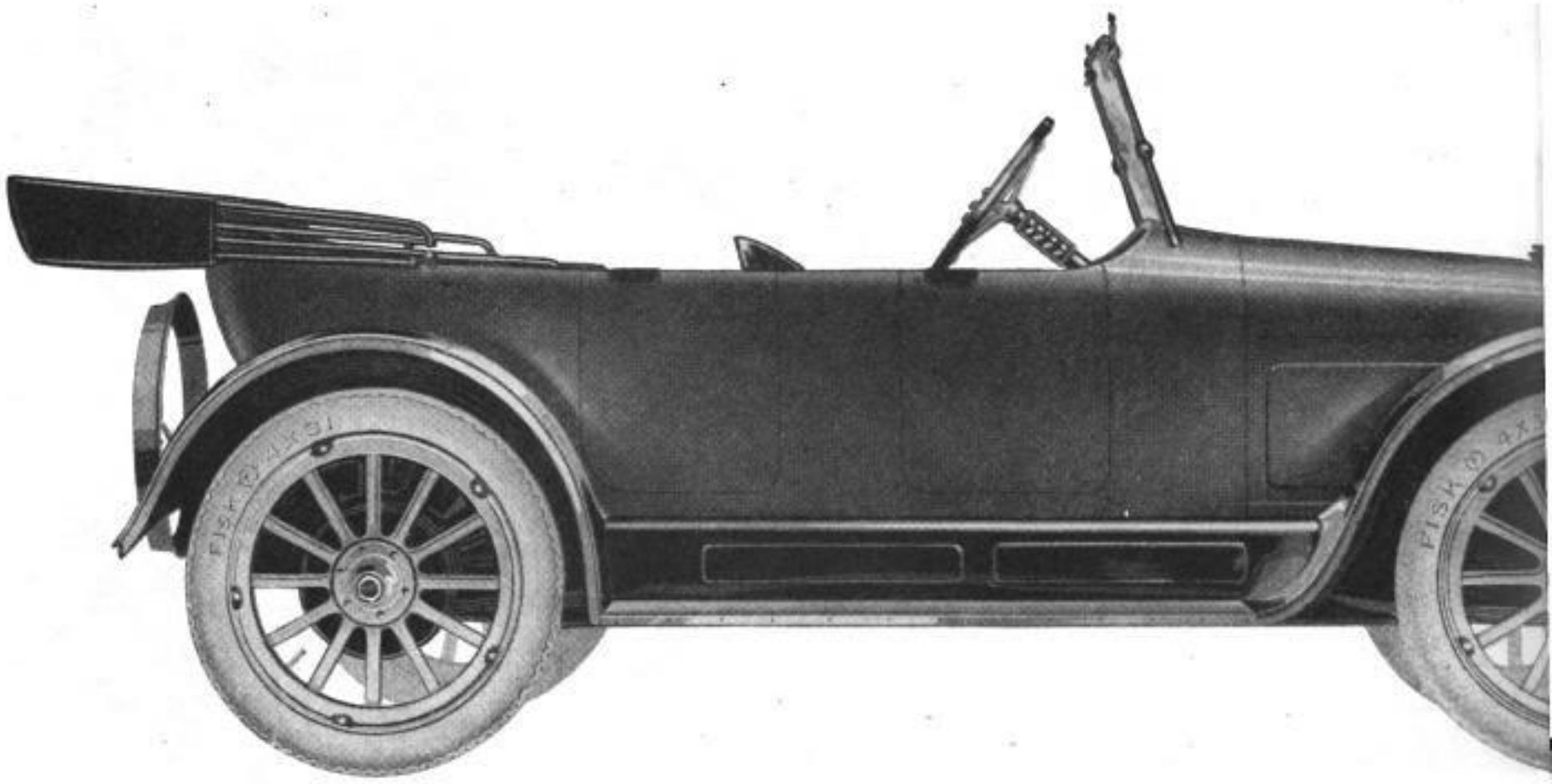
Next day Martin Masterman announced the gift of ten million dollars to found recreation parks for the children of the city. The papers which announced this munificent gift also announced Morley Ellis' great victories over the trusts. The Citizen was the only paper which did not express surprise over the failure of the trusts to fight the Government suits; but the Citizen gave no reason for its lack of surprise. Even Lindley Jackson, most violent radical, had yielded to the argument of Ellis. And he saw, as Ellis saw, that the time was not ripe for a people's war; and when it should be ripe there need be no war. For what belonged to the people would by that time have been given to them.

Time cannot be advanced. God does not hurry.

(THE END)



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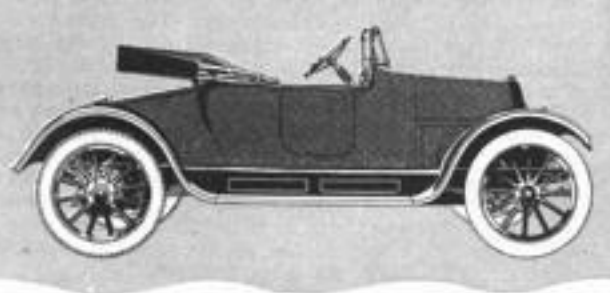
And each car is bigger value because it has shared proportionately in the greater economies of our larger production.

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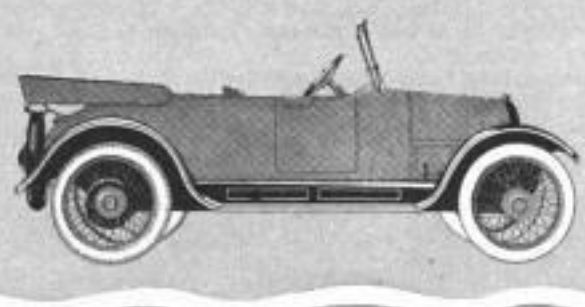
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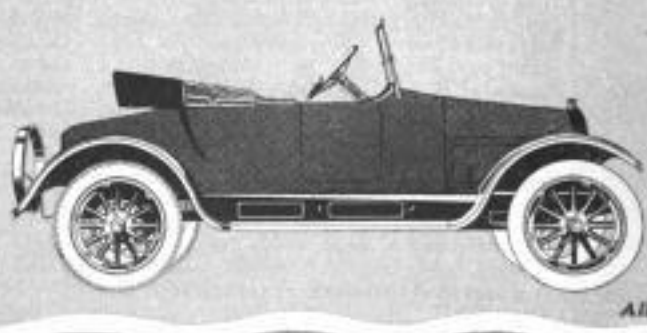
Two Passenger Roadster
Light Four, 104 in. wheelbase $650



Four Seater Sport model
The Country Club, 104 in. wheelbase $750



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Light Six Roadster, 116 in. wheelbase $970



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THE GARB OF MEN

(Concluded from Page 20)

they can fight. Oh, if only the good God for one little hour, for one little minute, would give me back my eyes, to see the men of France fighting for France!"

The last straggling pair of legs went shambling awkwardly past the portholes. To the Breton, watching, it appeared that the owner of those legs scarcely could lift the weight of the thick-soled boots.

Beyond the cellar, to the left, whither the marchers had defiled, the firing became general. It rose in volume, sank to a broken and individual sequence of crashes, rose again in a chorus, grew thin and thready again. There was nothing workmanlike, nothing soldierlike about it; nothing steadfastly sustained. It was intermittent, irregular, uncertain. Listening, the blind man waggled his head in a puzzled, irritated fashion, and shook off the grasp of his comrade, who still appeared bent on trying to make something clear to him.

With a movement like that of a startled horse the old leader-woman threw up her head. With her fingers she clawed the matted gray hair out of her ears.

"Hark! Hark!" she cried, imposing silence upon all of them by her hoarse intensity. "Hark, all of you! What is that?"

The others heard it too, then. It was a whining, gagging, thin cry from outside, close up against the southerly wall of their underground refuge—the distressful cry of an unhappy child, very frightened and very sick. There was no mistaking it—the sobbing intake of the breath; the choked, distressed note of nausea which followed.

"It is a little one!" bleated one woman.

"What child is missing?" screeched another in a panic. "What babe has been overlooked?"

Each mother took quick and frenzied inventory of her own young, groping out with her hands to make sure by the touch of their flesh to her flesh that her offspring were safely bestowed. But when, this done, they turned to tell their leader that apparently all of Courney had been accounted for, she was gone. She had darted into the dark passage that led up and outward into the open. They sat up on their haunches, gaping.

A minute passed and she was back, half bearing, half pulling in her arms not a forgotten baby, but a soldier; a dwarfish and misshapen soldier, it seemed to them, squatting there in the fading light; a soldier whose uniform was far too large for him; a soldier whose head was buried under his cap, and whose face was hidden within the gaping collar of his coat, and whose booted toes scraped along the rough flagging as his rescuer backed in among them, dragging him along with her.

In the middle of the floor she released him, and he fell upon his side in a clump of soiled cloth and loose accouterment; and for just an instant they thought both his hands had been shot away, for nothing showed below the ends of the flapping sleeves as he pressed his midriff in his folded arms, uttering weak, tearful cries. Then, though, they saw that his hands were merely lost within the length of his sleeves, and they plunged at the conclusion that his hurt was in his middle.

"Ah, the poor one!" exclaimed one or two. "Wounded in the belly."

"Wounded?" howled the old woman. "Wounded? You fools! Don't you see he has no wound? Don't you see what it is? Then, look, you fools—look!"

She dropped down alongside him and wrestled him, he struggling feebly, over on his back. With a ferocious violence she snatched the cap off his head, tore his gripped arms apart, ripped open the coat he wore and the coarse shirt that was beneath it.

"Look, fools, and see for yourselves!"

Forgetting the danger to themselves of stray bullets, they scrambled to their feet and crowded up close behind her, peering over her shoulders as she reared back upon her bent knees in order that they might the better see.

They did see. They saw, looking up at them from beneath the mop of tousled black hair, the scared white face and the terror-widened eyes of a boy—a little, sickly, undernourished boy. He could not have been more than fourteen—perhaps not more than thirteen. They saw in the gap of his parted garments the narrow structure of his shape, with the ribs pressing tight against the tender, hairless skin, and below the arch of the ribs the sunken curve of his abdomen, heaving convulsively to the constant retching as he twisted and wriggled his meager body back and forth.

"Oh, Mother above!" one yowled. "They have sent a child to fight!"

As though these words had been to him a command, the writhing heap half rose from the flags.

"I am no child!" he cried, between choking attacks of nausea. "I am as old as the rest—older than some. Let me go! Let me go back! I am a soldier of France!"

For all his brave words, his trembling legs gave way under him, and he fell again and rolled over on his stomach, hiding his face in his hands, a whimpering, vomiting child, helpless with pain and with fear.

"He speaks true! He speaks true!" yelled the old woman. Now she was on her feet, her lean face red and swollen with a vast rage. "I saw them—I saw them—I saw those others as I was dragging this one in. He speaks true, I tell you. There was a captain—he could not have been more than fifteen. And his sword—it was as long as he was, nearly. There are soldiers out there like this one, whose arms are not strong enough to lift the guns to their shoulders. They are children who fight outside—children in the garb of men!"

The widow, who continually wept, sprang forward. She had quit weeping and a great and terrible fury looked out of her red-lidded eyes. She screeched in a voice that rose above the wails of the rest:

"And it was for this, months ago, that they took away from me my little Pierre! Mother of God, they fight this war with babies!"

She threw herself down on all fours and, wriggling across the floor upon her hands and knees, gathered up the muddied, booted feet of the boy soldier and hugged them to her bosom.

In the middle of the circle the old woman stood, gouging at her hair with her hands.

"It is true!" she proclaimed. "They are sending forth our babies to fight against strong men."

The palsied man twisted himself up to her. He shook his head to and fro, as if in dissent from what she declared. He pointed toward the north; then at the sobbing boy at his feet; then north again; then at the boy; and, so doing, he many times and very swiftly nodded his head. Then he repeated the same gesticulations with his arms that he had made at the time of giving the first alarm of the approach of the enemy. Finally he stooped his back and shrank up his body and hunched in his shoulders in an effort to counterfeit smallness and slightness, all the while gurgling in a desperate attempt to make himself understood. All at once, simultaneously his audience grasped the purport of his pantomime.

"The Germans that you saw, they were children too—little boys like this one?" demanded the old woman, her voice all thickened and raspy with her passion. "Is that what you mean?"

He jerked his head up and down in violent assent, his jaws clicking and his face muscles jumping. The old woman shoved him away from in front of her.

"Come on with me!" she bade the other women, in a tone that clarioned out high and shrill above the sobbing of the boy on the floor, above the gurgling of the cripple and the sound of the firing without. "Come on!"

They knew what she meant; and behind her they massed themselves, their bodies bent forward from their waists, their heads lowered and their hands clenched like swimmers about to breast a swift torrent.

"Bide where you are—you women!" the blinded man commanded. "You can do nothing. The war goes on—this fight here goes on—until we win!"

"No, no, no, no!" shouted back the old beldam, and at each word beat her two fists against her flaccid breasts. "When babies fight this war this war ends! And we—the women here—the women everywhere—we will stop it! Do you hear me? We will stop it! Come on!"

She pushed him aside; and, led by her, the tatterdemalion crew of them ran swiftly from the cellar and into the looming darkness of the tunnel, crying out as they ran.

Strictly speaking, the beginning of this story comes at the end of it. Yesterday, in the morning paper, I read, under small headlines on an inner page, sandwiched in between the account of a football game at Nashville and the story of a dog show at Newport, a short dispatch that had been sent by cable to this country, to be printed in our papers and to be read by our people, and then to be forgotten by them. And that dispatch ran like this:

BOYS TO FIGHT WAR SOON

GERMANY USING SOME SEVENTEEN YEARS OLD. HAIG WANTS YOUNG MEN

LONDON—The war threatens soon to become a struggle between mere boys. The pace is said to be entirely too fast for the older men long to endure. It is declared here that next year, in 1917, the Entente Allies will be facing boys of seventeen in the German Army.

General Sir Douglas Haig, commanding the British Expeditionary Forces, is said to have objected to the sending out of men of middle age. He wants young men of from eighteen to twenty-five. After the latter year, it is said, the fighting value of the human unit shows a rapid and steady decline. . . . The older men have their place; but, generally speaking, it is said now to be in "the army behind the army"—the men back of the line, in the supply and transport divisions, where the strain is not so great. These older men are too susceptible to trench diseases to be of great use on the firing line. England already is registering boys born in 1899, preparatory to calling them up when they attain their eighteenth year.

So I sat down and I wrote this story.



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THE THIRD ENCOUNTER

By ROLAND PERTWEE

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT McCAIG

A DEALER'S life is full of disappointments — any of them will tell you that—and Simon Caleb's had been no exception. Of all the bitter disappointments which had come his way not the least was that in connection with the strange old man he met on Dartmoor.

Caleb was visiting some of the remoter districts of Devon at the time in search of Welsh dressers, luster teapots or any other odds and ends the unsophisticated cottagers might be prepared to sell for about a third of their real value.

It was in a tiny house, just beyond the village of Mary Tavy, that he came upon the old man. Caleb had walked up the lane and, sensing that there was no one in the front room, had flattened his nose against the windowpane. To his astonishment he saw the room was furnished with a remarkably fine claw-and-ball-foot table and four Chippendale chairs of very rare design.

Caleb fairly gasped, and in another moment was rapping his stick against the door. It was opened by a quaint little old man in a shabby pair of breeches and waistcoat. He wore a green baize apron, with a white one over it. On his head was a skullcap embroidered with forget-me-nots and scarlet pimpernels. His sleeves were rolled up, showing a pair of hairy hands and arms, knotted and gnarled with toil. He had a simple, almost babyish face, and sported a short stubbly beard. He peered at Caleb benignly through a pair of pebble glasses and asked him what he needed.

"I've had a long trudge," said Caleb glibly, "and my throat is that dry I came to beg a drink of water."

"Won't you take a drop of cider?" said the old man. "I was about to have one myself. Step inside and sit down while I draw a jug." And he held open the door of his little sitting room as he spoke.

Caleb was enchanted. If ever he had seen a soft thing, here it was. While the old man was away he feasted his eyes on the furniture.

"No doubt about it," he murmured to himself; "these are the goods."

When his host returned, bearing a jug and two blue china tankards, he casually remarked:

"You've some nice bits of furniture here."

"You like 'em?" asked the old man, pouring out the cider.

"Quite nice," Caleb allowed, without too much enthusiasm.

"You know a bit about furniture perhaps?" the old man asked.

"Yes; I know a bit."

"Would you take these pieces to be genuine?"

Caleb did not entirely approve of the turn the conversation was taking. It appeared as if the old man might have some knowledge as to the value of his property, which would never do. Accordingly he assumed a critical expression and lied.

"They are effective enough pieces," he replied, "but they are certainly not genuine."

Then, intensely to his surprise, the old man clapped him upon the back and cried:

"Well done, sir! You are perfectly right."

"Eh? Beg your pardon?" exclaimed Caleb.

"You are a smart man, sir," the other went on; "one of the smartest I ever run against."

"Eh?" repeated Caleb, still uncomprehending.

"I made every bit of it myself."

"You're a liar!" broke forth from Caleb in spite of himself. "You never made these pieces any more than I did."

The old man took this remark in the light of a pleasantry.

"'Tisn't everybody would have spotted it," he said. "Why, sometimes when I turns out a thing I hardly know it from the original. Come along and see a bit I'm workin' on now."

So saying, he bundled Caleb through the back door and into a large shed, in which stood a carpenter's bench and a great assortment of broken-down pieces of furniture of different periods.



"Are You Mr. Simon Caleb?" He Asked of a Fusty-Looking Old Man

"These are all genuine," the old man rattled on, "and I uses them as models. There! Little Queen Anne table I'm makin'—see? When I've finished the joinery I polishes it up in the back room yonder and brings it down to the right color. I use naught but old wood; 'tis that makes it hard to tell the difference—that and my way of treating the surface. Lovely work! Keeps me happier nor any wife would. On'y thing that troubles me is that I mayn't be able to go on."

"How's that?" asked Caleb, who by this time had realized that he was in the presence of a veritable genius among woodworkers. "What's to prevent you goin' on?"

"Money," said the old man sadly. "Wood and tools costs a lot and I haven't much to spare."

"But you ought to be rich, bein' able to turn out stuff like this."

"I don't sell," said the other gravely. "I makes for my own pleasure. Maybe, here and there, a friend has a sample of my work; folks I can trust implicit—d'ye see?"

It was then that Caleb made the mistake of his life.

He introduced himself as a dealer in antiques of very high repute. He offered to supply the old craftsman with all the materials he wanted and give him fifty per cent on all sales. He asked for an option on the whole of his output.

"Stuff like yours," he wound up, "is good enough to deceive the Archbishop of Canterbury himself."

"Deceive?" roared the old man. "Understand me and then get out of here. It is folks of your kidney as stops me from selling what I make. Yes—because you'd be after taking people in with it. I'm an honest man; and, please God, I'll stay so. D'ye think I've so little respec' and rev'rence for those great masters Chippendale and Sheraton that I'd shame their memory by pretending my poor handiwork was theirs? I come to this place to get away from smooth-tongued robbers and sharks like you. Yes—so I did! So the sooner you clears out of this, the better."

And Caleb went.

Memory of that interview never failed to rouse the bitterest feelings in Simon Caleb's breast.

"If I'd have had that fellow workin' for me I'd have made me fortune," he declared. "I'd have sent stuff to Christie's and no one would have been any the wiser."

That, of course, is a matter for doubt, for shrewd men assemble in those famous salesrooms; but there is no doubt whatever that Caleb would have tried.

Mutual help being the essence of happy marriage, people who are engaged cannot begin the study of each other's requirements too soon.

Lord Louis Lewis was removing the peel from a Duchesse pear, balanced on the end of a fork; while his fiancée, Miss Jill Marston, sat opposite to him, in the dining room of the Clarence Hotel, cracking walnuts and placing the exquisitely skinned quarters beside his plate. The last of the peel having gone, he cut the pear in four pieces, extracted the core and proffered her the results.

"I have received an invitation to dine with a relative of yours on Saturday next," he remarked.

"Oh!" said Jill. "Who?"

"The Duke of Bethincourt."

"Then I certainly shouldn't go. Beth is a horrid little beast."

Lord Louis smiled.

"And yet," he murmured, "it is said that blood is thicker than water."

"He is only a second cousin twice removed," she returned. "I wouldn't be sorry if he were removed altogether."

"He wrote me a very charming letter."

"That's quite likely. It is also likely he will give you a very charming dinner; and more likely still he will borrow a hundred with the liqueurs."

"Dear me!" said Lord Louis. "And is he like that?" Jill nodded emphatically. "Tell me the worst," he pleaded.

"I can't," she said, "because I'm glad to say I don't know it. I do know that he drinks too much and that he ran through all his own money and most of his father's, who was a dear."

"Died a few weeks ago, didn't he?" queried Lord Louis.

"Yes; after selling the estate and nearly everything else to pay Beth's gambling debts."

"I wondered why the old duke had taken that house in the Avenue. Wasn't there a room in their old place which Queen Anne was supposed to have occupied?"

Jill nodded over a mouthful of pear.

"Um! There was some furniture in it you'd have loved!"

"Sold?" asked Lord Louis.

"Rather not. Uncle Jack had it put in a special room at the Avenue house."

"That being so, I am sorely tempted to accept your degenerate cousin's invitation. The Queen Anne Room intrigues me."

"It is a lovely period," said Jill. "One of my dreams is to have a Queen Anne Bedroom."

"For the future," said Lord Louis Lewis, "my chief ambition is to make your dream come true."

When people who are engaged begin to talk in that strain the wise man will remove and leave them to pursue its course alone.

Lord Louis accepted the invitation and presented himself on the day and hour indicated. (Continued on Page 50)

Clicquot
Pronounced Klee-Ko
Club
Ginger Ale

When ginger ale is bought for the home, by the case, it is usually Clicquot Club Ginger Ale.

Clicquot is an ideal home beverage—sparkling, lively and harmless.

It makes thirst a pleasure.

Good grocers and druggists sell it by the case. Also at fountains, clubs, hotels and cafés.

The Clicquot Club Co.
Millis, Mass.



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Before the new Detroit Athletic Club
—the Automobile Capital of America

GOODYEAR

AKRON

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THE SUPERLATIVE TRIBUTE

DOWN here in Akron our files are stuffed with enthusiastic letters from users of Goodyear Cord Tires.

There are thousands of these letters, each conveying its separate and particular note of approval. Some of them are brisk, brief, factful; some fairly glow with admiration for the tires they praise.

The experiences they detail, and the mileages they recount, are little short of astounding. Records of 10,000, 15,000, and even 20,000 miles of service from a single set of Goodyear Cord Tires are not uncommon.

But there is one letter here transcending all the others in importance—we call it the superlative tribute.

It recites, in effect, the experiences not of one man with one set of Goodyear Cord Tires, but of thousands of men with thousands of sets, in service under every condition of road and travel that broad America can offer.

It was written by Mr. Alvan Macauley, President of the Packard Motor Car Company, of Detroit, on his own impulse. It is expert testimony, voluntarily given.

"We have just ended the first year's use of your tires as standard Packard equipment," this letter reads—*"and have renewed with you for a second year.*

"Your tires have been so exceedingly satisfactory to us and to the owners of our cars that a word of appreciation from us is deserving. Our owners have found your tires exceedingly satisfactory in the following important qualities:

(1)—"Easy riding, comfort, resiliency and ability to absorb road-shocks.

(2)—"Durability and high mileage secured.

(3)—"Economy in gasoline consumption.

"In every respect in which a tire should be good, we have found your tires fully measuring up to expectations. We have never had a more successful or satisfactory tire equipment."

This letter is signed by President Macauley. It is, in many respects, the most remarkable indorsement of a product we have ever seen.

For it is the authenticated expression of a man at the head of an institution producing an article famous the world over for quality, the annual output of which can be valued only in multiplied millions—an expression commending, without reserve, a vital part of that article's equipment, after it had been tested at the hands of everyday users for a year.

Highly important as this indorsement is to us, it is even more important to the prospective buyer of automobile tires, as an unmistakable and unerring indication that Goodyear Cords represent the utmost in tire value and tire worth.

And the letter given here is not the only instance of President Macauley's outspoken approval of these tires.

In a communication to Packard dealers, written perhaps three weeks earlier, he concluded with these words:

"We call your attention to the very extraordinarily good service we have received from Goodyear Tires, since we find it not unusual to secure 8,000 to 10,000 miles before the tires have to be discarded."

There can be no higher praise. There can be no surer guide for you in the selection of superior tires for *your* car than this.

Chosen for the Packard Twin Six—Goodyear Cords are standard equipment on the Franklin, the Locomobile, the Peerless, the White, the Haynes Twelve, the Stutz, the McFarlan, the Roamer, the Lexington "Thoroughbred Six," the Daniels Eight, the Owen Magnetic, the Milburn Electric, the Detroit Electric, the Baker Electric, and the Rauch & Lang Electric as well. They will be underwheel three out of every four cars starting their careers on Cord Tires in 1917.

Their quality makes them higher-priced—and *better.*

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

CORD TIRES

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(Continued from Page 47)

The Duke of Bethincourt was twenty-eight years old and the direct product of overbreeding; which is quite as bad, if not worse, than no breeding at all. His face was colorless and cavernous; his eyes heavy lidded and slow of movement. His hair was so smooth as to resemble some form of lacquer. He had an irritating habit of polishing his finger nails on the lapel of his coat.

His greeting of Lord Louis was more than cordial.

"Delighted to welcome you, Lewis," he said; "and as you are marrying into the family I hope we shall become fast friends."

Lord Louis thought it unlikely, but refrained from observing as much.

The dinner, an elaborate affair of many courses and many wines, began pleasantly enough. The Duke of Bethincourt, however, addressed himself to the bottle with more energy than wisdom, and by the time the quails were served his tongue was so loosened that he began a series of amative reminiscences reaped from his lurid past.

Finding the subject distasteful, Lord Louis intervened with some personal adventures in search of antiques.

The duke enjoyed these very much, particularly one about Simon Caleb and Mr. Palliser, furniture dealers of the City of Bristol, who had tried to swindle Lord Louis in the matter of the Cellini Saltcellar, to their own undoing.

"What a pair of crooks!" he cried. "I suppose they cleared out—what?

"No. Caleb continues his business in Hennigan Street," said Lord Louis.

By the time they had lighted cigars and returned to the smoking room Lord Louis was painfully aware that his host was intoxicated. He experienced the greatest difficulty in articulating words of more than two syllables. His conversation began again to ramble through the glades of Eros, and he explained how many past indulgences were the cause of much present embarrassment, financial and otherwise.

"Th' ol' man lef' me jolly badly off," he declared. "If I get fif'een hun'ed a year after th' will's proved I'll b' lucky—dam' lucky! 'Fernal exec'tors taking a long time to wind up th' estate. Tol' me, t'day, be 'nuther four, five months—p'raps six. Tol' me mus' be 'conomical. I ask you! People won' wait—they dun a feller. Women worse than men—mush worse! Jolly glad you're marryin' int' th' fam'ly. Jill's a goo' girl—a straight girl; stral's a die!"

Lord Louis frowned.

"There are things, Bethincourt, too obvious to require indorsement," he said. "You will oblige me by making no further encomiums on my future wife."

"You miss th' point," continued the duke, unconscious of the reproof. "What I mean's this: Bein' one o' the fam'ly, shan't mind comin' t' you when I'm in a hole."

Lord Louis rose and glanced at his watch.

"Before I go," he said, "I should very much like to see the Queen Anne Room."

"So you shall," said Bethincourt, struggling to his feet—"so you shall—if I can fin' th' infernal key."

"The key?"

"Room's locked—val'ble stuff. Old Queen Anne slep' in th' bed—she's dead now. I know where 'tis—on my chain. Come on!"

The Duke of Bethincourt made very heavy weather in traversing the hall, but he contrived to unlock the door and with a perilous gesture invited Lord Louis to enter.

In the room were a carved bed, a tallboy, a very delicate little chest of drawers and mirror, four chairs and a writing table. There was nothing very remarkable about the pieces: they were merely well-made and well-proportioned examples of the period. Their chief charm lay, of course, in their association with the departed sovereign.

Lord Louis caressed the glowing surface of the little writing table and passed a loving hand over the front of the tallboy.

"The preservation of these pieces is wonderful," he remarked.

"My folk were crazy 'bout th' stuff. Silly, when you come t' think of it. After all, wha's it 'mount to? A few bits and sticks—tha's all."

"They belonged to a queen," said Lord Louis coldly; "and as such demand our respect."

"Don't get it, then—not from me. Som'-ing better t' think 'bout."

And he launched into a long recital of his financial woes. But Lord Louis was an unsympathetic audience, who offered neither practical nor verbal help.

"Tell you wha' 'tis, Lewis," said the young man, pointing an accusing and unsteady forefinger; "you're a miserly ol' devil! Sorry t' 'ave to say 't; but tha's what you are."

"Bethincourt," Lord Louis replied, "you are doing less than justice to the traditions of your family."

"Go to th' deuce!" said the duke with an airy gesture.

Lord Louis moved toward the door.

"Good night," he said; "and thank you for showing me the Queen Anne suite. I can, at least, compliment you on that part of the entertainment."

"Look here," said the duke, sobering a trifle; "if you are so struck on the stuff, why not buy it?"

"You can hardly be serious," said Lord Louis.

The duke explained that he was entirely serious. Furniture was nothing to him, and if Lord Louis cared to put up two thousand pounds he could have it and be welcome.

Lord Louis considered the point with mixed feelings of excitement and contempt. Presently he said:

"I shall take no advantage of your offer to-night, as your condition may cause you to make suggestions you may regret later on. If, however, you are of the same mind to-morrow I might be prepared to accept the proposal. *Au revoir.*" And he let himself out of the house.

At eleven o'clock the following morning he was back again, having responded to a note from the Duke of Bethincourt.

"Yes, I am willing to sell," said the duke. "I can see no other way. What did I tell you you could have the set for?"

"Two thousand," replied Lord Louis.

The Duke of Bethincourt laughed. "I must have been far gone!" he exclaimed.



"For the Future My Chief Ambition is to Make Your Dream Come True"

"You don't imagine I meant it? It's worth double that."

"On the contrary," said Lord Louis, "as furniture, pure and simple, it is barely worth a quarter. I am willing to pay the extra fifteen hundred, however, for the historic interest."

"I might let it go at three thousand," said the duke.

Lord Louis rose and buttoned his glove.

"Then you must seek another market," he said.

"What an impatient chap you are!" declared the other. "There, there! Sit down. To tell the truth, a couple of thousand would come in extremely useful just now. So if you'll give me your check I'll receipt for it and send along the stuff when the legal matters of my pater's will have been settled."

"I don't quite follow you."

"It isn't in my power to let you have it before. The delay won't be over six months. Plenty of time for your wedding."

"Very well," said Lord Louis. "I will ring up my solicitor to come round and draw up a contract."

"But I suppose I can have the check now?"

Lord Louis raised his eyebrows.

"I will give it you when the furniture is available," he answered.

The Duke of Bethincourt made a great fuss at this, but eventually consented.

"You are a tight-fisted beggar!" he said. "I was counting on that money to have a little flutter on the Grand National."

The solicitor appeared, the contract was drawn up, signed, and carried away to be stamped.

When his guest had gone the Duke of Bethincourt reviled the name of Lord Louis Lewis and drank deeply to his downfall and future misery.

The week that followed surpassed all others in his experience for bad luck. Everything went wrong. He was dunned; he lost at cards; and he had the ineffable anguish, at the Grand National, of watching the unbacked horse which he had so greatly favored win at a canter. Wherefore his rage against Lord Louis knew no bounds. About this time he made the acquaintance of a certain Mr. Edgar Salmon, who had made half a million by sheep farming in Australia. It was murmured abroad that this gentleman's methods of doing business were not always guided by the strictest principles of honesty. He spoke the English tongue with the purest Australian accent.

To borrow his own phrase, he was "leounging areound, on the lookeout for a few bits of first-class stuff" for the place he was building at Brisbane.

It flattered him greatly to know a duke, even though rather a degenerate example of the species, and he did not mind spending a bit of money for the sake of the *cachet* given to his vulgar dinner parties by Bethincourt's presence.

It was after one of these affairs, the rest of the guests having gone, that the duke confided the story of his deal with Lord Louis.

"Ts-s!" said Mr. Salmon. "Why didn't you let me know? I'd have put deown three theousand for that stuff and not minded waiting for it."

The Duke of Bethincourt declared that such luck as his was more than flesh and blood could endure.

"Well," said Mr. Salmon, "he hasn't got the stuff—and you haven't been paid. What's wrong with turning the deal over to me?"

"Can't be done," wailed the duke. "I've signed a contract."

"Never put your name to paper!" said Mr. Salmon, and recounted several anecdotes in support of the advice. Bethincourt heartily applauded his friend's business acumen and invited him to stroll round and have a look at the Queen Anne set. The invitation was readily accepted.

Mr. Salmon, as a connoisseur, lacked several essentials. He had no taste of any kind, but it pleased him to pay high prices for what he bought, for the pleasure of boasting about it afterward. He thought it would be very fine for a Brisbane sheep raiser to sleep in a bed once occupied by a queen, and to keep his offensive neckwear in a chest of drawers where the lavender-scented garments of a sovereign had reposed.

"I am pretty sick abeout missing this chance, Bethincourt," he said.

"So am I," said the duke.

"Seems a pity we can't come to some arrangement abeout it. Let's have a look at that contract." The paper was produced and examined. "H'm! He's pinned you deown, all right."

He turned his eyes covetously toward the furniture; then suddenly slapped his thigh.

"I say, Bethincourt!" he exclaimed. "I've got a notion!"

Briefly the notion was this: Why shouldn't Bethincourt raise a duplicate set for Lord Louis? He'd seen the originals only once; and, after all, there was nothing very unusual about them. There must be plenty of similar pieces knocking about, if one took the trouble to look for them. He—Mr. Salmon—would plank down three thousand pounds for the set then and there, and not mind waiting for delivery.

To the duke's credit it should be stated that he did not accept the proposal without demur. Probably he would have refused outright but for Mr. Salmon's masterly tact. With a wealth of oratory, and appropriate gestures with his check book, he denounced the meanness of Lord Louis. Whereby the Duke of Bethincourt fell from grace and became a partner to a fraud.

"He'll never suspect!" declared Mr. Salmon. "You'll show him the duplicate set in this room and in the same positions in which he saw the originals. There's not a scrap of risk—and that's where the advantage of your name comes in"—a remark which caused even the Duke of Bethincourt to blush.

He forgot his scruples, however, when Mr. Salmon's fat check had been tucked into his pocketbook. He awoke the next morning with a feeling of great uneasiness.

"I've let myself in for it," he mused, rubbing his finger nails on the front of his silk pyjamas; "but where the deuce I am to find duplicates I don't pretend to know."

At breakfast an idea came to him. He remembered the tale Lord Louis had told about Simon Caleb.

"That fellow bears my lord a grudge," he said.

An hour later he entered Mr. Caleb's shop in Hennigan Street.

"Are you Mr. Simon Caleb?" he asked of a fusty-looking old man who was winding up a grandfather clock.

The old man snuffled and said he was.

"You have been mentioned to me as knowing all about furniture," proceeded the duke. "Now I have six or seven pieces of Queen Anne that I want duplicated."

Mr. Caleb blew his nose.

"I have no facilities for making furniture," he said.

"You misunderstand me. I want some genuine pieces—exact replicas of the ones I have."

"Might be managed," grunted Caleb. "May I see the stuff?"

"Certainly. If you are free we can go at once. I have a car outside."

On the drive up Caleb asked the name of his patron.

"I am the Duke of Bethincourt," replied the other.

"Oh!" said Caleb. "Is it the Queen Anne set you want duplicated, then?"

"Yes," replied the duke with a start. "How did you know?"

"Thought it might be," said Caleb laconically.

Together they entered the house. The Duke of Bethincourt produced his keys and admitted Caleb to the Queen Anne Room.

"Here we are!" he said.

Simon Caleb stuck his hands into his pockets and, chanting a tuneless air, wandered round. He peered at the chairs, the bed and other appointments of the room. Sometimes he pushed his glasses to his forehead and scrutinized some detail at a range of about one inch. During the whole examination he made no remark. Then he took off his glasses, wiped them, put them on again, blew his nose, and sat down on the bed.

"Well?" said the duke, who found the ordeal a little trying to his nerves. "Can you get me some replicas?"

Simon Caleb whistled a scale of eight notes up and down again. Then he said:

"No, Your Grace, I can't; and, what's more, no one can."

"You surely don't mean that!" gasped the duke. "There is nothing out of the ordinary about these pieces."

"Yes, there is," said Caleb. "No end of little things you'd never find in another set. It was made by one man, this was; and he had his own ideas in the way of moldings and what not. Look at the back slats of those chairs! Different from any I've ever seen. That tallboy too! See the proportion? Never find another like it—and my fee is thirty shillings."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the duke. "But this is serious. It is absolutely essential that I should find a duplicate set. Can't you suggest a way of helping me?"

Caleb's shrewd little eyes narrowed. "Not being in Your Grace's confidence,"

(Continued on Page 54)

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Science Has Created a Perfect Baking Powder

Several years ago a group of American scientific men determined to solve the baking-powder problem.

Their company had long been producing the materials used by baking-powder manufacturers, and included some of the most eminent men in chemistry. These scientific men cast aside all tradition, attacked the problem from its beginning and worked over it for years. Finally they were satisfied.

Samples were sent to famous cooking experts, who reported that this was the most wonderful baking powder they had ever tried, that less was required than of other baking powders, and that the results were *perfect.*

A great American pure food authority examined it and stated that this baking powder "has qualities of excellence and physiological relations which entitle it to the confidence and patronage of the public."

So the General Chemical Company offers to the public at a fair and moderate price the product of their genius—

RYZON

THE PERFECT BAKING POWDER

¼ lb., 10 cents ½ lb., 18 cents 1 lb., 35 cents

The finest and best known hotels, restaurants and clubs of New York City use RYZON. Institutions and cooking schools have adopted it. Thousands of American homes now use RYZON daily. Dealers are recommending it to their best customers.

And small wonder! RYZON is pure. It is healthful. It is economical to use, and the RYZON Baking Book insures perfect baking results.

The choicest recipes from the prize selections of ten thousand women, with Master Recipes from the Country's foremost cooking experts, edited by Marion Harris Neil, make the RYZON Baking Book a treasure for any home. It is the first scientific, accurate baking manual based on the use of standard level measures.

The RYZON Baking Book is for users of RYZON. It may be obtained free through grocers with the first order of RYZON. If your grocer cannot furnish it, the RYZON Baking Book, with a pound of RYZON, will be sent postpaid upon receipt of one dollar by General Chemical Company.

Leading grocers who desire to stock RYZON and obtain the RYZON Baking Books for their customers, are invited to communicate with General Chemical Company.

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FOOD DEPARTMENT
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Judge if You Want Them in Your Car

The Mitchell claims your attention because it embodies the final result of Bate-method Efficiency. See what that means.

What the Mitchell offers is something unique in the field of high-grade cars.

That is, Efficiency carried to a fine art—in the factory and in the car.

It is coming, perhaps. It must come. But the Mitchell started with that aim. We have spent 15 years in developing it. Every building, every machine, every part and detail was designed with efficiency in view.

And we had the master expert. Since efficiency was first considered—30 years ago—its foremost factor in lines like this has been John W. Bate.

From the Beginning

We employed John W. Bate to design the first building for making the Mitchell car. And he designed it with the present plant in view.

It now spreads over 45 acres. But it is all like the first small plant. One-story construction; no elevators. No hitch, no delays—just ceaseless progress—from the steel to the finished car.

About 98 per cent of the Mitchell—including all bodies—is now built here, under Bate efficiency methods. Our best information is that such a car could not be built elsewhere within 20 per cent of our cost. And our extra values prove it.

15 Years of Efficiency

We employed Mr. Bate to direct our start. For we were old manufacturers then. In 68 years of fierce competition we had learned what efficiency meant.

But our first car was soon out-of-date. All our machinery soon had to be changed. We saw in this line the constant need of an efficiency engineer.

So Mr. Bate has remained here. And for 15 years—save for one year in Europe—he has directed the Mitchell production. That is why the Mitchell stands today unapproached in efficiency as applied to a fine car.

A Saving of 50%

The Mitchell in time became standardized. The present type was adopted. Since then every factory machine—more than 2000 of them—has been adapted to economical production of this type. Our factory cost has been cut in two.

Our prices have been lowered immensely. Our engineering standards have been raised to the limit. Our margins of safety have been doubled. Endurance has been multiplied. And all the extras conceivable, in finish and equipment, have been added to the car. All these have been paid for out of factory savings, evolved by Mr. Bate.

Now Another 15%

Last November we started operation in a new body plant. With the yards it covers 14 city blocks. From now on all Mitchell bodies, open and enclosed, will be built in our plant by Bate efficiency methods.

This will save at least 15 per cent on our bodies. Every penny of this saving goes into added luxury, as detailed on next page. So this car's extra beauty, extra finish and luxury, now show in a startling way the results of efficiency.

That's another new advance in fine cars. To save all body makers' profits and put them into added beauty.

When you see these results, you will want your next car built under Bate methods, we think.

TWO SIZES

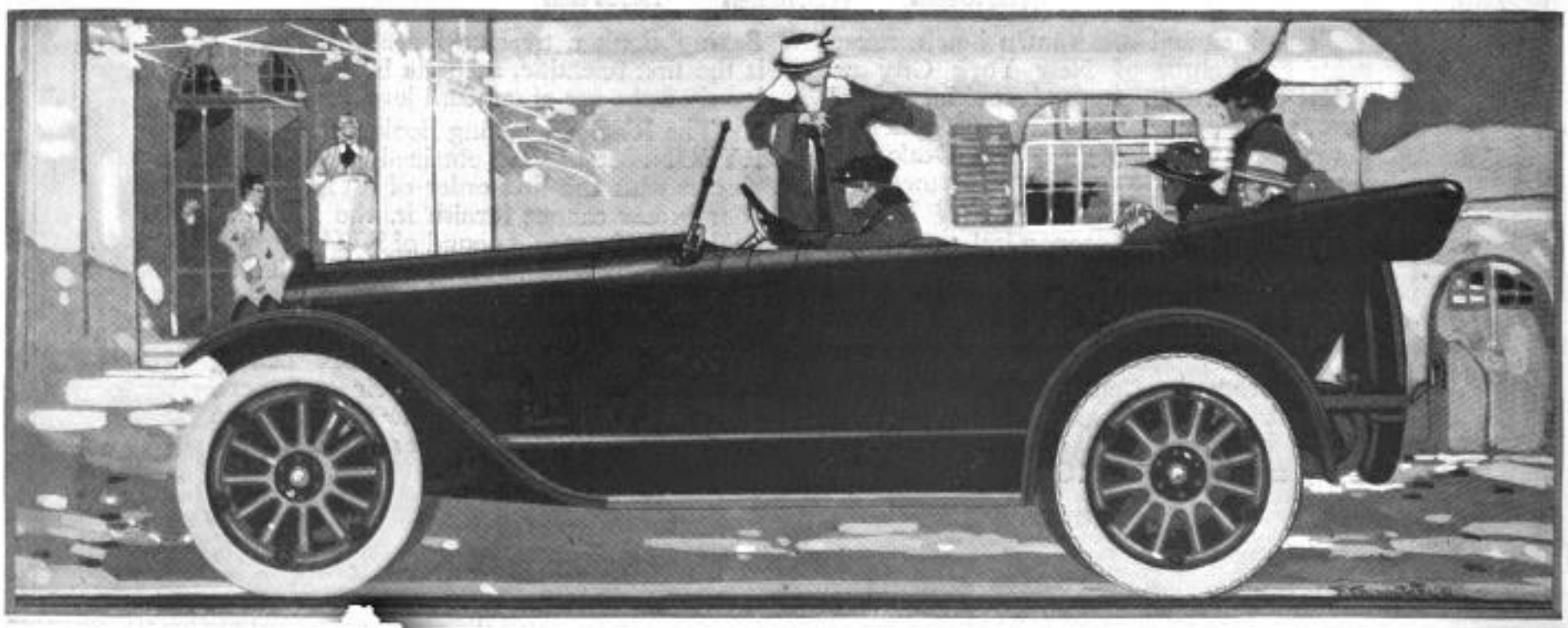
Mitchell —a roomy, 7-passenger Six, with 127-inch wheelbase. A high-speed, economical, 48-horsepower motor. Disappearing extra seats and 31 extra features included.

Price $1460, f. o. b. Racine

Mitchell Junior —a 5-passenger Six on similar lines, with 120-inch wheelbase. A 40-horsepower motor—¼-inch smaller bore than larger Mitchell.

Price $1150, f. o. b. Racine

Also all styles of enclosed and convertible bodies. Also demountable tops.



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20 Per Cent Extra Value
Due to Factory Efficiency
John W. Bate's 18th Model

Mitchell SIXES

$1460 For 7-passenger Six—48 h. p. 127-inch Wheelbase
$1150 For Mitchell Junior—40 h. p. 120-inch Wheelbase Six
Both Prices f. o. b. Racine

Some Notable Results

100% Over-Strength
24% Added Luxury
20% Extra Value
31 Unique Features

Here are some of the chief results of Bate efficiency methods. They mean more than economy, you see. They mean an ideal car.

The standard in the Mitchell for some years has been 50 per cent over-strength. That is, one-half more strength than needed in every vital part.

Even that was considered extreme. Under that standard the Mitchell attained a world-wide fame for endurance.

Seven Mitchell cars built under that standard have averaged 175,000 miles apiece—over 30 years of ordinary service. Two have exceeded 200,000 miles, and are still in good condition.

Because of that standard the Mitchell is called "The Engineers' Car." Many noted engineers have selected it. Every Mitchell dealer has a list of them.

Now a Lifetime Car

But in 1913 Mr. Bate spent a year in Europe. And he became impressed with the over-endurance embodied in costly cars.

He came back and said, "I shall aim in the Mitchell at a lifetime car, even for American roads. I shall double the over-strength."

In three years he has done that, part by part. He has worn out fifty Mitchell cars in learning strength requirements. And he has invented tests to prove for each important part twice the needed strength.

Now, for the first time, we announce Mitchell cars built to a new standard—100 per cent over-strength.

All Toughened Steel

Now over 440 parts in the Mitchell are built of toughened steel. Hardly a casting remains in it. All important parts are oversize. All parts which get a major strain are built of Chrome-Vanadium.

Let us cite one conspicuous example of this Bate over-strength. Rear springs, as you know, break under shocks very often. Countless lay-ups are due to that.

The Mitchell for two years has used Bate cantilever springs. In all that time—on thousands of cars—not one has ever broken. In all our factory tests, designed to learn the limit to these springs, not one leaf yet has broken.

Yet they are the most comfortable springs ever used on a motor car. Rough roads are like pavement to them. Shock absorbers are never necessary, never used. Not even rebound straps or snubbers.

Mitchell Models

The Mitchell is built with eight styles of bodies—

Touring Car	**4-Pass. Cabriolet**
Roadster	**Convertible Sedan**
Coupé	**Demountable Top**
Limousine	**Club Roadster**

***Mitchell Junior* is built with Touring Car and Roadster bodies only.**

Quoted prices, of course, apply only to open models.

Added Luxuries

Our new body-plant savings go into added luxury. This year we have added 24 per cent to the cost of our finish, upholstery and trimming.

We have added 50 per cent to our leather—50 per cent to our cushion springs. Dainty touches have been added to a hundred details.

And now our finish coats are fixed by heat in enormous ovens. This gives a deep, enduring lustre which will long keep new.

The new Mitchells stand out among any cars as exquisite, artistic productions.

31 Extra Features

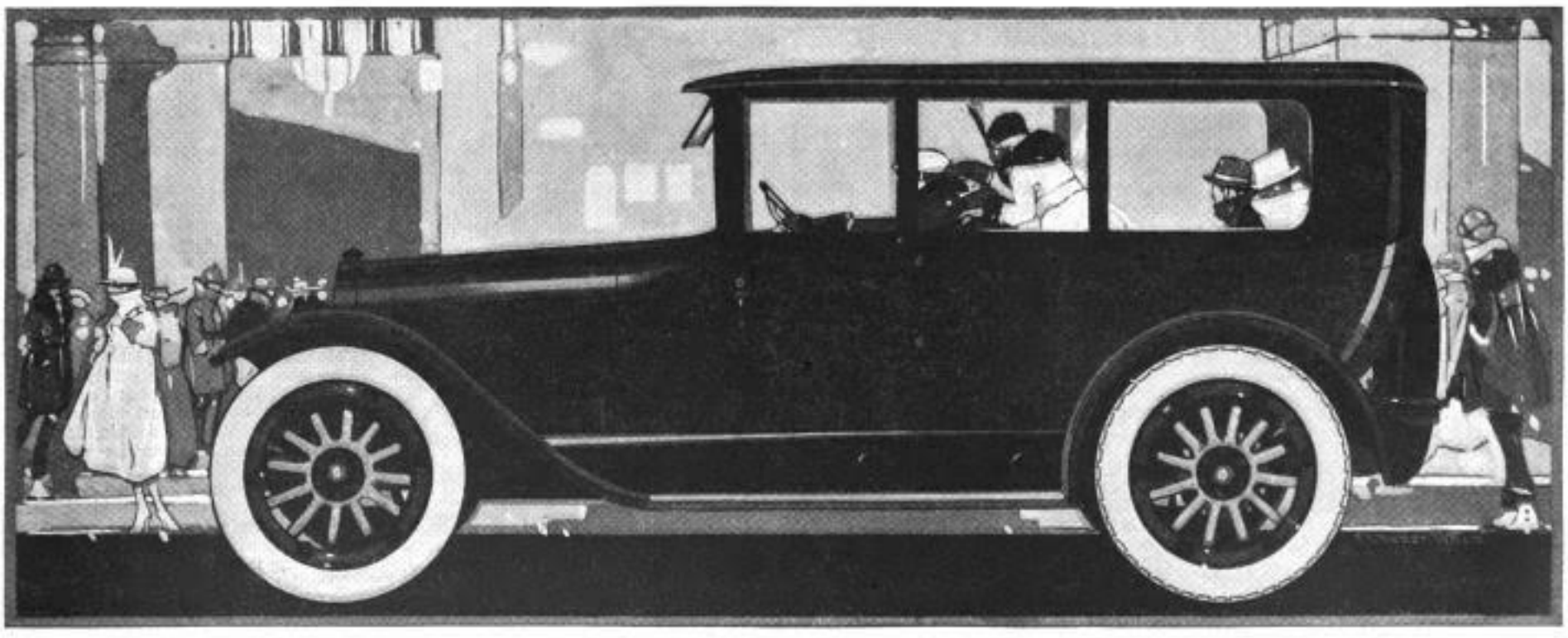
And this year we embody 31 extra features. That is, comforts, conveniences and economies which are generally omitted. No car at any price, we think, embodies more than four.

They include a power tire pump, reversible headlights, a new-type gear-shift, a ball-bearing steering gear, an engine primer at driver's hand. There is a light in the tonneau, a locked compartment in front, a tool box under hood. You will see 31 such extras.

We claim that in these ways the Mitchell offers 20 per cent extra value. Much more as compared with some cars.

See if you agree. If you do, you will want these results of efficiency.

MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, Inc.
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.



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(Continued from Page 50)

he replied, "I can add nothing to what I have said. I think I mentioned what my fee was."

He rose as if to go.

"One moment," said the duke. "It is like this, Mr. Caleb: In an ill-advised moment a few days ago I agreed to sell this set. I have since found out that, under the terms of my late father's will, I have no power to do so. I am faced with the awkward problem of having to return the money—which, I regret to say, I have already spent—or deliver the furniture. It seems as if I shall be obliged to do the latter, in which case I must have a duplicate set so as to keep my father's executors in ignorance. You will, of course, respect my confidence."

Simon Caleb assumed an air of the utmost piety.

"I would rather not be mixed up in an affair of this kind," he said. "My reputation ——"

But the duke did not allow him to finish the sentence.

"You can cut that out, Mr. Caleb," he said. "I know all about your reputation from Lord Louis Lewis."

Simon Caleb started.

"Oh, you do!" he exclaimed. "I suppose it isn't him that's bought the stuff—is it?"

"Yes; it is," came the reply.

"Then," said Caleb, "if you think I'm going to help him to get the goods you have made a big mistake. Good morning!" And he laid his hand on the doorknob.

"Hold on!" said the Duke of Bethincourt. "Suppose I tell you I mean to keep the genuine set myself and let him have the spurious one? Doesn't that appeal to you?"

Simon Caleb scratched himself behind the ear and smiled.

"I wouldn't mind putting one over on Lord Louis Lewis," he said; "and I'm not above confessing as much."

"That's the spirit!" said the duke, slapping him heartily on the back.

"It would have to be a very clever fake, Your Grace," went on Caleb. "I wonder whether I could get it done?"

His thoughts seemed far away. Suddenly he darted forward and looked at the brass fittings of the tallboy and dressing table.

"Ha!" he exclaimed. "That's lucky! I can get plenty of genuine ones like these. If the old man would tackle the job ——" He halted, then said abruptly: "I'll let you know in a few days. If it comes off I shall want forty per cent of what Lord Louis has paid you."

"To be strictly honest," said the duke, "he hasn't paid me yet; and he won't until the stuff is delivered."

"I see," said Caleb very slowly. "Then you were out to scalp him all the time?"

The duke nodded.

"He's an unpleasant fellow, Mr. Caleb."

"How much is he going to pay?"

"Two thousand. Here's the contract." He drew it from his pocket as he spoke.

"Good enough!" said Caleb. "Then you'll pay me eight hundred pounds when you get his check."

"And for that you will ——"

"I'll provide the duplicate set—if any man alive can do it."

Thereupon they shook hands; and Caleb, with a staccato little bow, withdrew.

As he shuffled homeward his thoughts were far away in distant Dartmoor. Not in that part where Prince Town Prison rears its granite wall as a warning to wrongdoers, but to a quieter recess, set back from the main road, above the little hamlet of Mary Tavy.

"If I could only hit on a way to make him do it!" Caleb muttered to himself. "There must be a way. But what are you to do with a man who ain't to be tempted by money? I wonder ——"

A vague idea began to take shape in his brain. The old woodworker had confessed that occasionally he did jobs for friends, or people he could trust.

"Thing 'ud be to find somebody he would trust—somebody of high standing, who'd bamboozle him into taking on the job."

It might almost have been regarded as the working of Fate that at this point of his reflections he should have observed the person of Mr. Palliser mouching along on the opposite side of the road.

Caleb had not seen his late partner since their disastrous venture with the Cellini Salteellar, the failure of which he laid at Palliser's door. Nevertheless, the ingenuity of the man was remarkable.

Caleb eyed the shabby figure as it proceeded, a little ahead of him, in the same direction. Palliser was evidently down on his luck. The idea of further association with the man was most distasteful to Caleb, but he was bound to confess that he knew of no one more likely to succeed with the old craftsman of Dartmoor.

Acting on impulse, then, Caleb whistled twice. It was an impertinent sort of whistle—the kind one employs to attract the attention of a lowbred dog. Palliser stopped and turned round.

"Bless my soul!" he said. "Simon Caleb!"

Caleb adopted a very high hand.

"If you'll walk round to the shop, my man," he said, "I might be able to put a bit of work in your way. But you can keep to the other side of the road, as I'm particular who I'm seen walking with."



In the Intervals Between Story-Telling He Contrived to Find Out the Names and Vocations of All Present

Mr. Palliser had his pride; also, what is more valuable, an understanding of the human mind. He knew that Caleb would not have addressed him unless he wanted something pretty badly. Accordingly he pulled his hat over one eye, looked Caleb up and down contemptuously, and sauntered off in the opposite direction.

In matters of diplomacy Caleb was no match for his late partner. Palliser had gone barely twenty paces before the crook of Caleb's stick arrested farther progress.

"Don't be touchy!" said Caleb. "I was having a bit o' fun—that's all. It'll pay you to come round to the shop."

Palliser had every intention of doing so, but he demurred not a little before consenting.

"Very well," he said; "but I hope you are not goin' to waste my time."

A few minutes later they forgathered in Caleb's parlor.

"We've talked over one or two little deals in here, Simon," said Palliser reminiscently.

"We 'ave," returned Caleb; "and if you want me to keep my temper you won't remind me of it. The question is, Do you think you could look like a gentleman?"

Palliser digested the plan in silence; then said: "Who is the fellow these fakes are to be planted on?"

"That I don't know," replied Caleb, thinking it inadvisable to mention Lord Louis' name. "But that doesn't matter to us, does it?"

"No; but I was just thinkin'," said Palliser, "if, b' any chance, it 'appened to be Lord Louis, I should stand off."

Caleb blew his nose.

"It's hardly likely to be," he said brazenly. "Anyway, I don't see what difference it 'ud make."

"We've had two goes at Lord Louis," said Palliser, "and I don't seem to recall any particular success in either of 'em. My nerves is gone, where he's concerned. I give him best, Caleb; so I tell you."

"That's not like you, Palliser."

"P'raps not; but, anyway, I'm not such a fool as to tackle a third encounter if I can help it."

"Well, we needn't waste time talkin' about that," said Caleb. "Will you do the job?"

"On terms," replied Palliser.

Mr. Palliser was never shy where terms were concerned and he now struck a hard bargain. He was to have four new suits, shoes, hats, socks, and all other impedimenta of a knight on a holiday. Five and twenty pounds for the week he proposed to spend on Dartmoor—traveling and hotel expenses. If he succeeded in inducing the old man to do the work he was to receive five pounds a week until the furniture was delivered, and a final sweetener of twenty-five per cent of Caleb's profits.

That evening Caleb consulted with the Duke of Bethincourt, who would have agreed to anything to extricate himself from the difficult predicament.

Mr. Palliser placed an order for four suits with the best tailor in Bristol and made innumerable purchases from hatters, hosiers and bootmakers.

The Duke of Bethincourt received some fairly staggering accounts for the decking out of Mr. Palliser's person, which, one regrets to state, are still unpaid.

While his clothes were being made Palliser spent what leisure was left him, after the barbers and manicurists had had their way, in studying the habits of the Upper Ten. He acquired a walk and a manner of swinging his cane only to be observed in the highest circles.

By a stroke of luck he came upon a copy of Stevenson's New Arabian Nights, and did his best to emulate the polished address of that cream of gentlemen, Prince Florizel of Bohemia.

At last the day arrived when, with a pile of elegant luggage, he entered a first-class compartment of the Devonshire express.

Caleb, who had come to see him off, could not refrain from expressing admiration at the picture of traveling nobility Mr. Palliser presented.

"You look Sir John Palliser to the life!" he exclaimed.

"Haven't made up my mind to take that name," said Palliser. "I may think of something a bit more classy."

During the journey Palliser solved the problem of his future identity. Being alone in the carriage he threw back his head and laughed. The very thing! He would borrow, for the nonce, the august name and title of Lord Louis Lewis.

In the past he had worked for that nobleman and had had endless opportunities for studying his charming manners. He recalled Lord Louis' quiet way of dealing with all emergencies; his unfailing good humor, his gracious bearing toward those on the lower rungs of the social ladder. A hundred details crowded on Palliser's memory and he determined that his impersonation should lend luster to the original.

Accordingly he inscribed a new set of labels, which he tied to his luggage while waiting for the Lydford train at Oakhampton. A few curious passengers read the labels, and it was gratifying to observe their looks as they watched the pseudo Lord Louis lighting cigarettes and throwing them away half smoked, or playing imaginary golf with his silver-mounted Malacca walking stick.

Palliser alighted at Lydford and hired a fly to convey him to the village of Mary Tavy.

He was much distressed to find there was only a small inn, for he had looked forward to putting up at an expensive hotel. However, he bade the coachman carry his traps within. The proprietor, a simple-minded Devonian, was very effusive to his guest and apologized for the humbleness of his entertainment. Palliser inspected his room with kindly tolerance.

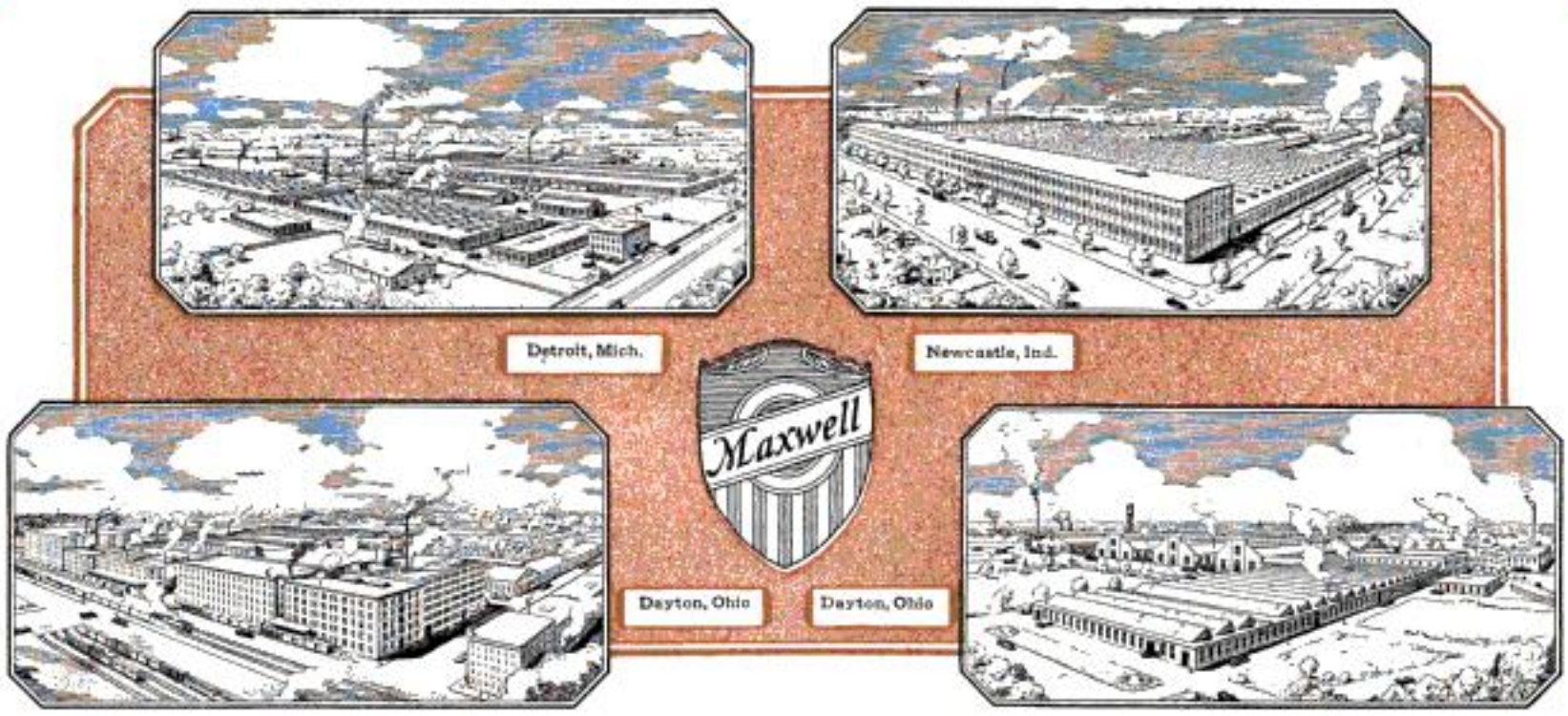
"It will serve," he was pleased to remark. "I perceive the sheets is passably clean, and an old campaigner, like what I am, can put up with a bit o' discomfort once in a way."

A little parlor was set aside for his use, and within half an hour he was seated before a dish of delicious troutlets, and a pigeon which had fallen to mine host's muzzle-loader. He addressed the landlord's daughter, who attended to his wants, by the title of "My good girl!" or "My dear young miss!"

In order to suggest an aura of gracious birth he ordered a bottle of Château Y'quem;

(Continued on Page 57)

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MAXWELL CARS ARE MADE IN MAXWELL FACTORIES

ALL of the finest and highest-priced cars in the world are made complete in their own factories. The manufacturers of these cars know that, in order to safeguard the high standards to which they attain—in order to be sure that every part is made as they want it made—the work must be done under their personal supervision.

Some manufacturers of assembled cars advance the argument that it is better to purchase the various parts from specialists. We do not agree with this argument. We maintain that this plan is not better, but is merely more expedient.

It requires large capital and years of effort to establish the facilities for actually manufacturing instead of simply assembling cars.

We know that Maxwell Cars could not be made as well if the parts were furnished by detached organizations instead of being manufactured in our own plants. There must be unity in the finished car.

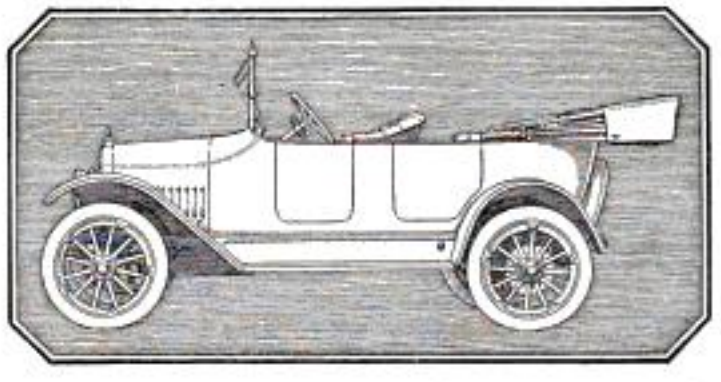
Hence we have four great factories making all the vital parts for Maxwell Cars. Only the accessories and a few minor parts are purchased from outside sources.

The Maxwell Factories represent an investment of thirty-eight millions of dollars ($38,000,000). They contain fifty-seven (57) acres of floor space and they employ twelve thousand (12,000) men. This enormous investment is at stake in the operation of the Maxwell business.

We are making one hundred and twenty-five thousand (125,000) cars this season. Our future success and the growth of our business depend upon the satisfaction which these one hundred and twenty-five thousand cars—and the thousands of Maxwells made in years past—give to their owners.

These vast plants and the great investment which they represent are not only a guarantee of satisfaction to Maxwell owners. More than that, they explain why Maxwell Cars can be sold at such low prices.

With our own plants operating efficiently and making practically every part used in the car; with unlimited capital enabling us to purchase materials most advantageously; with building a single standardized chassis in great quantities—we are able to offer *the greatest automobile value obtainable anywhere in the world.*



And we have the satisfaction of knowing that the Maxwell Car is as much an outstanding value for quality as for quantity. We are wholly responsible for Maxwell quality. We know that it is built into the car—in our own shops.

Roadster, $580; Touring Car, $595; Cabriolet, $865; Town Car, $915; Sedan, $985.
All prices f. o. b. Detroit. All cars completely equipped, including electric starter and lights.
Canadian prices: Roadster, $830; Touring Car, $850, f. o. b. Windsor, Ontario.

Maxwell Motor Company, Inc.
DETROIT, MICH.

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How I Make My "Pay Outs" Pay In

By William Flintzer

I had my delicatessen store on upper Second Avenue, New York, for two years before I fully realized that there are two parties to profit—Pay Out and Pay In.

Profit isn't merely a matter of cash received—it's even more a matter of cash paid out.

You can't always control prices but you *can* control expense.

That is, you can *if you know what your expenses are.*

I didn't know—but I decided to find out.

So I bought a Burroughs Figuring Machine.

The Simplest Kind of Bookkeeping

I keep my own books.

On the back of each "pay out" ticket from the cash register I make a note of what the amount is for. At odd moments I classify these tickets: merchandise bought for cash; merchandise charged; salary; heat and light; rent; furniture and fixtures; and general expense—all are grouped separately.

At the end of the day I list each item on the Burroughs, and total each group.

This machine-printed, accurate list is pasted in a yellow book as the day's record.

These daily totals are added for the month to show the monthly expenses under each division.

I don't guess at anything—I get facts. Monthly receipts are totaled and pasted in a cash book. Then expenses and receipts are compared.

I know each month just what my percentage cost of doing business has been—and my profits are there in plain figures.

In more ways than one the Burroughs Machine has helped me. It relieves me of figure worry. I use it in checking invoices. It prevents mistakes. Above all, it shows me the progress of my business from day to day and year to year.

Figure knowledge has been a big factor in my success. Is it any wonder I wouldn't be without a Burroughs Machine?

A Model for Every Business

Ninety-eight models of Burroughs Machines afford a wide selection. Your banker or your telephone book will supply the address of the nearest of the 170 offices maintained by the Burroughs Adding Machine Company in the United States and Canada.

FIGURING AND BOOKKEEPING MACHINES PREVENT COSTLY ERRORS-SAVE VALUABLE TIME

PRICED AS LOW AS $125

Burroughs



"I Keep My Own Books"
—*William Flintzer*

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(Continued from Page 54)

but, on learning that neither that particular vintage nor any other was obtainable, he contented his lordly palate with a pint of half-and-half.

When he had finished he announced the intention of taking a liqueur in the bar and gave his host time to spread the tidings of this great condescension before putting in an appearance.

Giving the assembled company a very good evening, he graciously called for a round of drinks. Thereafter he made himself most agreeable, and recounted many anecdotes suitable to the intelligence of his audience.

In the intervals between story-telling he contrived to find out the names and vocations of all present, including some who were not. Thus he learned that everybody in Mary Tavy, with the exception of a certain Mr. Higgery, was engaged in either tending to the soil or raising those beasts which graze upon it.

He put a question as to Mr. Higgery's employment, and from the answer it appeared that this gentleman spent his time in making chairs and tables. Why? No one could tell. He never sold anything. Perhaps he was a bit strange in the head.

"Takes a wunnerful pride in his work," said mine host. "But the poor old chap's a bit low-spirited these days. Told me he could scarce afford to buy wood any more. Mus' be purty short, I think. Used to be in here most every night; but now 'tis only of a Wednesday or a Saturday us ever sees un."

"It is Wednesday night to-day," said Palliser.

"Dessay as you'll see un, then."

Sure enough, a little later on Mr. Higgery put in an appearance and was presented to the spurious Lord Louis with all ceremony.

Palliser was a little cold in his greeting—such coldness as a person of substance should affect when speaking with inferiors; and when Mr. Higgery happened to address him while he was conversing with Ebenezer Hannaford, pony owner, he remarked:

"Wotsay, my good man?" in quite a corrective tone.

It was plain that Mr. Higgery, no less than the others, was impressed by the personality of Mr. Palliser and desired to present himself in attractive colors. He mentioned his own poor skill as a craftsman and begged the nobleman, should he happen to be passing, to step into the cottage and have a look round.

"I'll see about it, my good Higgery," said Palliser; "and I can't say fairer than that."

For two days Palliser, with consummate tact, made no effort to better his acquaintance with the old man. On the morning of the third they chanced to meet and Mr. Higgery raised his hat in response to a curt salutation from the silver-mounted Malacca.

"And how do we find ourselves th' morning, Mr. Higgery?" inquired Palliser.

"A bit down, y' lordship, thanking you kindly. 'Tis the trouble of a small purse and the high prices of wood and tools."

"I perceived you was not yourself, my good man," said Palliser. "But don't take on; there's always a silver lining before dawn."

They conversed in this strain for a few minutes and Mr. Higgery repeated his invitation of before.

"Well, I don't mind havin' a look if your domicile isn't too far off," said Palliser very graciously. "But I must confess to a feeling of lassitood to-day and my feet ache something crool!"

All excitement, the old man ushered his famous guest into his humble abode. Palliser managed everything in a masterly fashion and acted the lord to his own complete satisfaction.

It is true he made one or two little slips of the tongue—as, for instance, his rejoinder when Higgery showed him an exquisite little spider-leg table, and claimed to have made it.

"Yes; did it all myself!" said the old man with justifiable pride. To which Palliser replied "Go on!"—an expression it is doubtful that Lord Louis would have employed.

"Well, my good Higgery," he allowed when he had seen everything, "there's no doubt at all you can turn out delectable furniture. I hope and pray you are never tempted to pass these things off as bein' genuine!"

This sentiment made an immediate appeal to Mr. Higgery, who condemned all furniture frauds as the vilest of offenses. Palliser heartily agreed and spoke feelingly on the beauty of honesty, which, he declared, was dearer to his soul than any other virtue.

They parted on the best of good terms and met again at the bar during the evening. Palliser invited Mr. Higgery to take a glass of something in the privacy of his parlor.

"I've been thinking things over," he said, "and wondering whether you would care to do a piece of work for me."

Mr. Higgery listened attentively while Palliser told a story of a beautiful Queen Anne suite of furniture in his possession. It appeared that his brother, Lord Archibald Marmaduke Lewis, was to be wed in six months' time; and now, in view of the said Archibald's great love for the Queen Anne suite, he—Palliser—had conceived the idea of having it duplicated as a wedding gift. Now would Mr. Higgery care to take on the job?

Mr. Higgery could hardly speak from excitement. He protested that nothing in the world would give him greater satisfaction.

And so it was arranged. The original set he was to copy would be sent down during the forthcoming week. The wood and any other materials he required would be paid for, and he was to receive one hundred pounds as remuneration when the work was done.

"But you'll have to keep your nose to the grindstone, old son—I mean, my good Higgery," said Palliser, by way of conclusion, "because the stuff must be finished in time for the wedding."

Mr. Higgery called heaven to witness that he would work day and night rather than disappoint his noble patron.

Then Palliser wrote to Caleb—and Caleb congratulated Palliser. The genuine Queen Anne set was dispatched to Dartmoor. Old Mr. Higgery rolled up his sleeves and got to work. The Duke of Bethincourt breathed freely for the first time in many days, and the pseudo Lord Louis Lewis returned to Bristol, covered with glory and four new suits, to enjoy six months' idleness, with five pounds a week in his pockets and the prospect of a fat commission when the completed copies were delivered.

We now approach a point in this narrative which owes so much to chance that one hesitates to set it down. It came about in the simplest manner three months after the foregoing scene.

Lord Louis' fiancée, Miss Jill Marston, had to pay a duty visit to a relative in Scotland. Being at a loose end, it occurred to Lord Louis that a week's motor tour through Devon would be a pleasant way of killing time till her return. Accompanied by a friend of his preëngagement days, Mr. Russell Yorke, they covered many a highway and byway of that delightful country.

One day, as they were passing over Dartmoor, Lord Louis observed that his engine was running very hot. Stopping the car, he found that the water in the radiator had reached a low level.

The roof of a cottage showed at the end of a short lane near by, and together they strolled thither to beg a pailful from the well. An agreeable old man opened the door and asked them to step into the hall while he went in search of their need. There was a half-open door a little to the right of where they stood, through which part of a Queen Anne tallboy was visible.

"That's a good piece," said Lord Louis, and when the old man returned with a brimming can he asked permission to have a look at it.

Readily acquiescing, the old man led them into the room.

"Beautiful!" said Lord Louis.

"A fine old piece!" said Mr. Yorke.

Following his usual custom, Mr. Higgery hastened to disabuse their minds on the point of the tallboy's antiquity.

"You can see for yourselves, gentlemen," he concluded; "the polish is hardly dry."

Lord Louis and Mr. Yorke were amazed.

"If this is indeed your work," said the former, "you are the finest cabinetmaker of the age. It is easily the best reproduction I have ever seen."

The old man's face saddened.

"Ah, sir," he replied, "Chippendale was the finest cabinetmaker of his age, and Sheraton of his; but they went beyond that—they had the Idea. I can use my tools as well as either of 'em—better maybe, for 'tis a subtle thing to give a semblance of age to a new piece; but I haven't got the Idea, and never had. If the imagination had gone with the craft King George might have seen his period in furniture as well as any of the others."

They continued talking for a little while, the old man confiding why he never worked for the trade. He told them the piece they had seen was part of a commission he was executing for a very highborn gentleman, whom he could absolutely trust.

Lord Louis would have liked to have seen more, but Mr. Higgery did not invite him into the workshop, where the genuine Queen Anne set was reposing, because he doubted whether his employer would approve. He insisted on walking with them as far as the car, so as to bring back the empty can. Then Mr. Yorke and Lord Louis shook hands with him very heartily and drove away.

Presently Mr. Yorke said:

"Wonderful work!"

And Lord Louis replied:

"Astounding!"

"I am ashamed to confess," said the first speaker, "that I left a finger mark on the wet polish of the tallboy. I simply hadn't the courage to own up."

Lord Louis smiled.

"I doubt whether I should have had," he admitted. "Did it show much?"

"Fortunately not. It was on the narrow edge of the second drawer—the part that closes inside."

"It is curious," said Lord Louis; "but, to the best of my recollection, that tallboy is identical with the one I am buying from Bethincourt."

"Really!" said Mr. Yorke. "But there is not a great deal of variation in the designs. I wonder for whom he is making the copies?"

Three months later Simon Caleb, accompanied by Mr. Palliser, called on the Duke of Bethincourt.

The legalities in connection with the old duke's will had been settled, with results disappointing to a young man of extravagant tastes. The three thousand pounds from Mr. Salmon had long since been dissipated, and the Duke of Bethincourt was quite looking forward to the margin of Lord Louis' check which would be left him after settling up with Caleb.

Up to this point Caleb had paid for everything—Palliser's five pounds a week; Mr. Higgery's fee; and all the materials. The only score the duke had settled was Palliser's original twenty-five pounds. Caleb had protested a bit at first; but his hold on the duke was a fairly good one, and he had no real objection to laying out his capital in so excellent an investment.

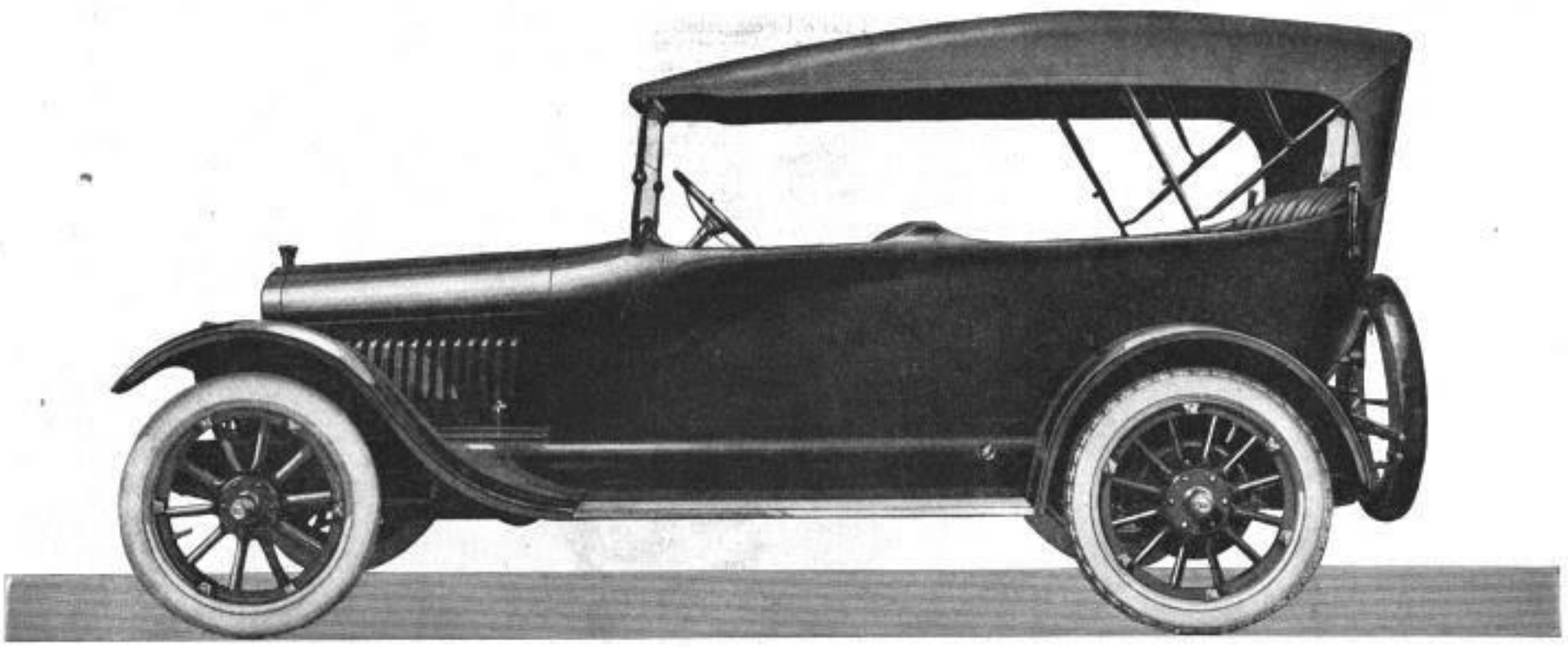
(Concluded on Page 61)



"Well, My Good Higgery, I Hope and Pray You are Never Tempted to Pass These Things Off as Bein' Genuine!"

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CHANDLER



This Great Car Leads All Sixes

THOUSANDS of men and women who would pay hundreds of dollars more for an automobile, if *paying* more would *get* them more, choose the Chandler. They are not seekers after a low price. They desire the best six-cylinder motor regardless of price. They desire a Six because time has shown that a six-cylinder motor, correctly designed, gives all the power and all the *flexibility* of power that any motor can give; that such a motor has the life and snap and "go" they desire; that such a motor is genuinely economical in cost of operation.

So these devotees of the Six choose the Chandler, because through four years of intelligent, conscientious, manufacturing effort, and without radical or experimental changes of design, the Chandler motor has been developed to a point approximating perfection.

Chandler Low Price is Important, Too

While with so many the question of price is of secondary consideration, still Chandler leads in price today quite as distinctly as it has always led.

In the face of advanced cost of all materials and labor, the Chandler price is but $100 higher than two years ago. And the car is finer than then. Not a feature has been cut out of it. Much has been added.

And other cars in the Chandler field have advanced as much as three hundred dollars the past year, either because of necessity or opportunity.

The Chandler Company has not been willing to take advantage of a situation which would have permitted price inflation.

And this year we shall probably build and sell more cars than any other manufacturer building a car of even similar quality.

Owners Named it "The Marvelous Motor"

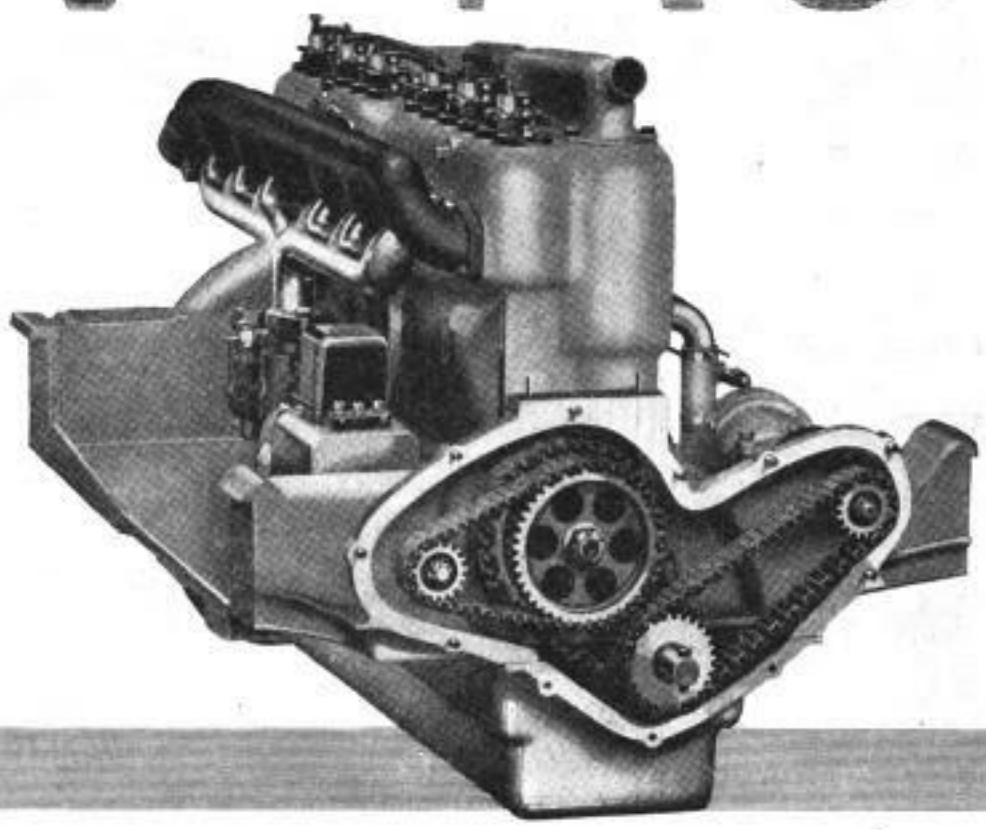
Chandler owners gave the Chandler motor the name by which it is now so commonly called—"The Marvelous Motor." Upon the remarkable performance of this motor, more than upon the beauty of its body design or the economy of its operation, the popularity of the Chandler car has grown. Men in position to *know*, believe it the most highly developed six-cylinder motor in the world. Its power, flexibility, freedom from vibration, its life, its responsiveness, are little less than marvelous. It has been well named.

Motor Refinement is Evident

The refinement of Chandler motor design is evident at a glance. The solid cast aluminum motor base extends from frame to frame and

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Because of its Marvelous Motor

insures rigidity of the engine mounting. Upon this motor base, and easily accessible, are mounted all the features of engine equipment. The Chandler crankshaft is heavy and perfectly balanced. Crankshaft and connecting rod bearings are extra large. The cam, pump and magneto shafts are driven by three big silent chains, running in a constant shower of oil. Starting and lighting are furnished by separate electric starting motor and separate electric generator. Ignition is by Bosch high tension magneto.

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You who demand such a motor as the Chandler demand grace of body design, also, and richness of finish. In its big seven-passenger touring car and graceful four-passenger roadster, the Chandler offers two of the most attractive models ever presented to the public. The popularity of the Chandler Roadster has created a demand never even approached in previous history of the trade. The four-passenger convertible coupé, with seating arrangement similar to that of the roadster, the seven-passenger convertible sedan, and the limousine, seating five in the enclosed compartment, are other models in the Chandler line. All these types of body are mounted on the one standard Chandler chassis.

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Four-Passenger Convertible Coupé, $1995 *Limousine, $2695*

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The "Meditation" from "Thaïs" is a triumphant song of the soul as played by Thibaud on this new Pathé Record

SOFTEN the lights as you start this wondrous record playing. Let the magic of Thibaud's violin paint pictures for you in the darkness.

See—as Thibaud saw when he played—a vision of radiant *Thaïs*, idol of all Alexandria, beautiful beyond men's words.

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Listen to the haunting melody rise to its thrilling climax, then subside to the serene calm that means—*regeneration.*

With ravishing beauty of tone, with thrilling depth of feeling, with the eloquence of one who has sought out the hidden places of the soul, Jacques Thibaud, master violinist, plays this masterpiece of Massenet.

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NEW Pathé Double Disc RECORDS for FEBRUARY 1917

THE NEW EXCLUSIVE THIBAUD RECORDS

THE exquisite music of Jacques Thibaud is familiar to countless Americans who prefer art in its fullest sense to mere pyrotechnics.

60048	Thaïs (Massenet) Meditation Aria for the G String (Bach) Jacques Thibaud, Violinist,	Piano Accompaniment	29 C/M (about 12 in.) $2.00
60046	Melody in F (Op. 3, No. 1, Rubinstein) Piccolini (Guiraud) Jacques Thibaud, Violinist,	Piano Accompaniment Orchestra Accompaniment	29 C/M (about 12 in.) $2.00

(To be issued early in February)

NEW OPERATIC SELECTIONS
By Muratore, Didur and De Cisneros

MURATORE is the success of the Chicago Opera season. His first appearance as *Canio* in *Pagliacci* was the occasion of a great demonstration. For this month's Pathé list, Muratore has sung, with all the richness of his superb lyric tenor, the pathetic "Vesti la giubba" (On with the Play), which closes the first act of *Pagliacci*. He also sings the gay "La donna è mobile" (Woman is Fickle) from *Rigoletto*. This double record is a treat for music lovers.

64005	I Pagliacci (Leoncavallo) "Vesti la giubba." Sung in Italian. Rigoletto (Verdi) "La donna è mobile." Sung in Italian. Lucien Muratore, Tenor,	Orchestra Accompaniment	29 C/M (about 12 in.) $4.00

TO be able to offer exclusive recordings by the famous basso of the Metropolitan, Adamo Didur, is a great privilege, as well as a striking tribute to Pathé reproduction. Didur this month uses his remarkable voice with telling effect in the popular "Porter's Song" from *Martha* and a famous *Ernani* aria. Do not miss hearing this double record.

62027	Martha (Flotow) "Canzone del Porter" Ernani (Verdi) "Infelice e tu credevi" (Unhappy One) Adamo Didur, Basso,	Orchestra Accompaniment	29 C/M (about 12 in.) $2.50

THE famous selections offered by Mme. De Cisneros this month have never been sung more strikingly before. The power and richness of this great mezzo voice and the warmth of color in the orchestral accompaniment are wonderfully reproduced.

62023	Le Prophète (Meyerbeer) "Ah! Mon Fils" Martha (Flotow) "The Last Rose of Summer" Eleonora de Cisneros, Mezzo-Soprano,	Orchestra Accompaniment	29 C/M (about 12 in.) $2.50

NEW BAND AND ORCHESTRA NUMBERS

A NOVELTY is offered this month in the waltz from Richard Strauss' opera, *The Rosenkavalier*. This waltz, together with a new intermezzo by Onivas, is played with great feeling and resourceful orchestral effect.

20110	La Coquette (David Onivas), Intermezzo. The Rosenkavalier (Strauss), Waltz.	Pathé Concert Orchestra Imperial Symphony Orchestra	27 C/M (about 10½ in.) 75c

THESE two characteristic numbers, with xylophone and bird effects, played by the Pathé Military Band, are going to be great favorites with lovers of novelty.

35090	In Tunis (Pericat), Polka with Xylophone Effects, Quail and Cuckoo (Fleche), Pastoral Polka,	Pathé Military Band Pathé Military Band	29 C/M (about 12 in.) 85c

NEW WHISTLING SOLOS

HERE are two more novel selections, whistling solos by a man who stands alone in his particular art, and recorded with great naturalness on this Pathé disc.

20119	Sphinx Valse (Francis Popy) Chaffinch Mazurka (Julius Becht) Joe Belmont, Whistling Soloist,	Orchestra Accompaniment	27 C/M (about 10½ in.) 75c

THE NEWEST POPULAR MUSIC

PATHÉ has captured another unique artist in Miss Ruth Roye, who is one of the best-known headliners in vaudeville. For the new Pathé list Miss Roye has recorded two of her favorite songs. Other selections this month cover the range of the most popular hits.

20104	When They Go Through a Tunnel (Lewis, Kalmar and Cottler) Ruth Roye, Soprano,	Orchestra Accompaniment	27 C/M (about 10½ in.) 75c
	How's Every Little Thing in Dixie? (Yellen and Gumble) Joe Remington, Baritone,	Orchestra Accompaniment	
20105	Since Maggie Dooley Learned the Hooley Hooley (Kalmar, Leslie and Meyer) Ruth Roye, Soprano,	Orchestra Accompaniment	27 C/M (about 10½ in.) 75c
	Take Me To My Alabam' (Dillon & Tobias) Joe Remington, Baritone,	Orchestra Accompaniment	
20106	Hello! I've Been Looking for You, from N.Y. Hippodrome Show (Golden and Hubbell) Louis J. Winsch, Baritone,	Orchestra Accompaniment	27 C/M (about 10½ in.) 75c
	Naughty! Naughty! Naughty! from "Show of Wonders," Winter Garden (Goodwin, Tracey and Vincent) Louis J. Winsch, Baritone,	Orchestra Accompaniment	
20115	Hawaiian Sunshine (Wolfe, Gilbert and Morgan) Sam Ash, Tenor, with Chorus	Louise and Ferera Hawaiian Orchestra Acc.	27 C/M (about 10½ in.) 75c
	Samoa (Halsey K. Mohr) Joseph Phillips, Baritone,	Louise and Ferera Hawaiian Orchestra Acc.	
20100	There's a Little Bit of Bad in Every Good Little Girl (Grant Clarke and Fisher) Justice Lewis, Baritone,	Orchestra Accompaniment	27 C/M (about 10½ in.) 75c
	My Skating Girl, from New York Hippodrome Show (Golden and Hubbell) Justice Lewis, Baritone,	Orchestra Accompaniment	
20080	Mississippi Days (McDonald and Piantadosi) Peerless Quartette,	Orchestra Accompaniment	27 C/M (about 10½ in.) 75c
	Whose Pretty Baby Are You Now? (Kahn and VanAlstyne) Roy Randall, Baritone,	Orchestra Accompaniment	

NEW PATHÉ "DE LUXE" DANCE RECORDS

THE Van Eps Trio, the Pathé Dance Orchestra and the American Republic Band present new selections which are full of that swingy rhythm, which immediately excites dance desire. The "Dance o' the Dollys" was written especially for the Dolly Sisters for use in their comedy, "His Bridal Night."

20107	Hawaiian Blues (Stanley Murphy) Fox Trot	Van Eps-Banta Trio	27 C/M (about 10½ in.) 75c
	On the Dixie Highway (Leo Friedman) One- or Two-Step	Pathé Dance Orchestra	
20041	Dance o' the Dollys (Milton Ager) Fox Trot	American Republic Band	27 C/M (about 10½ in.) 75c
	Volplane Waltz (Burnett)	Pathé Dance Orchestra	

Dealers Everywhere are Equipping Other Phonographs to Play Pathé Discs

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(Continued from Page 57)

The following figures indicate the future divisions of Lord Louis' check for two thousand pounds:

The Duke of Bethincourt—after paying Caleb forty per cent	£1200
Caleb—after paying all expenses	390
Palliser—twenty-six weeks at £5 a week £130	
Twenty-five per cent on Caleb's profits 130	260
Higgery—whose beautiful work made the above profits available	100
Materials, and so on	50

"Everything is ready, Your Grace," said Caleb.

"Excellent!" said the duke.

"It will have to come back in two journeys," said Palliser, "because the motor lorry will only hold half. I didn't like to go to furniture people for a bigger one, for fear they might talk. Question is which lot you want back first."

"The reproductions," replied the duke. "We can then get our client round to see them and pack them off before the other lot comes in."

Three days later Mr. Higgery's reproductions were arranged in the same order as the originals were when Lord Louis had first seen them. The Duke of Bethincourt was delighted.

"They are marvelous!" he exclaimed. "I will let our client know that he can have them at once. You, Mr. Palliser, might return to Dartmoor to-morrow to superintend the loading of the genuine set. As soon as I have received the check I will send you yours, Mr. Caleb."

In response to a letter from the Duke of Bethincourt, Lord Louis drove to the Avenue early next morning. He instructed his chauffeur to bring up the large luggage car and to take the gardener with him to help pack the furniture.

The Duke of Bethincourt met him in the Queen Anne Room and spoke feelingly about his sorrow at parting with the set. Lord Louis paid the check, pocketed his receipt and drove away, the larger car, containing the furniture, following behind.

Arrived home, he had all the pieces placed in a small room on the ground floor, which had been cleared for their reception. When this was done he lit a cigarette and feasted his eyes on his new acquisition, and felt good.

He was so employed when Mr. Russell Yorke put in an appearance and joined in the examination. He expressed the greatest admiration, pulled out the drawers of the writing table, and generally had a field day among the different pieces. Indeed, had it not been for his irritating habit of fussing about with things it is probable this story would never have been told. He was prying into the second drawer of the tallboy when he gave an exclamation of surprise.

"This is odd!" he said. "You remember my telling you I had made a finger mark on that tallboy the old fellow on Dartmoor showed us?"

"Well?" said Lord Louis.

"There is a mark in exactly the same place on this one."

Lord Louis crossed and examined the spot to which his friend was pointing.

"How very curious!" he said, and a puzzled expression came over his face. "Yorke, would you oblige me by wetting your thumb, rubbing it on your boot, and making an imprint on this piece of paper?"

When this was done Lord Louis compared the two carefully. Then he straightened up and looked very serious.

"That young blackguard has swindled me," he quietly observed. "I have paid two thousand pounds for an imitation set."

Mr. Yorke whistled.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"I am going to Dartmoor to have a little conversation with our old friend," he replied. "I shouldn't wonder if there is trouble ahead for somebody before very long."

Lord Louis Lewis' motor car entered the village of Mary Tavy and drew up before Mr. Higgery's door at four-forty-five the same afternoon.

Receiving no answer to his knock, he walked round to the back of the house. Across the yard stood a barn, with wide-open doors, into which Lord Louis stepped. He had hardly crossed the threshold when he caught sight of something that caused him to catch his breath violently. Arranged along one wall of the barn was the genuine set of Queen Anne furniture. He was moving forward when he heard the sound of a step behind him, and, turning round, he saw the old man.

"Eh! Why, if it isn't the gentleman who was down here last spring!" exclaimed Mr. Higgery.

"Sir," said Lord Louis coldly, "I should be glad of some private conversation with you."

"Come on, then," said Higgery. "My work's done. We'll step into the house."

They had entered the little sitting room before Lord Louis spoke again.

"Last time I was here, Mr. Higgery," he said—for the old man had mentioned his name as they crossed the yard—"you assured me you were an honest man."

"And so I am. What do you mean?" demanded Higgery with some heat.

"You said you were copying a set of furniture for a titled gentleman. Will you be good enough to tell me his name?"

"Certain'y! There's no secret about it. His name's Lord Louis Lewis."

"Ha! Then you knew these imitations were coming to me."

"Be you Lord Archibald Marmaduke Lewis, then?"

"I am Lord Louis Lewis."

"That you're not," exclaimed Higgery, "for 'twas with Lord Louis I made the arrangements!"

"Come, come, sir!" said Lord Louis sharply. "This is nonsense. I have never done business with you, directly or indirectly. Please be good enough to explain what you are talking about."

"I will," replied Higgery. "No man shall take away my character."

And he launched into a description of how he had met the spurious Lord Louis and consented to work for him, because he was a nobleman and a person to be trusted.

"I am afraid," said Lord Louis, "you have been shamelessly imposed upon. If you will listen to me I will explain how."

Systematically he reconstructed the details of the swindle.

Old Mr. Higgery shook with indignation.

"Sir," he said, "if your words are true it is the angriest man alive you see before you. You shall have your chance of proving them, for Lord Louis himself is coming here to-night to see the genuine set packed in the van for to-morrow's journey."

"Then, with your permission, I will wait till he arrives."

It was a quarter to six when the sound of Mr. Palliser's footsteps was heard in the lane, followed immediately by a jaunty knock at the door.

Mr. Higgery admitted him with every show of respect, and invited him to enter the parlor. A gentleman was sitting there, who rose as Palliser came in. The pink light of the setting sun fell on his face.

"Good Heavens! It's Palliser!" exclaimed Lord Louis.

Palliser turned as white as a sheet.

"Lord Louis Lewis!" he gasped.

That was sufficient for Mr. Higgery. With a bound, he seized Palliser by the throat and flung him sideways against the table. Under the shock the table collapsed and a pot of geraniums crashed to the floor beside the struggling pair. Mr. Higgery's disengaged hand came into contact with the main stem of the plant. He gripped it and brought down the mass of earth and roots into Palliser's open mouth. Then Lord Louis intervened and wrenched the combatants apart.

"Come, come!" he said. "Let us discuss this matter temperately."

Palliser rose from the floor, spitting out mold and trying to extricate a large piece from his eye.

"My lord," said he, "how did you come to be mixed up in this affair? When Caleb asked me to take a hand he swore solemn you had nothing to do with it."

"You were not aware these imitations were for me?"

"I swear I wasn't!" said Palliser.

"Then why," demanded Lord Louis, "did you masquerade under my name?"

Palliser shuffled uneasily.

"He wouldn't work for the trade," said he, jerking a thumb toward the indignant Mr. Higgery; "and as I was using your lordship's manner I made so free as to borrow the title as well."

Lord Louis concealed a smile.

"The penalty for that offense is very severe, Mr. Palliser," he said.

"Your lordship is always generous," he faltered.

"Silence!" said Lord Louis. "Do not speak again unless I address you. I understand a van is calling here to-night for the genuine set, which is to return to Bristol to-morrow." Palliser nodded. "Then, Mr. Higgery, will you please superintend the loading up and let me know, at the Inn, what time they propose to start in the morning? Palliser will come with me."

Taking Palliser's arm, he led him to the waiting automobile, which was concealed farther up the lane. As they drove down the village street they met a covered motor lorry.

"Is that the van?" Lord Louis asked.

"Yes," said Palliser.

Lord Louis addressed the driver.

"You will load up and be ready to start by five in the morning," he ordered.

"Very good, sir," said the man.

"Thanks," said Lord Louis, and started his car again. "By leaving at five, Mr. Palliser, we should be at Bristol in time for a late lunch. You have a room at the Inn, I suppose?"

"Yes, my lord."

"And a parlor too, maybe?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Good! I will share both with you. Your title will make it easy to persuade the landlord to put up an extra bed. By the way, I have no intention of destroying the illusion you have created among these simple folk; so I beg you to sacrifice none of the manner which, I understand, you have patterned from me."

Together they entered the Inn and the private parlor beyond the bar.

"If you will sit away from the door," said Lord Louis, "I will ask you to excuse me while I write a letter. Have one of these cigarettes—I am assured Lord Louis smokes no other."

The letter he wrote was addressed to Mr. Russell Yorke and contained some very minute instructions. Inside the envelope he placed a second letter, sealed, but addressed to no one.

"The last post for the first delivery at Bristol leaves here at seven, Mr. Palliser. To make quite sure this letter shall arrive in time we will register it and have it expressed. Will you accompany me as far as the post office?"

As they were walking back through the village Palliser plucked up courage to ask:

"My lord, what are you goin' to do with me?"

Lord Louis gave his arm a friendly pressure.

"I shall be guardian of your slumbers for one night," he replied. "In the morning you will occupy a seat in my car. We shall follow the furniture van to Bristol, where you, the driver and myself will lunch together at the King's Head. After that, Mr. Palliser, I think it unlikely we shall meet again."

"Did you pay for the imitation set, my lord?" asked Palliser tentatively.

"Alas, yes!" replied Lord Louis.

It may be imagined that to share a bedroom with a nobleman of such integrity as Lord Louis Lewis would have been most gratifying to a person of humble origin; but Palliser has since confessed that the night was the worst he ever spent. It is probable, had Lord Louis shown any disposition to sleep, Palliser would have left him in undivided possession of the room. But Lord Louis did not sleep; he sat up, smoking cigarettes and making the tenderest inquiries whenever his stable companion showed a disposition to move.

Shortly after two the following day a furniture van and a motor car entered the outskirts of Bristol. Lord Louis drove abreast of the van and said to the driver:

"We will leave the cars at Curzon's Garage while we have lunch. We are well ahead of time and you can deliver the furniture at the duke's during the afternoon."

They entered the garage a few minutes later.

"We shall be back in about an hour," said Lord Louis to a man in a suit of dungarees. "Give me your arm, Palliser. The King's Head is only a moment's walk."

As they passed through the doors of the hotel the motor lorry they had left at the garage was winding up the hill toward Clifton. Lord Louis' chauffeur was at the wheel and Mr. Russell Yorke sat beside him.

Lord Louis made himself more than charming at lunch, and fully an hour passed before they made their way back to the garage.

Palliser could not for the life of him fathom what Lord Louis' game had been. There was the van, with its contents, in exactly the same position they had left it. It would have taken a very keen eye to detect any difference between Mr. Higgery's copies and the originals, and Mr. Yorke had paid particular attention to Lord Louis' written instructions with regard to reloading the van. Even a wisp of straw which had projected beneath the foot of the chest of drawers was in exactly the same place after the transposition had taken place as it had been before.

"Good-by, Mr. Palliser," said Lord Louis, climbing into the driving seat of his motor car. "I trust so much of my society has not proved irksome."

He took a sovereign from his pocket and gave it to the driver of the van, then engaged his gears and was off.

Palliser returned home, sat on the bed, and wondered what had happened—or what was going to happen. Lord Louis met Mr. Yorke in the hall of his house.

"Very nicely done!" he applauded.

"It was a happy thought of yours," Yorke said. "I venture to say I carried it out in the spirit as well as the letter."

"The letter," said Lord Louis, "I trust, you placed in a drawer of the tallboy which has gone to His Grace the Duke."

Mr. Yorke nodded; then pointed to where the genuine set of Queen Anne was lined up in the hall.

"You have won," he said; "and I congratulate you."

"Yes," said Lord Louis; "but, after all, I have got what I paid for."

The Duke of Bethincourt was standing by a window when the van containing the furniture drew up.

"Don't unload," he said. "I want you to take it round to 37, The Vale."

Mr. Edgar Salmon, of 37, The Vale, cast a roving eye over his new possessions.

"Fine!" he remarked.

He pulled out the drawers of the writing table and the tallboy, and in one of the latter he came upon an envelope. Being addressed to no one, he broke the seal. The letter ran thus:

Dear Bethincourt: Dissipation, they say, rots the intelligence; I fancy this must be the case with you, as otherwise you would hardly have been so ill-advised as to attempt to foist upon me a set of reproductions.

The genuine Queen Anne suite is now in my possession; and I return you these excellent imitations, with every expression of contempt for your dishonorable failure.

I urgently suggest that you wind up your affairs in England and seek a different portion of the atlas for the exercise of your unique talents. A refusal to do this will result in having to face the public reproaches for your action.

Yours faithfully,
LOUIS LEWIS.

Mr. Salmon thrust the letter into his pocket, grabbed a hat, and rushed round to the duke's abode.

"You young swine!" he shouted. "So you thought to do the crooked on me, eh?" And he flung the letter on the table.

The Duke of Bethincourt was very white about the lips when he had finished reading.

"How—how did he change the stuff over?" he gasped.

"Damn that!" yelled Mr. Salmon. "Where's my three theousand peounds?"

The money was gone; but Mr. Salmon salvaged Lord Louis' check from the wreckage and stuck to the imitation set, which thereby cost him a thousand pounds, for all it was made for a hundred.

Having received no letter from the Duke of Bethincourt, Simon Caleb presented himself at the house in the Avenue the following afternoon. All the blinds were down and there were three cabs laden with servants' luggage at the door.

"Where is the duke?" he asked of a lady who had once been the cook.

"Went abroad this mornin'—all in a hurry," she replied.

That was all the information Caleb could obtain. No address—nothing! People who saw him returning from the Avenue thought the poor old man was quite mad.

Palliser lay low for a week; then curiosity and avarice got the upper hand of his discretion. Simon Caleb looked up with an awful expression as he entered the shop.

"Simon," said Palliser, "what about my commission on that Bethincourt deal?"

The Famille Verte jar which Simon Caleb threw caught Mr. Palliser full on the side of the head.

The local newspapers, commenting on the wedding of Lord Louis and Miss Jill Marston, observed that the bride's distinguished relative, the Duke of Bethincourt, was not present. He had gone abroad for an indefinite period.

Among the beautiful wedding gifts, they said, was a Queen Anne bedroom suite, at one time the property of that sovereign herself, from the bridegroom to the bride.

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NONE BUT THE BRAVE

By Philip E. Hubbard

NUMBER 047316, Private Steevens, A., formerly of the Line, and now, by the grace of need, of the Mechanical Transport, who is a cunning worker of metals, gave a last shrewd blow to the glowing steel, tink-tinked his hammer twice on the face of the anvil, lifted the once crumpled, now straightened axle on which he and his "striker," Private Drake, had been toiling for the last twenty minutes, squinted along its length and, being apparently satisfied with its appearance, laid it aside to cool.

I stop my work and stroll over to the forge while Private Steevens busies himself with preparations for the manufacture of a "Souvenir," such as he is wont to turn out in his spare time.

From odd pieces of Hun shell, aluminum nose rings, or cases of French .75's, he makes the most engaging ornaments; and, provided he uses no British cartridge or shell case, and so keeps within the letter of the law, I have nothing to say against his doing so.

He is a wizard with metals. I have seen him draw down a most unpromising chunk of German steel, once part of a shell, into a fine rod, and of it fashion a most ornamental toasting fork. And I remembered that the Padre attached to our Field Ambulance had asked me to remind my craftsman that he had promised a replica of this fork for the use of the Church Militant.

Now the first fork had taken about four hours of Steevens' spare time; so I was a little surprised, on placing my order, to see my smith turn to a corner of his forge and from it produce a second fork, even more elaborate than the first.

"You've been pretty quick over this one," I remarked.

I had a momentary suspicion that Private Steevens must have been making souvenirs in the forbidden hours of the day's work; but reflection told me that this was unfounded, since I had not left the camp that day. And, to do my smith justice, it must be said that he is punctilious in his obedience.

Private Steevens solemnly, but quite respectfully, shut one eye.

"Can yer keep a trade secret, sir?" he asked.

"Yes—if you wish to confide one to me."

The Ingenuity of Mr. Nickalls

"I finished 'arf a dozen o' these 'ere forks larst night, arter I finished that one fer yer, sir."

"Half a dozen! But the first one took you four hours."

"Ho, yes, sir; but it wos the drorin' aht took orl that time."

"But isn't this drawn out?"

"Yes, sir; to a cert'in hextent—but it ain't made aht o' shell."

"Then what is it?"

"D'yer remember that time at Eastoutre, sir, w'en we run short o' steel an' couldn't get none, an' 'ad them brackits ter make—an' yer found the church railin's wos all good wro't iron, sir?"

"Yes; what of it?"

"Well, sir, we used up abaart 'arf one side o' the fence making up them brackits fer the cars, an' it seemed a pity ter leave the job 'arf done; so I 'ad the rest o' the rails aht an' brought 'em wiv us w'en we moved, sir."

"But this is something rather like a swindle, Steevens."

"W'y, sir? The Padre won't never know it ain't made aht of a nice bit of 'Un shell w'at 'as tore a poor British soldger all ter bits. 'E fair makes me sick, sir!—no offense ter yer, sir—the questi'ns 'e arsks abaart these 'ere sooveneers: Am I sure this 'ere bullet wos the one w'at went through the 'Un's stummick? or, Did I realy get that bit o' shell aht o' the lootenant's cranyhum? 'E's a fair vampire, 'e is, wiv 'is 'orrors."

"Oh, well," I said; "it's none of my business—provided you don't go pinching the government stuff for your fakes. I shall never believe in your souvenirs again, though."

"W'y not, sir? I ain't never sold yer a fake; I ain't lookin' fer trouble, sir. An' this is fair tradin'—stan's ter reason, sir, I couldn't make a profit on me work if I 'ad ter spend four hours on every sooveneer—I ain't got so much spare time as orl that, sir. Besides, yer mark w'at I sez: in anuvver six munfs there'll be factories up, an' workin' overtime, puttin' aht 'undreds an' thousan's o' sooveneers o' the war w'at ain't never been nearer a battlefiel' than Birmingham."

"Very likely," I replied. "We live in a commercial age."

"Ye're right, sir. Yer'd 'ardly believe, sir, the numbers of men w'at's practicin' their trades an' gorn inter business 'ere in Flawnders! There mus' be thousan's of 'em, one way an' anuvver. Fer instance, there wos a bloke down Lillers way, workin' on the 'orspital barges—ever see 'em, sir?"

I was able to reply in the affirmative, and Private Steevens continued:

"Yer remember that woopin' great canal w'at runs from Lillers down ter G. H. Q.? Well, this bloke—Nickalls, 'is name wos—wos skipper o' one o' the tugs they use ter tow the 'orspital barges wiv, an' 'e wos carstin' abaart fer suttin' ter do in 'is spare time. An' one day a farmer bloke, w'at 'ad a farm close by the canal, comes an arsks 'im if, nex' time e' goes down ter G. H. Q. wiv a string o' barges, would 'e mind 'avin' a small scow, w'at belonged ter the farmer bloke, tied on be'ind an' towin' it down, an' bring it back empty nex' time 'e come up?

"Well, this bloke, Nickalls, 'e wosn't doin' any free trawnsport fer no French blokes, though the canal wos, in a way, the French blokes' own country; so 'e makes a arrangement wiv 'im ter tow the scow down an' back fer ten francs—five down an' five back—an' ter drop it at the wharf down there fer a pal o' the farmer's to unload an' take the stuff ter market. An 'e done it ter rights, an' no questi'ns arsked—nobody 'oo's a landsman ever does know w'ether things is right or wrong on any kind o' waterman's job; an', any'ow, the Naval Reserve bloke w'at commanded the barges didn't know nothink abaart boats, bein' a serliciter, or somethin', w'en there wosn't no war.

"So Nickalls, 'e sees as 'ow 'ere's a way o' makin' a bit on the quiet; an' 'e requisitions a ole barge w'at didn't seem to 'ave no owner jus' then—probably servin' wiv the French Awmy—an' in 'is spare time 'e paints er the same as the 'orspital barges, an' paints 'Stores' on 'er bow an' stern. An' 'e makes an arrangement wiv the farmer blokes round abaart ter cart all their stuff down ter G. H. Q. for 'em. The farmers wos at their wits' end ter know 'ow ter get their stuff carried, becos' the railroads wos all 'ung up wiv troop traffic, an' the French bargees 'ad gone aht o' business ter go scrappin'; an' Nickalls, 'e gets a fair monopoly o' the job.

"'E 'ad ter take a partner in down at G. H. Q., becos' o' gettin' the stuff unloaded; but 'e 'ad the sense ter go ter one o' the French blokes down there an' take 'im as a partner. An' Nickalls useter drop the stores barge at a wharf jus' outside the town on 'is way down, an' by the time 'e come back on the return trip the French bloke 'as the barge ready ter sling a line ter Nickalls, an' 'e tows 'er up ag'in, an' nobody ain't none the wiser."

Lending a Helping Hand

"'E an' the French bloke wos makin' a pot o' money aht o' the business w'en I come away—pretty nigh all profit, yer see, w'at wiv our gover'mint providin' the tug an' payin' fer the coal. They didn't pay no lock dues on the canal, neither, bein' 'orspital barges; the on'y out-o'-pocket expenses wos squarin' the bargee on the last barge ter make the line fast an' cast orf at the right place; an' 'e wos a simple sort o' cove w'at 'adn't got any ideas beyond a gallin o' beer."

"But suppose somebody had asked questions and found out?"

"Serpose somebody 'ad started ter arsk questi'ns o' Rockefeller w'en 'e started in business? 'E'd 'ave 'ad 'is tale ready ter pitch; an' so 'ad this bloke, Nickalls. E'd on'y gotter say as 'e didn't know there wos any 'arm in givin' the French farmers a 'elpin' 'and on account o' the entong cordial; an' orl as would 'a' been said would be 'Don't do it any more!' At the worst 'e'd 'ave 'ad ter close down the business; an', as it wos, 'e wos doin' so well that 'e reckoned that if the war on'y 'ung on fer abaart five years 'e wouldn't 'ave ter work any more so long as 'e lived."

"Still," I said, "that's rather an exceptional case."

"I dunno, sir," said Private Steevens, filling his pipe from my offered pouch. "There wos anuvver bloke up 'ere that run quite a big business openin' a shop w'at didn't belong to 'im. Yer reckollec', sir, arter Wipers was shelled aht, all the people cleared aht o' this town for a time, becos' it looked mos' remarkable as if the 'Uns'd start on it next?"

"Yes; I remember—it was deserted for nearly six weeks."

"That's right, sir—it was; an' this bloke wos put in on perlice dooty, an' found 'isself a billet in a little shop on the Square. W'en things quieted down a bit an' troops begun ter come through ag'in, this bloke sees 'is chawnce ter do a bit o' business; so one night 'e goes round on perlice dooty an' collects all the likely stuff 'e can lay 'is 'ands on from other shops—seegars an' fags, an' note paper an' fag papers, an' anythink w'at 'e knew our chapses'd be likely ter buy. An' w'en 'e'd got the shop stocked up proper 'e opens the shutters one mornin' an' sticks up a big card, w'at 'e'd written, ter say the shop wos open; an', sure enough, there wos a fair run on the bank by Tommies w'at thort they could get things cheap from the hunsuspectin' Belgi'ns.

Smith's Private Graft

"They didn't know so much abaart the Belgi'ns as they does now; but, instead of a poor Belgi'n refugee, all they finds is this perlice bloke, sittin' in the shop, 'oo tells 'em the owner 'as just run aht fer sutthink, but if they wants a packet o' cigarettes, they're a franc a packet; an' 'e'll take the money an' give it ter the woman w'en she comes in. 'E even sold some seegars to 'is own orficer—the Town Major—and told 'im the same tale an' never got so much as serspected—I always did think they picked orficers w'at wos soft in the 'ead fer Town Majors—beggin' yer pardon, sir, for speakin' so free.

"Well, this bloke told me 'e took fifteen pounds the first week an' a bit more than that the next, an' no expense w'atever! 'E 'ad to close down the third week becos' the people begun to come back, an' 'e couldn't take a chance on the real owner turnin' up. 'Owever, 'e made a matter o' thirty pounds aht o' nothin' at all—w'ich ain't so bad."

"That is another exceptional case," I objected.

"Well, sir, there wos a bloke—Smith, 'is name wos—used ter be howner of a garage down Isleworth way—an' w'at a garage bloke don't know abaart makin' charges ain't worth considerin', as yer know, sir. 'E was a 'eadquarters dispatch rider on a motorbike down near Bethune, 'oo made quite a tidy bit by collectin' charges on every telegram 'e delivered."

"Oh, nonsense!" I said. "You don't expect me to believe that?"

"W'y not, sir? It wos w'en the Territorials an' the first lot o' K.'s come aht; an', as yer know, sir, most of 'em 'adn't been long enough on the job to know much abaart the awmy, or to know that the awmy don't pay fer anythink if it can 'elp it. 'E got the idea, first, from a bran'-new second lootenant, 'oo wos so pleased at gettin' a real dispatch on a real battlefiel' all to 'isself, that 'e up an' gives this bloke, Smith, a couple o' francs an' tells 'im to get a drink. That gives 'im the nod; an' for abaart a month 'e collected anythink from a franc up to five francs fer what 'e called porterage, an' the poor blighters paid up like lambs.

"'E might 'a' been doin' it now, on'y 'e made a bloomer an' tried ter get three francs' pay-on-delivery charge aht o' w'at 'e thought wos a Terrier second lootenant just aht from 'ome. 'E wos, too; on'y w'en 'ee wos at 'ome 'e 'appened to be a feenanceer on the Stock Exchange, 'oos name wos Ikestein; so, o' course, 'e ain't payin' away no three francs without a argyment about it. An' w'ile they wos flappin' their mouths abaart it up comes a wanderin' general an' wants ter know w'at it's all abaart; so Smith collects a court-martial an' gets abaart fifty-six days' Field Punishment, Number One, instead of 'is three francs. Serve' 'im glad, too!"

"Still, that's another exceptional case, Steevens. The ordinary man in the ranks doesn't get these opportunities."

Marrying for a Living

"I dunno, sir; 'e can always marry fer money. There's blokes aht 'ere marryin' fer a livin', an' doin' well at it."

"Marrying!" I exclaimed, aghast.

"Yes, sir. W'y not? You often 'ears o' English lords marryin' rich Hamerican hairesses—w'ere's the 'arm in a Swaddy doin' the same? There wos a bloke in my old battalion w'at 'ad spent quite a lot of 'is time gettin' married. 'Owever, 'e overdid it w'en we come aht 'ere. Yer reckollec' me tellin' yer 'ow we 'ad a munf's rest back at ——, be'ind the Lines, sir?"

"Yes."

"Well, the very fust day we wos back there, Bill—I won't tell you 'is other name—'e spots a little caffy doin' a roarin' trade wiv our chapses; so 'e goes in ter 'ave a drink. The howner wos a widder woman 'oos 'usban' 'ad got 'isself killed at the start o' the war, an' Bill sees as 'ere's a chawnce fer a good 'ome in France. So 'e makes the runnin' wiv the widder, an' before we'd been there a fortnight 'e puts up the banns, or w'atever it is you does in this country, an' 'e marries 'er. Big, lusty wench she wos, too.

"Well, they lives very 'appy fer abaart a fortnight; an' the caffy does a bigger trade than ever on account of all our blokes goin' there w'enever they could, in the 'opes that Bill'd stand 'em free beer, like 'e did the night 'e got married—on'y 'e never lorst 'is 'ead ag'in like 'e did that night; an' then we wos pushed up ter the Front Line ag'in.

"Then comes the big gas attack, an' our Line gets pushed back a lot, an' that brings the village w'ere Bill's caffy wos within range o' the 'Uns' shellin'; but, o' course, Bill didn't know abaart that. So, w'en things quiets down a bit, Bill manages to get a pass to go an' see 'is brother in anuvver ridg'mint—w'at's been dead abaart five years, as a matter o' fact—an' 'e goes down ter this villidge an' finds the 'Uns 'ad been shellin' it an' 'ad registered one slap on 'is caffy.

"'E wos fair upset abaart it. Yer see, 'e wos fond o' the widder, an' the caffy 'ad looked like bein' a good thing fer 'im all the time 'e wos aht 'ere; an', as it wos, 'e not on'y wasted a day's pass, an' dug up 'is brother fer nothin', but 'e 'as all the trubbel o' goin' down ter this place only ter find that one blessed 'Un crump 'as made 'im a French widder man an' knocked 'is caffy out o' business at one go."

"It doesn't seem to be quite the game," I said.

"I dunno, sir. It'll bring a bit o' new blood into the country. They'll get to hunnerstan' English a sight better'n w'ot they do now. In abaart fifteen years' time, w'en the families is growed up a bit, yer'll 'ardly 'ave to shout at 'em at all to make yerself hunnerstood, like you do now. An' then, look at the flip it's goin' ter give the cross-Channel traffic w'en the war's over! Those blokes w'ot don't settle down 'ere orltergether 'll be poppin' acrost now an' ag'in to see their wives an' families, an' collec' a bit to go on wiv from the caffys an' businesses w'ot their French wives is runnin'—do a lot o' good, I should say, one way an' anuvver."

"But suppose, Steevens, that the wives should take it into their heads to come to England and look their husbands up?"

"Ferget it, sir—they won't be allowed to land. W'at's Parlymint been an' passed a Aliens' Act fer? Besides, these French women ain't so fond o' gaddin' abaart. They're 'ard-workin' women w'at'll stay at 'ome an' look arter the business."

"I hope you are not contemplating marriage with Mathilde?" I said.

"Me, sir? No bloomin' fear! I ain't a marryin' man; besides, I can earn all I wants at me trade."

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SAVING IT FOR DAD

(Continued from Page 16)

"He's got six-seven year run off his own holdings, but he's got to have twenty-thirty year to charge off that mill he's got. And he figgers he's got it. He figgers all that timber's as good as bought at his own price. Now looky!" Mark drew his finger from the top of the map to the bottom, between Barnes' major holdings and his two sections that stood isolated. "What you calc'late would happen if somebody went and grabbed up that strip—eh? Cuttin' Barnes off from all the rest to the west. Huh? Tickle him, eh?"

"Dad," said Luke, "I hate to say anything that may hurt your feelings; but any notion like that is insane!"

"Sure!" agreed Peter.

"Git back to your cribbage!" Mark said gruffly. "What you lack hain't so much brains as nerve."

Down the line Mark's finger had indicated were, first, a number of small timber lots—quarter sections and up. Below them was a rectangular limit of eight sections, four sections from north to south and two sections wide. Below that was an irregular-shaped piece, roughly taking the form of an L, which dropped just below Barnes' land and swung slightly under it. In all, these pieces contained about thirty thousand acres of hardwood and spruce. To the west of them lay fifty to sixty thousand more—and upon the whole ninety thousand acres hung the destiny of the lumber company and of Mr. Barnes.

Mark went to his superintendent, gave him minute directions for the running of the mill, and said:

"I'm goin' away for a few days. If anybody asks you where, say you forgot."

He then went to the bank, where he drew out in currency twenty-five hundred dollars of money that it was impossible his company could spare. It was blood from the heart. Following that, he rented a rig at the livery and drove northward.

In three days he was back; and, taking down his atlas, he blocked off in red the sections of timber along his line of attack. The lands so marked extended from the northern end of the valley southward through the tract of eight sections. The largest piece at the bottom remained in white.

"Got 'em, all but that," he muttered. "And them options cost me twenty-one hundred too. No options for old Purdy, though. Cash deal or nothin'. Seventy-two hundred acres that old coot's got, and he wants twelve-fifty an acre; and that's ninety thousand dollars. Twenty-five thousand down—the rest on mortgage. Huh!"

He went to the door and called Luke.

"Son," he said, "I'm going to the city. Want you along."

"What are you going for, dad?"

"Goin' to borrow a trifle of twenty-five thousand dollars."

"Dad—why, dad, we've tried that. It can't be done."

"It's got to be done! Git your bag packed."

Luke went hurriedly into Peter's office.

"I'm afraid," he said with his voice breaking, "that this thing's got dad hard. It looks like—like ——" He couldn't go on, but tapped his brow with significance. "He wants me to go to the city with him while he borrows a mere nothing of twenty-five thousand."

"Better go with him, Luke, to keep an eye on him. If he's set on going—why, he'll go, hell or high water!"

So it came about that Mark Sawyer boarded the early morning train in company with his son, arriving in the city shortly after noon.

They went to the identical bank that had declined to loan to the boys because their moral risk was an unknown quantity. Luke was accompanied by sensations of a nature so unpleasant as to make him no desirable companion. They were shown at once into the office of the president.

"Mark Sawyer, eh?" said that gentleman. "Never met you before, but often wanted to. That timber deal you pulled off back in ninety-six—remember that? Say, that was doing business!"

"Met my son, though, hain't you? Tried to borrow money from you a while back."

"Surely. He and his brother are active in the business now, I understand, and you've retired."

"Do I look retired? No, sir; I'm up without the aid of an alarm clock, with my pants on, ready for trouble. Just now I'm running the business, such as it is, and the second generation's playing cribbage for a spell."

"Indeed! . . . And what can we do for you?"

"Money. Want twenty-five thousand. Not on the plant—on a deal I'm figgerin'. Here's the idee."

He spread before the bank's president his map, laid before him the sheaf of options, and outlined tersely the situation.

"I've got to have the cash to pay Purdy. The whole thing hangs on that. . . . Don't seem quite friendly to Barnes to slice into him that way; but he's tryin' to bust me!" Old Mark's eyes snapped and his clenched fist threatened the equilibrium of the president's inkwell. "Do you get the notion of it?"

"Yes," said the president; "but—it's purely speculative."

"Purely fiddlesticks! If somebody gets your finger in a pair of pincers you'll holler. Can't dispute it. I've got Barnes in somethin' worse'n pincers, and he'll holler, too; but when he's done hollerin' he'll pay within reason to get that land. Maybe he wouldn't, knowin' I held it. But he won't know. If this loan goes through, our paper'll print a story about a new lumber outfit that's bought up the land and is goin' to start buildin' a mill to cut out two hundred and fifty thousand feet a day. And that company, Barnes'll see, is between him and that other sixty thousand acres, shuttin' him off from it for good. He's got to buy!"

The president sat back, with closed eyes, for five minutes.

"If you weren't a known man," he said finally, "I wouldn't even bother to listen to such a yarn; but you're Mark Sawyer, who pulled off that deal in ninety-six. You know timber. You never backed a loser. You've always been a success—and no man ever lost a dollar by you. Moral risk, A Number One. I'll call in enough of the board to talk it over."

Luke gazed at his father with bewildered eyes. He himself had come for a legitimate loan and had been refused; his father, a back number, whom he had come to look after and protect, was listened to with respect when he described a proposition that sounded to Luke like wildcatting of the highest order. And that phrase "moral risk" sat heavy on his mind. It was something his father had, and apparently had in merchantable quantity. Luke's education made a remarkable advance in a few seconds.

Presently three members of the board appeared and to them Mark again outlined his plan.

"I'm for it!" said a stout man called the "Judge."

"Me too!" said his neighbor on the right. "I'm glad to have Mr. Sawyer for a customer of this bank. And I'm glad to see him getting a bit of Barnes' hide. I wouldn't loan that man a dollar on a government bond! All you'd be loaning on would be the bond—with nothing back of it."

Again Luke felt the impact of the moral risk.

"You can take the deed in the bank's name if you want it that way," said Mark.

"Not necessary. Fix it some other way."

"Rather you would," said Mark. "You'll notice these options run to the Judge, here. If he'll handle it for me I want him to oversee this end—look after the law, and sich-like. I don't appear, you know."

"We'll take the deed in his name, then."

And so it was settled.

That afternoon incorporation papers for the Palmer Lumber Company were filed with the Secretary of State. Mark Sawyer's name did not appear among the incorporators.

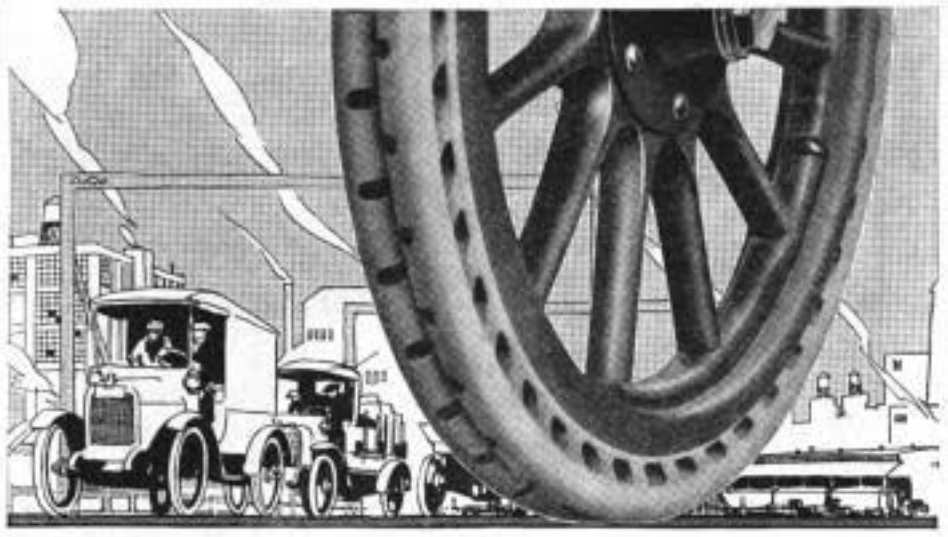
On Thursday the local paper carried a full account of the transaction, as it saw it, and an accurate description of the new sawmill, to be erected at once. Then followed two days of waiting.

The third day Mr. Barnes appeared in Judge Palmer's office; and the Judge could not see him, but wired for Mark, who arrived next morning. After that Mr. Barnes had no difficulty in obtaining an interview with the Judge.

"What's this about a lumber company you're heading?" he blustered.

"You have the facts, I guess."

"I know you, Palmer. You're not a timber man. You haven't the money or the backing. You can't swing it."



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"It's swung," said the Judge succinctly.

"That timber was as good as mine," said Barnes.

"Not quite," said the Judge suavely.

"Morally it was mine."

"Hum!" said the Judge.

"I've got to have it!"

"Sorry. We see a legitimate profit there; we have the timber and we're going ahead."

"I'll take it off your hands at what you paid and take care of the expense you've been to."

The Judge smiled. Barnes threatened, blustered, begged; but the Judge maintained a courteous firmness.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," he said finally, as though in disgust: "We have thirty thousand odd acres. They cost us twelve dollars and a half an acre. If you want them you may have them for fourteen—if not, why, we're satisfied as things stand."

Again Barnes had much to mention; but, though he roared loudly, he thought deeply. The land was a bargain at twelve dollars and a half; it was reasonably cheap at fourteen. And he was caught. He was caught as he had never been caught before.

"How long does your offer hold?" he asked in capitulation.

"Till two o'clock this afternoon," said the Judge, and got to his feet, indicating that the interview was at an end.

At ten minutes to two Mr. Barnes was again in Judge Palmer's office. In his pocket was a certified check for seventy-two thousand one hundred dollars. He laid it on the Judge's desk.

"Just a moment," said the Judge, getting up and going to the door of the adjoining office. "Mr. Sawyer!" he called.

Mark came in, with Luke in attendance—respectful attendance.

"Give it to him," said the Judge. "It's his. . . . And, Mr. Barnes, my advice to you is, hereafter, when you enter into contractual relations with an individual, do not use them in an effort to wreck his business—especially an individual of the known potentialities of Mr. Sawyer. The check to Mr. Sawyer, please."

The boys and Mark Sawyer were going over matters in Mark's dining room next morning.

"It gives us forty-five thousand dollars, cash," said Luke, the amazement not yet lost from his voice.

"Leaves us owing less than fifty thousand. Why, it puts us clean on our feet!"

"Calc'late so," said Mark. "And now I guess I can step down again. You'll go better from now on. Throw away your cribbage board and grab hold."

Neither Luke nor Peter replied, but a significant glance passed between them.

"Let's get down to the office, dad," said Luke.

They walked down through the village streets, and the two young men breathed more deeply of the forest-scented air; perceived more homely beauties in the place; looked upon the world and found it good. Into the office they went, pushing their father ahead to his door, the door on which had been the ornamental but purely complimentary title of "President."

Now freshly added below it were the pregnant words: "and General Manager"!

No Drawing Power

A THEATRICAL producer in New York, whose education was not acquired from books but in the University of Hard Knocks, put on a new farce by a well-known writer of dramatic comicalities. Somehow the play did not seem to go very well on its first night. After the performance the manager met another playwright in the lobby.

"Well, what did you think of the show?" he asked anxiously.

"I'm afraid it's salacious," admitted the dramatist.

The producer fetched a deep sigh, as though his own forebodings had been confirmed. "I guess you're right," he said. "I don't believe it's got a chance to make money, neither."





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THE ENCHANTED CAPTAIN

(Continued from Page 7)

off the enemy so that he might escape, a woman and an ancient man of the neighborhood carried the bandit on a stretcher into a dry arroyo. There he was found later by his followers, who took up the stretcher and headed into the dense forests that have their beginning near Bustillos.

They climbed up into the Sierra Madre and left him in charge of Indians. He remained concealed near the Chihuahua-Durango line and then changed his hiding place to the Nonoava region, northwest of Parral.

At this time Villa's condition was really serious. Gangrene had set in. But the Indians undertook to cure him with herbs, and he had faith in the treatment. The Tarahumaras of the region have a tremendous reputation for healing with boiled herbs. They even claim to possess a cure for cancer.

Recovery in Villa's case was slow and painful.

He had several relapses. A Jap, who had been a cook in Villa's official family when he was at the pinnacle of his power, nursed him under direction of the Indian herb specialists.

That the treatment failed to come up to expectations is proved by the fact that Villa realized toward the end of April that he would need skilled medical attention to save his leg—and perhaps his life.

One day a physician of Parral was called to Pilar de Conchos, ostensibly to attend the wife of a man employed by the Boquillas Electric Company. He was taken to a small house, where he found a wounded soldier, wearing a thick beard. The doctor recognized him as Páncho Villa. He had been shot below the knee in the right leg, which was in bad shape, as the bone had been shattered and he had apparently gone a considerable time without the attention it needed.

The wounded man asked the doctor to make regular visits. This he could not afford to do, since the distance from Parral was too great. Accordingly Villa was moved to the village of Minas Nuevas, not far from Parral, and lay there in a tiny ranch house until the latter part of May, the physician making frequent trips to dress his wounded leg.

He was in hiding there, and a helpless cripple, when the force under Major Frank Tompkins, of the Thirteenth Cavalry, had their fight with the Mexicans at Parral. Carranza forces were close to his retreat constantly. At the time the American troops passed from Balleza back to Parral, Villa was watching their movements as they went along the road.

Villa Comes to Life Again

Then the American pursuit was halted and the bandit breathed easier. He seems never to have feared capture by the Carrancistas to any extent; whether from contempt of them or through an understanding, is hard to say.

Under proper medical care Villa gradually improved. He gained strength and weight, and immediately he began to chafe for action.

He sent a couple of couriers to scout for information and sound the sentiment among the people. They came back with word that most of the population of the region believed Páncho Villa was dead. The Carrancista campaign to this end had been successful. The bandit was furious.

"Go back and tell them I'm alive. Here is my signature," he commanded.

Immediately the news spread, his old followers began to flock to him. Bunches of ten and twenty and thirty came in under their own *jefes*. They were amazed and transported with delight. They looked upon their chief's recovery as a sort of miracle. From that moment he was The Enchanted Captain.

Páncho quickly recovered his spirits. He is at his best against difficulties and there was work of the hardest sort ahead. He sent messengers to all the ranches and small towns of the region, announcing that the time had arrived for the resumption of operations and summoning the men to his flag. This was in the latter part of June.

Evidently he had been thinking hard during his illness and had come to the conclusion that some new stuff was required to attract adherents. At any rate he produced it. Páncho flung a new standard to the breeze. His was now El Partido Democratico—the Democratic Party.

Volunteers appeared in large numbers. A lot of them came on the run, of their own volition, and some were brought at the end of a rope. Villa set to work on the task of mounting and equipping his forces.

For this purpose he moved toward the Bustillos district in order to dig up his buried stores of rifles and ammunition. And when all were armed he marched against San Andres, whose garrison fled in panic. San Andres is Páncho's lucky town. It was there he got his first start against Huerta, in 1913; and it was there he married Luz Corral. So now he made the place his headquarters, from which he kept couriers galloping in all directions day and night. Soon he had nearly four thousand men.

Captured by Strategy

Though various bands under Villista chieftains were operating early in the summer, they kept in small bodies, on account of difficulty in securing food, until their chief ordered a concentration. His first action of any consequence was on the Corralitos Ranch, southeast of Jimenez; and in this Páncho showed that he had been studying tactics to advantage during his long rest.

One of the Ramos brothers was his opponent. Villa sent a small bunch of men against these Carrancistas, as though ignorant of their strength. They advanced confidently to the attack and drew the full enemy fire. Then the bandits beat a retreat. It was skillfully executed. Ramos' force came pouring in pursuit, sure of victory; and Páncho with his main body fell like an avalanche on their rear, utterly routing them. He took about a thousand prisoners and a considerable quantity of ammunition.

His foe is always Villa's chief source of supply.

"Why should I worry about weapons?" he has often boasted. "I can get them from my enemies."

Up to date he has done so whenever his needs became pressing. Villa's problem is not to find men, but to equip them; and he will be able to do even that if the United States shall lift the embargo on ammunition so that the Carrancistas can import it. Nothing would suit the bandit better. To permit shipment of arms to Mexico is the same thing as sending them to our sworn enemy. The bulk of them will fall into his hands, either by capture or desertion; for a Carrancista to-day is a Villista to-morrow.

Having disposed of Ramos, he occupied Jimenez without opposition and obtained there supplies and recruits. Then he moved on to concentrate his bands at Santa Rosalia. His strength was growing hourly. Eight hundred Yaquis from Sonora joined him and accessions from the ranks of the First Chief's army were considerable. At this time Villa traveled in a buggy on the march. In walking he used a crutch, but he could mount a horse with assistance.

While all this was going forward, Trevino had large forces scattered over the state. They were seemingly reluctant to fight Páncho, however, and it was common talk among the natives that an understanding existed between certain Carranza *jefes* and the brigand they were supposed to be hunting. It seems difficult to explain their apathy in any other way.

From Agua Puerca, near Santa Rosalia, he sent out detachments into all the surrounding country to rustle up horses and supplies, and then struck for a small mining town called Santa Gertrudes. A Carrancista garrison held Satevo, his old home; he fell upon the place like a thunderbolt and wiped out the entire force.

San Andres, only fifty miles from Chihuahua City, was his headquarters; and one day, without announcing his name, Páncho got General Trevino on the long-distance telephone.

"Hello!" he bellowed. "This is me—Villa—the bandit. I am waiting here for your generals. Why don't you send them out to meet me?"

Trevino replied:

"Whom do you want most to meet?"

"Nobody better than yourself."

The Carranza commander sent General Cavazos, who was feeling warlike and declared an intention to eat Páncho alive, crutch and all. The bandit ambuscaded him not far from Santa Ysabel, and out of

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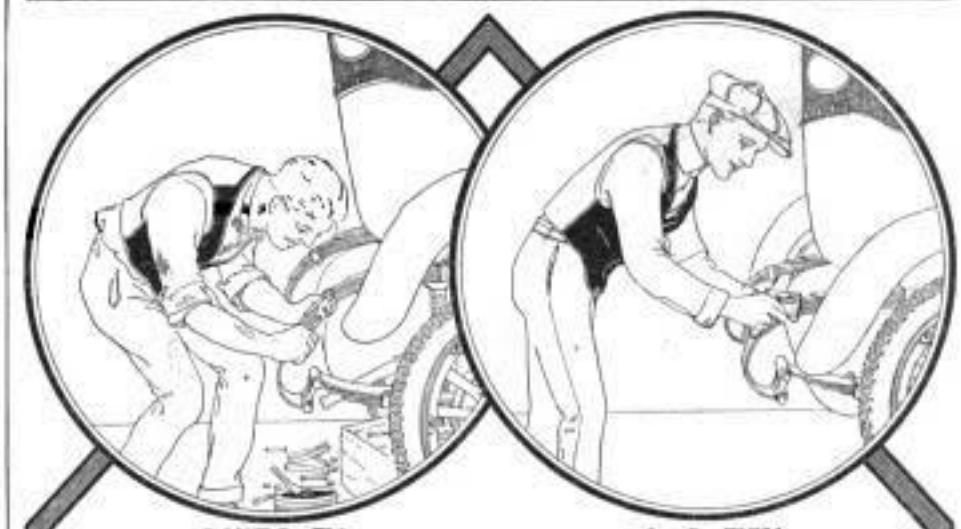
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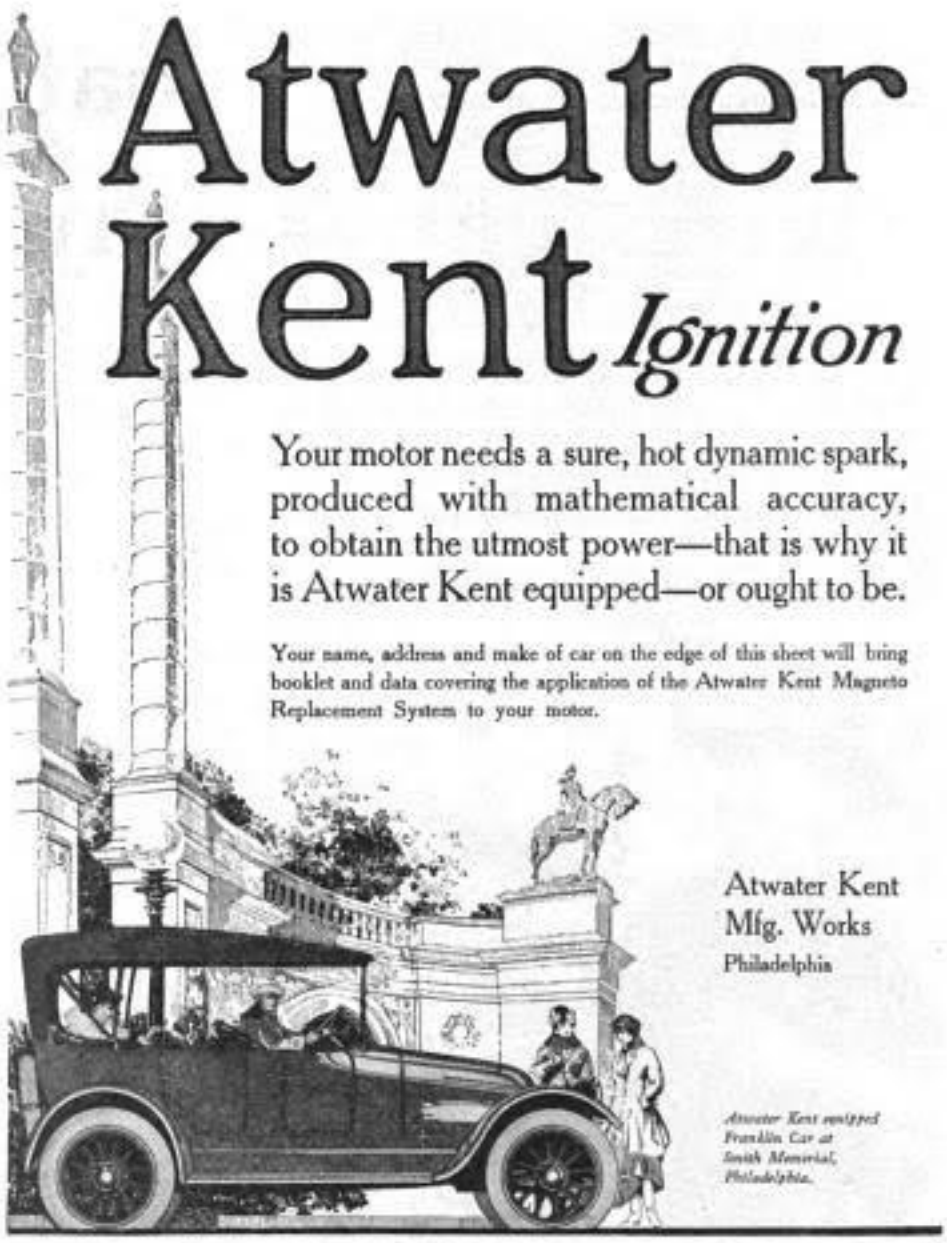
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the entire Carrancista command Cavazos, one captain and four soldiers escaped.

Páncho is always doing dramatic things; he would make a fine stage director. Witness his raid of September sixteenth on Chihuahua City. It was perhaps the most picturesque event of his entire campaign of 1916.

He had scattered his troops round San Andres and Bustillos, as far as Madera, to which point he was already operating trains. Suddenly he ordered a small force toward El Fresno, a ranch seven miles from Chihuahua City, which Villa owns personally. He bought it at the height of his power for thirty thousand dollars. His men engaged the small Carrancista garrison there and drove them in panic.

Páncho then moved in and occupied his own home. There was an enemy force of about six thousand in the city, within plain sight; but the fact did not seem to give the bandits any concern. They held cockfights and went happily about their business.

On September fourteenth Villa sent a letter to Trevino, announcing that he would be in Chihuahua City on the sixteenth to shake hands with him. He added that he might be hungry, in which case he would require something to eat. Therefore, he hoped General Trevino would prepare a suitable reception.

Now September sixteenth is the Mexican national holiday. It is equivalent to our July Fourth, and the natives celebrate it with bands and jubilation.

Of course Trevino considered this message a bluff. It had been his experience that Villa usually did the opposite to the plans rumor credited him with; and yet—and yet—the garrison grew uneasy.

At nine o'clock on the night of September fifteenth the Enchanted Captain entered the capital, heavily cloaked, accompanied by Martin Lopez and several other *jefes*. Bands were playing and the streets were thronged.

They went to La Partida, a gambling house, and there mingled with the men, attracting no particular attention. Páncho wished to hear what the city was saying, to sound out the sentiment. He was rewarded with much favorable talk.

"Páncho is coming. He'll be here soon," said one.

And his companion replied with a cautious glance all round:

"I, for one, shall be glad to see him."

Satisfied in his own mind that the civil population would welcome him, Villa returned to his camp and issued final instructions to his commanders. About eleven o'clock he gave the signal; and as the chimes of the churches were ringing out El Grito de Dolores the first shouts of "Viva Villa!" apprised Chihuahua that the bandits were upon them. Indescribable confusion ensued.

Villa took with him for this attack only five hundred men, divided into four columns, under Martin Lopez, Baudelio Uribe, José Beltran, Nicolás Fernandez and Tarango. He himself remained with one of these *jefes* in a little house in the residential section; the others led the fight.

Villa's Force Grows

The Carrancistas were paralyzed with fright. Their officers had been at a banquet and some were asleep; they could not find their commands amid the tumult. Consequently the Carranza forces fired volleys into each other. General Trevino ran out to direct the defense and a man of his own bodyguard blazed away at him. The fellow was a former Villista. The bullet caught Trevino in the arm.

The bandits seized the penitentiary, the governor's palace and the federal building. Thereupon Villa went to the palace, stepped out on the balcony and made a speech to the crowd below.

"Viva Mexico!" he shouted. "You do not have your liberty. I will give you your liberty, for I am your brother. Do not be afraid; I am going to return in a few days."

Of course they yelled; and Páncho went briskly to work collecting plunder. He held the city until almost nine o'clock in the morning. Meantime Trevino had made his way to Santa Rosa, where his artillery was stationed. About daylight he opened up on the palace and the theater. Tarango, one of Villa's commanders, sent to take the palace, was caught there by this fire. It became a question of surrender or death. Tarango chose death. He leaped from the roof to the ground, dying instantly. Some followers imitated him.

The fire growing hotter, Villa resolved to withdraw. He sounded the retreat and his forces moved out, taking with them sixteen automobiles filled with arms and ammunition, and some artillery under escort of Carranza troops. Villa had entered the capital with about five hundred men. He lost about sixty in the fighting, and departed with nearly two thousand! The difference represented desertions from the garrison to his flag.

He also took with him a bunch of prisoners from the penitentiary. Among them were José Inez Salazar, Flores Maller and José Rochin. Páncho seemed very glad to see Salazar, a former chief of Red-Flaggers who had fought against him more than once. The bandit embraced José warmly and promised to give him command of an army.

Some months previously to this, Salazar had gathered about two hundred followers and sent a manifesto broadcast, announcing that he was affiliated with no faction and recognized no chief, but that he proposed to conduct a revolution on his own hook for the relief of stricken Mexico.

The new movement did not get very far. Salazar fooled round for a month and found pickings so meager that his men deserted in disgust. The country was swept clean; there was no loot worth the name. Therefore he sent word to General Gavira, a Carranza commander, that he was willing to surrender, with all his force, if granted amnesty; and Gavira, who had a wholesome respect for Salazar's military prowess, and was ignorant of his strength, readily promised it. The formal surrender took place at Guzma. Salazar's army consisted of himself, El Mudo, El Tuerto and El Tito—in other words, he had three men, known as The Mute, The One-Eyed and The Little One. All were nearly starved and mounted on wrecks of horseflesh.

A Deal in Ammunition

Salazar was very grateful to Gavira and presented him with a pair of field glasses. He appears to have enjoyed his liberty until August, when he was thrown into prison at Chihuahua for alleged complicity in a plot with Colonel Tames. It was from that prison Villa released him on September sixteenth. By last accounts in command of four thousand troops. For all I know, The Mute, The One-Eyed and The Little One may be among them.

Another recent stunt of Páncho's, and very characteristic of him, was directed against General Gonzales, at Juarez. The bandit needed ammunition for his warfare. In some manner he obtained Trevino's code—from a captured staff officer, it is said—and forged a telegram in cipher from Trevino to Gonzalez, asking for the speedy dispatch of a supply of ammunition to Chihuahua. Gonzalez sent what was asked. Villa thereupon captured the train and wired Gonzalez in his own name, thanking him courteously for the shipment.

The stroke of September sixteenth increased his prestige enormously. Men laughed over it and applauded. Hundreds hurried to join his army.

Next he sent a formal notification to General Elizondo, at Cusihuiriachic, that he would make an assault on the town at eight-thirty A. M., September twenty-seventh. He did so, completely routing the enemy and then occupying Cusi. While there he received word that another Carranza army was moving against him, under command of a brother of that Ramos he had previously beaten. Páncho resolved to meet him in the open; and luck favored the bandit, as it has a way of doing. Ramos, encountering his own allies, retreated from Cusi, mistook them for Villa's men, and attacked.

A brisk engagement began. At the height of it the bandit swooped down and finished the business for both. Only a remnant escaped to Santa Ysabel. Ramos himself fled to Chihuahua City, badly wounded.

And now it was Ozuna's turn. Up from the South he came, with three thousand men and eleven trains of provisions and ammunition. Villa gave him battle near Palomas. His tactics were the same as at Corralitos. Two hundred of his force engaged Ozuna's army, which drove them back. The Villistas fought vigorously as they retreated. Ozuna pressed his advantage hotly, which resulted in his forces becoming strung out. The main body of Villistas contrived to get round in his rear and cut the railroad.

(Concluded on Page 77)

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No respecter of persons is "Acid-Mouth." Rich man, poor man, "Judy O'Grady," "The Colonel's Lady," you, your family, your friends—*all* are subject to "Acid-Mouth." Unless—and only unless—preventive measures are taken.

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"The Known Foe of 'Acid-Mouth'"

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(Concluded from Page 74)

Ozuna's men pursued the fleeing Villistas into a cañon of the foothills, along whose sides Páncho had stationed twenty men every hundred yards for ten miles, under command of José Inez Salazar, late of the Chihuahua prison. When they began to pour volleys into the enemy a panic broke out. Villa then attacked from front, rear and both sides; and Ozuna's men fled like scared sheep. He lost all his trains and ammunition.

The bandit took the loot toward San Andres, from which point he began to organize for an attack on Chihuahua City. He occupied Santa Rosalia and there received advices that General Maycotte was advancing against him, with five thousand men, over the Mexican Central Line. So once more Páncho disposed his forces for battle; and he gave Maycotte an awful drubbing.

"I have the bandits beaten!" Maycotte wired, during the battle, to the Arrieta brothers, who were at Jimenez with a considerable force to support him. "Come to my aid, to repel reënforcements."

The Arrieta brothers replied:

"We are moving instantly."

So they were—they moved back to Torreon as fast as they could go.

El Capitán Encantado seized all of Maycotte's trains and returned in triumph to Santa Rosalia. He did not execute the prisoners. He seldom does now. It was formerly his custom, whenever he captured any Carrancistas who would not immediately join his cause, to order a firing squad; but he had been thinking things over while he lay sick.

"A weapon can be easily bought," he said severely to Baudelio Uribe, one of his commanders, "and a cannon can be snatched from the enemy. Everything artificial can be secured by money, or by making it. But when we kill a man it takes a long time to reproduce him."

Therefore he now takes a less destructive method of identifying his foes to the world. He brands them with acid on the cheeks or forehead; and the mark he puts there is V. C., the initials of Venustiano Carranza. Hundreds of these burns have been treated at Juarez. Another method of marking his enemies is by cutting off their ears. After the battle with Maycotte, Villa sent eighty-three mutilated men back to Trevino to assure him that the reports of Páncho's demise were unfounded.

With Maycotte out of the way, the victorious rebel turned his eyes toward Parral, where General Luris Herrera was intrenched with an army. Once, during the summer, he had made a feint at it, only to be driven off through the eagerness of Uribe in attacking before Villa's arrival with the main body. Parral is naturally defended and a hard nut to crack, but he was determined to do it. Leaving only a small garrison in Santa Rosalia, he announced he would go to the hot springs in the mountains, and sent his forces out, himself preparing to follow in a buggy. Instead of going there, however, he headed for Parral, which he reached on the morning of November fifth.

The Assault on Chihuahua City

Tidings of this reaching him, Herrera got cold feet and withdrew in the direction of Santa Barbara, about eighteen miles away; but the bandit caught up with him that same afternoon and battered his army to pieces. Villa captured all his ammunition, a pack train of two hundred mules, and more than fifty thousand dollars of silver bullion.

Then he returned to Santa Rosalia. The bandit was now in complete control of that part of the state. His troops held all the region from Santa Ysabel to Madera, which is not far from the base of Pershing's army, and his trains operated from Ortiz and Jimenez to Parral.

But his hardest task was still ahead. He was going to tackle Chihuahua City itself.

Gathering his forces, he started from San Andres toward the capital with from ten to twelve thousand men, and early on the morning of November twenty-third the first shots were fired. His men broke up barbed-wire entanglements with bombs and gained a line of trenches during the next two days; then pretended to retreat—only to return to the assault with added fury.

After four days of tough fighting the Villistas stormed Santa Rosa Hill, the key to the city. It was there Trevino had his artillery, and when that was lost Chihuahua was doomed. The bandits rushed triumphantly through the streets, while the disbanded Carrancista troops fled toward Ojinaga and other points. Trevino was wounded a second time, and his men received a warm reception from their own allies in Aldama, who declared for Villa.

By this victory Páncho obtained thirty-two cannon of the 75-millimeter kind, five of which were disabled, however; seventy-five machine guns; and seven thousand rifles. He also dug up a great quantity of ammunition that had been buried in the cellars of the Federal Building.

The bandit was in his glory. He worked like a ninety-horse-power engine and soon had Chihuahua organized. There was some promiscuous looting and he had five of his followers executed. Any looting there may be he wants done systematically and in order, and proposes attending to it himself.

"You're not a German," he said sharply to José Bovio when the latter lined up with a bunch of German residents.

Bovio said he was an Italian mining man.

"All right," said Villa. "You go and fetch all the storekeepers to me."

"Suppose I can't get them all, General?"

"Any you can't find don't own stores—they'll belong to me, *hombre*," was the reply; and it produced a fine attendance of foreign merchants to meet the conqueror.

Attack Better Than Defense

Villa looked them over and demanded three hundred thousand pesos. They responded with less than two hundred thousand, claiming it was all they could raise. But he got his hands on a large quantity of bullion.

"General," Bovio announced, "the consuls in the city wish an audience with you to intercede for the Chinese."

"I don't want to see them," answered Villa. "Consuls are only fellows who can't stay in their own countries, anyhow."

During the few days he held Chihuahua City nearly a hundred Chinamen were murdered. And Villa looted like a medieval freebooter. Whole trainloads of food and medical supplies, hay, forage and gasoline were sent out daily. One of them was recovered. The last to leave before he evacuated the city was captured by Murguia, who came up from Torreon and reoccupied Chihuahua for the First Chief.

He did not arrive in time to take any part in its defense under Trevino, and it has been charged that failure to get reënforcements to the capital was due to treachery in Mexico City; but the fact of the matter is that Salazar was holding Murguia off with four thousand men somewhere north of Bermejillo, and keeping him extremely busy. They clashed at Jimenez and the Villista commander was obliged to fall back, but not before accomplishing the destruction of the railroad track, which delayed Murguia's advance. Indeed, Páncho utilized reports of Murguia's approach to fool Trevino, and thereby got close to the city before the Carrancistas realized it was an enemy army and not the expected relief.

Though the reasons for his evacuation are not known, it is probable that the bandit's rooted antipathy to defending a place prompted him to move out. He distrusts that method of fighting. His theory is that the advantage lies with the attacker, and, unless in overwhelming strength, he prefers to let the other fellow hold a town; then when he needs it he will take it.

By withdrawing to Fresno, only seven miles distant, he enticed Murguia into the capital, which is exactly where he wants him. At this writing Villa is striving to wipe out Murguia's force there. That done, he will have all clear behind him for a march on Torreon, which he will very likely take before this is printed.

Where will he end up? One guess would be as good as another. But it is certain that he will dominate the Mexican situation while he lives, and that when Villa dies he'll die with his boots on.





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DOUBLOON GOLD

(Continued from Page 10)

easily have come with him—the ship was Spanish. It probably did come with him! He may have owned this gold; he may have held it, clinked it, gambled with it! And now to be flung up out of the wreck, more than five hundred years afterward, not for the first comer to find, not for just anybody, but for you—at your feet! Do you get that?"

"It figures out to fifteen generations, doesn't it?" was all the answer he made.

"And the place—the place! The book says they still call it Machico. Was it there—is it possible it was there you found the coin?"

"Within a stone's throw of the village itself."

I could only stare at him.

"Coincidence — what?" said Robert Matcham grimly.

He folded up the little book and put it away without haste, and pressed his hand over his eyes again; and suddenly the simplicity and passion of that action hit me like a blow. The man was seething. Within the stolid bulk of him lay pent a pit of emotion. He could not vent it; as he said himself, he had no skill. But I saw how each casual word had come molten from its source and how immeasurably that very lack of art had added to its stark sincerity.

I sat back with a long sigh.

"Go on telling in your own fashion, please," I begged.

"There's little left to tell. I was rather muddled at first—I don't know that I'm much better now. But, all the same, it was stupid of me to flash the doubloon when I got back to Funchal. I didn't even know what the thing was, you see; and so I asked the first shopkeeper with an English sign at his door. You should have seen the rascal's eyes bulge.

"It's clear enough I touched off a regular blessed conspiracy with that coin. What it means you can guess as well as I. I've had a pack of penny detectives on my trail ever since—the maestro here was dogging me all last night. I squeezed all I could out of one lad—how their head devil is called Number One. And that's all I know."

"But why should they be so eager after one doubloon?"

"I don't believe they are so eager after one doubloon," he answered with slow emphasis.

"And what do you propose to do about it?"

"Well, it's some time since I got any good of proposing anything much." I saw the lean muscles tighten along his jaw. "But I'm not dead yet." He glanced at his watch. "It's now eleven o'clock. I can get a horse up to midnight at the hotel. Before dawn I propose to take my morning plunge off the rocks, not far from the village of Machico."

"Alone?" I demanded.

He looked at me oddly.

"Suppose you answer that yourself."

I sprang to meet his grip across the table, and thereby almost lost the use of my fingers.

"Come," he said as he rose, with his compelling smile on me; "you're about the best coincidence I've met yet."

IT WAS still raining when we climbed into a curtained bullock shed, one of those public conveyances that snatch the visitor over the pebbled streets of Funchal at a slithering speed of two miles an hour. The *carro* is hardly a joyous vehicle at the best of times. We sat in close darkness, oppressed by an atmosphere of wet straw and leather, listening to the mimic thunder on the roof, the gibbering of the yoke pin and the wail of the driver, a goading fiend in outer space. Possibly these melancholy matters heightened the dour mood of my new friend, who stayed silent. To me they were nothing, for I hugged myself in a selfish content.

Gold! It was all gold—real gold of romance; sunken treasure; mystery; legend; and a most amazing and veridical trick of Fate that had cast back five centuries—no less!

I sought to conjure up that other Robert Matcham from the long past; that "lover of a too beautiful woman," who ran across the sea with his heart's desire in the old wild way. A bold and gallant figure, I was pleased to fancy; an adventuring squire or swaggering free companion in those red, rude times; a traveler by the sword; perhaps a follower of the Black Prince to the Spanish Wars, wherein he might have made such stout allies as the "pilot captain" who served him for his flight.

I pictured him on the deck of his tempest-tossed galley against a strange and savage coast, standing among the hard-lipped sailors, with the woman at his side, facing death as one of that breed would know how to face it; but defiant, clinging to life and to love with grim tenacity, with a tremendous will to survive. He would be hard to kill—such a man—elemental; desperately resentful of the mischance. And I thought I could almost fix the image of him; and he was big-bodied, full-blooded, with arching great chest and tangled hair and fierce Saxon blue eyes.

The *carro* drew up with a sudden jolt; the curtains parted on a dazzling flood of light.

"Would the gentlemen kindly to step down?"

The gentlemen would, both somewhat surprised at having reached the hotel so soon, but rather more surprised the next moment at finding that this was not the hotel at all.

We were in an open, wind-blown street on the water front, where the rain and salt spray drove in our faces and the few lamps showed neither house nor garden. Beside the sea wall lay an automobile; we could hear the churn of its engine, and its headlight split the dark in a sharp wedge and threw a bright zone against the high stone embankment across the road. Midway, and just before us, stood the one who welcomed us so suavely.

It was the roulette banker, he of the spade-cut beard and the superior clothes. He was still superior, in a topper that shone like varnish and a long cape tucked most jauntily over one arm. And he smiled and smiled, like a villain downstage with the spot full upon him.

"Now w'ere," he inquired—"w'ere are that damn doubloon?"

He was effective—the sartorial rogue; and doubtless he knew it. He stroked his beard and thrust his hand to his hip; and behind him on the embankment his huge shadow moved alike, as if some monstrous power there was pulling puppet strings upon him.

"Gentlemen, you been kidnap'," he was good enough to explain. "We are sorry; but it was of a necessitate. If you got away with that gol'piece you are—'ow you say?—leaving us dished up. Therefore"—he waved a ringed hand—"therefore, we arrange' to 'esitate you here, so nize and comfortable."

He would have passed in comic opera anywhere; but the dart of his black eye was keen, his voice crisp and assured. I admired him—with reserve; aware that we were lost in a strange city and that this amiable brigand seemed to know quite well what he was about. Aware more particularly of the forward-drooping shoulder and lowering gaze of Robert Matcham.

I felt rather like a man who travels with a box of dynamite—in no position to kick very hard at any incidental pocket picking along the road.

"Is this a holdup or only the request of a loan?" I asked.

"We are many enough to make it whatever we please," he said with a gleam. "I think maybe you bes' call it a public ex'bition of rare and valuable coins."

I thought so too. He was not bluffing. I could detect the scrape of feet all about us in the dark. It seemed to me the one needful thing was to bring Robert Matcham through in safety. I certainly did not intend that there should be any explosion on my behalf or for the sake of any single doubloon. From which considerations I made haste to submit with the best possible grace.

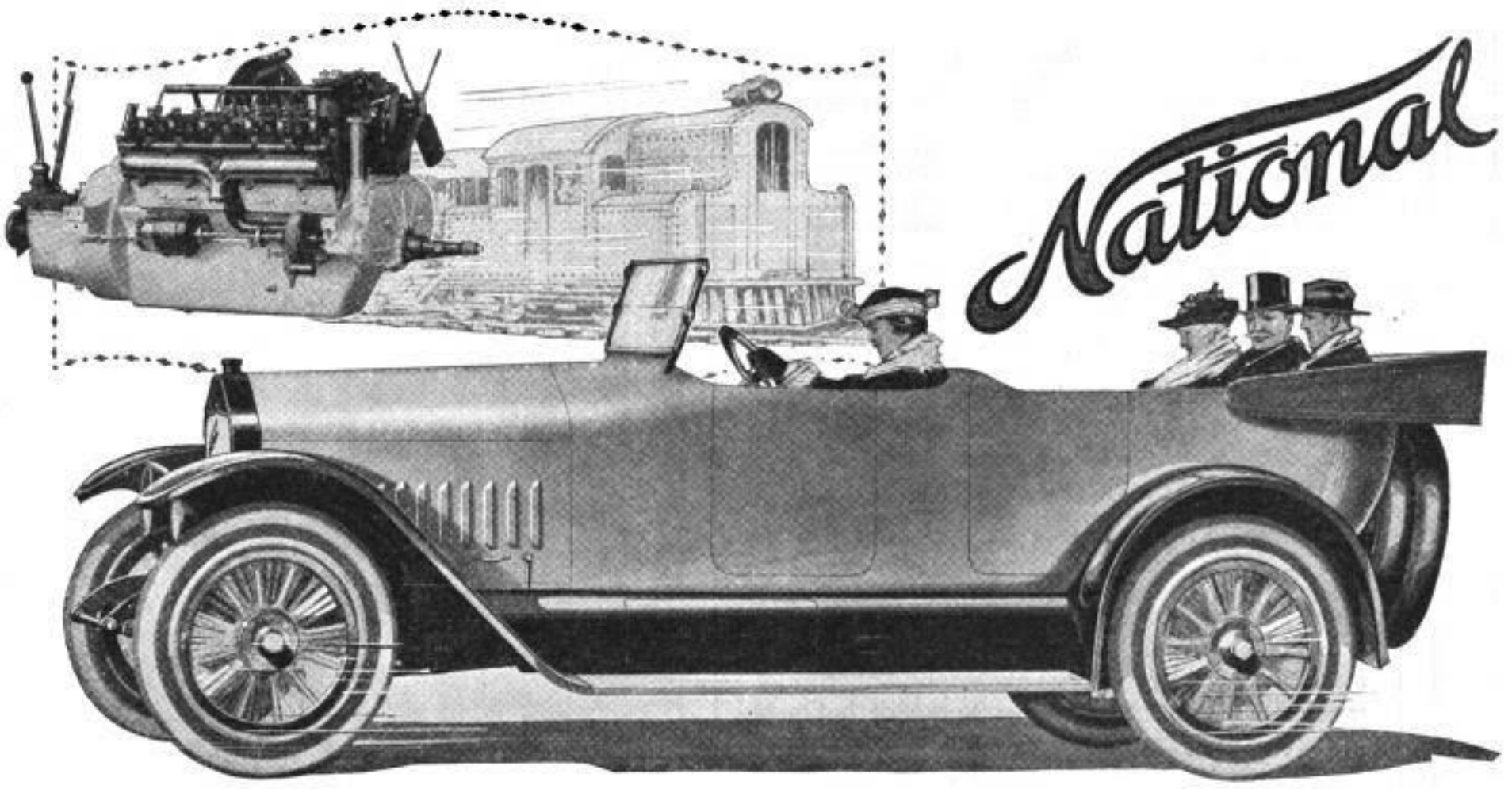
"Allow me," I said, "to contribute to such a worthy design."

Robert Matcham took a lurching step, but I caught him by the sleeve and forestalled any other answer by tendering my prize.

There was no pose about the banker when he grabbed it, held it to the light and loosed a shrill Portuguese yelp of triumph. The whole street seemed to echo and then fell as suddenly quiet. It was daunting to feel that lonely place alive with unseen

(Continued on Page 81)

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But, like some old-time boyhood chum, it's sorter learned to know my ways;
No other chair seems half so soft—to hold such welcome arms widespread,
An' use has hollowed out a place just whar a fellow rests his head.

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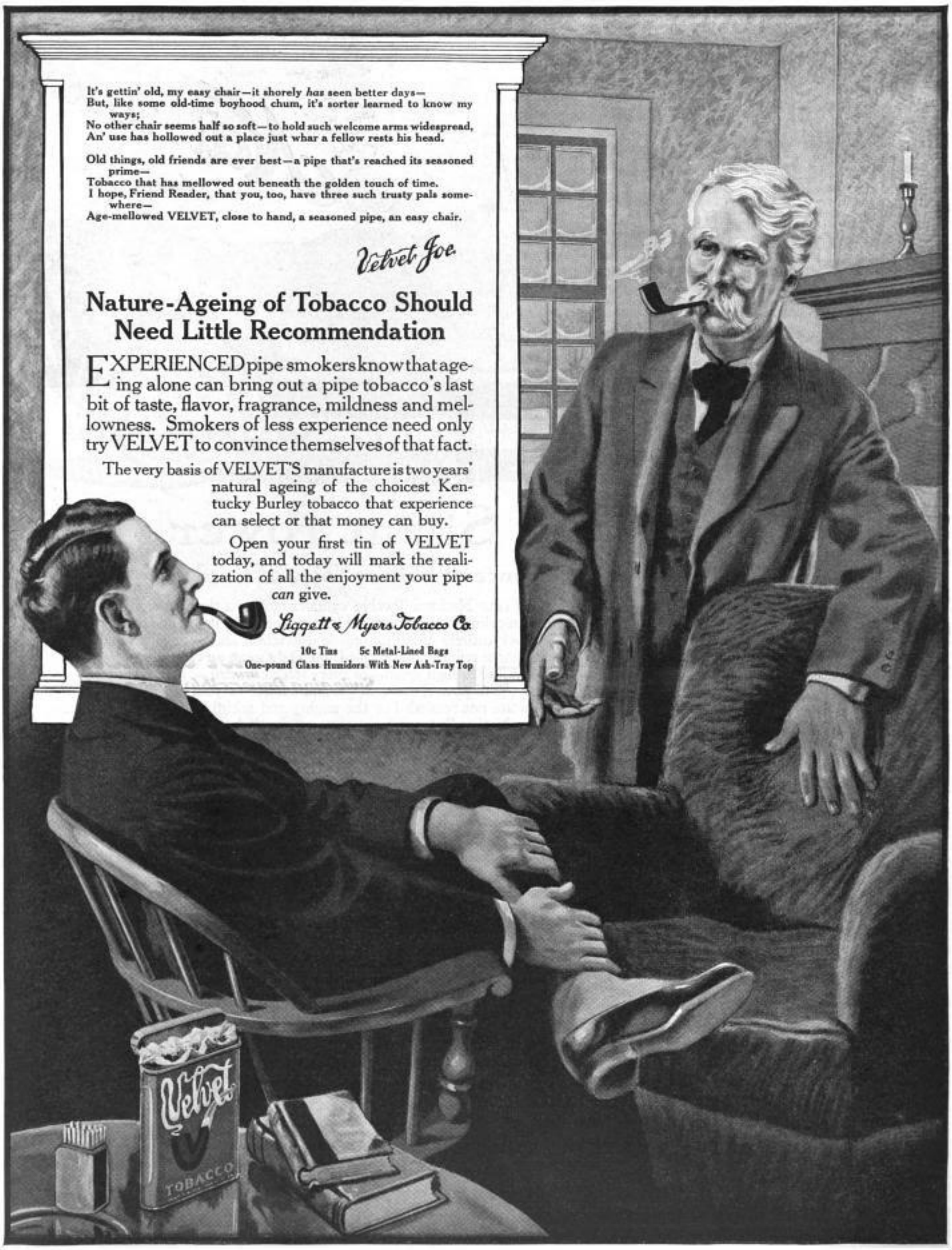
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(Continued from Page 78)

watchers. I hoped that now they might let us by; but I had not understood their purpose.

"Sir, I give you kindes' thanks." The banker was bowing, in character again. "Your intelligence are only equal', I 'ope, by that of your frien'. Jus' one more little, so little favor."

He turned to Robert Matcham and held up the doubloon between finger and thumb, so that his eyes blazed over it in the light; and I knew then, with a springing pulse, that the affair had passed quite beyond me and must take its own fateful course.

"You will inform us please w'ere you fin' this."

"Me?" said Robert Matcham with concentrated vehemence. "I'll see you fry in hell!"

The other's suavity fell away from him like a disguise. His teeth showed white in his beard; he gesticulated and the shadow behind him danced with fury.

"In 'ell! In 'ell? Look out! Tha's a place—tha's a place w'ere people speak out of their mouths the way they are told! They make you talk in 'ell, mister, whether you like or not!"

He controlled himself with a strong effort.

"Sir, why you should demand so peevish to be sorry? You got no business with that coin—no; not one damn little affair. What does it make to you? Be nize, now."

Robert Matcham only glowered at him.

"It was by Machico. Yes? Tell me anyways it was near Machico. It must 'ave been. Tell me that."

"No!" said Robert Matcham.

"No?" But once again he clutched his beard. "You want money to tell? Put your price."

"No!" said Robert Matcham; and the word came hot as an oath.

One instant I saw the banker toss his arms like a semaphore; the next we were overborne. Of that I retained chiefly a bewilderment at the force of our captors and the ease with which they dealt with us. Shy with the gun they might be, and indeed it is no natural weapon of their race; but these operators knew the use of trip and hamstring—the hugger-mugger arts; none better. My feet were driven from under me; my wrists paralyzed; I was caught and wound like a cocoon; and when I dropped it was on the cushions of the automobile. And, though this might be a slight-enough feat regarding myself, it was the measure of their cleverness that I found Robert Matcham already there, packeted in a helpless bale. I believe he had no chance so much as to lift a hand.

"You won' be nize with me?" The banker's chuckle floated back to us. "Then you can try being not nize with our Number One, and see 'ow you like it!"

He left us that threat to ponder during our journey to Machico. For it was Machico. Where else? As soon as they whisked us away toward the eastern coast road I knew it must be Machico. Where else should they take Robert Matcham, whose five centuries looked down on him this night? The rain had ceased; the clouds were lightening and shredding out to sea when we arrived.

VI

THERE stands a tiny ruined *fortaleza* on a hill near the southeast point of Madeira, whereof I know more than most folks. You may seek and never find it, for it is now quite lost among the sugar fields, overtopped by the rank cane. Its square tower, whence the first lords of the soil used to keep stern ward against the Moorish marauder, was long ago shorn to the lowly uses of husbandry and built about with arbors; but its walls are a yard thick under the plaster, thick enough for a dungeon—or an inquisition chamber. No place could be more secret, and a man might lie hid there, like a toad in a hollow rock, never to be traced.

This was the obscure and really sinister prison to which they brought Robert Matcham and myself by tortuous ways along the terraces. And here they carried us in from the forecourt to a low-ceiled hall and set us up for judgment, where many another unhappy captive must have stood before.

It was dim and chill as a vault, relieved only by a hanging iron lamp, which shed one yellow splash of light in the center. For some time I could discern nothing outside that wavering radiance on the deep-worn flags of the floor, though conscious of shifting figures in the gloom, of whispered stir and preparation.

For myself I had no great fear. The thing was so remote, and in itself so certain, sure, inexorable; a play of issues that held no part for a trifler like me. I was only a supernumerary, who had blundered on at the climax; a spectator who, having bought a stage seat, finds himself hustled into the riot. I had "come asking"; and it was hard for me to take our picturesque knave and his plottings and struttings quite seriously.

But how of Robert Matcham? The case was very different with him. When I glanced at his face I knew the possibilities for that harried giant to be just exactly as serious as life and death.

Throughout the long run he had spoken only once; and of all the comments he might have made!

"It was wrong of me to let you in for this," he had said very quietly; one of those phrases that throw a lightning glint on a whole nature.

He would yield no more. Circumstance could prod him no further. I swear the fellow was volcanic to the touch. Heaven help the first brigand within reach if ever they loosed him again!

A door opened behind us and closed again with a heavy jar, and quickly we were aware of a new presence. The waiting hush took an electric quality, a tension. Someone was standing there, across; and I peered nervously, for this could only be the chief of the band, the "head devil," on whose will or whim we must suppose ourselves to hang. I scarcely know what I expected; what image I had formed of that mysterious Number One, who had put such strange events in motion. Something very alarming and formidable, at least, and certainly very far detached from the sort of greeting that reached us now. Its words came rippling like notes of music:

"I am sure there must be some meestake. It could not be theese who rafuse a kindness to a stranger! Pedro—theese are zaintlemen! Pedro—Pedro—you shall answer to me! Oh, stupid-head—always to bungle some more!"

I despair of conveying that trick of speech, subtly exotic—like the tang in some rare wine. But the voice! Each has heard such a voice for himself, once or twice perhaps, and felt his blood leap to answer, singing. It was a woman's voice, mellow-throated as a bird's.

Robert Matcham raised his head at the first sound of it; but still we could see nothing to distinguish the speaker—only a vague apparition, nebulous, tall and slim. She moved before us, and presently sank half-reclining on some divan or deep settle midway of the room.

A hurried, anxious mumble seemed to show that the unfortunate Pedro made his excuses; but she waved them away.

"*Messieurs*," she said—"*Senhores*—I must truly apologize to r'ceive you so. My friend' have exceed' their instruction. I would not that they should treat you with such rudeness. I would not have you sink us *criminel*. Believe me—no!"

But, though she protested warmly, I could not observe any offer to release us.

"And English too!" Her soft drawl was a caress. "See how *bête* is that Pedro—to sink he could make you tell anysing to a r-robber in the street! Of course you would not tell! But me—I shall ex-plain so clear and so simple; and then you shall understand. Attend me, please:

"There is a great treasure on the shore of these island. A gr-reat treasure wrecked with a ship long taime bifore. Always, always it is known—only where? Thad nobody can know! By Machico, they say—yes. But z' waters by Machico are deep and cruel, and thad ship has went all to li'l' piece' hundreds years ago; and only the gold—the heavy, heavy doubloon gold—r'main down there; and to find it is not possible. So at last thad story is nearly forgot! You see?

"But listen now: Only three mon's ago a poor fisher boy finds a one coin on the rocks. Somewhere—somewhere he finds it, and quick the news shoots to Portugal, to Spain. My friends and me, we heard thad news. We are very much excite'; for w'ere thad coin is—you comprehend—there z' rest must also be! So we make a company among us; and me, bicause—oh, bicause I am not quite unknown in several co'ntries and I have some little hinfluence, it may be—I am bicome the Madame Presidente—ze Number One. Yes.

"We hurry to Madeira. And what do you sink? Thad boy—thad poor fisher boy—he don' know w'ere he find thad coin!



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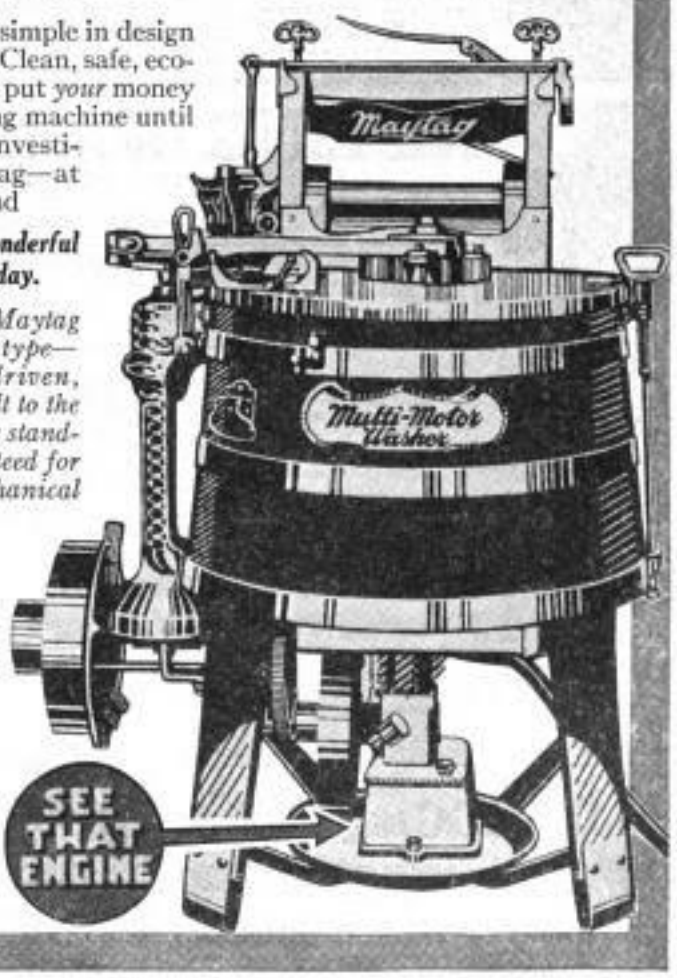
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The gambler sits there, a big, easy-going man, when the woman slips in, with a black shawl, creepy hair, ragged skirt, white face, eyes a cross between Gabriel's and a sick kitten's. She stands there without a word and looks at the money. Old Jack gets up, peels a bill off the roll and then—but

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True, I tell you! We take him here; we take him there—no good! He never can remember w'ere he found it. He is so stupid—a li'l' fool' in the head, thad poor João, who now makes drinks in the Casino. *Pobrecito! Pauvre gars!* And so our treasure is lost again.

"Until you come along—you big zaintleman there. You are a stranger, a foreign'—knowing nothing of all this. You take yourself for a walk by the beach and, very first thing—what? You pick up another one coin of this treasure! Ah, thad is so remark-able! Thad is a wonderful, truly! But what can we do? We must know w'ere you pick it up—thad is es-sential to us. And nobody knows but you. So now you understand why my friends should make you all this trouble."

The red dot of a cigarette glowed to life between her lips, and by that tormented spark we glimpsed a face that seemed to advance out of the darkness and to retreat again as swiftly—the merest fleet vision of an exquisite and roseate loveliness.

She waited for an answer; but Robert Matcham made none.

"Perhaps," she said, with the gentlest concern, "perhaps I do not make myself yet quite clear. You will r'mark thad we are going to know! Somehow or another we are going to know. Thees is a too ancient claim of ours—writ' on ancient parchmen'—and nobody can kip us from it now, when we are so close. *Voilà!*"

The stillness weighed again and I saw Robert Matcham's great chest heave and fall.

"I, too, have a claim," he said, his full, deep tone rolling under the roof like an organ pipe.

She drew herself up to stare toward him.

"How?" she breathed.

And it was given Robert Matcham then to have his say out.

"Either that or nothing!" he declared quite simply. "Either I have a claim or there's no sense to life. Lady—look at me! Do you see a fool, a weakling or an imbecile? None of these, I think.

"When a man has been knocked blind and silly by his luck; when he's been hammered out of all hope and pride in himself—what can he do, lady? Well, there's one of two things for him: He can lie down and curl up like a worm, and confess he's only a lump of flesh, with no more control over his destiny than a bit of flotsam on the sea. He can do that—or else he can sink teeth and claw on the first hold and make it have a meaning; stick to it, and die sticking!

"I've had enough. I call enough! I'm half a world out of my place. I've lost everything I ever wanted; stood every mock and failure—a plaything for events. And now there's got to be a meaning: I'm going to put a meaning to it. If there's a treasure, as you say, it's mine; it must be mine; it's got to be mine—and it's going to be mine or nobody's! And all hell can't make me speak!"

The fellow seemed to swell beside me; I heard the ropes creak about his limbs; and heard, too, the sharp-drawn gasp of the woman in the shadow.

"No! And how do you think you can privent?"

"Well," said Robert Matcham—and his voice rang with high exultation at last—"I can begin this way!"

His bonds snapped from him like thread; his fist went to his breast and came away armed with glitter—João's revolver, which he had hidden there. It spat saffron, twice and thrice, toward the door. He followed on and met a rush of opposing figures. I saw the fat croupier fall. I myself was bowled over, deafened by the bursting clamor, trampled, kicked in the head. Half-stunned, I writhed round to watch the struggle, adding my feeble pipe to the din.

"Go on, Robert Matcham!" I yelled. "Go on! Smash through! Oh, smash 'em!"

They swarmed upon him, reaching for their deadly holds. Three had him about the waist; another clung to his feet; still others barred his path. So I saw him for the click of a shutter; and then, roaring with battle, he broke away, stripped them off like rats, waded on—plucked up the last one bodily and used him like a flail.

He was free! Free long enough to tear the door open and step back for a dash—and there she met him.

A bright bar of light cut in from the outer court and shone full upon her—a splendor of beauty to stop a man's heart in his breast. She was dark, like some tinted pearls—dark as he was fair—and ripe as her own lips. Her eyes, heavy-lidded, were slightly lifted to him with an amorous languidness. She did not flinch, save for a tiny quiver of nostril, thin and clear like a roseleaf, and the rise of her bosom, and when her little hand crept up to her throat.

So she stayed, and so he stayed, while the uproar died and fell away into the void—long and long; while time lost all count; while these two exchanged such a message as five centuries could not change, but no man can guess or words declare. And then ——

"Robert," she said, "this is your treasure!"

"Anna!" said Robert Matcham. "Anna!"

I heard them—I, myself; I heard them.

VII

IT WAS the spade-bearded banker who brought me to.

"So," he nodded, with an amazing grin, "you are not a daid? Tha's nize! Now there are not any daids at all, and everybody being much pleased."

I blinked up at him from the divan on which I lay, and then round the room, gray and bare in the dawn, which had stolen in by opened door and casement. The banker sat down at a little table near by and beamed at me. I noticed that he carried one arm in a sling, but otherwise he was still the model rogue, jimp and smiling. There was no one else in sight.

"They are all down 'elping to fish up that box of gol'pieces," he explained. "You didn' know that, eh?"

"Where?"

"Below the beach. Your frien' showed the place; and, sure enough, there we dived and foun' it. But him —— Oh, *là là!*" He chuckled. "Him and her, what do they care? They 'ave gone off together by their lones to see the sunrise—those dears!"

"Who was she?" I cried, starting up dizzily.

"What? You not know that divine *ballerina*, that dancer so sublime, that singer so sweet?" He kissed his finger tips. "Anna Darfetho, of Lisbon, and Paris, and Madrid! Only now—good-by! It is finish'! She are going with him to Australia. Imagine! And what for, do you think? To spend their share—'Oly Virgin!—in raising little woolly sheeps together!"

"Share?"

"Oh, we all share—that is agree'. Only me—you understand, I am—'ow you say?—the tiger for eat the mos'. Yes, I get the mos', because truly it should belong all mine. Be'old—for this our fazers used to cut the throat."

He took up from the table one of several blackish, common-looking lumps, like slag, and weighed it; and smiled his smile of the gentlemanly brigand who gloats upon the fortune won. And as I stared at that superior knave the whole stupendous marvel closed up with a final click.

Pilot? Pilot? I remember the quaint phrase of the chronicle: "Great fighting pilot of Spain"—pilot? Pirate, rather. Pirate, of course!

"Then you must be Pedro Morales?" I gasped.

"Ah, you know my name?" he twinkled pleasantly. "What, another coincident?"

But I had had enough—enough of coincidence, of romance and adventure and authentic thrill to last me for some time, and rather more than I had bargained for with my ten pounds. I groped my way out into the open and the brisk morning breeze; and there, looking down to seaward through an alley in the cane, I saw the new sun come up, as round and broad and ruddy as—as a doubloon.



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New Facts About Teeth

Which Supplant All Former Theories

By Wm. M. Ruthrauff, A. B., A. M.

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities



The Source of All Tooth Troubles

Is a Slimy, Albuminous Film

Now it is known that a film on the teeth is the basic cause of all tooth troubles.

That discovery has upset many former theories. Now it is known that tooth preservation demands that film's removal.

You can feel the film, with your tongue—a slimy film—even after brushing. But you cannot see it, for the film, unless stained, is transparent. That is why teeth look clean.

It absorbs stains—nicotine stains in particular. That is why teeth discolor.

That film is albuminous. Therefore it forms a perfect breeding place for germs. And germs are a cause of pyorrhea.

It clings to the teeth, grows thicker and firmer, and finally hardens into tartar. And tartar is another cause of pyorrhea.

It holds food particles which shortly ferment, forming lactic acid. And that's the cause of tooth decay.

So that film causes all tooth troubles.

The most common is tooth decay. That is caused by an acid which that film holds in contact with the tooth. The film protects it where it can't be reached by neutralizing alkalies.

The most dreaded is pyorrhea. That is a disease caused by tartar and germs. Both are the result of that film.

Tartar is hardened film. Stains and discolorments are in the film.

Thus clean teeth mean filmless teeth.

Brush them as often as you will in your present way. While that film exists your teeth remain unclean. They remain unsafe. Germs are bound to breed around them. Decay cannot be avoided. Teeth will not long stay white. New-day dentistry is founded on this fact.

Feel your teeth now. That film is there, no matter when you cleaned them. Your dentist will assure you that it must be kept away.



Brushing Does Not Remove It

Many Applications Harden It

That film resists the tooth brush, and in crevices escapes it. So ordinary brushing does not clean the teeth.

Many applications have alkali in them. And alkali hardens albumen.

That is why our old methods proved ineffective. That is why tartar formed. That is why teeth discolored and decayed. That is why they bred germs, despite all our attention.

We brushed them, but did not dislodge all the film. A stain like iodine will prove this.

Three years ago a way was found to keep rid of this film by the aid of a digestant. Five governments already have granted patents on it.

The way is called Pepsodent. The basis is pepsin, the digestant of albumen.

But pepsin alone won't do. It must be activated by an acid. And the usual acid—hydrochloric—is destructive to the teeth.

The solution was found in an acid salt—a neutralized acid which will activate pepsin. That discovery made Pepsodent possible. And with it came this revolution in the use of dentifrice.

Pepsodent brings activated pepsin in contact with that film. The object is to digest and dissolve it, so brushing can remove it. Two or three applications will show its amazing results. Your teeth will feel as though just cleaned by a dentist's polisher. You will know that the film has met a dentifrice which it can't resist.

Send this coupon for a One-Week Tube to prove this. We will mail it free. Use it, and let the clear results argue for themselves. You will never go back to a method which leaves your teeth coated with film. Please act today. Clean, white, filmless teeth are too important to delay. Cut out the coupon now.

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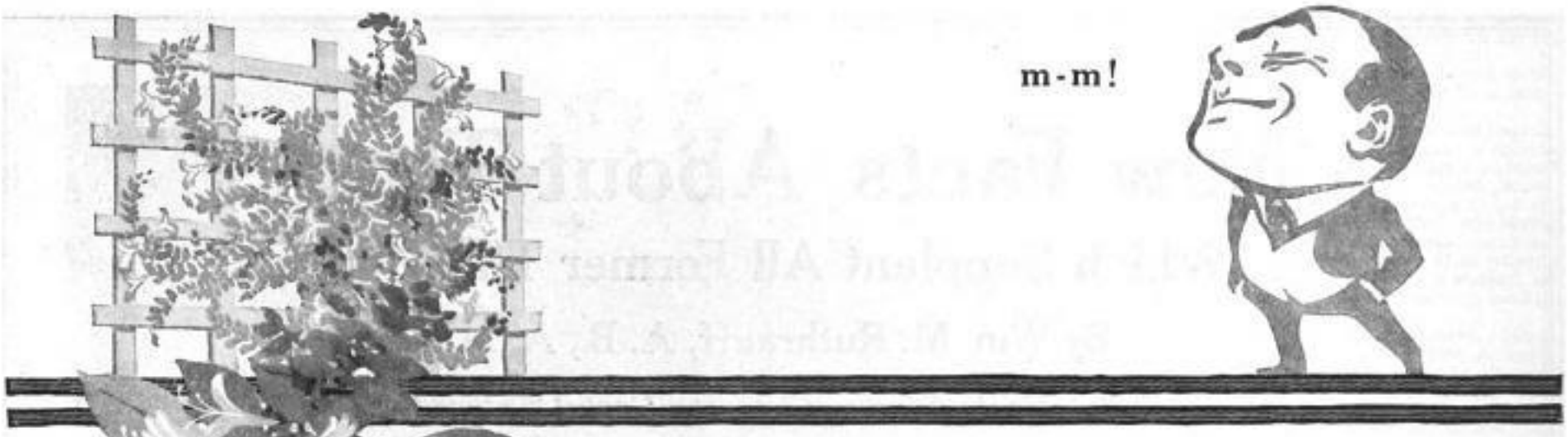
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HOW do you know where the honeysuckle grows?

"Your Nose Knows"

and your memory holds always dear the places of your childhood that were so purely *fragrant* with the yellow and white blossoms. You can't forget anything that has impressed its pure fragrance upon you. Pure *fragrance* is the *Soul* of things. A tobacco with a pure, satisfying *fragrance* is *a smoke with a Soul.*

Such a tobacco is

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco

made, as it is, from a blending of rich, ripe Burley leaves, grown in the Blue Grass section of Old Kentucky, TUXEDO has a pure *fragrance* that is all its own.



Try this Test:—Rub a little Tuxedo briskly in the palm of your hand to bring out its full aroma. Then smell it deep—its delicious, pure fragrance will convince you. Try this test with any other tobacco and we will let Tuxedo stand or fall on your judgment—

"Your Nose Knows"



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READY! ACTION! CAMERA! GO!

(Continued from Page 13)

Not from choice, however, as the dual rôle was too strenuous; but the fact was I had become better known as a lead than as a director, and the Eastern office wanted me in the former rôle.

By this time, too, I had entirely lost my sniffy attitude toward the pictures and I rather proudly permitted my identity to become known. True, I received many letters and occasional visits from the co-stars of my legit days, and they usually expended much interest, but more pity, to see me sunk so low; but I had only a few years' waiting to find them, one after the other, rapping at the door.

I have said that the power of the director in the early days was almost absolute, and this was true in his relation to his producing force; but he had one serious check upon him, and that was the manufacturer. With us, this overlord usually lived in the East; so the friction was often most exasperating. The owner demanded a certain type of picture, and he, in turn, got his taste from the exhibitor. Of course the exhibitor got his point of view from his picture fans and was loath to try anything new.

These men insisted that their patrons demanded the rough stuff; so our bosses spent our artistic lives in every kind of violence imaginable.

It was a most hopeless inertia and conservatism that well-nigh made some of us give up in despair. I recall our first efforts to put over a two-reel story. The exhibitors fought us tooth and nail, and it was only after a most threatening controversy that we were finally permitted to make one. Then, as now, the manufacturers and exhibitors underestimated the public taste, for the two-reelers went famously—then three-reelers—four—five; and now we have them in ten, twelve and fourteen.

With the beginning of the multiple reel we had to begin actual stories—two thousand feet of action was not enough to sustain interest; and we began to buy scenarios and to dramatize popular magazine tales.

Within a very short time the public taste had so changed, and the fans had become so sophisticated, that more and more care had to be exercised in all our productions. Painted scenery gave way to solid sets built of real material, and the cost of productions went up and up. Also, with the feature picture there came into the business the stars of the stage—at first the lesser lights and finally the greatest of them all. Some of the stars drew much bigger salaries than even the directors; nevertheless, we made money. Notwithstanding the fact that the stars drew more than we did, our powers were still supreme.

Artistic Work Mangled

Though we were all-powerful, our troubles were manifold. We were, as yet, either writing most of our own stories or adapting those we bought; and often I would lie awake until the small hours of the morning, organizing in my mind the continuity of my scenario. Then I had to order and supervise all sets, choose my casts, and often seek my locations.

We might get a picture half made, when the weather would change, and we would have to dismiss the cast for a week or more, and then renew the taking of the picture. This was always dangerous, for costumes or props might be mislaid, or the set struck so as to make room for some studio stuff that could be taken in the rain. Then came the task of rebuilding the first set exactly as it was before; or, to cap the climax, the second lead would get his hair cut; or some other idiot would pi the picture in some outrageous way.

Perhaps we would employ some outside person for a certain character, because of his type, and he would do very well at first, and fall down entirely in the big scene; then we would either have to employ a new person to do the previous scene all over, or skin down the part to nothing, with the chance of spoiling the story. Often, after we sent the film East, we got most of it back for retakes, because the Eastern laboratory would claim that the film was weak or scratched—there was always a feud on between our Eastern and Western laboratories; or because the big boss couldn't see the feet of the hero in a certain scene; or somebody else couldn't read a street number a block away.

Never, by any chance, did we see our pictures run in positive or with the titles. These were made in the Eastern laboratory.

When, finally, we went to the theater to see our child projected on the screen, we would find that certain scenes had been cut or new titles substituted. As if this was not enough to break our hearts, careless projectors would tear the film, cut out the torn parts and splice the ends together again, with the result that a person sitting at a table would suddenly jump way across the room. Projectors often even deliberately cut several feet out of a film if they happened to be enamored of the girl in the picture.

Remember this, girls: Whenever your friend Harry, who projects down at the Excelsior Theater, gives you three feet of film of your favorite actor, the chances are that he has all but ruined a scene that was the result of infinite pains and labor.

Usually the whole artistic effect of a picture depends upon the tempo, and we would make and take our scenes with the utmost care that this might be correct. Imagine our aesthetic joy in going to a theater and seeing our people go through their scenes as though the whole cast was on casters! This would be accomplished by projecting the picture faster than the standard speed, and was done for two purposes—one to rush through the program in order to corral a new handful of nickels; and the other to put pep into the show. Punch and pep—how I hate those words! I firmly believe they have been the greatest curse to our art. Think of putting pep into Hamlet!

Some Early Troubles

Another of our earliest troubles was in getting permission to use certain locations. Before the films became "respectable," people were very tight across their chests about allowing their estates to be used as backgrounds for violence and rough-stuff comedies. It was almost impossible to get public officials to appear publicly or to gain their consent for any picture purposes. Ex-President Taft helped immensely in this respect. Seeing the historical possibilities of the films, and being too genial to refuse, he permitted the first official pictures to be made; and during his Presidency he often permitted directors to use the White House. Since then, the respectability he lent our business has opened the way to every reasonable demand we make.

But there are certain locations that are becoming harder and harder to get. At present it is the saloon exterior in California. When the wet-and-dry agitation began there some months ago the saloon men realized that it was mighty bad for their cause to permit the use of their places for moving pictures, for the reason that they were almost invariably made the background for some form of crime or intemperance. Now we have to build our own saloons.

The success of the feature story soon began to make the one-reeler less popular, and almost every studio turned to the manufacture of the multiple reel. A feature story, at first, was intended to dramatize some well-known popular novel or stage success, or to exploit the personality of a famous star; but it soon grew to mean any film that was more than two or three reels long. Many of the so-called feature films of to-day are nothing more than the old one-reeler padded out; in fact, many of them are retaken from one-reelers the companies hope you have forgotten. But the exhibitors are feature-crazy, and it's pretty hard now to sell a one-reeler, no matter how good it is.

The feature film, however, gave the director the chance that he always longed for—a fine story, good actors, unlimited money, and time in which to make the picture. These were the grand old days for the reckless producer and still more reckless director.

Money was pouring in so fast that the cost of production was hardly considered. Great companies of expensive actors were kept on salary, and often would work but a few days a month. Furniture was bought, huge sets built, and armies of men employed with almost insane recklessness. Ruins were wrecked, real ships sunk; aëroplanes, touring cars and great buildings were tossed into the dump just to get a few feet of realism.



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And Any Home Has Room for a BRUNSWICK TABLE

Carom and Pocket Billiards are a captivating sport, and nowadays the Brunswick Home Table is the family playground. *When school lets out it quickens home-bound footsteps.*

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This manly love of skillful achievement is built right into these scientific Brunswicks. They are packed full of health, they are wrapped with tense moments, *and they are brimming over with raillery and laughter!*

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I recall one instance of a fellow, directing in one of the largest studios here, who employed more than two hundred people for a ballroom scene. The script called for the tango, or some new dance; but when the orchestra struck up it was found that only a few could dance modern steps. Rather than change to a waltz, which everybody could do, the director lost his temper, ordered the scene stopped, and then announced that the company was to report at the studio daily for a week, as he was going to have that scene if it necessitated employing a dancing master to teach the whole cast! This he did; and that one little thirty-foot piece of film cost the company six thousand dollars.

Another chap ordered thirty-six tons of coal for a mine picture. His assistant, hoping to save money, bought six tons for the foreground and thirty tons of crushed rock for the rest. This, when washed with lampblack, looked exactly like coal. When the director was told of the deception—he never would have noticed it—he ordered the scene stopped and everybody away until he had real coal, by heck! That kind of realism is pretty expensive.

This condition couldn't last, for the sheer spending of money had its limits. Only companies of unlimited resources could finance the huge productions; and sooner or later the fans would cease to marvel at the big stuff and would demand quality rather than quantity. Even the comic fellows are beginning to feel the reaction from useless expenditures, and are more bent now upon real comedy than the destruction of valuable property.

The Custard-Pie Motif

After the "pursuit" picture, directors were at their wit's end until the most famous impresario of knockabout fun invented the motif of the custard pie. A custard-pie bombardment has two very strong elements of humor concealed in its action—one is surprise; and the other is messiness. There are lots of "nice" people who think it is vulgar and outrageous to laugh at such elemental humor; yet there is something fundamentally funny in seeing a body's face projected through the soft goo of a custard pie.

If you do not believe this, try it some day on your neighbor when he pushes his head over the fence to say good morning or to borrow the lawn mower. Hit him full-on, butter side out, with a custard pie, and see whether the result is not funny—or tragic; a hair often divides the two. If you try this experiment you will learn that only a complete bull's-eye is funny. If the pie should hit on the edge, or only partially break, the joke is held in suspense and spoiled; but if you "moon him," I assure you the neighbors for miles round will all laugh. My, the number of custard pies that we have wasted while one of the comedians perfected his technic and aim! A good custard-pie thrower is invaluable in the comics. It is queer that the pie must be custard.

This same director also invented the comedy police, who have had more trouble with the real police than any actors on the screen. The humor of the wild exploits of these volatile officers of the law is based upon two motifs—one is the collapse of dignity; and the other is a kid desire in the hearts of nearly all of us to see authority get it in the neck.

There has been no great comic inspiration in the last few years—we can't laugh forever at the pursuit, the pie, or the police. So the comic studios, taking their contagion from the drama, have gone in to spend huge sums on sets.

The money blown in on a few feet of film is incredible. Only a month ago one of our directors was going to do a comic in which the fellow on horseback chases a girl; and just as he gets to the edge of a cliff she ducks, and the horse with his man rider jumps over the cliff into the ocean. At first they couldn't find a jumping horse; and, as the authorities wouldn't permit pushing the horse off, they had to train one. It took two weeks in the big studio tank—going up a few feet each day, until the horse got to the high dive.

There is an old rumor that once upon a time a mouse ran up a clock. Our comic director, believing that the clock in question was on a lady's stocking, attempted to repeat the feat for a two-reeler he was making. For three days a camera man stood at alert attention while the lady sat in receptive horror and a foolish little mouse ran everywhere except up the clock. Every inducement was resorted to, so that the mouse might fulfill the nursery rime. Even a piece of cheese—the kind that mice are reported to relish—was balanced on the lady's knee; yet he preferred the lower altitudes. After all this labor and expense the result was finally attained by trickery.

The Dearth of Comedy Material

Bears and monkeys are sometimes put through months of training to get but one or two scenes. The sets necessary to show the flooding of a hotel from top to bottom, where the guests are all washed out into the sewer, are also very expensive.

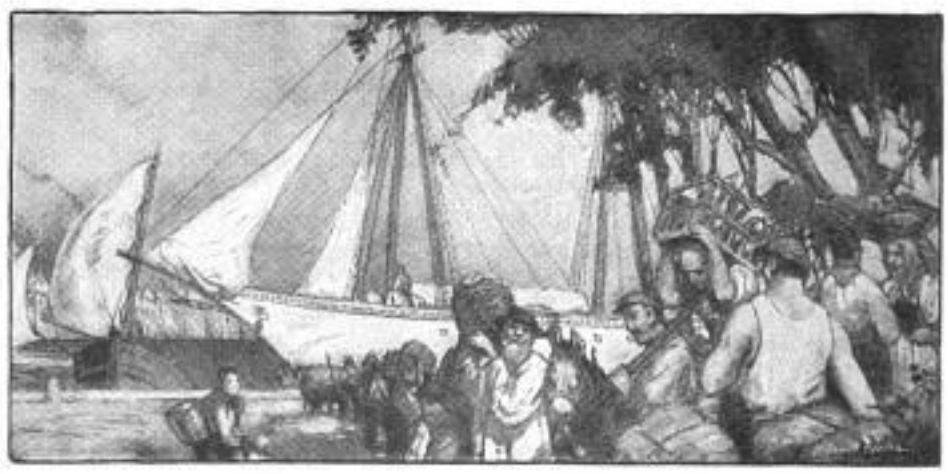
And now in the comics comes the same reaction, from great expenditures and startling destruction to something less expensive, but with more brains. Comedies of situation are superseding the slapstick and the custard pie. Our greatest difficulty is in getting stories. We have the plants and we have the comedians; but where, oh, where is our boasted national humor? A perusal of the scenarios sent to the comic studio is one of the saddest and most lugubrious experiences I have ever undertaken.

It is difficult enough, heaven knows, to get good dramatic stories. One reason, no doubt, is because situations are fairly limited, and the output of the studios in the last five years has been so enormous that there is mighty little left which has not been done. Good plays for the legitimate drama are difficult to get, and our problem may perhaps be appreciated when it is known that one studio will sometimes turn out in a month as many plays as New York produces upon the stage in a year.

But, if dramas are hard to get, comedies are even harder. Every script that comes in is put into all the test tubes in the laboratory to find even the germs of a good comic situation; if, perchance, one is discovered the author is encouraged with enthusiasm, hope and money. Yet, because our comedians either do not understand the needs of the comics, or because their humor finds expression in some other way, the stuff sent in is almost hopeless. It therefore devolves upon the poor, worked-out director to frame most of his own stories.

Now that my place as an actor has been taken by any one of the great army of film favorites, and I have become only a publicly inconspicuous director, Mrs. Barryworth is anxious that I shall seek fresh immortality as a comic-scenario writer; but—alas!—I fear I am just like the rest of my countrymen, whose wits seem brighter in repartee, exaggerated metaphor and whimsical observation than when they take their pens in hand.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Wagner. The second will appear in an early issue.



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The talk has turned to equipment



"Now, gentlemen," said the General Manager of a large motor-car factory, "the success of our car has been built up by sincerely studying where improvements could be made in efficiency, durability and quality refinements that mean so much to the prospective buyer.

"We are here, this morning, to talk about our new models What about bearing equipment?"

"I am convinced that this matter of bearings is vitally important," replied the Sales Manager. "I have been looking into it thoroughly, from the standpoint of the purchaser of the car, and as a selling proposition, ball-bearing equipment—a full-jeweled job, giving every rotating part in the chassis the frictionless movement of a full-jeweled watch—has a decided selling advantage. I submit that we equip throughout with ball bearings."

"I second that recommendation," said the Advertising Manager. "For ball bearings throughout will be an added and convincing publicity feature in the sale of our car."

"What do you say, Mr. Engineer?" inquired the General Manager.

"It certainly follows the best engineering practice," replied the Engineer, "that ball bearings reduce frictional resistance and wear to the vanishing point, give longer life to every part of the machine, successfully resist shocks, thrusts, stresses, from any and all directions. In my opinion, ball bearings in our car mean chassis perfection where the wear comes and the weight is carried."

And the Master Mechanic added: "Yes, and ball bearings are a complete, self-contained unit that never require adjustment, are absolutely trouble-proof, and offer the advantage of comparatively inexpensive installation, car assembly, and upkeep."

This conversation is interesting to every car owner and buyer, for



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Where thru tremulous hands,
Lie the threads from
An old-fashioned distaff unfurled.
And those three blind old women
Sit spinning the world."

Whatever the FATES may have in store for YOU in 1917 you will want your Family Protected

by

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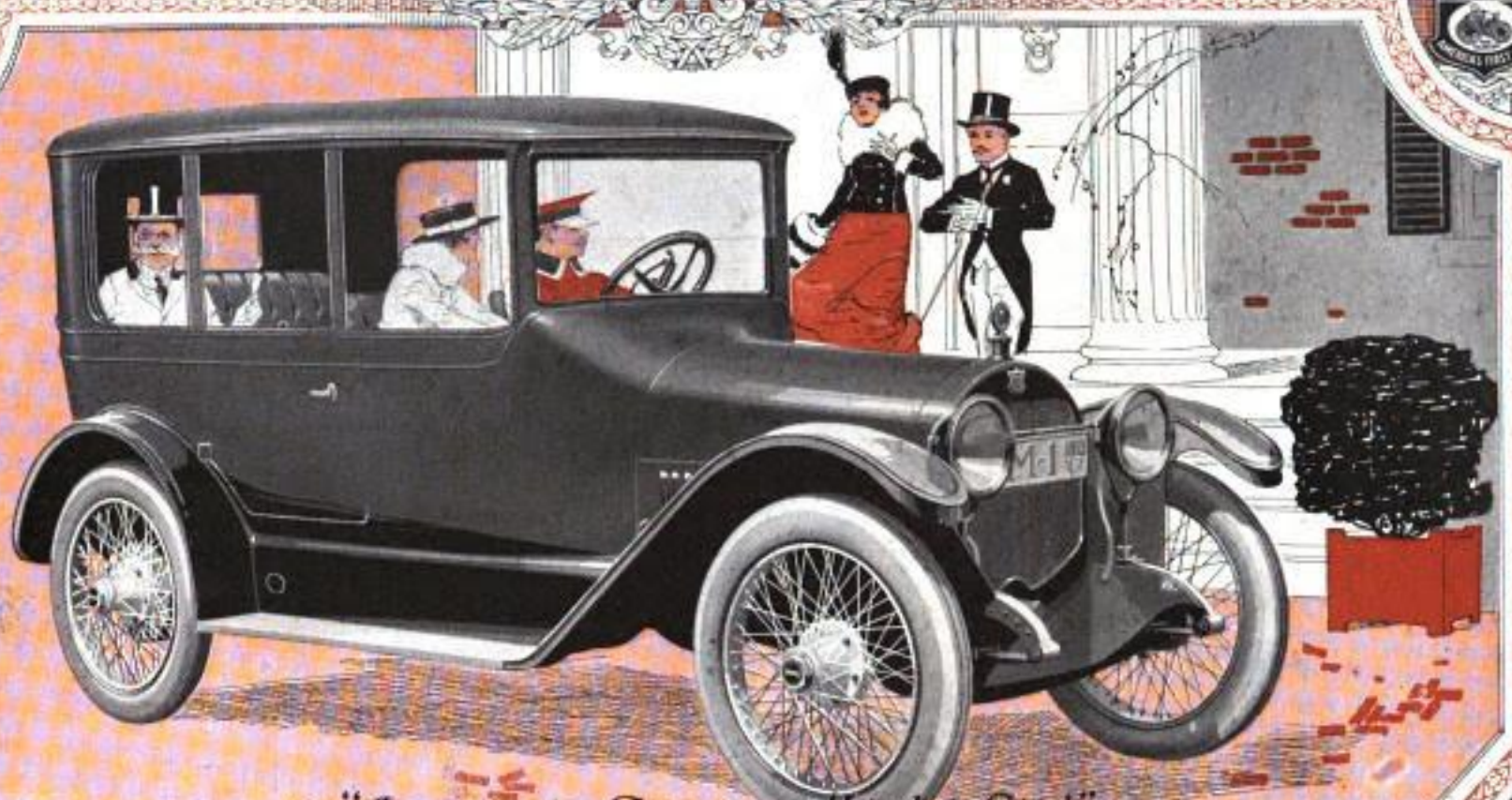
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THE NEW ARISTOCRACY

By WILL IRWIN

MOST Americans without immediate ties of blood in the belligerent countries have made up their minds—in a general way, at least—that Armageddon is a struggle between oligarchical governments and general democratic governments; which is one secret of the general sympathy, ranging from boiling hot to lukewarm, for the Entente Allies. On one side stands France, probably the purest large democracy in the world; England, an imperfect democracy steadily working toward perfection; Italy, a monarchy always on the verge of republicanism; and Belgium, somewhat in the same stage of development. Russia, it is true, has lined up with these democracies; but Russia is far away from us, and we feel that she does not give the tone or set the pace for the alliance. The tone has been given by Great Britain, most democratic among monarchies; and the pace has been set by France, a nation so advanced in democracy that she has been able to make a most effective army, under thorough discipline, through a system of social equality which resembles that of an old-time cow-camp.

On the other side, Germany, both giving the tone and setting the pace for the Central Powers, has repudiated democracy, as we know the term. Her monarch, long before the war, reaffirmed the doctrine of the divine right of kings. In half of his proclamations he calls on the God who guards his dynasty—"he has mobilized the Almighty," say the French. An open oligarchy—this is the phrase which most nearly describes the political and social creed prevailing in Germany, in spite of the Social Democrats. At the head are "the best people," the "well born." When ability arises, when it makes itself insistent enough, the oligarchy must open up and let it in. This new ability has now received the *cachet;* its sons and daughters will be "well born." So is the force and strength of the oligarchy renewed a little in each generation, and so the oligarchy rules, "as God intended it should."

This oligarchy must be responsible; it must take care of the people. But if it fails to do so, that is a matter which lies for settlement not between the oligarch and the people, but between the oligarch and his God—whether that God be the Trinity or Odin. It is a matter of private conscience. This, though not the idea of every German, is that of the group which controls the war. Under Germany is Austria. The class in power there is German, holding to the same idea. The late Francis Joseph was forced in 1859, by the efforts of Garibaldi and Napoleon III, to surrender his Italian provinces to the new United Italy. "These provinces to be ceded to the people therein residing to choose whatever form of government they may wish," read the document presented for his signature—I quote not literally but in substance.

Francis Joseph gave it back. "The people have no right to choose their form of government," he said; "the principle is immoral. I will lose my kingdom sooner than sign this document." He compromised finally by handing over Northern Italy to Napoleon III, who handed it over to the people. Now such ideas still largely prevail in the group that governs Austria. Turkey is an absolute monarchy, zealous for a religion that makes democracy almost impossible. Bulgaria is still under dominance of the king idea.

The Germans of the governing class and, for the most part, of the higher commercial class, are perfectly frank about their system. "Democracy is a failure," they say. We have grown used to democracy in our century and a quarter of national life; it has become an axiom. We no more doubt that it is essentially right and must prevail than the religious among us doubt that Christianity is right and must prevail. If people oppose it, we think in our hearts, it is because of self-interest. Surely they can no more believe that they are right than the ordinary sinner against the moral law believes that he is right.

We do not know, until we encounter the aristocratic school of thought in Europe, that these people have made a social religion, for which they will perform even the supreme sacrifice of death, out of the self-interest of a class. We do not realize that they consider democracy, as we know it, an experiment, bizarre, unsound, perhaps wicked, which ran its course like a disease in the nineteenth century, and which must fall before a more practical, sound and moral form of society.

Now when the superficial observer begins to discuss the war in the neutral countries of Europe he finds opinion divided along pretty definite social lines. I was in Spain a year ago. Spain has a religious issue with France. The most devout country in Catholic Europe, she resents the suppression of the church establishments. Whenever that question did not affect judgment I found the line-up almost strictly social. The aristocracy



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Coronation of King Frederick I of Prussia in 1701



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Dining Room in the Palace of the Bavarian King in Munich



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Ceiling and Mural Decorations in a Royal Bavarian Palace

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was pro-German. The revolutionary element, the industrial element, the progressives in general, were pro-Ally. That open-minded and liberal young ruler, the king, was pro-Ally, partly doubtless owing to the influence of his English queen. Yet the old grandees were so wholly pro-German that war talk, in spite of royal preferences, had been forbidden at court.

"The situation at the palace is funny," said the court reporter of a Madrid newspaper. "Court reporter" means something other than "police-court reporter" in Madrid. "You can't talk of the fashions, because that would involve the shortage in Parisian styles—and the war. You can't talk of finance, because that would involve the present state of the stock market—and the war. You can't talk politics, because that would involve the war all along the line. The weather was a safe topic until last week, when the little Duchess of X, who's noted for her blunders, said that the rain must be caused by the firing up North—and the Queen Dowager nearly burned a hole in her through her lorgnette! Now they're down to personal compliment and scandal!"

The situation, I found later, was almost exactly the same in Holland. The sturdy little country of the dikes was mostly pro-Dutch, ready to smite whomsoever made the first move into their territory; yet in private opinion the court was all pro-German, the truly liberal element all pro-Ally. The queen was maintaining neutrality with difficulty in view of the pressure from her Germanophile intimates. An allied government sent a man to find the real opinion of Sweden. "Omitting those who have been hit in the pocket by our blockade, and ignoring such issues as the fear of Russia," he said, "I find the aristocratic element solid for Germany, and the democratic element all for the Entente." So, I am told, it went in Italy before that country entered the war. Switzerland has no special aristocracy, being more democratic than even France. She has divided on lines of blood; she merely furnishes the exception.

A Spanish Nobleman's Views

IT WAS a young noble of Spain who gave me the cue, if cue were needed. Most of the upper-class Europeans will not discuss such subjects with an American, holding us to be hopeless heretics. But he was more frank or more aggressive than the rest, and in an evening of conversation he laid out the aristocratic view on this war. Germany was winning, he said; and, though he did not like many things about the Germans, especially their prevailing religion and their manners, he believed that the hand of God was in it.

"We had grown dead in the head," he went on. "Science and modern invention came in the nineteenth century. We did nothing to control or use them; so this damned noisy democracy got its start. Now Germany has shown how autocracy can be made effective. She has brought it up to date. She will win. Her idea will prevail in the world. Before we die we'll see a king in France, and you Americans will have to fall into line or perish. Of course it will be hard for you. You haven't any real aristocracy, but your aristocracy of wealth will serve until you get something better."

Now this man was young; and he was stating the extreme unmodified view, without light or shadow, inevitable to his years. Yet in his violent way he was expressing the true opinion of European aristocracy, the true reason why they incline toward Germany in this war. Autocracy and oligarchy brought up to date—aristocratic government made possible and successful in a twentieth-century state—that is the idea of Germany, they feel; and the great success of the German idea in the early stages of the war has filled them with hope.

This, however, does not state the whole situation as it exists at present in Europe. The battle for and against democracy is not only external but internal. Not only are France and England, with their democratic majorities, fighting against a set of nations held and governed by aristocratic minorities, but the aristocratic minorities in France and England have taken heart of grace from the success of German method, and are preparing to renew the struggle, which they had almost lost, against the growing democratic ideal.

Old Ideas Cast in New Forms

THESE people, of course, do not favor Germany as a nation. They hold to a set of old-fashioned ideals, and to none more strongly than that exaggerated nationalism which is the parent of wars. But they have seen the German system successful; they have seen the Western nations, under the pressure of war, adopt many of its features. They propose to beat Germany—no part of the Entente nations is sterner in this resolve than they; but when they have her beaten they would like to take her system, modified to suit their national characteristics, and impose it upon their own peoples.

These oligarchs are a minority in England and still more so in France. However, in England they are very able, and they are not without brains in France. Out of these terrible times has come unexpectedly a new struggle—the principle of hereditary and sanctioned power against the principle of popular rule. This struggle, begun with the war, will not end with the peace—rather, the sharpest conflict may begin when the armies return to the plow and the lathe. The battle for democracy, which in 1914 we complacently thought won, has only entered a new phase.

It may seem quaint for a writer to sit down in the year 1917 and define democracy. Most of the defining, one would think, was done more than a century ago in such documents as Tom Paine's Rights of Man—perhaps, also, in Mary Wollstonecraft's Vindication of the Rights of Woman—and the Declaration of Independence. But the new times have cast old ideas in new forms; and here is the philosophy of the two schools of European political thought, as they appear through the confused battle hazes of Europe. Like most Americans of this generation, I have no patience with the aristocratic view; but I shall try to be fair.

The aristocrat, or the person of common birth who accepts the system, believes in his bones that there is a kind of divine sanction for the classes, for the special privileges and emoluments granted the upper class. Equality shocks him, appeals to him as something grotesque. An Englishman of aristocratic ideas was speaking to me last summer of the prison camps for German civilians. "The camp at X goes very well," he said. "All sorts in there—gentlemen, middle class, servants, tradespeople. The camp at Y is simply ridiculous. All well-to-do men there—just alike in social circumstances. It's a dreary place—no point to it!"

Indeed, to the aristocratic temperament, whether it inhabits the person of a duke or a butler, social equality appears like a view across a perfectly level and barren plain—one longs for hills and valleys—there is "no point to it!" What sense of art they have rebels against such a system; for all the beauties and romance of those old lands are intertwined with the aristocratic system—their ruins were the homes of nobles, their cathedrals the offerings of prelates, their paintings the luxuries of kings.

The most blind and zealous converts to the aristocratic system in Europe I have found among expatriate American artists. They will tell you that art cannot flourish save in an autocracy; that beauty is impossible save under an "orderly arrangement of society." It was one of these who, knowing me as a journalist, reproached me for "putting into the minds of the lower classes ideas beyond their grasp." This is the spirit infusing much great European literature of the nineteenth century—for example, Matthew Arnold's Culture and Anarchy, and the art criticism of Ruskin.

Virtually it is feudalism, kept alive by the spirit of conservatism. In the upper layers of the system, its brains and force, it is based, quite unconsciously, upon self-interest. The maintenance of the system enables the hereditary aristocracy to have without struggle, to hold without work. But almost any man can in a few years make a creed, a thing to live and die by, out of self-interest.

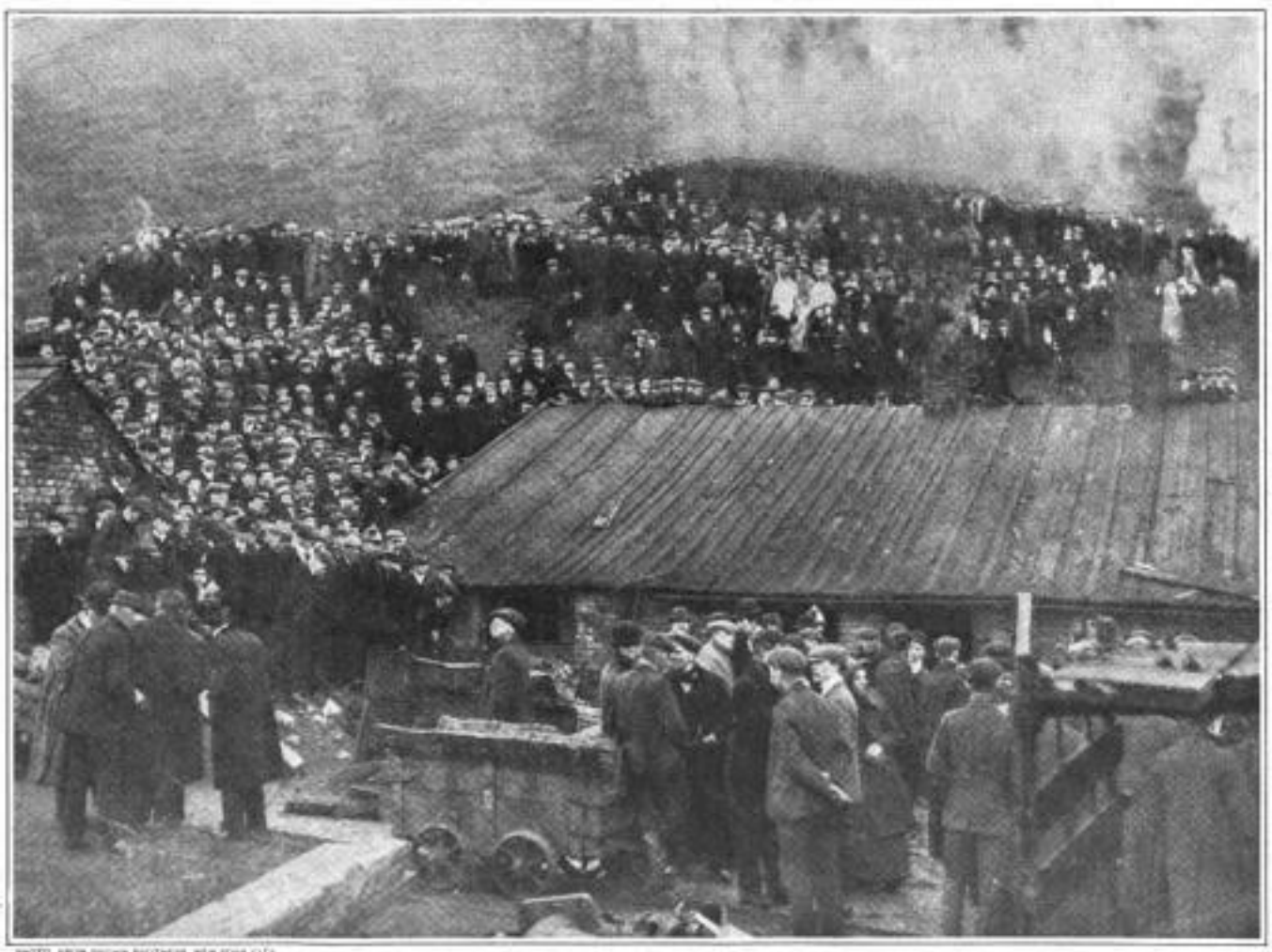
Military Aristocracy and Pacifist Democracy

I HAVE never been able fully to understand why a belief in the sanctity of war goes always hand in hand with the aristocratic idea; but so it does in my observation. Perhaps this is because war was the highest expression, the supreme sacrifice to humanity, in those feudal times from which aristocracies draw their sanctions. Perhaps, also, having enjoyed most of the immunities, privileges, pleasures and dissipations of the normal world, they are driven on by a half-unconscious desire for the supreme, unnatural excitement, which is war.

However, nothing about the present mind of Europe impresses me so strongly as the fact that aristocracy is by nature militant; democracy, naturally pacifist. Whenever I find a man in Europe who glories in the war, who longs to get back to it; whenever I find one who calls it the "purifier of nations"; whenever I find one who believes that it has "rescued us from decadence"—I find, on further investigation, that he is an aristocrat to the marrow of his bones.

Whenever I find a man who loathes it, but is "doing his bit," standing a life he abominates for the security of his nation, fighting for a permanent peace and for the dim hope that this will be the last war, I find, upon better acquaintance, that he is a democrat. Here, also, the issue is joined between oligarchy and popular rule. We have grown accustomed to think that the defense of war is a monopoly of the Germans. This is only because the aristocratic element controls Germany, and has free, frank expression. The German Bernhardi called war a "biological necessity," a "cleaner of nations." Yet Lord Roberts, in an essay published since his death, expresses the same idea: "The war has saved us from decadence."

Making allowance for the difference between the smooth, chary, English method of expression and the blunt, violent Prussian method, Roberts is exactly as militaristic as Bernhardi. Indeed, he betrays himself for



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The Great Working Class Has Never Known the Chance to Grow Soft

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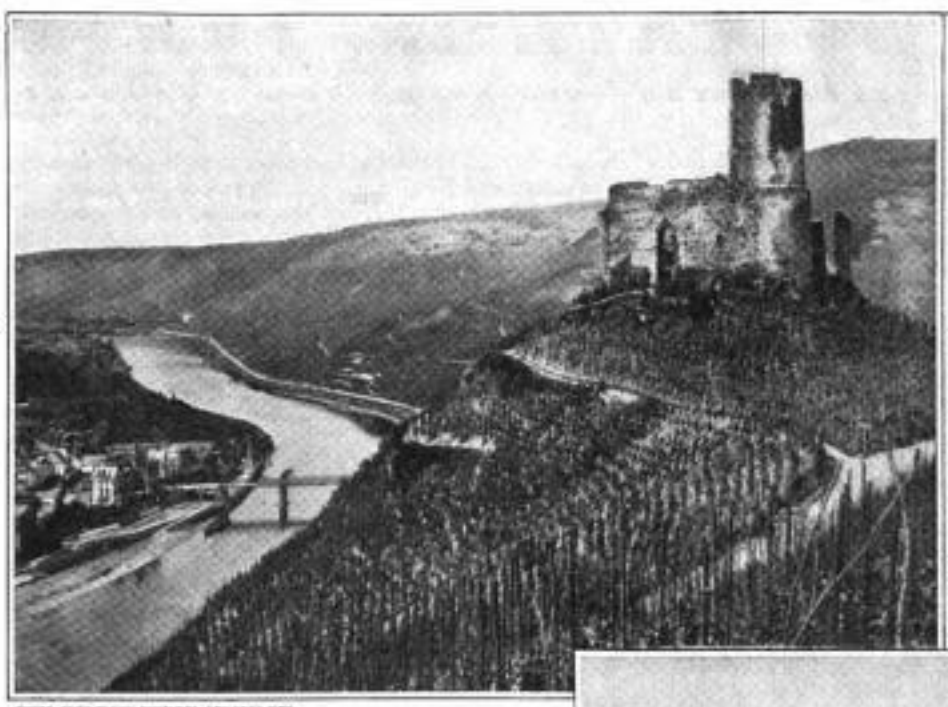


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Castle Landshut



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Stolzenfels Castle



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Limburg, Germany

what he is when, in his catalogue of British degeneracies, he mentions, along with loose morals and luxuriousness, the "demands of labor unions." To him, they who have dared organize to enforce their rights against the upper class and the accepted social order are sinners, are decadent, along with the frankly immoral.

The aristocrat, of course, is not without reason for the faith that is in him. His highest activity, war, he defends with vigor and subtlety. The philosophical basis for the defense of war, imperfectly expressed throughout the ages, was finally crystallized by Kant in his harmful political philosophy. That gentle and ascetic old person, who pondered and wrote in an age when any philosophy, not scientific inquiry, was the basis of thought, worked it out that a state has a soul apart from the individual souls that compose it. The duty of citizenship is to advance the state without regard to the interests of the individuals in that state. If, by a given political movement, like a war, the interests of the state are advanced, it matters not whether every person in the state is rendered poorer and unhappier. The glory of the state has been achieved and the highest duty is fulfilled.

The modern philosophers of war have simplified and modified Kant in this manner: Life, they say, is struggle. We must struggle to fulfill our destiny. The highest expression of that principle is the struggle in groups—those groups bound together by proximity, blood and character, which we call nations. The struggle between nations, in its "highest" form, is war. Between wars, nations are only gathering strength for new battles; peace is but the rest at the end of each round. If nations rest too long they take to certain soul-destroying activities, like the mad pursuit of pleasure, just because there is no nobler outlet to their surplus human energy, their lust for activity.

I may say here, before going further, that this point of view presupposes a mind which does not look far beyond its own class. The appropriate reply to these people came to me in an indignant remark of a certain English workingman. An Oxford don had just said to me: "The war has been a blessing; we were growing soft." I quoted this to the workingman. "He means," said the latter, "that his class was growing soft!" The German coal miner, the British weaver, the French peasant, the great working middle class, have never known the chance to grow soft. Work, struggle against adversity, the discipline of industrialism, have kept them hard and virile. The proof lies in the history of this war. After the longest peace that Europe ever knew, the European peoples have shown such valor and hardihood as makes all the old heroic ballads seem tame.

The Instinct of Aristocracy

ON THE question of the right to rule, the European aristocrat has borrowed from modern science a reason for the faith that is in him. Whatever one thinks of evolution as a theory, all hands agree that the process of breeding works along the same lines both in men and in animals. Strong horses breed strong colts; able men breed able descendants. Not that the immediate children are always able; the strength skips here and there in a manner which used to puzzle Science until it found the Mendelian Law.

Almost every noble race is founded upon ability. The first ancestor to bear the title won it by a big brain and a strong hand. Behind the Dukes of Marlborough lie a John Churchill and a Sarah Jennings; the Duc d'Orléans, who claims the French throne, sprang from the loins of Henry of Navarre. The descendants of these able ancestors breed with those of similar supermen. So we have families "well born" in the scientific as well as the social sense. They have a right to rule; it is best that they should rule, the logical aristocrat insists, because they are a picked breed. They know better the interests of the "lower classes" than those people can know them themselves.

The true basis of the aristocratic feeling, as I have stated, is a kind of instinct. These people believe in the aristocratic theory, first of all, because they like that sort of thing; they thrill to old, sanctioned forms; to the inheritance of beauty from a feudal age; to those subtleties of human contact which rise when one is master and one is man.

The basis of the democratic feeling is probably no less an instinct. The democrat thrills to the future as the aristocrat to the past. Artificial distinction between man and man jars on him. He glories in the thought that a Lincoln, spelling out his letters by the light of a pine knot, may become the guiding star of a whole great people—as the aristocrat smiles sentimentally at the thought that the young heir to the earldom will some day rule in his father's ermine over a peasantry happy because of his goodness.

Carrying it farther, the democrat, however his ideals may be blurred by self-interest, clings at least to a dim faith that his system will work more and more to eliminate the wide inequalities among men; to end poverty and unnecessary suffering.

As the aristocrat has his supernatural sanction—the divine right—and his philosophy to bolster up his theory of government and his attitude toward war, so has the democrat. His divine sanction is the social philosophy of simple Christianity, nowhere openly expressed in the Scriptures, but everywhere implied—"Men are not equal—some are weak and some strong; some are clever and some stupid. Nevertheless, I will order my conduct on the theory that they are equal. Because I am strong, I will not oppress my brother who is weak; because I am clever, I will not scorn my brother who is stupid; nor will I deny him opportunity."

Democracy Opposed to War

HE HAS his answer—if not philosophical at least scientific—for the aristocratic theory of breeding. H. G. Wells, in his article on the Passing of the Effigy, has expressed it better than I can. To breed a picked stock within a race is against the law of Nature. She does not proceed in that way. The improvement of a species does not mean the creation of supermen. A species does not advance by volcanic upheavals which throw up mountain peaks; it is rather like the slow, even rising of a tide. To lift the whole mass together—that is the democratic ideal, and also the natural ideal. The vindication of natural law in politics is the fact that though aristocracies, based as they are on a principle of artificial selection, may produce able people for a time, they all fade away in the end to a pale or vicious decadence.

Essentially democracies are opposed to war—this despite the fact that, in the vital but confused century during which the idea spread, the most advanced nations have started many wars—even wars of conquest.

As I have said before, wherever in the present European crisis you find a true democrat, you find also a pacifist at bottom, for democracy has the instinct of the mass, which does not need war—as an aristocracy may—to "revivify" it; to make it virile again. They are fighting as well as the best—these democrats of France and England—but always with the main hope that the defeat of German military power may give to their sons and grandsons permanent peace.

Democracy believes, like aristocracy, in a higher struggle. But, with a world full of unnecessary suffering and inequalities, a world of natural forces only half subdued, it believes that the surplus soul force of humanity has a better outlet; that it has something wiser and more lovely to do than mere killing. That theory of a state with a separate soul it will not accept. "The greatest good for the greatest number" is the democratic meaning of the state.

Such are the philosophies, such are the aims, of the opposing forces that have renewed in Europe a battle we thought already won.

Now comes in a new political current which vastly complicates affairs—socialism, using that rather hazy word in its broadest sense. In nineteenth-century Europe, and mostly in Germany, rose a school of political philosophers who hoped to eliminate the inequalities and the unnecessary wastes brought about by competition. The movement, as first conceived, was tremendously democratic; many of its founders were also communists—we are getting well enough educated to know that communism and socialism are different things. They had their eyes first on wiping out inequalities of financial circumstance, and only second on the elimination of waste.

(Continued on Page 77)

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HELENKA

By ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY IVAN DE IVANOWSKI

"Ce n'est pas pour rien qu'on connait les Russes"

HELENKA LAVORSKA, holding a fresh copy of Chopin's Chant Polonais in G-Flat in her thinly gloved left hand, came slowly out of the Conservatory of Warsaw and paused at the top of the flight of steps leading down into Sigismund Square. Already it was nearly five o'clock, and the November twilight was waning. Here and there in the Krakowskie Przedmiescie blinked scattered lamps. If she was to reach home before dark she must not delay, for it was a long walk across the Alexandrovsk Bridge to New Praga, the suburb on the other side of the Vistula, in which the Lavorskis lived, and there were many drunken soldiers now in Warsaw. Usually her father, who taught in the conservatory where his daughter was a pupil, saw her safely home, but to-day there was a rehearsal of the orchestra at the Filharmonij, in which he was a second violin. Helenka was used to going about alone, in spite of the fact that wherever she went four men out of five turned and looked after her. She had always gone about alone for the simple reason that there had been no one to go with her.

The sunset gun boomed from the citadel, and the flag on the Radziwill Palace fluttered down. From the neighboring barracks came a faint bugle call, and suddenly the electric lights along the Nowy Swiat broke out all at once. Helenka took a fresh grip on her violin case with her right hand and descended to the street. In one way the fact that it was getting dark was a protection. Not so many men would turn and look at her. She was used to it anyway, for they had always done so, ever since she was a little thing with a big mop of flying yellow hair. She took it for granted that they did so to everybody and thought no more about it. But since August, when war had been declared, the streets had been full of soldiers, many of whom were rough and boisterous.

Helenka's father was a nervous, anæmic man, whose long, cigarette-stained fingers were always—even when he was not playing—moving over an imaginary violin. A dreamer from childhood, he still dreamed of the day when the Filharmonij should give a symphony of his own composition and he should conduct it. In his waking moments he lusted fiercely for a free Poland, for the Lavorskis were descended—a long way, perhaps, but still descended—from the old Polish nobility, and several of them in the past had been deported to Siberia for more or less cogent reasons. Jan Miczieslas Lavorski hated a Russian as he loved his violin. As for Helenka, he hardly was aware of her existence except when occasionally he was moved by her playing. Some day, he thought, she might make a musician. In reality she played far better than did he.

Helenka's mother was a tubercular Lithuanian—a Zamoyenski—given to a voracious reading of romances, woolen shawls, and a conviction amounting almost to a religion that fresh air was the root of all evil. She was a talented pianist; dabbled in poetry; and, like her husband, luxuriated in an emotional patriotism fostered and at times rendered actually dangerous by the activity of the Russian authorities.

Thus the Lavorski apartment on the third floor, in the side street in New Praga, was a happy-go-lucky place, where the irregularity in the meals served to accentuate the slight irritability which so often characterizes a household devoted to high art.

Helenka had inherited her love of music directly from both her parents, and indirectly from a widely heterogeneous southeastern ancestry a passionately idealistic temperament. Like them she dwelt in a world of the imagination, peopled only by great and noble souls who, to an orchestral accompaniment of Beethoven or Tschaikovsky, fought and died for Poland or for romantic love. Love! Helenka was eighteen. Her only idea of love was that of an all-sacrificing, soul-devouring passion that transmuted all it touched into a golden purity and transfigured those who experienced it into perfect beings, incapable of wrongdoing. Some day, she dreamed, the shadow of a young, heroic figure would fall across her path—a brilliant musician, poet or patriot—and from the moment of the first look that passed between them there would be complete understanding—Pelléas and Mélisande, Paolo and Francesca!

Meanwhile there was Ignacio. At times she felt that she almost loved Ignacio, but he was so far removed from her ideal that she had never allowed herself to consider the matter seriously. Ignacio was not a brilliant musician, poet or patriot, yet he was nevertheless something of all these, and had Helenka only known it he was much nearer to the man of her imagination than appearances indicated. He was in fact a promising young member of the Filharmonij, much more likely eventually to lead it than her father; but she was so used to Ignacio that it was hard to get up any excitement about him. He was always ready when wanted. Always hanging about—"on tap," as it were. This fact, at Helenka's period of life, robbed the situation of all romance for her. On the other hand he loved Helenka with a doglike devotion, and his uncle Mertwinski, who was a wealthy grain merchant without children, had signified his intention of leaving him everything. Helenka's father and mother were unqualifiedly in favor of the match. But Ignacio was not her ideal. She was quite sure of it, although she could not explain exactly why when her mother asked her. Certainly he was not the golden prince of her reveries.

At the curb Helenka found herself delayed by the passing of a regiment of the Preobrajensky Guards, a stalwart body of men, swinging by confidently in heavy field equipment, bound for the Mokotowski barracks on their way to the western front. But Helenka hardly noticed them. Warsaw had always been full of soldiers ever since she could remember. It was the headquarters of several army corps, and there were barracks and parade grounds everywhere, in which troops were forever drilling, marching and countermarching. Since August the streets had been crowded with them, and the sound of drums and military bands was incessantly in one's ears. At first, even habituated as she was to the varied uniforms of the Czar's army, she was quite thrilled at the sight of so many strange types of soldiers in so many picturesque costumes. Ignacio had pointed them all out to her—the Siberian Fusiliers, the Cossacks of the Don, the Petrograd Guards—who were passing now—the Lithuanian Legion, the dark Bessarabians in their black lambs-wool caps, the Galicians, the heavily booted Finns, the Podolians, and the wild-looking Turkestan and Kirghiz troops. And all day long the artillery was lumbering through the streets, and wonderfully attired officers, on horseback and in great gray automobiles, dashed up and down the boulevards.



"A Thousand Pardons, Mademoiselle! I'm Afraid My Awkward Chauffeur Has Quite Ruined Your Dress"

The last company, followed by the stretcher bearers, plodded by, the crowd dispersed, and Helenka looked for a good place to cross the street, for the thousands of booted feet had churned everything into a sea of yellow mud. She was about to step off the curb under the light of a friendly lamp when an automobile coughed at her elbow and she shrank back just in time to avoid being run down by a huge military motor, the chauffeur of which was struggling with the brakes. The next instant the machine had skidded, bumped heavily against the curb, and projected a stream of liquid mud over the front of Helenka's dress and the roll of music in her hand. She expected to hear only a torrent of half-subdued abuse from both driver and occupant.

Instead, however, the door of the tonneau was thrown quickly open and a tall young man in officer's cloak and kepi leaped to the sidewalk and saluted her with an expression of rueful solicitude.

"A thousand pardons, *panie* [mademoiselle]!" he exclaimed in Polish. "I'm afraid my awkward chauffeur has quite ruined your dress—and your—music!" he added sympathetically.

There was nothing in his apology at which Helenka could possibly have taken offense, had she wished.

"It is nothing, sir!" she stammered, looking at the ground. "It was not his fault."

"But it was! Or rather mine! I pray your forgiveness, mademoiselle."

He had come quite close, and the first slight look of amusement had disappeared from his face. There was something also in his voice that made Helenka raise her eyes.

"Oh ——" she began and found herself unable to proceed. A wave of joyous trepidation swept suddenly over her, for his expression was so kindly and regretful, and above all he was so handsome.

"The poor music!" he continued, taking it from her resisting hand. "Let me see what it is."

He unrolled it and held it to the uncertain yellow light of the street lamp.

"Ah! The divine Moja Pieczotka of Chopin! I can never forgive myself! And perfectly fresh, too! Come, you must let me buy you another," he pleaded.

"No—no!" she murmured irresolutely.

"But I, too, am a musician. I have often played it on my own violin—G-flat, is it not? You must let a brother fiddler make good the damage. Surely there is a music store near by—in the Ujazdowska perhaps?"

He took her elbow gently.

"It will take but a moment in the machine," he urged.

Already he was wiping off the music with his handkerchief and had relieved her of her violin case. Her heart fluttered uncontrollably. She knew it was quite wrong, and yet—he was the most wonderful person she had ever seen. And it was perfectly true that he had ruined her music. If she did not go with him—just to the music store—she would never lay eyes on him again. She could not let him disappear that way, forever!

Already he was drawing her toward the open door of the motor. And then, before she knew how it had happened, she was inside the car and he was tucking a heavy fur robe trimmed with foxtails all about her. Helenka had never been in an automobile before.

II

AN HOUR later Helenka was safely deposited within two blocks of her mother's apartment in New Praga, a new roll of Chopin's music in her hand and a new song in her heart. She had met her ideal at last and, as she had always foreseen, they had understood each other perfectly from the very first moment. There was only one slight hitch in the romantic program, and that was the fact that, while he was both a poet and a musician, he was not a Polish patriot but a Russian officer—a major of Hussars stationed at the front near Lowicz. So far, of course, their

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acquaintance had been almost conventionally formal. They had gone directly to the music store and bought the music, and then at his suggestion they had motored down to the Zelazna Brama, or Iron Gate, and had tea, to make amends for his rudeness and to show that there was no hard feeling. Of course she had told him who she was and he had told her his name—Major Zamarkroff—Paul Zamarkroff—and how when he was not with his regiment he lived with his aged parents on a farm not far from Moscow.

At first, because he was Russian, she had been rather afraid to talk freely with him; but he soon put her at her ease by assuring her how deeply he had always pitied Poland, and what a great debt the world of art owed to her unhappy country. Then, before she was quite aware of it, she found herself telling him all about her father and mother and her studies at the conservatory; and how when she was a little girl, in order to deceive the Russian authorities who had forbidden any patriotic Polish instruction, her parents had organized a so-called dancing class, and while the orchestra had played in the hallway the children had been taken into a back room and instructed in the history of their country.

Before tea was over they had told each other all their hopes and ambitions, but nothing important had passed between them except that she had promised to meet him in the Lazienki Gardens on the same day of the next week, when he hoped to motor in again from the firing line. If he could not come he said he would drop her a post-card. So after Major Zamarkroff had given her an ecstatic whirl down the Marzalkowska as far as the Russian barracks, he had conveyed her carefully across the bridge and, having kissed her trembling little hand, had put her down to run along home with her violin. Then, having watched her disappear with a last wave of her hand round the corner, he had had his chauffeur take him to Le Cércle de la Noblesse, the smart club of Warsaw.

Prince Paul Zamarkroff was a young Russian nobleman about thirty years of age, with a doting father and mother who believed that nothing was too good for their son, and allowed him all the money he cared to spend. As might have been expected, after experimenting thoroughly in what life had to offer in the way of enjoyment, he had come to the conclusion that, so far as consistent with preserving his neck, there were only two pastimes worth his trouble—love and war—and that anything was fair in either. He was a reckless sportsman, brave, lavishly generous, cynically good-natured and, like most of his associates, highly superstitious. In his dealings with women he was a past master in gentleness.

Le Cércle de la Noblesse was crowded when he entered it and reeked with cigarette smoke. He had intended only to stop for a moment before returning immediately to Lowicz, for he had gone away without leave and his absence might possibly be noted and commented upon. Ordinarily he would have called for a bowl of caviar and a pint of champagne and, after a cigarette, have left the club; but his meeting with Helenka involved a necessary and hence invariable consequence—namely, a game of cards. He firmly believed that to be lucky at cards was to be unlucky in love. Conversely, therefore, if he could lose enough playing *windt*, he could feel certain that the gods looked favorably upon his new acquaintance with Helenka. What if he lost a thousand rubles or so—his muzhiks would earn enough to pay for it! And he would thereby gain in the affair what he called *la confidence*. Accordingly he strolled to the card room and stood in the doorway until those about one of the tables observed him and invited him to cut in. A rather fat officer, in cavalry uniform, was dealing, wheezing audibly as he dealt.

"One—two—and three—and four," he counted, slapping the cards down on the table heavily with a pudgy thumb. "One—two —— By the way, Zamarkroff, have you heard the news?"

Prince Zamarkroff took a six-inch cigarette from an inlaid case.

"That we shall be in Berlin by the first of May?" he inquired. "I've known that a long, long time. I've selected my lodgings there already—furnished."

"All the same," retorted a wiry little officer of artillery, "it's only three hundred and fifty miles. What is that? Nothing at all—once they break!"

"Oh, tush!" exclaimed the first officer. "I mean real news. Listen! The Grand Duke struck his chief-of-staff in the face yesterday!" The artilleryman whistled.

"Dirty business!" he muttered.



There Was a Thundering in Her Ears—and Footsteps Running—a Figure Loomed Behind

"An old trick of his!" nodded Zamarkroff, lighting his cigarette. "What a bear! His ideas of discipline are simply ridiculous! As if you could treat men like children or muzhiks! And make a man a better officer by punching him in the nose!"

"Quite right," interposed the fourth member of the party—a civilian. "You can't do that, of course. His violence is what puts the old boy in the wrong. But his ideas of discipline, as you call them—of obedience, for example—are perfectly sound in my opinion. I'd shoot any man who deliberately disobeyed orders, and I'd hang any man who stole a ruble!"

"Who would there be left?" asked Zamarkroff innocently. "We four, of course! But the rest of the club would be empty!"

"Sh-h!" warned the cavalry officer. "Don't speak so loud! I know a general who has made two hundred thousand rubles since the war began—just in horseflesh!"

"Where can I meet him?" drawled the artilleryman. "I lose so much at this accursed game, I shall have to do something of the sort myself before long!" He picked up his hand. "One on spades."

"Two on hearts," bid Zamarkroff. It was part of his code inevitably to bid on hearts under these circumstances.

"Pass," said the civilian.

"Pass," echoed the dealer.

"Two on spades!" snapped the artilleryman, thus keeping the trump.

"Three on hearts," retaliated Zamarkroff.

"Devil! Three on spades!"

"Four on hearts."

"I retire!" growled his opponent, and Zamarkroff took his partner's hand and spread it upon the table. It contained eleven hearts! Zamarkroff had been bidding on nothing at all, yet could not fail to take every trick!

As the game proceeded the same sort of thing occurred over and over again. With nothing in his hand—and doubling on nothing—he continued to win everything. In half an hour he had won two thousand rubles! The artilleryman rose disgustedly.

"We might just as well have handed you blank checks at the beginning, Zamarkroff!" he groaned.

But to his surprise—and to that of the others—the prince seemed dejected.

"Colonel," he cried disconsolately, "I would give ten thousand rubles not to have won your money. What can I do with it? Please give it to the Red Cross in my name!" He shoved over the pile of notes. "Waiter, a couple of bottles of champagne!"

III

HELENKA found her mother, her worsted shawl drawn tightly about her shoulders, reading Turgenieff's Clara Militch in front of the fire. It was after six o'clock and the table had not been laid for supper.

"It is fortunate you do not inherit my tendencies," remarked her mother at the sight of Helenka's glowing cheeks and the unwonted brightness in her China-blue eyes. "Your walk did you good. Set the table for four. Ignacio is coming. Do be kind to him! He is simply crazy about you!"

But Helenka needed no instructions to be nice to everybody. The walls of her threadbare life had suddenly fallen down. Through the grimy window of the little dining room, where before she could see only oil tanks, there now stretched away the myriad blazing lights of the boulevards, to Lowicz—to Berlin—she could hear the triumphal blare of the Russian national anthem—to Moscow—to the whole world—to the stars even! And she saw a vision of Paul Zamarkroff in full uniform, covered with decorations for bravery, and herself in a wonderful silk dress, playing a duet together upon their violins, in a big room with a raftered ceiling, while two old people, who were not her father and mother, sat before a huge log fire and gazed lovingly at them. And her cheeks grew pinker and her eyes brighter, until when her father and Ignacio came in at seven o'clock they were startled at the sight of her. She was unusually demonstrative with her father, but when Ignacio tried to kiss her she would not let him, although her heart was full of affection for both of them—for everybody. Neither then nor later did she notice that her lover looked worried and that his eyes followed her about the room apprehensively. But he did not, as was his custom, say anything that evening about his hopes for the future; and when she went to say good night and close the front door after him she found him examining the two copies of the Moja Pieczotka, which, when she came in, she had tossed upon the table in the hall.

"Spoiled your music—got mud all over it!" he said in a strange voice. "Don't let the same thing happen to—your life!" and he went quickly out without looking at her.

Helenka's breath stopped and her cheeks went first pale with apprehension and then scarlet with anger. She stood there trembling, listening to Ignacio's steps upon the stairs as they grew fainter and fainter. What did he mean? How dared he say anything like that? Had he seen anything? Well, what if he had? She had done nothing wrong—nothing whatever—nothing that she was not quite ready to tell her father and mother all about—if necessary. It was probably just a chance remark. Ignacio was a melancholy, depressing sort of person anyway. She hated him. Beside Major Zamarkroff he was a yokel—a clodhopper!

She went back to the sitting room and began to talk and laugh excitedly.

"Really," said her mother after a while, "I don't know what is the matter with you to-night, Helenka! Did Ignacio say anything?"

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Then Helenka was guilty of her first evasion—the first of many which in swift gradation became misrepresentations, prevarications, falsehoods, lies.

"Yes!" she answered with a shy little blush, letting fall her eyes. "He did!"

"I hope you accepted him at last!" exclaimed her mother.

"I—didn't refuse him!" replied Helenka, still telling the literal truth.

IV

TRUE to form Major Zamarkroff met Helenka in the Lazienki Gardens the following week. At first he had been discouraged by the fact of his winning so much at the card tables the very night that he had met her, but she was so ravishingly pretty and innocently charming when he next saw her—so exceeded his recollection of her in fact—that he cast all prudence—all superstition even—to the winds. And because he said that the fact that he was a Russian ought not to prejudice him in her eyes—or in the sight of her father and mother—he succeeded in making an asset out of a liability, for it enabled him to offer a valid reason why they must for a while at least keep their acquaintance secret.

It was at their third meeting, as they were walking at twilight under the chestnut trees of the Saski Ogrod, that he told Helenka of his undying love. He had thought himself in love, he said, many times before, but never had he felt as he now felt toward her. He thought of her every moment of the day and night. He was sick with love for her. Would she marry him—after the war was over? She, poor child, showing in every glance and movement that she believed him utterly, clung to the arm that he pressed round her in the darkness and murmured—as was proper and maidenly—that she must think it over—it was so unexpected—and—yes, of course, she liked him very much indeed. And so, the next time, bundled in furs beside him as they raced along in his gray car, when he asked her she gave a breathless assent, and he crushed her in his arms until she was frightened. Paul only laughed at her; but after that he used to meet her in the automobile often twice a week; and because sometimes they liked to prolong their walks or rides into the evening, Helenka used to take her things over to her friend Sophie Yaska's at Tiraspol, a near-by suburb, and with her mother's consent spend the night there. She made Sophie her only confidante, and Sophie, who knew vastly more of the world than Helenka, acted as a sort of unseen but highly effective duenna.

At last Major Zamarkroff, becoming a trifle *ennuyé* at these somewhat banal, if thrillingly romantic, meetings, proposed one day to Helenka that some evening the following week he should take her to dine at the Hotel Potocki. The suggestion was a dazzling one, especially as it connoted the fact that Paul no longer felt it necessary for them to conceal their engagement. The next instant, however, Helenka was plunged in despair—she had no clothes which could possibly be worn to so smart a place. But Paul made nothing of this objection. He would send her a dress—as many dresses as she wanted—with shoes and—and stockings to match! He would send them to Sophie's, and he would come there to fetch her the night of the dinner. Delighted, Helenka told Sophie about the plan. But this wiser virgin asked why, if Major Zamarkroff was going to abandon secrecy, he did not first make the acquaintance of Helenka's parents. What difference did it make to him whether he went to visit them the day before or the day after the dinner? The first would be more *de rigueur*.

Helenka apologetically repeated her friend's criticism of their little scheme to her Paul, who accepted it generously. Of course he would go to see Helenka's parents then and there if she wished. It merely occurred to him, however, that they might have some hesitancy about allowing her to accept the dress—as a present from a Russian. They might even violently object to him as a future son-in-law! They would not feel that way, of course, after they had known him a while and adjusted themselves to the situation, but just at first —— So if she cared to go to the Potocki at all, it would perhaps be better to take no chances—and go. He could wait on the Lavorskis the next day.

This reasoning was convincing to Helenka, and sufficiently so to Sophie to lead her to say:

"Well—if you want to go so much!"

"Wouldn't you?" challenged Helenka.

Sophie looked at her friend, who could hardly stand still from excitement.

"I suppose I should!" she conceded.

That settled the matter, and the very next afternoon Helenka and Sophie went with Paul to the smartest dressmaker on the Krakowskie Przedmiescie, and there selected a wonderful model of pink silk trimmed with ermine—such as queens wore, he said—with golden epaulets and golden shoes—real golden shoes to match! He would not tell her what it cost, but she was sure it would take all his pay for months. He laughingly admitted as much to Sophie. Had she known that its price was eight hundred rubles she would not have accepted it. A few trifling alterations were necessary to make it a perfect fit, so reluctantly Helenka consented to leave it for that sole purpose—they guaranteed its delivery in time—taking the golden shoes carefully with her.

V

THE Hotel Potocki is situated upon the Ujazdowska Aleja Avenue not far from the Lazienki Gardens. It is a rococo affair of some pretensions.

Its large restaurant will accommodate several hundred persons, its *cuisine* is excellent, its orchestra superb. Here gathered, before the German occupation, the fashionable society of the gay capital for afternoon tea, for dinner and for dancing; and here during the earlier months of the world war the officers at the Russian front congregated whenever they had a few hours of leisure in which to motor in from the trenches and to enjoy themselves. In fact it soon came to be said that while the headquarters of one army corps were at Cracow, of another at Vilna, of a third at Moscow, the headquarters of the Fifth, Sixth and Fifteenth Corps of the Russian Army were at the Hotel Potocki in Warsaw. But when did a bit of scandal ever trouble the tranquil mind of a member of the Russian general staff? Yet that same saying, springing from laughing lip to laughing lip, had before long leaped across the Vistula and the Dvina, reached the Winter Palace, and penetrated even the hardened hearing of Nicholas himself.

With the Russian Army there also poured into Warsaw an influx of fashionable women, the wives, sweethearts and mistresses of officers, from Petrograd, Moscow, Lemberg and elsewhere, women of the world and of the half-world, who likewise made the Hotel Potocki their headquarters. An era of prosperity set in for the management, the like of which it had never known before. The returns from the café and restaurant quadrupled in amount; the wine receipts increased fifteen times. The *concierge* retired on a competence at the end of three months, and a second orchestra was engaged that there might be no dearth of music. With the big guns booming less than fifty miles away, there had never before been such a demand for cut flowers in Warsaw.

The idea of dining at such a palace as the Potocki, of dining in public among a crowd of smart people, above all of dining with such a marvelous person as Paul, filled Helenka with a delicious terror. Yet, because of the fact that his friends would be there and that it would be a public acknowledgment of his regard for her, the occasion took on almost the significance of a betrothal. Helenka had never been to the Potocki and had never known anyone who had been there. When Paul had taken her to tea it had always been in some out-of-the-way place near the Gostinyi Dvor, or Bazaar. But now he was ready to present her to his friends, and although her continued deception of her father and mother gave her some uneasiness she felt a strange relief from a certain undefined apprehension which at times had haunted her. There was no longer to be anything secretive about their meetings! From now on all was to be aboveboard, and she would next day present him to her father and mother, who, in spite of the fact that he was a Russian, could not but acknowledge his worth of character and fall instant victims, just as she had done, to the distinction of his appearance and the captivating charm of his manner.



How Long She Stood There She Did Not Know—When She Came to Herself the Room Was Empty

So upon the day fixed for the dinner at the Hotel Potocki, Helenka, following what had now become almost a weekly habit, told her mother in the morning that she was going to spend the night with Sophie at Tiraspol. She made a miserable hash of it at the conservatory, and on the stroke of four hastened to her friend's house. The dress had already been delivered! The two girls in a frenzy of excitement tore open the box and undid the filmy wrappings. Had there ever been such a dress! It was like that of the fairy princess in the ballet her father had taken her to see the summer before. But for the first time she fully realized that it hardly reached her shoulders!

Her heart sank at the thought of showing herself in public in such a garment. And even if she dared she had no wrap to wear over it. No, the whole mad, delightful plan would have to be given up. Yearningly she pressed the little weightless thing with its ermine trimming to her breast and tried to force back the tears of disappointment. But at that moment Sophie discovered that under another layer of tissue the box contained a wrap to match the dress—also trimmed with ermine! Helenka no longer had any hesitation about wearing it, but gave herself over to the ministrations of her friend. An hour later she stood before the tall glass in Sophie's bedroom, a glorified, unrecognizable Helenka.

"Oh, you are marvelous!" cried Sophie, kissing her. "No wonder he wants to marry you! You look like a grand lady—fresh from Paris or Petrograd. I wish some rich captain would fall in love with me!"

"Oh, he will—never fear!" laughed Helenka. "When you visit us at Moscow I shall invite all the officers I know—and I shall know hundreds then!"

Helenka's toilet having been completed there was nothing for the girls to do but wait until eight o'clock, for Paul had explained that it would be necessary for him first to go to the hotel to bathe and change after his long motor ride from the front. So they sat on the bed in Sophie's room and discussed every phase of Helenka's probable future career. By seven, however, she was already too impatient for dreaming and they moved into the sitting room and began to look out of the window. But a deathlike silence reigned in Tiraspol, and the yellow street lamp opposite showed no pedestrian during the hour except once when a man in a heavy overcoat, not unlike Ignacio in size and build, passed and, glancing quickly up at the girls' faces in the window, hurried on. At ten minutes to eight Helenka put on the wrap and, going downstairs, stationed herself just inside the door so as to lose no time when Paul should arrive.

That he would arrive she never doubted for an instant. Yet she well knew that there was fighting going on near where his battalion was stationed.

(Continued on Page 61)

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THE ECHO

By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER



"Is it Possible You Haven't Heard of Sophie Emmett? Sophie of the Disappearing Husband?"

HARLAN Weymouth reached into the open drawer before him and brought out another white lawn tie. This he drew round his collar as ruefully as though it had been the rope that was to hang him. He glared into the mirror at the worldly face which he wore so modishly in public, and wondered if he were a fickle character. Probably. He would try laying the blame on himself, at any rate.

"No," he repeated during the finishing touches in his evening toilet, "Sophie Emmett hasn't changed a bit. I know a clever woman when I meet one, and a diamond can't turn to a pebble in two months.

"Something's happened to make my eyes dull, that's all. I'll take a drink and face the music."

He stepped to the telephone, called the floor clerk and ordered a dry Martini.

Certainly Sophie was still a pleasure to look upon, he reflected during the wait. And her reputation for wit had passed beyond the circle of women's clubs and into the Sunday papers. Hadn't Mrs. Clemworthy—irrevocable old authority on everything discussible among the sort of club women who believe in Mrs. Clemworthys—repeatedly assured him that Sophie was the cleverest woman in New York? As the editor of the city's most intellectual review Weymouth naturally hated superlatives. Yet he had to confess that he had agreed with Mrs. Clemworthy; agreed with her with an obsessing conviction that had driven more ambitious intellectual movements entirely out of his head and set him to penning delicious little essays founded on the pungency of Sophie Emmett's charming and original philosophy.

A knock at the door called him back to the unpleasant duties of the night. He opened to the boy, who held toward him an amber drink on a silver tray.

"Here goes nothing!" Weymouth uttered to himself the inelegant toast and took his cocktail at a gulp. Their two months were up to-night, and he must decide the matter with Sophie Emmett and take his decision, at the appointed hour, to her husband, the silent, sardonic Elijah.

Sophie Emmett was waiting for him in the foyer at Sherry's. He caught the gleam of her pale-coral evening gown and the flash of her dark eyes from a far corner where she sat. The sight of her, merely an impression from a distance, imparted to him something of that original thrill of anticipation which he had felt in their earlier meetings, sometimes casual or stolen. There was nothing furtive in their trysts now, kept openly in the most public restaurants in New York. Old Emmett had seen to all that. Their appearances together might breed scandal, but it was scandal well stage-managed by Sophie's husband, as though it had been billed in enormous letters "Sophie Emmett and Harlan Weymouth, To-night at Sherry's, under the Direction of Elijah Emmett."

Harlan stepped briskly up to the lady in the coral gown and bowed his most urbane bow.

"Late, Harlan!" she smiled at his approach.

Dashed! He had hoped against hope, during that short tour across the foyer carpet, that the original Sophie, the Sophie of the bland, insinuating wit, would be there to greet him with an epigram. But here sat his beautiful changeling, calm in her decorative dullness.

"I like being waited for," he suggested, desperately casting his bait. "It gives me a feeling of power." It fell dead.

"Oh, does it?" she asked, moving her small mouth helplessly.

They walked in together to take their seats at a table for two by the wall. Weymouth now began to understand why civilized men become wife beaters.

He found a chance to study her a moment as she puzzled over the bill of fare. Undoubtedly she had her good points. The upward sweep of her delicately brushed eyebrows, the slant of her coal-black eyes, the spirited poise of her small head, the defiant tip of her nose gave to her person an elfin charm. She might have carried little, tantalizing wings on the points of her smooth white shoulders. She was, in a word, the lively physical embodiment of the Sophie Emmett Idea; the body and the idea which had turned Harlan Weymouth in an hour from a scoffer to a mangled devotee. What an admirable picture she was of brilliancy and quickness, designed to fascinate and destroy an errant knight who, even as a neophyte, had written on his shield in reddest letters "I Hate Dull Women." And surely nothing trite or threadbare could come from those delicate, upturned lips!

"I'll have oysters," she was saying just then. "They're safe in the R months."

"I don't believe you're even pretty!" snarled Harlan Weymouth to himself.

"Are you tired, my dear?" he asked her somewhat hopefully, after their order was given. That must be it.

"Oh, no," she replied with the same terrible brightness she shed upon the dullness of her words. "I had ever so good a nap this afternoon."

Then her comatose state was deeper than the physical. It was a spiritual deadening. His heart sank.

"Why did you ask?" She eyed him directly.

"You seem to be spreading all over the cosmos, like melted butter. I mean to say, you're distraught. You're not entirely with us. Must I get out a search warrant and look for Sophie?"

"Oh," she pouted. Faint hope revived within him—she often pouted on the verge of her famous utterances, glowing in his memory of the Golden Era, two months past.

"Don't you think good friends—as we are—can enjoy beautiful silences together?" she asked solemnly, mincing her words as he had heard so many members of the Medallion Club do. She gave him an appealing look, just as a child would after delivering a set speech. Then she plaintively asked, "Harlan, what's the matter?"

"You must know, Sophie," he answered shortly.

"I haven't the remotest idea."

"That's it—you haven't the remotest idea. Oh, I'm sorry, Sophie. I didn't mean to be rude. But I can't help thinking you're acting some sort of part."

"I don't understand."

From her expression it was obvious to see that she didn't, yet he went on stubbornly:

"Sophie, you're the cleverest woman in New York. People say so. I say so. Mrs. Clemworthy says it unto the Scribes and Pharisees every Wednesday morning. And I've heard you talk like—like the angel Israfel replying to George Bernard Shaw. You had a slant on life. You were seldom at a loss. I went wild over you, Sophie, because I found you the inspired prophetess of lively thinking. You had a glorious viewpoint on yourself and me and everybody else. I don't like ugly women, as a rule; but if you had been as ugly as Medusa I think I should have packed my grip and followed you to the ends of the world."

She was looking blankly at him, offering not a word in her defense, and Weymouth found his temper rising as he went rapidly on:

"I hate dull women. I've deserted the whole adoring tribe of my female relatives and gone to live in a hotel as a protest against verbal stupidity. I'd rather live alone on a mountain top or in the back of a saloon than to listen to warmed-over cant. And that's why I flew to you, Sophie, and kicked over every convention in the world—made this ridiculous bargain with your husband—in order to listen to you forever. And this is how you've been serving me."

He fell suddenly silent, ashamed of his outburst; for Sophie Emmett's little mouth was trembling childishly.

"You're disappointed in me!" she said quaveringly.

"Oh, please don't cry. I know it's only temporary—everybody has lapses. But it seems so unfortunate. Just in the two months when we were to be together, to get used to each other . . . and it's only an hour before we must go to your husband with some sort of decision ——"

"What do you want me to say?" she demanded, her black eyes taking fire. Hope and love raged suddenly in his breast. He had lashed her with words. She couldn't look like that without saying something out of the ordinary.

"Something besides bromidioms, Sophie, that's what I want you to say." He was out with it now, and the task grew easier. "For the past two weeks, I swear, you've been going on like this—telling me that oysters should be eaten only in the R months; that you like many Germans individually, although you're strongly pro-Ally; that the Republicans might have won if it hadn't been for the Hughes Special —— Have a heart, Sophie! I didn't fall in love with you for the purpose of finding out that the sky is blue when the sun shines or that the Rocky Mountains are grand. My Aunt Cordelia, from whom I am now a refugee, has informed me along that line until I'm entirely fed up on the obvious. What I want is Sophie—and I'd like to know where you've been hiding her. Where is the girl I saw that day, sizzling like a comet into the midst of a foggy ladies' discussion with the remark that a club woman in Bohemia is like a High Church clergyman mounted on a motor cycle?"

"Harlan, you're impossible!" she flashed out suddenly. "I'm ashamed—I'm disappointed in you—oh, how can you!"

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"My Name's Emmett—
if You Don't Remember
Me, I'm Sophie's Husband"

She reached for the large silk hand bag which occupied a third chair, and fished out a tiny square of lace. This she applied pathetically to her eyes.

His heart sank to even a lower level. He had expended his ingenuity on empty space. The ideal Sophie, the iridescent Sophie, had evaporated by some black magic and left this dull woman in her stead. He had stung her with sarcasms, she had responded with tears. How he hated a dull woman!

"I'm sorry," he found himself apologizing in leaden tones. "I—I merely thought this was the last chance we should have to discuss the matter candidly. I ——"

An intrusive waiter was serving soup. She sat staring at the swimming okra. Presently her fine eyes lit with a sudden inspiration and she delved again into the silken bag. This time she brought out a small gold box which she opened and began staring into the recess. Instinctively he knew she was looking at her nose in a concealed mirror. At last, when she had quite finished patting away the tear stains under her eyes, he went on desperately:

"Of course, if you wish it, I'm going to ask your husband's consent to our marrying."

"You're going to do no such thing!" she snapped, dropping the little box into the silk bag and drawing the string. The tears had left her dark eyes, which were flashing dangerously. "You've gone far enough—you're horrid—I don't like you a bit and ——"

She arose, picked up her bag, dropped a glove, picked it up, gathered a gold-mesh purse from beside her plate, put it in her bag, picked up another glove and then stood facing him defiantly.

"Where are you going?" was his weak appeal.

"Home," said she. "Back to my husband as fast as I can."

"But we—we're not to see him until nine o'clock. We were to go together. It's now only quarter past ——"

"Don't follow me, please!" He stood there with the silly feeling that all Sherry's was witness to another social comedy. Then he settled weakly into his chair, leaving her to sweep down the aisle toward the door.

It was a matter of minutes before he had summoned the waiter and sheepishly paid his bill. Then he was after her flaming course. But in those minutes she had cloaked herself in a furry garment of peacock blue; and before he could snatch his hat and coat from the man at the door her vivid little figure had locked itself in a taxicab which now honked away toward Fifth Avenue.

Weymouth took the downward steps four at a time. It was foolishly unnecessary that she should be running back home like this at the eleventh hour. There was a lack of teamwork in it that offended his sense of order.

"Taxi!" he shouted savagely and plunged into the first open tonneau.

"Where to, sir?" inquired the broad-faced one on the box.

"Follow that yellow car ahead!" demanded Weymouth breathlessly. The driver threw in the clutch so rudely that the structure trembled in its greasy joints, and the pursuit started with a kangaroo plunge that landed them well toward the corner, round which the yellow car was just disappearing. So closely for a while did the pursuer cling to the pursued that Weymouth, under brilliant street lamps, could distinctly see the back of her proud little head silhouetted in the rear window of the yellow car. It was a garlanded head, well poised on a straight white neck, and there were rhinestones twinkling among the coils of her hair.

What plot had that little head been hatching against him? he asked uneasily. Was it Sophie's fault, or her husband's? Could it be possible that she was just the pathetic little fool she had appeared of late? A curious predicament for any sane man to find himself in—curiouser and curiouser, as Alice had said to a Wonderland acquaintance.

It was now six months since Harlan Weymouth had first found Sophie Emmett. To his memory that initial glimpse was like the first sighting of a meteor in a drizzly sky. In capacity of editor and critic of the Spark, that journal of cleverness which the few admired, he had been persuaded against his better judgment to attend a meeting of the Medallion Club. Mrs. Clemworthy, indefatigable member, had extended the welcome in good faith; but it had been Weymouth's intention to write a satirical essay entitled Dull Gilt, showing how wit, like Midas, can be strangled by too much gold.

So Weymouth had gone to a morning session of the Medallion Club and sat in an ornate roomful of fashionable ladies of the sort who "think they think," according to the Weymouthian code. Poor, patient martyr to investigation, he had sat for a long time and sighed himself into a torpor. The topic of the morning was Does Bohemia Exert a Genuine Influence on Civilization?

He had come there thinking this was going to be funny; but already his thoughts were centered on a graceful means of getting out. His slumbrous eyes had wandered over every detail of the room. Mrs. Douglas Clemworthy, shapeless, sitting upright like some florid piece of upholstery, had occupied a chair next him, as though to shut off his escape. Mrs. Hawtry Blucher, displaying her fashionable figure below a faded, simpering face, had been reading for several minutes in her pallid voice. Weymouth had thought with an inner groan of Mrs. Blucher's industrious social secretary—what she must have endured in *tables d'hôte* in order to gather data for that paper on How Bohemia Eats. Weymouth had all but succumbed to sleep upon this thought; but he had still held a corner of his eye on the door. He had hated dull women from infancy. He yawned behind his program. At that instant a broken, sympathetic sigh had emanated from the lady on his left.

It was then that Weymouth had his first glimpse of Sophie Emmett. She, too, was yawning; and as he caught her eye just the ghost of an understanding spark was telegraphed to him to keep him awake until Mrs. Blucher had brought her hopeless eternity to a period. And it was at that moment that his comet, his lawless, splendid meteor in a Paris gown had flared up for him in all her glory.

"Are there any re——" Mrs. Spratt-Cowle, the chairlady, had been about to say "any remarks," but the small, pantherlike young woman on Weymouth's left had decisively gotten to her feet and requested the floor.

"Madam Chairman," she had prefaced her memorable comment, "I hope you'll pardon my asking something. But isn't a club woman in Bohemia something incongruous—like a Church of England clergyman mounted on a motor cycle?"

The Medallion Club laughed. It was easy to see that the Medallion Club appreciated Sophie Emmett, and Weymouth was grateful.

"Why, Mrs. Emmett, I ——" stammered the large lady on the platform.

"I just wanted to know," went on the pretty little irritant. "I realize that women's clubs, taken altogether, do a great deal of good. But the Medallion Club doesn't—it wouldn't know good when it saw it. It only talks about it, the way Peer Gynt talked about the Bogue—and then went roundabout. Now here we are discussing Bohemia. It might as well be Mars—or better perhaps, because some of us have seen Mars through a telescope. But how many of us have gotten nearer Bohemia than Puccini's opera? You can't see Bohemia, you know, the way you see Chinatown—by paying a dollar a head and being taken round by a man with a megaphone. You've got to live Bohemia, and dance Bohemia, and eat Bohemia. That's probably the hardest of the lot—eating Bohemia. Then, of course, you've got to meet Bohemia in its own jungle—jolly, reckless, rakish young art students; actors temporarily unemployed; free, inspired, dusty poets, and what not. It's the what not that makes Bohemia hardest to bear. Ladies, have we investigated? Have we danced and mingled with their perfectly dreadful wine, women and song? Have we greeted the dawn with a lyric and forgotten to shampoo our heads for generations? I should like to know if Mrs. Hawtry Blucher has done any of these things? And if so, when?"

The tall lady reared her fashionable form, and her pallid face took on a coat of scarlet.

"I sometimes think we members of this exclusive circle," Sophie Emmett had gone on suavely, "have reached a plane of development—like yogis and Grand Lamas—where we know all about everything, without bothering our heads to find out about anything. Facts are dull; feminine intuition is bright. Feminine intuition is magical. It leaps to conclusions and pulls the facts up after it. Or, if there aren't any facts, it sits proudly on top of the conclusions and stays there until someone comes to the rescue with a stepladder. By this method we have gone rapidly through Bohemia this morning. Bohemia is finished. Our next topic will be The Human Soul."

"You are mistaken, I think." Mrs. Spratt-Cowle stepped to the edge of the platform to correct her. "Our next topic will be The Panama Canal: Its Use in Case of War."

"I stand corrected," Sophie had said and sat down.

"Does Mrs. Emmett wish to put her remarks in the form of a motion?" Madam Chairman had asked.

"Not necessarily," had been the smiling reply that had adjourned the meeting. The room had broken up into chattering groups.

"For heaven's sake, who is she?" Weymouth had asked eagerly of Mrs. Clemworthy.

"Is it possible you haven't heard of Sophie Emmett? Sophie with the serpent's tongue? Sophie, the spice of the Medallion Club? Sophie of the disappearing husband? You must come right over and meet the most brilliant woman in New York."

Sophie Emmett had given him an inspiring fifteen minutes of her point of view, of ideas that soared high like a fish hawk and plunged deep and true upon their prey. Weymouth, the fastidious dilettante of women and of minds, absorbed her, spongelike, and went away saturated and happy to put her thoughts on paper, to fill the columns of the Spark with the eternal glory of an idealized Sophie.

He had called, of course, at the big, handsome Emmett home in East Sixty-seventh Street; and almost immediately he had told her that she was his literary breath of life. He had been sure of her pleasure in seeing him, for she had



He Stood There With the Silly Feeling That All Sherry's Was Witness to Another Social Comedy

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come swiftly across the formal rose-and-white drawing-room, her ivory cheeks flushing happily as she held out her hand. She had expressed the Medallion Club so livingly, he told her; and got the response that she, Sophie Emmett, cared too much for women and their work to see it mocked by that pretentious circle of parlor thinkers.

This private interview had brought them together with tremendous rapidity, and he had found himself naïvely relating scraps of autobiography with a freshman's enthusiasm. The rosy spectacles had straddled his nose; she had appeared to him, from that hour on, as some fascinatingly unique orchid, bewitchingly involved.

"Oh, you wouldn't like my husband," she had assured him on that occasion. "Nobody likes him—besides, he would loathe the sight of you. He would have some sort of theory in his pocket by which to condemn you forever. Elijah, you know, lives in a cave and gnaws theories. He's an anchorite. He crawls into his cell upstairs during daylight hours and prowls by night. In his lighter moments he reads Nietzsche and condemns the human race. Of course he isn't decent to go about in society. The old darling, I love him! We've arranged everything splendidly. On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays I lock away the world and play cave woman to his cave man. On Sundays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays I belong to the world. Isn't it an excellent plan? Few women can enjoy freedom respectably four days in the week."

"If you told him what a perfect savage you'd found, don't you think he might be favorably impressed?" he laughed.

"Probably not," quoth she. "You know how it is with married couples. When a stranger comes into their midst the chances are about eight to one against everybody liking everybody else. It can be worked out mathematically—but I hate figures, they're so truthful."

"Well, let's say we like each other and let it go at that," he had suggested brashly.

His last request, put with boyish plainness, had grown to be an obvious enough fact. He saw her well and long during the four charmed days in the week. The dour Elijah grumbled somewhere in the background, Weymouth supposed, always grimly obliging to their thickening romance. Weymouth caught Sophie's husband one day when he came for tea. A graying man, fat, uncouth, slightly bald, with sags under his eyes and a mouth that turned down at the corners, he had regarded Weymouth curiously, as a mastiff might sniff at a beetle. Weymouth felt that he had intruded into a family colloquy and reflected, with a novel pang of jealousy, that he had no rights here. Elijah Emmett's replies had been mostly grunts, as he gobbled his tea with scalding haste, spilling a few drops on the waistcoat of his untidy suit.

Somehow that one sight of the mysterious Elijah Emmett had given Weymouth a feeling that his pursuit of Sophie was within the realm of fair game. This thing of joy and fancy chained unhappily to a sullen stone; how could he blame her if she gamboled wildly during her little hours of freedom? And yet Emmett could not be so tyrannous a monster, else he would have forbidden her journeying into the realm of even her discreet adventurings.

"Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays." She had said it jestingly, but time proved to her adorer that the speech was literally true. Several times he had telephoned on those sacred days, only to be put off with "Oh, I can't. I'm husbanding to-day." Elijah, Weymouth discovered after much painstaking research among club gossips, had gone out into the world almost not at all since their marriage several years ago. He had retired from the stock exchange with a carefully invested fortune, and had given up most of his clubs at the same time. Emmett was a queer fish, they told him—rather clever, but eccentric. What did he do with his time? Oh, he was some sort of fatuous student—scribbled a great deal for his own amusement and collected things—books probably. He made semiannual descents upon his clubs, where he nodded stiltedly at a few graying heads and ate alone behind a newspaper. Emmett had deliberately lost himself in the thickets of New York.

Weymouth's intimacy with Sophie Emmett had progressed with insidious smoothness. Of course they were talked about, because he was a figure of a sort in the world of art, and the fashionable society with which he endured an occasional dinner or opera usually referred to him breathlessly as "a fascinating Bohemian." Sophie, too, had cast aside a troop of gentlemanly flower bearers in order to give free way to his devotions.

Step by step to-night, pursuing her yellow taxicab through the mazes of Manhattan's traffic system, Weymouth could trace the course which had brought them so suddenly into each other's arms.

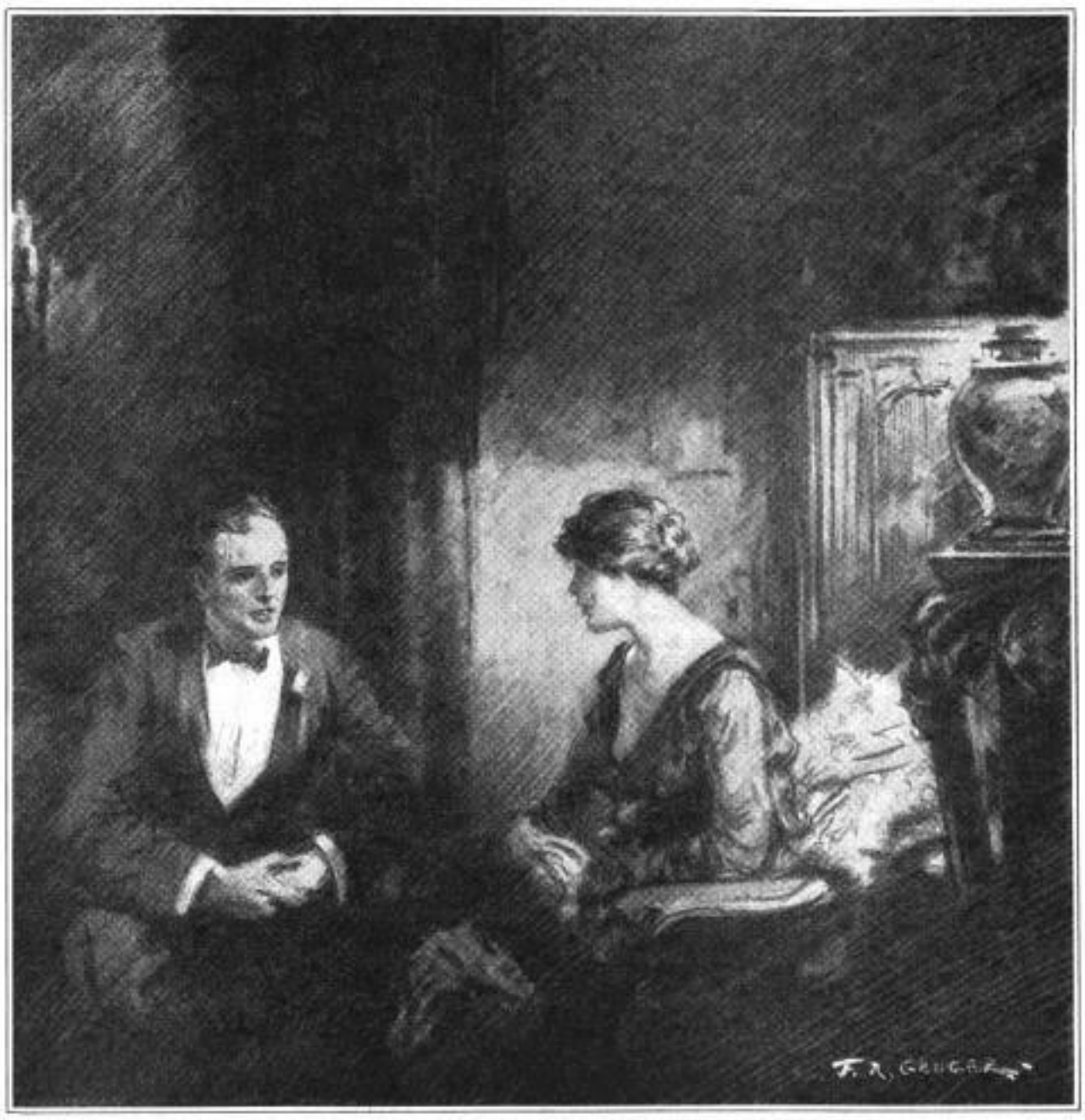
He had tried his best to keep their intimacy on a Platonic basis. Plato was a poor chaperon, as always. Nimble as they were at thrust and parry, cool as they intended to be in logic and epigram, they could not avoid the keen edge of danger. Weymouth had been the first to feel the wound; and he told her so blunderingly, fully expecting her to laugh him down from her worldly barricade. Instead he was alarmed and a little delighted to find her silent. Obviously Sophie Emmett had no adequate repartee to an emotion to which her quick little nature responded all too well. They were blundering into love.

And on the memorable night, just two months and a day ago, they had gone to the opera together. Of course it was Tristan and Isolde, which no two people who admire the color of one another's eyes should ever see without a padded neutral to sit between them. Love, death and a passionate orchestration, added to the fact that the great vault of the Metropolitan was darkened for the scene, combined to banish scruples as lightly as the swaying of a wand in the hand of an eminent director. Weymouth pressed Sophie's fingers, as naïvely as the art is practiced among callow lovers when the light is low in the moving-picture theaters. She had permitted the caress until the last tragic curtain. And on the way home, after he had taken her in his arms and said several things unworthy of a penetrating thinker—as he deemed himself to be—she had looked up suddenly and declared:

"Harlan, I am going to tell my husband everything."

"Don't do anything crazy, Sophie!" he had pleaded in a panic, for their cab had almost reached the Emmetts' door. "Let me go away for good—I've been insane. I'm sorry."

"No, you're not. And neither am I," she had replied as she had stepped out to run up the white steps of her house. She had given him only the tip of her glove as he unlocked the door for her.



Almost Immediately He Had Told Her That She Was His Literary Breath of Life

Next morning, sleeping late after a surprisingly good night's rest, the telephone beside his bed had disturbed him before nine o'clock, and a sharp New England voice had barked through the receiver:

"Weymouth? Want to see Weymouth!"

"This is he," Weymouth had replied with all the coolness he could command.

"My name's Emmett—if you don't remember me, I'm Sophie's husband." And before Weymouth could formulate a polite syllable the voice at the other end had gone on in harsh, choppy sentences: "Wish you would call on me. To-day—this morning—eleven sharp. Not a quarter past. I'm going out at half past. 'By."

That was all, delivered in the most acutely businesslike tone.

"A new chapter in the code duello," Sophie's lover had reflected, shuffling toward his bath.

He had called promptly at eleven, as Mr. Emmett had so unbendingly suggested. Weymouth found the clumsy, massive, untidy man wiping his eyeglasses behind a fearful chaos of books and papers in a big, bare room full of burdened shelves. The sacks beneath his eyes this morning had suggested the bloodhound. But to his nervous visitor's surprise the bunchy, square face had been twisted to a grin.

"Well, Weymouth," had been his first comment, addressed quite familiarly, as though to a confidential clerk, "so you and Sophie have made up your minds that you're in love with each other."

"Ye-yes. That's about the case." Weymouth had stammered like a schoolboy.

"Humph! She came and told me last night. I wasn't surprised. Thing to be expected." The big man had sat toying with his necktie, an article of antique pattern that he wore askew under his low, unfashionable collar.

"Not surprised a bit. Women have to be suited at any price these days," he went on in his choppy accents. "Suits me all right. Provided, of course, it's genuine. Are you sure about that, Weymouth?"

"Absolutely, as far as I'm concerned," the lover had replied with unnecessary heat.

"Well, Sophie thinks she's just as sure. Said so several times. Now I've made up my mind to take this case in hand. This is my policy: Do nothing to stand in your way. All foolishness to interfere in a genuine love affair. But there's one thing, Weymouth—understand—one thing." He brought a big, stubby finger down on the manuscript before him. "If you're going to marry Sophie and take care of her you've got to be sure first that you'll get

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Ready! Action! Camera! Go!



Squads of Knights and Soldiers Were Here, There and Everywhere, Scattered Over the Scene as Far as the Eye Could Reach

By ROB WAGNER

HAD I been seeking fame in this tumultuous old world of ours, I should never have given up my job as a leading man; for if there is any public interest in the affairs of the director it has never come to my attention in the slightest degree.

The paints are far more interesting to the world than the painter. When I compare with my present correspondence the letters I used to receive as the ravishing hero of the hair-pants stories, I am forced to believe that romance and notoriety are not for us. It is sad but true that the only photographs of me which are still cherished repose upon the dressers of maiden ladies who have romantic hopes that are eight to ten years overdue. If the press agent sends out a story that a certain film favorite eschews onions, all the fans in the country are worked up over the momentous news; while if it was learned that one of the directors used perfume on his pancakes, nobody would care a bean one way or another.

This does not mean that we are entirely overlooked. The trade papers keep our names quite prominently before the profession, and our mail is mostly from actors—ham and otherwise—who remind us of their amazing qualities, with the hope that we will send for them at once. The love of the human paints for the painter is often very touching.

It is because the general public takes so little interest in our personalities that I have deliberately refrained from obtruding my own importance and have laid more stress upon our failures, successes, obligations and hopes. So it is a sense of proportion rather than innate modesty that makes me stand behind the camera while I take this picture of Movie Land.

Maybe you have heard that movie folk are modest. If so, that information is incorrect; for so well do we think of ourselves that we have reduced our especial worth to an elaborate system of mathematics. One of the sprightliest indoor sports that engages all studios where films are made is to figure the percentage of our relative values to the success of the pictures. Ask a leading man what he thinks of his work and he will reply: "Well, I should say the actor is seventy-five per cent of the picture, the story about fifteen, and the director ten." Some even go so far as to represent the director by a minus sign.

The Female of the Species

THEN up speaks the author: "You fellows make me tired! I'd like to know what you'd do without a good story! The best director in the world can't direct you beautiful dolls to do nothing! My table makes the author sixty per cent, the director thirty, and the actor ten."

At this point we produce our schedule, which makes the director fifty per cent, the story forty-five and the actor five. Then the fireworks!

I'll have to admit that in the last few years my branch of the profession has lost somewhat in importance, for when I first began in the pictures the director was the whole works—he represented probably ninety per cent, the actor ten, and the story nothing. The story is the factor that has gained in importance. It is true a few actors are so enormously popular that they can get by with a poor story and rather indifferent directing.

There is, however, another angle to this fact that seems to me to be pertinent. Often the management will get a spasm of efficiency and employ a star for only a few scenes; then it is up to the director to pad out the story so that by spreading the star very thin he can get the necessary footage. Or, on the other hand, the big boss, having an expensive star on the pay roll, will want him on the screen all the time. So the director has to prune down every other part in order to accomplish this weird result. In either event the story suffers and the director's artistry is woefully handicapped.

I said in my estimate that the actor was only five per cent of the film. Privately I do not really mean this, but my modest figure always gets a wonderful rise out of the actors—and I love to hear them rave. The fact is, a film success depends upon many factors, the failure of any of which can ruin the picture. Given a good story, capable acting, intelligent direction, artistic sets and fine photography, the result will be splendid. But, oh, the temperamental storms that have raged about those percentages!

So far as the director is concerned, there is really no standard by which the excellence of his work can be ascertained, except the result. One obtains success in one way, and another by quite opposite methods. Some directors are excitable, some phlegmatic, some genial. We have one woman director who has arrived famously and has handled some of the greatest stars in filmdom. There may be no sex in brains, but there is in temperament; and there is no doubt that much of her achievement is due to her feminine point of view—especially her uncanny understanding of the male. This woman stoutly maintains that she has a masculine mind; but listen to this story:

Her lead in one picture was a famous foreign star, and, starlike, she thought rather tenderly of one of the men of the cast; but—alas!—he was only second lead.

Now it happened that a very beautiful white costume was made, and the lead and the second both cherished it. Of course the lead had the first call; but what of the foreign lady? She wanted her boy to have it. After a great to-do and much talkly talk it was finally put up to the director. She, femininely wise, walked over, whispered something to the star, and then answered:

"Of course Mr. Blank shall wear the costume—he is the lead and is entitled to the suit if he wishes it."

The star, having been tipped, acquiesced gracefully; but the second lead was very peevish and stood round biting his finger nails and looking quite distraught. When the lead, radiantly triumphant, appeared in his gorgeous white velvet jacket and panties, the director eyed him critically.

"What's the matter, Mrs. S——? Don't you care for it?" asked he.

"Oh, yes," she answered; "but I think it is a little short in the knees, and the coat doesn't fit very well round the neck—it makes you look bottle-shouldered. However, it will do, I guess. Turn round. Well, the truth is, Mr. Blank, it is even a little worse in the back; but I can cut that scene where you have your back to the camera, though it's a good close-up for you. Then, in that other scene, where you sit downstage, I can mask the legs by a table. . . ."

The lead waited for nothing further. He was gone; and in ten minutes he returned with an armful of white clothes, which he tossed to the second lead, who sheepishly went off to his dressing room and put them on. When he returned, the star lady from Russia fairly ate him with her eyes. Though he was exactly the build of his rival, the trousers, curiously enough, were "long enough," and the coat fit "splendidly"! So, at least, the director said. And she insists that she has a masculine mind!

For several years this woman and her husband directed together with great success. To anyone who knows what a personal thing directing is, this feat is a startling accomplishment. The nearest score to their record is that of a man and wife in a Chicago studio who joined forces for just twenty minutes. They say that when he came to at the receiving hospital, and looked up and beheld the nurse, he ducked his head under the bedclothes, as though the poor girl was going to strike him with a skillet.

Art in Handling Crowds

IN HANDLING the fragile temperaments of actors the female is more wonderful than the male; but when it comes to resourcefulness in a situation the male is often remarkable.

We were making some scenes at Redondo one day and were trying to get a little girl to walk disconsolately along the beach—no one noticing her. After working for nearly an hour in an effort to get the people to walk by without stopping or rubbering into the camera, or at the little girl, Ed Donlon, who was directing, called two of the men of the cast together and arranged that they should start a fight about fifty yards up the beach. The pugilists came from opposite directions, met, and began loud vulgar abuse of each other. Needless to say, everybody parading the Boardwalk looked over in the direction of the brawl—and the camera clicked off eighty feet of a disconsolate little girl ignored by everyone walking along the beach.

Street crowds are notoriously difficult to handle. They will never do what you want; and even when you are sneaking them there is always some smart Aleck in the foreground who insists upon looking into the camera and cracking his foolish face.

On one occasion Donlon wished to get a close-up of a crowd looking skyward—it was to be used as a cut-in for an aëroplane story. To hire a lot of extras might have cost a couple of thousand dollars; so he took a chance of getting what he wanted without paying for it. Knowing the psychology of crowds, Donlon took three cameras downtown—where he set one on the sidewalk for the purpose of taking a close-up profile of the crowd he was to assemble; one in a second-story window, shooting straight into the people's faces; and one on top of the building, also shooting down.

When all was ready Donlon stood in the middle of the street, with a megaphone, and began to call directions to one "Ben," who stood on top of the building. The crowd

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assembled immediately and, seeing the cameras, began, as usual, to rubber right into them. Then Donlon called out:

"Is Ben ready to jump?"

And Ben called back: "Just a minute, Ed. I'm a bit nervous. Wait till that yellow car gets by. I think I'll try for the top of that big Pasadena car—it's wider."

Back and forth they called excited warnings and directions, and the crowd was right on tiptoes. They didn't know what was going to happen, but it promised excitement. All this time the camera men clicked that fool crowd into celluloid immortality.

Just at the moment when Ben was going to jump, and the crowd's eyes were riveted on the sky line of the building, a motor sneaked up quietly behind Mr. Ed Donlon and his camera man and they were in and off before the poor sillies could gather their wits together and express their chagrin. Ben and the other camera men made their getaway through the back of the building.

Another responsibility of the director is that for the safety of the actors; for in dangerous situations he assumes supreme command—quite like the captain of a ship. A studio at Long Beach was at work a while ago making some scenes on a point of rocks well out in the ocean and entirely masked from the mainland by a large cliff, though easy of access at low tide.

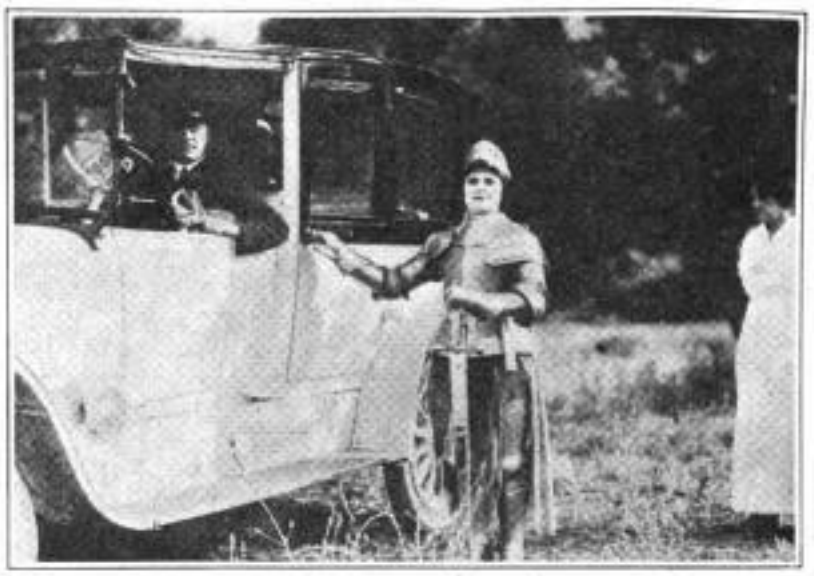
The picture people had been out there for four hours and had just completed their work when, upon returning round the cliff, they saw that the tide had come in and they were isolated. A wind was coming up and the sea was beginning to run very high. The director knew the rocks would be entirely swept by the waves in another hour; so he ordered the men to take one woman at a time and start for shore. There were forty-two of the latter and only sixteen men; so each man had to make several trips.

Everybody was finally landed safely; but some of the men were all in, the pulmotor being requisitioned for two of them. The director, the last to leave, was so battered on the rocks that he went to the hospital for two weeks.

The Kaleidoscope of Fashion

ON OTHER occasions elaborate precautions are taken, and then, curiously enough, no danger threatens. This same studio wanted to make a picture of two girls being pursued by a mad bull. After arranging for every possible contingency, even to the shooting of the bull, the girls were turned into the field. The bull paid no attention to them. They were then furnished with red parasols; but the bull ate on. Now they were directed to run toward the deadly brute; but the dear old fellow looked up in the friendliest manner and permitted the girls to scratch him between the horns. Finally he ran away where he could be free from annoying humans, and the picture was not secured.

These are a few of the small and immediate problems that fill the life of the director; but we have other and larger questions that constantly keep us bucked up. One is the everchanging taste of the public. A type of picture that is fashionable this season will not be patronized next. So ephemeral is this curious public preference that often it will make most abrupt changes. A few years ago the play most in vogue was that of the dear young girl with the curls who jumped up and down and clapped her hands in sweetest innocence—soft, sugary little plays, in which virtue was stressed with almost gooey intensity. The women especially flocked to these films, and sent notes, flowers and lavender books to the girl who played lead, and finally voted her the greatest favorite of the films.



Geraldine Farrar

Then out of a clear sky came the vampire to spread vice and ruin in her dreadful wake. From the sweet incense of the outdoors we suddenly landed in the heavy, sensuous atmosphere of the vampire trap. These wreckers of homes and ruiners of perfectly good husbands came in droves. They were tiger women, wolf women, tarantulas and other dangerous carnivora. For a year or more these Miss Glums debauched the poor he-men of our fair land with their perfumed intrigues and domestic seditions. But—thank heaven!—this miasmic gloom is on the wane; the vamp made thistles while the sun shone, but her day was short.

We have about decided that it is the women who mold public taste, for they love the unregretted vamps the most. But perhaps the excessive female patronage was due to the fact that men didn't like to go to pictures in which their sex always got the hot end of the poker.

It is not only in female rôles that tastes change. A few years back the Western chap in hair pants was the real thing. I directed no end of those Arizona devils who lassoed express trains to save engineers' daughters. As these fellows did not seem to be rough enough we framed up the lads from Alaska—great cave men who grew their own fur—and they went strong for a few years.

These Northern beautiful brutes always had romantic blots on their escutcheons, usually in the form of some squaw lady whom they had sworn to cherish and obey, but whom they left on the slightest provocation. The provocation's slightness added immensely to the effectiveness of the final dissolve, which showed the two in a snuggly clinch silhouetted against the setting sun on top of the Great Divide.

Just when we were at our wit's end as to how to ring in new changes on the age-old motif of Beauty and the Beast, the public taste changed again. And now it wants the Donald Fairfaxes, who can ride polo ponies, shoot big game, and disport themselves just like real gentlemen in swell clubs and limousines; from the saloon to the salon—all at a day's notice. And we are supposed to keep even with the kaleidoscopic changes of our patrons.

One of the great discoveries of the twentieth century is the recognition of the personality of the child. Tomes have been written about it, the work of mothers and teachers, and other knowing Olympians who thought they knew; but if Madame Montessori wants to be authoritative she will have to direct a child in a moving picture, for only in that way will she ever learn the real truth.

A mere man—one Harry Kay—has had this curious responsibility thrust upon his big, broad back for more than a year now; and what he doesn't know about a child could be printed in bold-faced type on a cigarette paper. Baby Berenice is one of the youngest—just past five—and most accomplished juveniles on the screen to-day, and the villagers who nightly applaud her amazing acting no doubt think she goes about it with the utmost ease and unconcern; but they little know of the extraordinary patience and care that the poor, harassed director went through to get those scenes. True, the child loves to act—what child doesn't?—but she cannot be left to her own devices or we should have a very strange result.

Like all children on the threshold of life, she wants to know. Every scene, no matter how carefully explained in advance, is interrupted by a perfect bombardment of questions. "But, Mithter Kay, why do I have to frown at her? What ith she going to do to me?" Then the whole action must be stopped for ten minutes while the poor soul explains all over again the reason for the frown.

Tact in Handling a Tiny Star

LIKE her older sisters, Miss Berenice at times grows very temperamental; and right out of a clear sky she will announce that she doesn't wish to play any more. These are the times when the director must show his resourcefulness, for her refusal may tie up the whole plant for hours at a time; and, as the overhead charges against a picture may often be as much as a hundred dollars an hour, a delay of any length is a serious concern.

In order to meet these emergencies Kay has resorted to all the old subterfuges and a few new ones. One that sometimes works is to pretend totally to ignore her; and, like some grown-up ladies—and men—she does not like this treatment. Then, simulating great excitement, he calls out: "Now all ready, folks, in your places! Ready! Action! Camera! Go!" Like as not, Miss Berenice is in the foreground, doing her stunt.

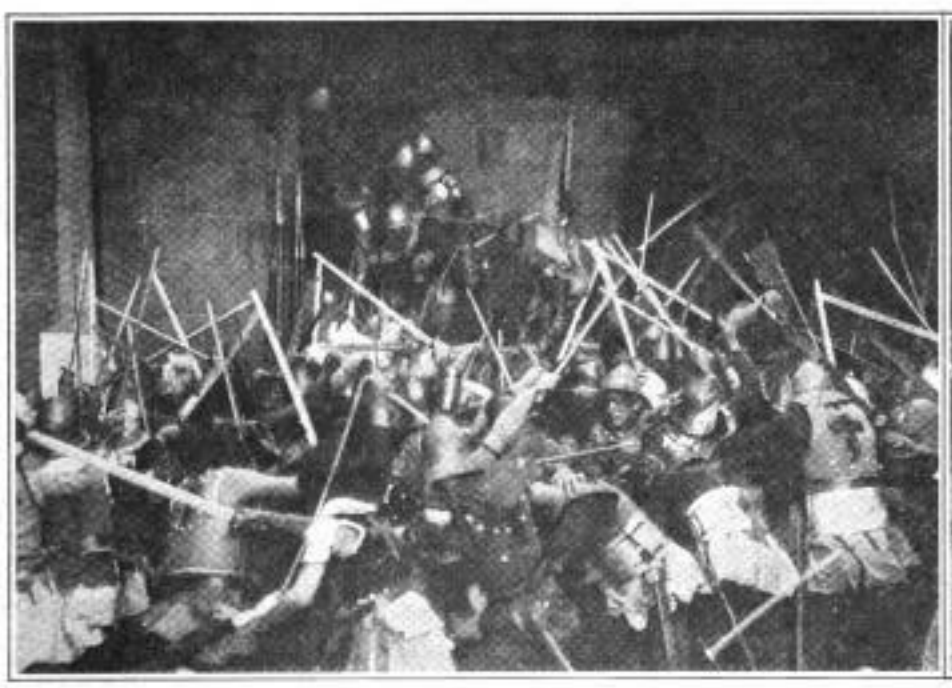
If this trick fails Kay pretends to feel all cut up; and, as the child dearly loves him, she will go up and pat him on the back, and tell him she was only fooling and will make the picture after all.

There are times, though, when she goes right up in the air; and then he has to resort to the meanest device in the whole arsenal of male munitions:

"All right, Berenice; I've been thinking that you are not so well suited to the part as Minnie, and I'm going to send for her to take your place."

In a flash Berenice is downstage, as big and indignant as a grown-up leading lady. At that, many scenes have to be made over and over again; and often the story is cut, amplified, rearranged, to fit the whimsical eccentricities of this high-salaried young star.

One of the sweetest things this dear little tot does is to cry in the scene where tears are necessary. One day they



How Any of Them Came Out of That Mess of Jabbing Lances is a Marvel



Real Armor Like This Weighs Two Hundred Pounds to the Man

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refused to come; so she went and sat in a corner for fully five minutes.

"Mithter Kay," she said wistfully, "I'th been trying to think of something thad; but I can't. If you would thend for Mr. Jackson, and have him come and thpank me, I think I could cry." So much for her sincerity.

In proof that the director is often more important than the actor I want to cite a specific case. A year ago I was handed a very beautiful young thing who had landed in our company through some hook or crook—I suspect it was the latter—and it was up to me to put her over as a lead. Her good looks carried her along pretty well in the small stuff, but when it came to the big scene her lack of training and her ingrowing brains made her hopelessly unequal to the part.

I struggled and labored a whole day and showed her how to act it, down to the last gesture. She failed miserably. Then I called in one of our character leads, a woman of splendid ability, and she took her through the scene time after time. We made twenty-two shots of that one scene, and finally it went off splendidly. The picture was a great success; and as some easy director thought the young lady was a comer he employed her at a fine salary, and went to the bat to make his and her fame and fortune. He made one picture and blew up. The last I heard of the coming star she was working as an extra.

Our profession is full of so many things that I have wandered along, hitting the high spots of interest; but now I must get down to the ground and tell of the crisis, the result of which will determine for many years the place the photo drama will occupy among the fine arts. This crisis we are passing through has been brought about by several factors: Overproduction—one studio alone has more than four hundred thousand feet of film on its shelves; excessive expenditures; the open market at home; and the closing of the European market, due to the war.

A few years ago, when the stupendous profits in motion pictures became known, the financial adventurers, theatrical gamblers and showmen began to jump in; and for the past two or three years the financial side of the industry has occupied the minds of many of the bosses to the exclusion of every other consideration. Companies have been bought and sold like mining stock; mergers and reorganizations have been effected; release companies formed, reformed and dissolved in such kaleidoscopic succession that one scarcely knows from week to week with which company he is working.

This last year the industry has been in such a state of flux that everyone is frightened. Old companies have become suddenly conservative; new companies have splashed in one day and died the next; expenses are being cut and the whole industry reorganized.

The Hated Efficiency Man

A FURIOUS contest rages about the conflicting aims of directors and owners. The latter are bent upon retrenchment, and the former feel that they must go on and on, or die. It is the same old conflict between art and business. In some places art is winning; in others, business; in a few there is evolving a happy marriage.

When men of business began to crowd into the pictures they could not understand the apparent waste and appalling expenditures. Why should pictures that a few years ago cost only ten thousand dollars now cost sixty thousand dollars?

"Why," they said, "do you insist upon paying one thousand dollars a week to an actor who, on the stage, never made more than three hundred dollars? Why do you employ him for fifty-two weeks and have him work only ten or fifteen?"

So they have hired experts—efficiency men—to reorganize the business. These men have now taken hold and their results are interesting, for no doubt they have found fearful waste and leakage; but their remedies are not always happy.

Hurried and harried on every side, the old-time plungers are rebellious and indignant.

"Imagine," said one director to me a short time ago, "trying to get into the spirit of a story with a clear head, and every time you turn round having somebody question your expense or hand you a note saying you are half a day behind your schedule! Or saying that you must turn out so many feet a day! Or asking, 'Why did you employ So-and-So for five dollars when you could have gotten So-and-So for three?' All our studio wants is footage—cheap footage; it doesn't want good stories. And as for art—gad, what's art to them?"



PHOTO. FROM THE BALBOA STUDIO

Like Her Older Sisters This Little Star at Times Grows Very Temperamental

This is given only to show the unhappy spirit of a director when he goes up against the new methods.

The truth is that only tentative estimates can be made of any picture if the director is not to be hamstrung. Many uncertainties enter into the making of the simplest story—the weather, accidents, an unsatisfactory cast, mistakes in scenery, sickness of a lead, unforeseen developments, and many other things beyond the power or clairvoyant vision of any director.

One day, for instance, a director found a beautiful brick wall covered with adobe and surmounted by red tile. As it was romantically old and crumbling, he wanted it for a location in a three-reel story he was directing. After making seven of thirteen scenes he had to return for a week to the studio, as his sets were ready and the stage was needed as soon as he was through shooting. Imagine his chagrin when, on the following Monday, he went out to make the six other scenes at his garden wall and found that the owner had torn it down! After elaborate figuring he decided it would be cheaper to rebuild the wall than to retake the previous scenes at another location.

Even after the most thoughtful preparation a scene may have lost its "punch"—that ever necessary quality. What to do then? Let it go or do it over and have Mr. Efficiency Man call you down? Listen to my indignant friend:

"Now I'll grant that these efficiency fellows have certain qualities; but imagination is not one of them, else they would see that a moving-picture studio cannot be run on the same plan as a canning factory, with so much footage a day, like so much tuna. Unfortunately you cannot can drama when the machinery breaks down or one of the canners gets a pain in the lap; and unfortunately actors and directors have silly stomachs, souls and temperaments, quite unlike canning machines."

This, of course, is the extreme statement of one who is trying to survive business efficiency.

There are other studios, however, with business men in charge who recognize the limitations of efficiency and of the human factor in making a picture. Fortunately I happen to be in one of the latter; and I am very strong for the business policy it manifests, for the reason that its efficiency is expressed in taking burdens—powers, some of the old-time directors call them—from me, which makes my work infinitely less irksome and much more fluent.

In the old days it was my duty to write my own scenario, employ my cast, edit the wardrobe, superintend the building of sets, find my location, and in fact be personally responsible for all the annoying details of a picture, even before I began to direct it. Under the new business management all I do is to direct. In other words, when I enter the studio I do so as an artist who has had all his materials provided for him, his canvas stretched and models properly costumed, so that he may begin to paint immediately.

This new arrangement will perhaps be easier to understand if I show how a great picture is made, from the inception of the idea right through to its final cutting.

One day the scenario department reports that it has received a synopsis for a really remarkable historical drama, submitted by a well-known writer. A consultation between the general manager, managing director and the author is called, and the play discussed. It is decided that Charles Mills, let us say, shall be given the direction of the picture.

Working Out the New Picture

MILLS immediately meets with the author and the play is gone over, from the sets to the psychology of the plot and leading characters. The director differs with the author upon this latter point, and if no agreement is arrived at the general manager settles it. As a rule, in our office, the director is favored, because it is recognized that a successful picture can be made only when the director is in absolute sympathy with his subject and is made wholly responsible for the result.

It is almost impossible for two men to visualize the same pictures from a particular story. The author may have a consciousness of how it would look to him, but he cannot possibly make anyone else see this. If a musician should play a piece called The Babbling Brook, the brooks evolved in the imaginations of the audience would differ with every person. This will perhaps explain the surprise that many scenario writers experience when they go to see a picture they have sold.

When the director is satisfied with his synopsis he turns it over to the continuity department, and after a week or so it turns out a working script. Meantime the director goes about his business, to finish what he has on hand and to dream of his new picture. Of other worries he has few, for a copy of the working script is turned over to the art director and he starts work on sketches for the sets. Another department employs the cast; a prop. plot is made; the costumers, in consultation with the research department, figure their needs; and finally the assistant director arranges the scene plot. When all this is completed the office tentatively figures the cost of production, arranges a time schedule, and the whole organization is set to work.

As time is a vital element in pictures of great cost, it may be necessary to arrange for certain outside locations—easy to make—while the big sets are in process of construction. We do not give the great stage stars yearly contracts and then let them idle away half their time. We employ them for a certain picture at so much a week; and as the salary is very high it is up to us to see the picture through as close to schedule as possible.

At some studios where the old order—or lack of it—still prevails, they have sometimes taken from six to eight months, and even a year, to build a great ten or twelve reel feature picture. With the smooth working of our wonderful

(Concluded on Page 54)



Miss Farrar Lunching With the Director and the Camera Man

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BEING NICE TO NELLIE

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

"WALKIN' out in your stockin' feet right in front of a thousand people!" cried M'sieu Joe Hicks in intense exasperation. "I swan it's the last time you go to a show with me, young woman!"

"Shut up, Joe! You talk awful foolish," retorted madame. "The thousand didn't bother me any.

"They were only roughnecks, anyhow; but, Jane, I ran slap into Mrs. Jimmy Arthurs. I know she'll tell it all over town. And just when I was getting in right too!"

M'sieu Joe took one or two angry strides up and down the room.

"Well, what do you expect? You ain't back in the front row of the chorus now, Patsy; and when you go and ——"

"That'll do!" snapped his wife, and he desisted.

"But what's it all about?" inquired Madame Giraud, laughing. "What's the trouble? You two haven't explained a thing; but you certainly do make this house seem homelike."

"Why, it was like this, Jane: Me and Patsy went to see that new fillum they're all talking about, and we'd no sooner found seats than she took her shoes off."

"My feet were killin' me," madame interposed.

"Well, we watched the picture a while and then Patsy pipes up: 'Joe!' . . . And I says to her: 'What's the matter now?' . . . 'I can't find my shoes,' she says. 'Get down and take a look.' . . . What do you know about that!"

His wife bridled.

"It was no excuse for you acting like you done. Why, Henree, you ought to of seen the way he glared at me; and when he knelt down to hunt under the seats he swore. Yes, you did, Joe Hicks; because I heard you, and a lot of others heard you too. You haven't the slightest regard for decency."

M'sieu Joe waved his arms above his head in maddened resignation.

"All right! All right! Have it your own way, then. I swore. But anyhow, I couldn't find the shoes. They'd slipped off somewheres, or Patsy'd kicked them away while she was watching that woman fall through the glass roof into the soup tureen."

"Yes; but tell them the rest of it. Tell them the rest of it!" insisted madame triumphantly.

"Well, the fact is," continued M'sieu Joe, who could not wholly suppress a grin—"the fact is, Patsy wasn't the only one there who done it. She made me peep along about five rows just as the lights come up, and I'll be dogged, Frenchy, if two women out of every three weren't settin' in their socks. I never *did* see so many queer feet in my whole life!"

"And I had to walk out like I was, Jane. Imagine! But, at that, I don't believe anybody would have noticed if Joe hadn't roared so about it and glared at me every step."

"I suppose," sneered her husband, "that it was my fault."

"Well, you might have told me not to. Or you could have found them if you'd half tried."

"I give up! Sufferin' cats, I give up! Henree," said M'sieu Joe in trembling accents, turning to me, "I ask you, man to man, what do you think of that?"

It is always my ambition, my friend, to pour oil on troubled waters, and here was an opportunity to hand.

"*Eh bien!*" I returned with a smile. "It is indeed your own fault, Joe."

"There now! I told you so!" exclaimed Madame Patsy.

"Because you should have remembered the celebrated maxim of the great Napoleon: 'A man ought never to quarrel with a woman; he should bear her unreason in silence.'"

The effect was all that I could have wished. There was an immediate and prolonged silence. It was broken by my wife.

"Don't pay any attention to him, Patsy," she said apologetically. "He's just trying to be smart. Whenever we get into an argument he springs Napoleon on me."

"I should think you'd get sick of having him flung at you that way every hour of the day," remarked Madame Hicks.

"I do. I never could stand the man, anyway. What was there great about him, I'd like to know? Look at the way he treated Josephine; and she such an angel!"

Josephine? It was now my turn to take a part and set them right on this important point. But before I could get in a word Madame Giraud sat up suddenly in her chair.



I Secured a Table in a Sheltered Corner and We Gave Ourselves Up to the Enjoyment of the Hour

"There! I hear him again. Henree, run up and see what's the matter. One of the twins is crying."

"I heard nothing," I objected.

"What does that prove? Hurry up! I can hear him distinctly, and that's enough. You always try to leave everything to me."

"Har-har!" exploded M'sieu Joe in high glee. "Serves you right, Henree, for going back on me."

How do you account, my friend, for the undeniable fact that mothers are able to hear the wailing of their offspring when not the faintest sound reaches those in close proximity to her? It has often filled me with wonder, likewise furnishing material for most interesting speculations.

I ascended to the bedroom where my noble boys slept in care of a nurse, and found my namesake in the Ethiopian's arms, crying very sleepily. She was crooning to him a lullaby whose absurdity has only to be quoted to be seen:

"Bye-bye, Baby Buntin'; daddy's gone a-huntin'
To ketch a littul rabbit skin to wrap our Baby Buntin' in."

"S-sh!" she warned at sight of me. "Go 'way, or you'll start him off agin."

"What's the matter, Mammy?"

"It's that ol' tooth. You keep off naow, or he never *will* go to sleep."

Was it not prodigious? The ridiculous creature imagined that my sons would not be soothed by my coming! It was characteristic of her. She had a certain deft way with children, it is true, acquired by some fifty years of nursing them; but what is that when weighed against the natural aptitude of a father?

And she was insanely jealous of me. There was no possible doubt of it, m'sieu. She was always fearful lest they display a preference for my companionship, as indeed they would have done had she not taken every precaution to disturb our relations and limit them to the merest fraction of time. In this course, I regret to say, she was abetted by Madame Giraud; but I ascribed the latter's attitude to the blind tenacity with which women will hold together where *bébés* are concerned, regardless of color or differences in station.

"There! He's done gone. Go on, naow!" she whispered hoarsely. "You go downstairs whar you belong befo' he wakes up agin. I'm a-tellin' you. If Miz Giraud ——"

What the woman was about to threaten I do not know, for I retraced my steps. Yes, my friend; rather than spoil the rest of my noble boys by a humiliating wrangle with her, I went back downstairs, where M'sieu Hicks was setting out a card table for dominoes, the only game he could be induced to play, because he always won.

"Here he comes now. Henree, I was just puttin' it up to Jane about you going to the golf tournament with me next week."

"But Henree doesn't play golf."

"Never too late to begin. And he'd have a great time. Besides, he needs a change—and Patsy won't let me go alone."

"I suppose I don't need a change. Oh, not in the least!" said my wife. "Henree could go off for a week and leave me alone with two helpless babies, but—isn't that just like a man, Patsy? They just can't see."

"It's them all over," assented Madame Hicks.

"But listen, girls," my partner persisted: "If Henree comes with me, Patsy can stay here and you two can have a fine gossip together."

"Wait till I'm asked," put in Madame Patsy; and my wife inquired:

"Where is this tournament going to be?"

"Memphis."

Had a reptile appeared in our midst it could hardly have caused greater horror. My wife instantly stiffened, and I knew what was coming. Yes, m'sieu; with lively misgivings I foresaw the avalanche my worthy but bonehead friend had precipitated.

"Memphis, indeed!" she repeated with queenly wrath. "I guess not. I should rather guess not!"

"Why, the town ain't so bad as all that, Jane."

"What it is and what it isn't has nothing to do with it," replied my wife freezingly; and her foot began to tap the floor.

In vain did I signal to M'sieu Hicks for silence. He was insistent.

"Then what's the objection?"

"You know what the objection is as well as I do."

"I do not. Cross my heart I don't! Hope to die if I do."

"That creature!" burst out Madame Giraud.

My partner stared at her a while and then, memory finding the explanation, he burst into peal on peal of laughter. But to me, m'sieu, it was no laughing matter. I knew that the wretched skeleton would again be dragged from its closet and made to gibber. Strong as is my affection for my partner I could cheerfully have throttled him.

And he deliberately incited madame to anger. Yes; he egged her on. Instead of smoothing the impending storm by dropping the topic, as a man of discernment and discretion ought to have done, he gave a demoniacal chuckle and asked:

"You don't mean to say it's on account of Nellie? I thought you'd got over that long ago, Jane."

That is ever his way. The fellow seems to derive a malicious pleasure from stirring up friction between us. Not only my partner, but M'sieu Sam Field is afflicted with this mania. Indeed it appears to be common to many Americans.

En passant, I cannot refrain from deploring the unfortunate habit they have of twisting trifles that were best forgotten into jests. And why, forsooth? Solely to worry and irritate the wives, thereby rendering serious what was in reality a harmless nothing. What a perverted sense of humor it is that seeks to raise a laugh at the expense of domestic tranquillity!

Take the willful fabrications of M'sieu Joe concerning this affair; or those of M'sieu Sam Field. They were identical—equally sinister. The latter has openly asserted that I tickled the beautiful Nellie's toes, and both would have it that my behavior—— But enough, my friend. It is my intention to relate to you every occurrence from the outset in order to forestall the distorted versions that may reach your ears. *J'appelle un chat un chat, et rôlet un fripon.* And when you have heard all I shall leave it to you to say whether Henri Giraud either failed in duty or exceeded the instructions given him.

It all began with the receipt of a letter by my wife. We were seated one morning in the nursery, rubbing the twins with a preparation of camphor, made necessary by the fact that the Ethiopian had thoughtlessly allowed them to crawl on the greensward at the very height of the chigoe season. Their soft pink flesh was dotted with lumps where

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the savage creatures had burrowed, and my noble boys were moved to frequent displays of annoyance.

Eh bien, we were rubbing them with camphor when the second mail delivery was brought upstairs and madame began to sort it.

"Why, here's one from Nellie Stratton," she announced. "Who is yours from, Henree?"

"Only an advertising circular."

"Let me see," she insisted, and I did so.

One of the forms madame's affection takes is a lively interest in my mail. Now, there are husbands who would churlishly resent this; but look you—I have given it much thought, m'sieu; and my conclusion is that such zealous surveillance is infinitely to be preferred to indifference. Far better an anxious wife than one who does not give a damn what you are up to. Am I right, or am I wrong?

"Who," I ventured, "is Nellie Stratton?"

"A girl I went to school with. She was a Beta and I was a Delta."

"Indeed!"

"Why, she's coming here to visit," she went on excitedly, scanning the pages. "Her aunt lives here, and I never knew it. My, I'll be glad to see her. Dear old Nell! You must be awfully nice to her, Henree. She's a darling! When I was in Memphis three years ago she gave a big dinner dance for me and a luncheon; but I never thought she'd marry Billy Stratton."

"And why not?"

"He was such a stick. I've heard Nell say a dozen times he didn't have enough gumption to swat a fly."

"Is Madame Stratton, then, a bit lively?"

"Gracious, no! Not a bit. You get the most ridiculous notions, Henree. She's as nice as can be. But no girl wants a dead one."

"It is the way of the world," I pointed out. "Have you never observed how men and women invariably marry the ones they start out by disparaging?"

"Huh?" answered my wife, busy reading.

"I merely remarked, my dear, that ——"

"She's coming Friday," she interrupted. "That means we'll have to entertain her. I'll ask her, with Patsy and Minnie and a few others, to lunch; and later we'll give a little dinner—just our friends. That's the very least we can do—isn't it?"

"I suppose so. But when M'sieu Bud Reid was in town and I suggested that we entertain ——"

"There you go again!" she said petulantly. "As if that was the same thing at all! How could we have invited him with the cook we had? Besides, he's a man."

That settled it. I did not argue the point, my friend, but put their socks on Thomas and Henri Giraud and then went for the car. As I assisted the maid in depositing the twins on the seat beside madame, the latter said to me:

"Be sure to get home in time for lunch, Henree. And don't forget that I expect you to be nice to her. She's a darling. I've seen Nell eat a whole plate of fudge and half a watermelon before going to bed, and never even dream!"

"She must, indeed, be an admirable woman!" I exclaimed.

Eh bien, my friend, Madame Stratton arrived to visit her aunt on the designated day, and I caught my first glimpse of her the following afternoon. One glimpse was sufficient to account for my wife's enthusiasm; she was truly a darling, an adorable creature. Hair of glistening silky black; hands and feet like those of a child; and never have I gazed into eyes so limpid and heavily fringed. Of the thousands of eyes that have met mine with a more than passing interest—— But enough. Suffice it to say, m'sieu, they were magnificent.

Her figure was trim and of youthful flexibility; and added to this charm was one more precious still—a fine complexion. It was a sort of mother-of-pearl pink, which deepened to a glorious rose tint on occasion. I noticed it at our introduction. Ah, my friend—— But you would not understand. You Anglo-Saxons are so cold; you lack soul.

"Zowie!" exclaimed M'sieu Hicks, who was present. "She's some home wrecker, Henree! If I was you I'd put hobbles on that boy, Jane. I'm scared to stay round."

"Yes; you're so dangerous," commented his wife.

Meantime Madame Stratton was enchanting everybody with her vivacity and friendliness. My wife fairly beamed upon her. So did M'sieu Field, who had somehow contrived to be there. As though moved by an irresistible impulse, Jane twice seized Madame Stratton in her arms and kissed her on both cheeks.

"I just can't help it," she confessed. "It's so good to see you."

"Just the way I feel about it," spoke up M'sieu Field.



Of the Thousands of Eyes That Have Met Mine With a More Than Passing Interest—— But Enough

I confidently looked to see Madame Stratton crush him; but she dimpled instead.

"Why couldn't you think of that, Henree?" asked my wife reproachfully.

"But never mind, Nell," she continued; "he thinks it, even if he doesn't say it. And he's promised —— I mean you're to treat him just like your own brother while you're here. You mustn't dream of calling him 'Mr. Giraud.' Call him 'Henree.'"

"Henree!" she murmured with an intonation that ravished me, accompanied by a flashing glance from her matchless eyes.

Eh bien, Madame Stratton came to our house for luncheon; and, although I was not present at the meal, because my wife had planned it for ladies only, I nevertheless found occasion to drop in before the guests departed. And I faithfully followed the orders that had been given to me. I was nice to Madame Nellie. I bestowed upon her every attention to which an honor guest is entitled, all with a grace, a finish, that must have surprised and delighted her; for it would be hypocrisy to deny that in the little courtesies which go to sweeten social intercourse I am peculiarly adept. It has always been my aim, m'sieu, to impart to them a subtlety sadly wanting in the manners of my acquaintances; and in this respect I have been eminently successful. What greater compliment, indeed, can a gallant man pay a lovely woman than to make her feel, without embarrassing her, that she is the object of his deepest interest?

So far, all promised well. Madame Giraud smiled gayly on our tête-à-tête, and, when the time came for departure, showed her affection by insisting on escorting the charming Nellie down to the car herself, assigning entertainment of the other guests to me.

My wife was abstracted that night and seemed tired. From time to time I felt her gaze upon me as I read the paper. "I don't know whether to give that dinner for her or not," she said, coming suddenly out of a reverie.

"Oh, we must, my angel."

"How did you know who I meant? And why 'must'?"

"Well," I rejoined, "she is a very amiable woman and she was kind to you when you visited there."

"I don't know as she was so awfully kind—a skimpy little dinner and a luncheon that was deadly. There wasn't a thing to eat that wasn't stone cold."

What was there for me to say? I held my peace, which is ever the wisest course. When I was a bachelor, my friend, I knew women. Yes; there was not a trick or wile of the sex I did not know; not one of their moods I could not instantly fathom. Every bachelor thinks the same. And then I married one. And now—pardon my emotion, m'sieu—now I know that I know nothing.

Next day madame was to do some shopping with her sister, and, rather than eat alone, I planned to meet them downtown at a department-store restaurant.

"We'll be at the fountain at one o'clock," said my wife, following her usual habit of explicit instructions. "But if we're not there by one-fifteen don't wait, because probably something will have detained us."

Promptitude, m'sieu, is one of the habits that marriage has cultivated in me. I was at the fountain a minute before the hour, but they had not yet arrived; so I selected a chair and sat down to wait. A steady stream of ladies passed in and out, and the opportunity to rest amid such surroundings was not wholly unpleasant.

Fifteen minutes slipped by, and still they did not come. I allowed another five for good measure and then rose to depart. As I did so, who should get out of an elevator but the dashing Madame Stratton.

She had on a purple-and-white-striped shantung sport suit, high white shoes whose tops almost reached the knee, and a white hat with purple underbrim. The effect was at once bizarre and captivating.

"This is luck indeed!" I said warmly, hurrying to greet her.

"Oh, oh, oh!" she cooed, wagging a tiny forefinger at me. "What are you doing up here, naughty Mr. Giraud? The men eat on the other side."

"True; but I was to meet Madame Giraud and Minnie. They have not arrived. Perforce I must eat alone."

"And I," she replied, "was to meet Martha here, sharp at twelve-thirty. I wonder where she can be!"

"It is now one-thirty, madame."

She pouted deliciously.

"Is it? I had no idea. Then I suppose I'll have to eat alone too."

"Not necessarily," I hastened to say. "Why should we not join forces and have a cozy little luncheon?"

She considered the proposal gravely.

"You can't have a cozy luncheon here," she pointed out.

"True; but I know a much better place than this."

"I don't doubt it—but is it the sort of place I could go to?"

"Of course, madame. Do you think I would take you anywhere you might regret? No—a thousand times no! We will go to the ladies' room at the club. It will be practically empty at this hour."

"Oh, a few wouldn't hurt," she assured me quickly; and we caught the next elevator down.

Eh bien, I secured a table in a sheltered corner and we gave ourselves up to the enjoyment of the hour. She was an admirable companion, full of wit and sparkling repartee, with never a trace of malice or spite in her glinting shafts, which is a rare and priceless quality in wit, my friend. And the luncheon was perfect. She ate chicken salad; I cite the fact because it proves how innocent she was.

Several other tables were occupied, but I was unable to recognize any of the diners owing to the palms that intervened. Nor indeed, to be frank, did I make any special effort to do so, for Madame Stratton engrossed my attention completely.

It was over all too soon, and the divine Nellie departed in a taxicab for her aunt's house. As for me, I jumped into a prowling jitney and hastened out to the Country Club to receive my first golf lesson.

Wullie Macpheerson, the professional, had just signified its termination when a car drew up under the porte-cochère near which I had been practicing drives, and out stepped Madame Stratton. We recognized each other at the same instant and she waited for me at the door.

"This is luck indeed!" I cried.

"I seem to pursue you, Mr. Giraud."

"If you will keep me posted I will meet you halfway, madame," I said gallantly.

She showed her pearly teeth in a laugh.

"I was just going in for a swim. Do you know whether the water is cold?"

"It is like velvet to-day," I responded. "There are no swimmers in at the present moment, but I talked to several who had been in earlier and they were enthusiastic, madame."

"Isn't there a life guard or somebody round?" she queried. "I hate to go in alone."

"There is no necessity. What an absurd idea! Am I not here? And than Henri Giraud, madame, you will find no more expert swimmer in the club."

"That's the way to talk," she said, dimpling. "I like to see a man who doesn't hate himself."

"I never did," I assured her earnestly.

"That takes a load off my mind. . . . How long will it take you to get ready?"

"My bathing suit is in my locker. I'll be at the diving board in ten minutes."

"Make it twenty," she suggested. "Mine's harder to get on."

Ma foi, m'sieu; I could well believe it when she finally emerged. Not that she wore more suit than I, but she looked for all the world as though she had been poured into it in a molten state, so perfectly did it fit her slim and willowy figure. There are bathing suits and bathing suits, my friend, I assure you. Hers was a revelation; wholly free, moreover, from the taint of suburbanism: A vivid green, and all of a piece, the back so designed as not to interfere with the shoulder muscles. And Madame Stratton had dispensed with stockings.

She came toward me with a timid, bewildering smile and, gazing up into my eyes, asked:

"Well, how do I look?"

"Madame, I beg of you not to ask me. I am the father of a family, and ——"

"Oh, Henree!" she chided. "Do you mind if I call you that? I can't call you Mr. Giraud any more. Besides, Jane told me I wasn't to."

Mention of my wife's name threw a momentary damper on my spirits, but they speedily revived and I proposed that we should go in.

"But I can't swim," she protested. "Let's stay here. You can take a dive and then we'll sit on this board."

No sooner said than done. I walked back about ten yards, and, taking an easy run, described a graceful parabola, cleaving the water with a supple twist in imitation of a porpoise. As I came up for breath far out from shore Madame Stratton clapped her hands joyously.

"Splendid!" she called. "Now come out and amuse me."

Eh bien, I did so with all alacrity, and we sat on the diving board, dabbling our toes in the water, and talked.

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What we talked about is of no consequence, nor do I remember; but rest assured that any conversation between Henri Giraud and a pretty and sparkling woman could not fail to be entertaining.

Soon, however, I observed that we were not alone. Indeed, a mob appeared to be gathering. The pool is between Number Three and Number Eighteen holes; so that outgoing golfers and those finishing could see us.

The first intimation I had of this was when M'sieu Bill Willis, approaching the home green, glanced our way, wavered in his stance, topped his ball into the lake, and sat down abruptly.

"Hey!" yelled his opponent from the other side. "Take another. That'll make four for you."

"It's your hole," he conceded. "I reckon I'll rest up a while. I'm sort of dizzy."

Next, along came a massive individual from Number Three tee. He was one of a foursome. Having driven off, he was crossing the bridge to play his second, when he espied us on the diving board, and halted. He leaned his arms on the railing, crossed his feet, and just stood there, apparently oblivious to his duty. It was patent that his intention was to remain indefinitely.

"Come on, J. J.! What's the matter? In a trance?" his companions shouted to him.

"I don't want to play any more," he replied; and in proof thereof he presently sauntered down to us and poked amid the grass on the bank with his club.

"Hello, Henree!" he said jovially. "Didn't notice you. Say, did you see a ball come down here?"

"I did not, m'sieu," I answered firmly. "Your ball is well on the other side."

Wholly unabashed by this reception, M'sieu J. J. Taylor eased himself down on the far end of the board and proceeded to join cheerily in the conversation.

"How's the water to-day? I was thinking of going in."

There was nothing to do but introduce him, which I did with a very bad grace. And in another minute here came M'sieu Willis; then another, and another.

"Hello, Giraud!"

"Hello, Henree!"

"Well, well, if there isn't Frenchy! How goes it, old top? I haven't seen you in a coon's age."

Never had I been so popular. They flocked round me. It would appear that each one was anxious for a plunge, and the afternoon was too sultry for golf, anyway.

To Madame Stratton I presented them as they arrived and it was not long before the bank was uncomfortably crowded.

"I'm going to put on my bathing suit," announced M'sieu Taylor.

"Me too!"

"Let's all go in."

I did not view the suggestion with favor, but Madame Stratton hailed it with such enthusiasm that it would have been ogreish to object. Besides, the pool was built for use of the members and was free to any who might care to swim.

Eh bien, they came swarming down to the water, laughing, shoving, running foot races. Never had there been such splashing and horseplay out there. And there sat the charming Nellie on the board, the center of all the hilarity, but as dry as a bone.

"Come on in! The water's fine!" cried M'sieu Taylor with odious joviality.

"I'm afraid!"

"Shucks! I'll take care of you. It isn't up to your neck on this side."

His intent was all too plain. Such treachery was not to be borne. I waded close to him. "Pardon me, m'sieu," I said icily; "but madame is with me."

"Oh, well, if you saw her first," he answered, and swam away; but I could hear him relating the incident, with grotesque embellishments, to the others.

Meantime I had approached Madame Stratton, extending my hand.

"All right! I'll trust myself to you; but I wouldn't to anyone else," she said, so that all might hear.

I was entranced. Why conceal it? A delightful woman had singled me out for special honor; small wonder that I held myself proudly as we stepped cautiously into deeper water.

"Maybe, if you put your hands on my shoulders ——" began M'sieu Taylor.

"Not at all," I cut in. "I will teach madame."

Accordingly I proceeded to show her the rudiments of the art, while the others paddled about, or stood and watched, offering advice whenever the smallest loophole offered. Madame was not a very apt pupil. She was fearful, for one thing, and extremely anxious not to wet her hair. Also, she would suddenly abandon an attempt at mastering a stroke to cling to me. I could not object to this; but I am free to admit that it seriously hampered progress.



It Would Appear That Each One Was Anxious for a Plunge, and the Afternoon Was Too Sultry for Golf, Anyway

"Take it easy," I advised as she threshed about. "Take your time. I've got you."

"But you're tickling me," she said with a sputtering giggle. "Don't hold me so tight." There was a roar of laughter from the barbarians.

Eh bien, the sun sank in the heavens and we all came out.

"It was delightful!" exclaimed Madame Stratton.

"The end of a perfect day," I said; and she flushed.

It was late when I arrived home, and my wife was waiting dinner for me.

"Well, what is it this time?"

"I was taking a golf lesson and we got a puncture on the way back."

"It was a blow-out last time," she rejoined.

This was a matter I did not care to argue.

"Where were you at noon?"

"I was at the fountain, my dear; but you did not turn up, so I left."

"We got there on the stroke of two. Ask Minnie."

"The hour fixed was one o'clock."

"You might have waited a little while, I think! Where did you eat, then?"

"At the club."

"Well, what do you know? Hear anything new? Or did anything special happen?" inquired madame.

Now it would have been easy then to have replied in the affirmative and told her all. Perhaps I ought to have done so; but a premonition made me hesitate. My wife was tired from a grueling day in the shops and I wished to spare her any unpleasantness; for it suddenly came over me that she might not take kindly to the events of the day. The thought had not occurred to me until that moment—upon my honor, m'sieu. Moreover, we were engaged for dancing class that night; and why start a misunderstanding that would mar the evening's enjoyment? No, I would postpone telling her until our return.

"Well? Why don't you answer? Anything happen to-day?"

"Nothing much. Just the usual things. What did you do?"

And then my devoted wife launched out into an exhaustive account of her difficulties in securing draperies and a rug for the dining room, which we had recently done over. She was still at it when we sat down to table and had not finished when the car stopped at the hall where the class met.

The first person to greet her as we entered the lobby was Madame Jimmy Arthurs. She came rushing from the opposite side and kissed my wife with an effusion that startled us both, to say the least, for ordinarily they are not what you could call intimate, m'sieu. To me she gave only a curt nod—rudely, like that. Her conduct was sufficiently puzzling, but I was too tired by the afternoon's exertions to concern myself about it. And Madame Arthurs accompanied my wife into the dressing room.

The moment I glimpsed her face when they came out, I guessed something had happened. But it was not the place to betray apprehension, and accordingly I approached with my customary aplomb to ask for the first dance.

"Did you take Nell Stratton to lunch to-day?" she demanded, ignoring my request.

"Yes, my angel."

"Don't you 'angel' me! How did it happen and why didn't you tell me?"

"I was going to when we got home. Of course, my dear, I did not plan to keep it from you, insignificant though it was. Moreover, that would be impossible."

"Insignificant!" she repeated in a rising voice. "Do you call it insignificant when I have to hear from the lips of another woman that my husband—*my* husband—has been lunching with a creature all alone?"

"Jane, they will hear you!" The reminder served to restrain her for the nonce. "It was perfectly harmless," I urged. "We happened to meet in the restaurant, and each was alone. What more natural?"

"Don't speak to me!" she said between her teeth. "Let's dance."

We did so, m'sieu; but I assure you that my zest for it had fled. For the matter of that, we do not get along in the new dances, anyway. I can dance with anybody but my wife. Do not misunderstand me; Madame Giraud is lightness and grace itself, and she can do them charmingly with any other man. As for me, I have the reputation of being a daring performer, and, given a youthful partner, defy anybody to excel me in the Hungarian Goulash; yet somehow madame and I cannot get along together at all. She asserts that I trample on her instep.

That night was no exception. We floundered about, now halting to start anew, now colliding with couples whom we ought easily to have avoided.

"We never seem to get on together," declared Jane, gulping. "I expect it was never intended that we should. You don't seem to want to try with me. Let's go home."

"I was doing my best," I said with some heat. "Just because I inadvertently touched your toe —— I have seen M'sieu Field walk all over your feet, and all you did was to smile at him and say: 'Nonsense! It didn't hurt a bit.'"

Jane made no reply, but went for her cloak. When we issued on the sidewalk M'sieu Taylor was just alighting from his car.

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"So here we are again!" he cried. "Where's your little friend to-night, Henree? I dropped round in the hope of seeing her. I swear you're the stingiest person I ever did meet! We practically had to choke him into introducing us, Mrs. Giraud; and then he herded her from the gang all afternoon."

The dolt! The driveling idiot! My wife began to breathe hard through her nose.

"Introduce whom?" she queried sweetly. "Where did all this happen?"

"What! You didn't know? Say, maybe I'm in bad here." He laughed foolishly. "Don't mind what I said, Mrs. Giraud; it was only a little joke—sort of."

"Indeed? Who was the person? And where did it happen?" she persisted frigidly.

M'sieu Taylor was woefully embarrassed. He glanced appealingly at me and wiped the perspiration from his face; then mumbled a few unintelligible words, pretended to hear a summons from above, and responding with "All right, Joe, I'm coming. Well, good night, Mrs. Giraud; sorry I can't wait to explain. So long, Henree!"—he went plunging up the flight of stairs to the hall. Yes; he fled incontinently—beat it!

"Well! That *was* extraordinary, to say the least!" exclaimed madame.

She did not ask for any explanation until we were in the car, headed for home. Then:

"Now tell me about this little friend of yours—the one you were herding from those men. Is this another?"

The words were studiously mild; but the tone—ah, the tone, m'sieu, sent a shudder up my spine.

"Why, it is nothing," I replied with an indifference I was far from feeling. "After I finished my golf lesson I went in for a swim. Your friend, Madame Stratton ——"

"My friend!" she cried in horror.

"To be sure! Is she not?"

"Oh, of course! Of course! Go on! Go on!"

"*Eh bien*, your friend, Madame Stratton, happened to be there too; so I introduced her to J. J. and a crowd of others. They forced me to do so."

"I can well believe that. You'd have kept her all to yourself if you could!"

And then, m'sieu, I knew I was in for it. The revelations, coming as they had, imparted to the day's events a character almost sinister, in madame's mind.

"But listen, my angel!" I implored, endeavoring to place an arm round her. "Surely you know that your Henri ——"

"Don't touch me!" she cried in a tragic voice, and shuddered. "Monster!"

Alas, what was there for me to do? Appeals to reason and to her better nature would be alike hopeless. Therefore I abandoned the effort, angry and sullen.

We drove along in a harrowing silence. After a while my wife said:

"But why didn't you tell me? That's the dreadful part."

"I thought perhaps you might not like it."

She burst into a bitter laugh.

"That'll do! That'll do! So you thought I wouldn't like it, did you? And you wanted to spare my feelings! Very good; oh, fine!"

"If you will listen," I said sternly, "I will explain."

"You'll have a job doing it!"

"Madame," I entreated, "why not view this in the light in which it occurred? Why let your jealousy ——"

"Jealousy!" she echoed. "Me jealous? That's good! Ha, ha!"

"Then, if you are not ——"

"What makes me angry is to see you make such a fool of yourself. That's all. Jealous? Don't flatter yourself!"

And then I played my trump card:

"But you yourself told me that I was to be nice to her and give her every attention."

"You just dare to say that! Do you think I don't know Nellie Stratton better than to be such an idiot?"

"Your own words were that she was a darling, and as nice as could be."

"Listen!" rejoined my wife, leaning toward me to emphasize her argument. "I like Nellie. I always have and I always will. But she has a weakness for men. Yes; her best friend could never deny that. Even at school she was silly. And everybody knows she married Billy Stratton for his money, and nothing else on earth."

And that was as far as explanation ever got us, my friend. No matter what I said, madame returned persistently to the same point. Driven from one contention, she would retreat to another, and finally double back to her original argument, that she was not influenced by jealousy at all—the very idea! Ha, ha! And what should she be jealous of? But she disliked seeing me make a fool of myself publicly and letting a designing hussy come between us. And why hadn't I told her in the first place? And she would never, never get over it so long as she lived!

There were tears, m'sieu, and futile attempts on my part to heal the wound. It would not be healed.

"At least twenty persons have phoned me to-day," she asserted at dinner the next night, "telling me they saw you at lunch and again out swimming with that one-piece green thing. Now tell me the truth, Henree—didn't you go straight from lunch to the lake with her?"

"On my honor, no!"

"Well, it's very peculiar—very! Quite remarkable!"

"I presume," I rejoined, nettled at her manner, "that you have abandoned all idea of the dinner next Thursday night?"

(Concluded on Page 48)

ONE EVERY MINUTE

By Edwin Lefèvre

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

VI

SHADD'S first impulse was to tell his wife. But he reflected that he could not tell her about the profit he had made in Undersea Craft common without confessing that he had taken out their savings. Instead of crediting him with trebling their little nest egg, she might debit him with recklessness, now that he had begun to make money. That stock would go up, up! When he had made a really big sum he would tell her. Being rich he could stand anything she might say. In fact, she could say anything!

He did not bring up the subject at dinner, because Mrs. Shadd was not feeling well enough to talk. She had caught a cold. By morning it had developed into grippe.

Shadd insisted upon calling the doctor, and he not only got his own breakfast but nursed her with tender devotion. She was too ill to be grateful, but also she was too ill to talk about the expense, and Shadd was content. He sent for Mrs. Shadd's aunt to stay by the patient during Shadd's working hours. He didn't get a trained nurse, because Mrs. Shadd gave him one look—one! Twenty-five a week!

Every day he left the house as late as he dared and the office as early as he could. He forgot about the 200 shares of U. C. common because the patient insisted upon his remembering two thousand other things.

Her convalescence was well under way when he suggested that perhaps she ought to go away somewhere for a few days for a change of air. Instead of beaming gratefully she looked at him fearfully and said:

"You haven't taken money from the bank to pay any of the bills, have you?"

He gained time by asking:

"Do you mean to pay the doctor's bill?"

"Yes, or any other bill. Have you? Tell me the truth."



"I'm Going Home in the Lunch Hour. I'll be Back in Time, Mr. Lipps"

"I have not taken any money from the bank," he told her slowly and distinctly, "to pay any bills. I did not have to!" And he looked her full in the eyes.

"I—I'm glad, dear. I was hoping we shouldn't have to touch it!"

His narrow escape from having to confess the truth filled him with a thousand fears that little by little became the companions of his waking and even of his sleeping hours. He learned from Woodcock by telephone that the market for Undersea Craft had flattened out. Though it was nominally "12 bid, offered at 15," there were no actual transactions in the stock. After looking in his paper and reading these disheartening quotations for a week, he ceased to wish to know what the price was. He thought bitterly that Woodcock should have compelled him to sell out when he could have had $5000 for his 200 shares. It was plain that $2600 had dropped out of his pocket. Also, that not having hearkened to Opportunity's one knock at his door, he could not now tell his wife what he had done with her savings. The fact that he still had a paper profit of $600 made matters worse.

The first morning when his convalescent wife got breakfast for him was both a relief and a care to him.

She was fully recovered! Also, she was in condition to ask about the bank book. He always feared she could tell, by his face, when he was lying.

He beat a girl stenographer to the last seat in the car and opened his newspaper. On the financial page, in big type, he read:

"UNDERSEA CRAFT UP 60 POINTS!"

He had trouble in reading the article by reason of his trembling hands, but he managed to learn that a sudden demand for the stock had sprung up. The explanatory rumors were that the mission of the president of the company, Col. Allen Springer, to London, had proved successful. There was a remarkably small floating supply of a stock that for years had kicked about the Street unhonored and unsung. Then the paper gave the names of the principal buyers and sellers and the record of the sales. Seventeen hundred shares changed hands at 12 to 72. It closed at 60 bid; offered at 65. Such an advance in such a stock had absolutely no precedent.

He jumped to his feet, yelled "Stop the car!" and jumped off. Providence as usual looked out for his limbs and neck.

He stopped at the nearest drug store and called up Francis T. Woodcock & Co. It was 8:21 A.M. There was nobody there to answer, and Wilberforce Shadd had to go to his own office.

He survived until 9:30 A.M. by figuring his profits at the price at which he obviously ought to have sold his 200 shares of Undersea Craft—to wit, the previous day's highest price, 72. That would have given $14,400.

"Gosh," he muttered in awed tones, and figured once more to see if he had made a mistake. Then he figured again, this time for the pleasure of it.

At 9:31 a voice in the office of Francis T. Woodcock & Co. said that Mr. Woodcock had not arrived. He might come at any moment now. Or he might go straight to the Board Room—the "floor" of the New York Stock Exchange.

Driven by desperation and dreadful doubts, Wilberforce Shadd secured permission to absent himself from the office to visit a specialist from which visit he expected his wife to benefit. He would return as ——

"Oh, take your time, man. I hope there is nothing wrong," said Mr. Lipps, the manager, kindly. So low had Shadd sunk that the office behind his back always referred to him as "poor Shadd."

"I hope not," and Wilberforce Shadd's voice actually shook, so that the manager felt sorry.

"Don't return to the office unless it's all right, Shadd."

"I'll know," said Wilberforce desperately, "one way or another in an hour or two."

VII

IN THE subway Wilberforce Shadd did not read the newspaper because it had no fresh news to print about U. C. common. But he utilized the margin of it to do more figuring on. The closing quotations were 60 bid, offered at 65—that is, $12,000 bid; offered at $13,000!

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But the stock had sold as high as 72. That is, at $14,400.

That, of course, was the price at which he should have sold. Therefore, it was the price at which he ought to figure his profit. At 4 per cent it would mean $576 per annum or more than $11 a week. Added to his salary of $40 it would give him $51 a week. At 5 per cent he would get $720 a year or $60 a month; nearly $15 a week. At 6 per cent, which anybody ought to be able to get with absolute safety, he would receive with unfailing regularity, as long as he lived, $864 per annum, or $72 a month, or $16.60 a week. Without working!

At a pinch, any man could live on $16.60 a week—in the country.

Of course, if he sold at less than 72 he would not get $16.60 a week. Why in blazes had not Woodcock sold at 72? He ought to have known that at that price there was no question of selling or not selling 200 shares of stock. It was a case of getting $16.60 a week.

What man in his sane senses refuses $72 a month for life?

And the price had gone back to 60 bid—a drop of 12 points, of $2400! It would not surprise him if Woodcock, to cover up his negligence, would try to make him sell at any price—that is, at 60.

Then Shadd began to fear that he might not even get 60 for it!

When he opened the door marked "Customers" he was in the frame of mind in which nothing surprises a man, not even 50 for his stock.

"Hello, Shadd! How are you, dear boy?" shouted Mr. Woodcock from the other end of the room, and rushed to meet his dearest friend. The cordiality made Shadd fear the worst!

Woodcock shook hands warmly and went on: "Say, if I had your luck! All right, I'll call it brains! How does it feel, hey?"



He Fainted in Her Arms by the Simple Expedient of Relaxing and Closing His Eyes

Inasmuch as Mr. Woodcock shouted his greeting at the top of his voice, everybody in the room looked curiously at the shrinking Shadd. Woodcock himself was gazing admiringly at his wonderful friend.

Admiration is the most contagious of all aberrations. The eyes of the other customers began to fill with respect as they gazed on Shadd, the great plunger and commission-donor.

"How do you feel?" asked Shadd.

The modest broker naturally assumed that Shadd wished to know his views on the market. He answered:

"Oh, bullish, of course, although I think profit-taking on the bulges, from now on, will ——"

Shadd shook his head, intending to convey that he was not asking for stock-market opinions. Mr. Woodcock and the watching customers naturally assumed that Mr. Shadd disagreed with the head of the firm. The customers, looking from one to the other, wondered who was this man, Shadd, that his differing opinion should visibly depress Mr. Woodcock.

"Well," apologized the broker, "I naturally supposed that you had come to sell ——"

"No," said Shadd, thinking that he would not sell at a loss—that is, at any price below 72.

"It's 84!" said Woodcock. "Surely you aren't going to tell me it's going to 200 this trip?"

"No," said Shadd hesitatingly, "not two hundred." He meant that he would not wait for two hundred to sell. Thinking of 200, however, kept him from thinking that the stock had jumped 12 points, $2400 more than 72, at which price he had wished to sell.

One of the customers couldn't stand it any longer. He approached the head of the firm and whispered out of the corner of his mouth:

"What stock is that, Frank?"

"Mr. Shadd, I'd like to introduce you to Mr. Edson. Bill here would like to know what stock we're talking about."

Bill Edson grinned sheepishly.

"Undersea Craft common," said Shadd with an uneasy smile.

"He owns all we've got in this office," vouchsafed Woodcock proudly.

The customers clustered about the semi-paralyzed owner of the stock that had risen over seventy points in less than forty-eight hours. Henry Rumney, the most inveterate tip-follower in the Street, came in just then, and seeing a stranger surrounded by admiring would-be plungers asked Ben Meiggs:

"Who's the gink?"

"Sh-h!" whispered Ben reprovingly. Feeling called upon further to squelch Henry, he explained: "That's the largest individual holder of Undersea Craft."

"Thellyousay!" gasped Henry.

"Thasswat!" affirmed Ben.

Whereupon Henry approached the crowd of admirers about the multi-millionaire and said, as if he were well paid for saying it:

"Good morning! As I passed the Curb Market just now I heard them bid 90 for your stock. I'd like to ask you what you think of St. Paul?"

Shadd, still dazed by the suddenness of the attack, only half grasped that he was asked his opinion about something he knew nothing about. He recalled some verses he had read about a broker who died suddenly and went to heaven. The broker knocked at the pearly gates, and when they opened, according to the last line of the poem,

He asked Saint Peter: "How's Saint Paul,"

Shadd, afraid to open his mouth but not willing to admit his ignorance, shook his head. Henry Rumney did not wait for anything else. He rushed to the little window behind which a telephone operator held the line of communication with the firm's clerk on the Stock Exchange, and cried: "Say, sell 500 Saint Paul at the market. I thought it looked toppy. Get a hustle on!" and having written and signed the order as he talked Henry went back to the crowd in time to hear Woodcock tell them about Shadd's feat.

"Of course I knew nothing about it, so I told him not to buy. But all he did was to smile and say: 'Frank, you don't know everything.' That was all, wasn't it?" and he looked toward Shadd for corroboration.

Wilberforce nodded blushingly, and Woodcock, still proud of the privilege, went on:

"Even then I didn't want to accept the order, but when he took out his pencil and began to put down in black and white what the company stood to make—well, say, the wonder is he isn't talking a thousand dollars a share."

He made an end of speaking in order to give Shadd a chance to show his wisdom. But Shadd shook his head, whereupon Woodcock told him, that the other customers might see he never withheld praise where praise was due:

"Well, Shadd, I've certainly got to hand it to you, old chap. Just for fun let's see what the stock is now. Remington, get a quotation on Undersea common."

As the broker moved away the customers moved closer. They were afraid to appear too familiar; at the same time they could not keep away from the one man who had acquired the greatest of all secrets: How to beat the Game.

Henry Rumney, who was not bothered by absurd notions of delicacy, asked point blank:

"How much did your stock cost you?"

Shadd looked at him and was really shocked by the eagerness that flamed in the speculator's eyes. He hesitated.

"Of course," put in Ben Meiggs, insidiously viperish, "Rumney doesn't mean to pry into your private affairs."

"Not at all," agreed Henry Rumney. "I mean approximately—on an average."

"I should say," began Shadd, who wasn't sure whether or not he ought to include commissions, "let me see—ah ——"

The silence in the big room was broken only by the click of the ticker, the snap of the cardboard numbers as the boy slipped them into place on the quotation board, and the labored breathing of the waiting customers.

"Ah—$9 a share!"

A gasp that almost made the windows tremble inward followed. From $9 a share the stock had gone to $84. How many thousands of shares did this man own, this great personage with the imperturbable calm, the supreme confidence and the habitual taciturnity?

"Say, why didn't you tell a fellow?" said Henry aggrievedly. But even he had to acknowledge to himself that the stranger was not to blame. "Just my luck! I didn't know you! Gad, I'd have plunged! Nine dollars! Well, what do you think of it now, Mr.—er—I didn't get your name."

"My name," said Shadd, delighted to find himself among such intelligent fellows—"my name is Wilberforce ——"

"Mr. Wilberforce," interrupted Rumney, who thought they were wasting valuable time, "just how high do you think Undersea is going this trip?"

Wilberforce Shadd could not help but think of Hen Wilkins' crazy utterances. He had to, in order to be able to answer questions to which an answer was expected by these men. So he said slowly:

"Of course if they get the order for the $65,000,000 ——"

He was merely recalling that Wilkins had said that the Undersea Craft Company could get a million apiece for sixty-five submarines.

"Geewhillikens!" cried Ben Meiggs.

"Do you think it's going up right away?" asked Henry Rumney. After all, that was what they wished to know, and what all, excepting Henry, feared to ask so bluntly. They looked at Shadd so intently that it disconcerted him.

"I don't think ——" he began.

"That's good enough for me," said Henry Rumney. He was certain that the great Wilberforce was going to say what all tip-givers always say: "I don't think so, I know so!"

Henry, therefore, rushed off to find Woodcock.

"Got that quotation on Undersea?" he yelled.

"Not yet. I thought you said it was 90."

"Naw! I said I thought it was," corrected Rumney impatiently.

An office boy entered and handed a slip of paper to Woodcock, who read it and said:

"Well, you were wrong; it's 85 bid; no offers."

"Gee, and he paid $9 a share for it week before last. Say, Frank, I want to buy a thousand shares ——"

"If you do you'll have to put up about eighty-five thousand bucks."

"What!" yelled Henry Rumney, gazing at Woodcock in horror.

"No margin. Outright."

Henry Rumney was such a good income-provider for the firm that the office allowed him to take verbal liberties. He now shrieked:

"It's highway robbery!"

"It's the first law of Nature," corrected Francis T. Woodcock, Wall Street philosopher, who no longer took chances. "If a stock goes up fifty points in one day, can't it come down fifty before you can ask a man to put up more margin?"

"Aw, you make me tired! I'm going to buy some Undersea Craft and I'm not going to put up a million dollars a share either."

"Certainly not, Henry. I'll see what I can pick up for you. But I warn you—no margin. The banks won't lend on it, and I'm not going to see you lose money ——"

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"All you'll see me lose," said Henry angrily, "is my temper—if you try to make me believe that you care a hang how much money I lose. Well, make it 500 shares. I'll put up twenty points and keep the margin good."

"Nothing doing."

"Suppose you find out what you can get it for before you begin fighting with me about it, will you, please?" said Rumney with much dignity.

"Eighty-five bid, none offered. That means ——"

"Just hold your horses," said Henry Rumney, and went back to the fountainhead of all knowledge.

"Wilberforce," he said, looking intently at the all-wise, "it's eighty-five bid, none offered. I'm going to buy as much as the law allows." He paused. The head of the firm joined the party at that moment. Rumney glared at him, and went on: "Of course Woodcock has got cold feet and insists on ——"

"For your own sake," interjected Francis T. Woodcock firmly.

"And for your security," said Rumney so bitterly that Woodcock felt he ought to deliver his daily ultimatum once more. He said slowly:

"Gentlemen, no war babies on margin. I haven't got a very strong heart. Anybody who wants me to die suddenly can't be my friend. Why should I care what my enemies think of ordinary, common prudence anyhow?"

"Mr. Woodcock"—Henry Rumney spoke with cold politeness—"nobody is listening to you. I think you should save your vocal cords and use them to tell a waiting customer whether you've got a report on that U. C. yet or not."

"Not yet. Wait a minute! Here it is!" He let a clerk whisper something in his ear, then he said to Rumney:

"There are sixty shares offered at 95. That," he elucidated hastily, "necessitates $5700, exclusive of inadequate commissions and the iniquitous taxes. Fifty-seven hundred cash!"

"That's twice you said it. If you want me to buy that stock," said Rumney determinedly, "you'll have to ——"

"No margin!" from Woodcock.

"Then no order," and Rumney nodded tauntingly.

"I think I'll take twenty ——" began Ben Meiggs hesitatingly.

"That's my stock," hastily interjected Henry Rumney. "Get a gait on, Frank. I'll pay cash if I have to. The sixty shares."

Woodcock gave the order, took Rumney aside and said to him earnestly:

"I'd like to carry that stock on margin for you but we can't."

"You've got Wilberforce's ——"

"He bought it and paid for it in full."

"Geewhillikens!" muttered Rumney, naturally assuming that his dear friend Wilberforce must own thousands of shares of the most sensational of the war brides.

Other customers, influenced by the success of Shadd and the courage of Henry Rumney, sought Woodcock, with the result that the broker received orders for 150 shares. Had they been allowed to speculate on a ten-point margin, they would have bought Undersea Craft by the thousands of shares. They were compelled to be conservative in one of the most remarkable stock booms in history.

"Say, Shadd, come here a minute, will you?" said Woodcock, and took the star customer into his private office.

There he said very earnestly: "You can now get 90 or 95 for that stock. It's all very well for you to say ——"

The broker was speaking so accusingly that Shadd thought that the time had come to cash in. At 95 he would receive $19,000. Too bad it wasn't an even $20,000. Still, worse things could happen. But he did not wish to sell unless $19,000 was all he could get. So instead of saying "Sell," he said:

"What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to make money."

"Well, I'd like to oblige you," said Shadd, not too cordially, fearing the broker might regard his acquiescence as a selling order.

"You've got to take your profit sometime. Suppose you fix your own price and give me a G. T. C. selling order. We can't be calling you up on the phone every minute. You've seen it go up like a skyrocket. Well, when it begins to drop, that's the way it will fall too. Do you want to leave an order to sell it at par?"

At one hundred a share, it meant the $20,000 Shadd had regretted not getting. This at six per cent meant $100 a month as long as he lived.

Woodcock thought he saw unwillingness on Shadd's face. As a matter of fact, it was indecision.

"Then," pleaded the broker, "make it 125."

Francis T. Woodcock ceased to exist for Wilberforce Shadd, for the simple reason that Shadd concentrated on mathematics. He figured that at 125 he would get $25,000. This was so much better than $20,000 that he wished to think calmly whether $30,000 in turn was not better than $25,000.

He did not know just what to do, excepting that he did not wish to do the wrong thing. He must go away and think, and maybe while he was thinking, away from this upsetting office, the stock would rise and be worth more than $25,000. If that happened he surely would sell out. There was no doubt about it. Here he could only think of what it was selling for, not of what it might sell for in the future; and that, of course, was what really interested him.

"Oh, I'll think about it," he told Woodcock desperately.

The broker thought he said it hoggishly, so, to be safe, he warned Shadd: "That's all right. All I ask you is to remember my advice, that's all."



He Jumped to His Feet, Yelled "Stop the Car!" and Jumped Off

There was something so sinister, even menacing, in the broker's request that Wilberforce Shadd promised apprehensively:

"All right; all right. I'll remember it," and left hurriedly.

As soon as he was in the street he inflated his lungs to their fullest capacity. Instantly he became glad to be out of that office; delighted to be alone with his joy. He had made $19,000, which was good; and he was a winner at the greatest of all games, which was better; and he was going to make much more, which was best.

It is good to be alive when a man is getting more, without working, than he had ever dreamed he could get after fifty years of steady grind. And there in that office were men like Henry Rumney and Ben Meiggs, who thought well of him and his business judgment. They knew Wilberforce Shadd for what he was. They did not think him a—well, whatever it was others thought him. They did not mistake his kindliness for nervelessness or his good nature for cowardice.

By the time he reached his own office he was so indignant at the world's misconception of him that he began to enact the tragedy of his married life. He lived it again in detail—afraid of spending pennies and he a rich man—and then, as an epilogue, he dramatized afresh the spontaneous recognition of the real Wilberforce Shadd by unprejudiced character-readers in Francis T. Woodcock's office—the man Wilberforce Shadd had proven himself to be by his possession of 200 shares of the common stock of the Undersea Craft Company, which would settle the war by building submarines for the German Government at a million dollars apiece. He did not know what the profit would be because he did not know how many other boats, besides the sixty-five already built, the company might sell. But it was obvious that the stock would be worth anything the holder thereof wished to get.

"How's your wife, Shadd?" the manager asked him, composing his features in advance to a look of condolence.

"Oh, she's the same." Then he remembered, and improved upon his unpremeditated reply. "There is no new complication," he said. "Thank you, Mr. Lipps."

"That's good."

Shadd tried to do his work as usual, but every now and again he simply had to stop and figure what he ought to get for his 200 shares. He tried various prices—on an ascending scale. Of course he knew he didn't have the slightest chance of getting such prices; but there was no harm in figuring, for example, that at a thousand dollars a share he would be worth $200,000. This at six per cent per annum would yield $1000 a month. That would mean a change of life for him. It would mean comfort, ease, happiness, conditions he had never enjoyed.

"The stock will never go there!" he cried aloud, in order that the hoodoo might hear him. "Never!"

Then he began again—turning his $1000 a month into concrete things; spending his dollars in things he had never thought he would ever get.

VIII

HE WAS very quiet when he reached his home that night. A sense of physical weariness came over him, as though he had walked twenty miles. He did not wish to lie down. What he wished was to stop thinking about Undersea Craft long enough to go to sleep.

He saw with the eye of experience that his wife was in good form—not really frightened but craving to suffer; watching lynx-eyed for an opportunity at martyrdom. He saw that she had resigned herself to death before the curtain rose on the first act. He knew better than to ask if she was not well. Instead he sought to negotiate for a peace-bringing silence.

"I put in a hard day's work," he said in a voice pitched to suggest extreme fatigue, "and I am dog-tired."

"Are you?" she asked, looking very sorry—for herself. It was a fresh cross—to bear the double burden—first of having troubles, and second of having to bear them alone.

"I—I really think I'll go to bed without waiting for supper," he added. Instantly he felt very hungry. It made him so angry that he forgot his fatigue.

"No, you've got to eat something. You can't work and not eat. Although I don't know but by eating less we might ——"

"Please, dear," he pleaded, "don't skimp me to death. And, besides, you need good food to get back your strength. The grippe is no joke. That's why I wanted you to go to Atlantic City."

"Yes, and spend all we have in the bank in one week? I guess not. I'd rather ——" She stopped.

"Die first?" he prompted.

"No!" she denied so violently that he knew he had guessed. He laughed. It gave her the blessing of martyrdom!

"Yes, laugh. Why do we have a roof over our heads ——"

"Because the landlord knows we'd move if it leaked."

He would say anything, even answer a rhetorical question, rather than let her gain any headway.

"Oh, very well. We might as well be paupers ——"

Paupers? With $19,000 at the brokers', that would probably, or rather certainly, become $25,000 in a few days?

"Why, my dear, I might as well tell you ——"

He caught himself abruptly. She would make him cash in at once.

"I'm going to bed," he said, and proceeded hastily to disrobe.

He instantly became hungry as a bear.

"Perhaps after I'm rested, if I don't fall asleep, I might take a cup of tea," he told her weakly.

"I'll keep your supper warm for you. It's cooked and there's no sense wasting it."

But he fell asleep after all and had a hearty breakfast. It was just as well he did, for he could not eat luncheon that day. The market turned weak.

That night he went home a sick man. Undersea Craft common closed at "75 bid; offered at 80."

The sense of his loss was too heavy upon him for him not to look it. His paper profit was now merely 66 points on his 200 shares, or a piffling $13,000. On the day before, at 95, the profit had been $17,000. The tragedy was that he had proved to himself mathematically that when the stock reached 125 he would have $25,000 in cash.

The profit that he had and didn't take! If that wasn't hell, what was?

The moment she saw him, she asked: "Are you sick?" He was, but he must lie about it in order not to have to tell the truth.

"No," he answered. He saw that she was watching and he feared that she might be able to detect his lying.

He had a flash of inspiration. He staggered forward blindly until he reached a rug. He then very carefully sank to his knees and slid sidewise until he was leaning against a chair.

To look as he felt he must think of the most disagreeable thing in the world. He therefore thought of how he would feel if Undersea Craft common should slump back to 10, to 5, to nothing—and on top of it, having to tell her that he had lost their savings after having had a profit of $19,000!

Whatever she saw in his contorted face made her say:

"Wilberforce, darling! I'll get the doctor."

"N-no," he breathed feebly, and fainted in her arms by the simple expedient of relaxing and closing his eyes.

He thought of the next step. He counted sixty slowly, and then opened his eyes, blinked twice and stared at

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her unseeingly. He was so delighted at perceiving that she was frightened that he nearly forgot his lines. But he managed to whisper weakly:

"Where am I?"

"Oh, Wilberforce!" she whimpered.

He must control his pleasure. He said, so that she barely could hear him:

"What happened?" and tried to rise—very feebly.

"You fainted! Don't try to get up. You went off like ——" She shook her head and drew in her breath sharply.

"Did I?" he said. "I'm sorry, dear."

"I'll get the doctor ——"

"No," he spoke more strongly: "I—I didn't have any lunch. I—we were so rushed! I guess I got a little faint—from emptiness. I can get up"—he caught himself and finished—"if you will help me, dear."

"I'm afraid ——" But she loyally pulled him to his feet. With his hand on her shoulder he walked to an armchair and sat down while she fetched him a drink. He swallowed it meekly—aromatic spirits of ammonia! Then, after he had reassured her several times, she went up to prepare dinner for him.

She did not mention the bank book, and Wilberforce Shadd fell asleep that night almost reconciled to his loss.

For more than a week she did not talk about the bank book, and to fill his cup of happiness Undersea Craft resumed its rise. The advance was more sedate, but it was continuous. It never rose more than two points in one day, but every evening there was the magic plus sign in the column which showed the "net changes for the day."

He called at Woodcock's office, found the broker out, inhaled enough incense from the admiring customers to make him stand pat, and went away thinking that if the bull market kept up he would soon tell his wife all about it. What a day that would be!

Presently the stock resumed its kangaroo career. Mr. Francis T. Woodcock again advised him to sell his Undersea Craft stock.

"You know very well, Shadd, that if anybody had told you this stock would go up to ——"

"Yes," interrupted the meek Shadd accusingly, "you wanted me to give you an order to sell at 18; and again at 20; and again at 75. And you begged me to give you a G. T. C. selling order at 125. Was that good advice? Do you call that a warning to suckers? Now when it's only 165, and everybody knows about some of the business the company is doing, you again insist ——"

"Of course I insist, you da—er—of course I insist. I haven't forgotten that you put up $1800 a few short weeks ago ——"

"Hold on!" said Shadd; "it was $1829. You forgot commission and taxes ——"

This was too much for the exasperated Woodcock, who could not stop thinking of the 150-point slump bound to come some day in that stock of stocks. "You—er—you! You don't know enough of this game to realize that an investment of $1800—of $1829—which increases in less than two months ——"

"Two months and four days," corrected Shadd. He was making money and that was all that really mattered. But he might as well be exact.

"Ugh-h! To think you put up $1800, and now $33,000 stares you in the face and you don't know enough to put that money in your pocket. Thirty-three thousand dollars! Comfort for the rest of your life! Doesn't it hurt you to think of your wonderful mind? Doesn't it?"

In his indignation Woodcock forgot the politeness due to a customer from the head of a commission house.

"No," said Shadd amiably, "it doesn't hurt me to think of the wonderful mind that wanted me to leave the money in the bank and wouldn't let me buy this same stock at $9 a share ——"

Woodcock threw up an elbow defensively. Then he said: "I admit I was wrong about that. But at ——"

"Yes, and at 18 you thought I ought to sell, and at 25 and ——"

"Yes, but, you jack—you Shadd, I made a mistake. I'll admit it. But a stock that pays nothing and sells at 165 is a different proposition. It's tempting Providence ——"

"Providence is all right," said Shadd. "Don't you say anything against Providence. I know it wasn't my brains—nor yours!"

"No, it wasn't. But you don't know what the company really is doing and ——"

"Oh, yes, I know."

"Look here, Shadd, somebody who doesn't know any more than you do tells you something, and you take it in as if it were gospel truth. Undersea Craft might have been a bargain at $9 a share, but at 165 it isn't."

"It's too bad you didn't buy 5000 shares at $9; then you could have sold it at $18."

"Yes, I probably would, for I've learned not to be a hog. If I double my money I think I've done much more than any man is really entitled to."

"Yes, that's true enough. But this is the chance of a lifetime. Do you think there is going to be a big European war every spring?"

Woodcock threw up his hands.

"All right, Shadd. You're like all the rest. You are a wonderful man now. You know it all and a little more. You've been in Wall Street so long that you know that what goes up can't possibly come down until you've sold at the top. All I ask you is to remember that I told you what I knew you didn't want to hear. That's all."

"All right, I'll remember," promised Shadd, remembering only that this was the man who didn't want him to buy U. C. at $9 and advised selling at $14. "I sure will. You're doing your best. If I'm wiped out I won't blame you. I wonder what the price is now? The last quotation was 165."

"I suppose," suggested the broker with a bitter smile, "it's about 500."

"No," said Shadd very seriously, "I don't think it could be that high so soon."

Woodcock choked, and left Shadd to ask an office boy to get a quotation on Undersea Craft common.



Shadd, Meigge and Four Delightful Strangers Spent a Wonderful Afternoon

The boy came back, and Woodcock beckoned to Shadd.

"Last sale, 50 shares at 172. It's 170 bid; none offered."

"That's more like it," exclaimed the devilish Shadd, trying to look businesslike. "You were sure I ought to sell at 165. The extra seven points mean $1400 ——"

"G-g-g-gh!" expectorated the broker, glaring at the office boy.

"And I can't afford," continued Shadd evenly, "to lose $1400. You are a rich man, and you can't understand what a few points in that stock mean to a man like me."

Then Shadd thought what a few points would mean to Mrs. Shadd.

"You can't be very poor," said Woodcock grimly.

"I am," replied Shadd. "Since I took the $1832 out of the Savings Bank I haven't a cent I can call my own."

Neither had Mrs. Shadd, only she did not know it!

"Well, if you can afford to turn your back on a profit of $34,000 ——"

"Thirty-four thousand four hundred," corrected Shadd. "The price was 172, don't you remember? I guess I'll be going."

Brokers are almost as anxious to see their customers make money as the customers themselves. Money-making customers mean a continuous and reliable clientele. You know them and they know you, and the relations are pleasant. So Woodcock entreated:

"Shadd, will you please leave me an order to sell at 200? I don't think it will go there right away, but ——"

"If you don't think it will sell at 200 what's the use of giving you an order?"

"Well, in case of an accident—or a miracle. If it did, and we had your order, we could take immediate advantage ——"

"If it can only go there by an accident or a miracle, couldn't it go higher by another miracle—say to 300 or 400?"

Shadd's face took on a challenging look. The broker ignored the challenge and begged:

"Shadd, give me a selling order at any price. Make it a thousand, but, for the love of Mike, let me feel that you'll sell some day. Do you want to be left with nothing but a scrap of paper?"

"You talk like a German Chancellor," joked Shadd, in order not to have to give a selling order at any price. He felt toward taking his profits as many superstitious men feel toward making their wills—sure death that same night. The stock was rising. Every day meant more money; and he felt healthy. How could he help it?

"Then put in a stop order. Don't let all the profit get away from you once it hits the toboggan slide. Mark up the stop as the price rises; but have your order in."

"What do you mean?" asked Shadd distrustfully. He wasn't going to let the broker enmesh him in technicalities intended to reduce his fortune. The broker's insistence was beginning to take on a sinister aspect. "Well, say it's selling at 170 ——"

"At 172," said Shadd. He couldn't help it.

"Well, give us an order to stop it at 160 ——"

"Do you mean to sell?"

"Yes."

"At one hundred and sixty?" Shadd couldn't help smiling pityingly.

"Yes; to make sure you get at least $32,000 instead of $2000."

"But I've got $34,000 now."

"Yes, but this is in case it starts to break. After refusing to take 172, you ought to be satisfied to get out at 160, and not wait until it is down to nothing."

"Wait a minute. Do you guarantee that if it starts to go down until it sells at 160 it will surely keep on going down to nothing and never go back to above 160 or ——"

"No, I can't guarantee that. But nobody can get poor taking profits. Shadd, I know this is a sucker market, and the less a man knows the more money he makes. But there is a limit to what even a sucker can do in the way of tempting Providence. You make up your mind first that you ought to sell, and then at what price. Then tell me."

"All right, Woodcock. When I know what price I want to get for my stock I'll tell you. Honest, I will! I swear it!" And Shadd looked straight in the broker's eyes. The broker shook his head. Then, not caring whether he lost a customer of the kind that will drive even a Democratic cabinet officer to drink, he began sneeringly:

"I think that of all the ——"

"I'll tell you," broke in Shadd. "I'm going to think about it," and he hurried away. He had no intention of thinking about anything except of not taking his profit too soon. He couldn't seem to be able to make Woodcock see that he was not a hog. He knew stocks went down. Of course they did. But he also knew that neither Woodcock nor anybody else in Wall Street knew everything. Else they wouldn't be in Wall Street, but in their country houses, living! And there was no argument that could alter the one indisputable fact: The longer he held on the more money he made.

It was only a little after one o'clock when he left the office of Francis T. Woodcock & Co. On the way back to his work he admitted with a curious regret that he did not

(Continued on Page 69)

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 27, 1917

Reducing the Cost of Living

THREE committees in New York—one appointed by the legislature, one by the governor of the state, and one by the mayor of the city—recently made a joint report on food costs, after quite diligent investigation.

The report disparages all patented short cuts to reduce the cost of living, such as a chain of public markets, and "eliminating" the middleman without providing anybody to take his place. Far from recommending prosecution of trusts as a solution of the problem, it urges more trusts—that is, more combination and coöperation.

For example, it finds that the cost of milk is needlessly swollen by duplicate delivery services, wagons of several companies running over the same route day after day. So it would permit the big milk-distributing companies to work together under state supervision, which would make sure that the saving through a joint delivery service went to consumers.

It finds that to transport a given article of food from its original destination in the city to the kitchen of the consumer costs much more than to transport it from its place of production, several hundred miles away, to the city. It thinks that might be remedied by better organization of the methods of handling foodstuffs in the city. It recommends organized effort to educate housewives in the purchase and preparation of foods, beginning in the public schools.

It points out that causes beyond the control of city or state have enhanced food prices; but it thinks those causes might well be offset or minimized by combined effort, better organization, coöperation. On the whole, it looks in the opposite direction from those whose panacea consists in attacking combination; and it virtually says there is no panacea, no short cut, no magic remedy.

There are many remedial measures, but effort in unison is the basic ingredient in all of them. Integration, not disintegration, is the method.

What We Might Do

DIRECT money cost of the great war to the end of 1916 is put at sixty billion dollars. This means that inhabitants of the belligerent countries saved the greater part of that sum in two years and five months.

In all these countries a certain amount of capital lay available for investment at the beginning of the war; England and France sold foreign securities and put the proceeds into the war pot; liquidation of some businesses provided further sums. But the amount raised in these ways must have been a relatively small part of the total. The remainder has been saved out of income during the war—that is, the people of the belligerent countries have produced enough to support themselves and yield a balance of well toward sixty billion dollars for their governments to spend on war.

This is the wonderful economic lesson of the war. No one supposed people could produce such a balance above sustenance.

There is still a disposition to regard war finance as a sort of stage money—a mere illusion produced out of a conjurer's hat. But, except that prices are inflated, it is as real as the silver coin in your pocket. Every dollar of it has bought tangible goods—food, clothing, horses, powder, shot, and so on. It shows what a modern nation can do when all its energies are united for the purpose of producing and saving to the utmost. The United States, under like conditions of unity, enthusiasm and organization, could doubtless raise ten billion dollars a year for any purpose to which it laid its will. Of course Europe's saving has been put into a bad investment. The great blue-sky swindler got most of it. But the lesson of what can be done in the way of saving stands.

Public Health Work

PROBABLY three hundred and fifty thousand people die yearly in the United States from preventable causes; also, something like two per cent of the population is disabled from sickness at any given time, and a large part of this is preventable.

The standing problem before public-health boards is: How, with the means at their disposal, to make the greatest possible reduction in this social waste?

Perhaps there has been more coöperation in this governmental field than in any other—a freer circulation of ideas and experience, so that one community has profited by the discoveries of another. Yet the work is far from systematized.

A pamphlet by the Russell Sage Foundation suggests that, with adequate reports on mortality and sickness, communities which have the same general health conditions may, by careful study and comparison, work out a formula for applying their health appropriations with reasonable certainty of getting the best possible results for the money.

The first factor in the formula would be the amount of damage produced by any given cause of sickness and death. The second factor would be the readiness with which this cause yielded to preventive measures. For example, cancer causes much damage, but in the present stage of medical science is not classed as a preventable disease. On the other hand, smallpox causes little damage, but its potentialities of damage are high, and it readily yields to the simple preventive of vaccination. By a sufficiently careful study of adequate data a health board can reduce this to mathematical terms and say, with assurance: "Twenty-four per cent of our appropriation should go to preventing infants' diseases; twelve per cent to tuberculosis." And so on—the figures varying, of course, under different conditions of climate, housing, and the like.

The plan is a suggestion as to what may be accomplished by coöperation among towns.

Taxing Tea and Coffee

IT SEEMS clear that Congress must find more revenue. Last year it had to find more revenue for better national defenses. So it virtually doubled the income tax, laid a Federal inheritance tax and imposed a number of other taxes. But the outlook now is that the additional revenue thus found will fall so far short of increased expenditure that by the end of the next fiscal year there will be a deficit of something like four hundred million dollars. Certain other appropriations, now in prospect, may raise the deficit about half a billion.

No doubt there will be a bond issue to the extent of a couple of hundred million dollars or so; but even then revenue must be increased.

Expenditures cannot be reduced. That would require hard, courageous, intelligent work—something for which, apparently, Congress has neither the time nor the inclination. But revenue can be increased with comparatively little trouble and no disagreeable personal consequences to any congressman.

Among possible sources of more revenue an import duty on tea and coffee is favorably mentioned. At twenty per cent it would yield about twenty-five million dollars a year; and it may as well be levied at once. This is a comparatively easy method of raising revenue; and the way Government is going no comparatively easy source of revenue can long escape.

A duty on tea and coffee would make every household conscious that it is paying Federal taxes. When that stage is reached a revision of the Government's whole wasteful fiscal scheme may be expected; but apparently not until then.

That After-the-War Basis

SINCE the Federal Reserve Board's warning blocked the sale of British and French short-term treasury notes here, the Allies appear to have made every effort to limit their purchases in this country. That was a plain necessity of the situation, for in the closing weeks of 1916 they shipped us a hundred and eighty million dollars of gold to maintain exchange; and a drain of that proportion could not continue indefinitely.

It is reported in Wall Street that, since the warning, war orders to the amount of three hundred million dollars or more, which would otherwise have come to this country, have been diverted to Canada; and that optional orders to the amount of a hundred million dollars, already placed in this country, have been canceled.

Most likely, then, the present year will see a decided falling off in our war business, even if war continues through the year. Only those directly interested will regret it. A gradual descent from last year's dizzy height in this respect—getting down by degrees to an after-the-war basis before war actually stops—will be by no means a calamity.

Nor will the utmost possible dependence upon their own resources be a calamity for the Allies. If they can discover means of making within their own boundaries anything they have been buying from us, their position will be that much stronger when the war ends. A slowing down of the war trade with America may be accepted with equanimity all round.

Government Buildings

FRIENDS of pork cry that Congress will never surrender its right to appropriate public money for public buildings. Nobody we have heard of ever asked it to, or knows of any way, short of a constitutional amendment, whereby it could make that surrender.

Foes of pork urge that public buildings be erected according to the needs of public business, and not according to the political needs of individual congressmen.

That is the whole matter. The American Institute of Architects proposes a board of experts to study the subject broadly and work out a plan under which the construction of public buildings, designed by competent architects, shall be recommended to Congress as public business requires them. The question is whether Congress proposes to consult experts or merely to pursue selfish individual ends.

Pork has not been propitious to architecture. Government architecture, on the whole, lags much behind private enterprise. The Government ought to lead; but it does not—and pork is one of the reasons.

Opportunity in Prison

WOULD O. Henry have found his vocation while in prison if, instead of being given a comparatively light occupation and humane treatment, he had been subjected to the brutal and crushing discipline many prisoners undergo? Would his genius have flowered under such a regimen as is described in that classic of prison fiction, 9009, or in innumerable reports by trustworthy investigators? We think not.

It is quite probable that Cervantes planned and even wrote the first part of Don Quixote while in prison. Mirabeau spent a very considerable portion of his life in durance. Dostoyevsky outlived a horrible imprisonment to produce some of the greatest novels ever written. In other instances very superior gifts have survived imprisonment. But very superior gifts are exceptional.

Why should not a prison be always a gate of opportunity to all its inmates? When civilized society takes bodily possession of a man—actually seizes his life and takes the direction of it wholly out of his hands, because he has been directing it badly—why should it not always systematically and intelligently try to find out what he is really good for, and get him at it?

Society cannot be said to make such an attempt. Mostly it subjects him to a rigidly prescribed, uniform, repressive regimen that is as far from discovering and encouraging any budlet of talent—whether to write a book or drive a dray—as a regimen well could be.

Income-Tax Reflections

ACCORDING to the 1916 income-tax returns, Chicago and the adjacent territory contain nineteen fortunate individuals whose incomes exceed five hundred thousand dollars a year; in fact, the combined income of the fortunate nineteen was more than fifteen and a half million dollars.

The temptation to moralize upon a condition in which nineteen families receive an income of more than fifteen million dollars is obvious. One may point out that this income would support fifteen thousand average families.

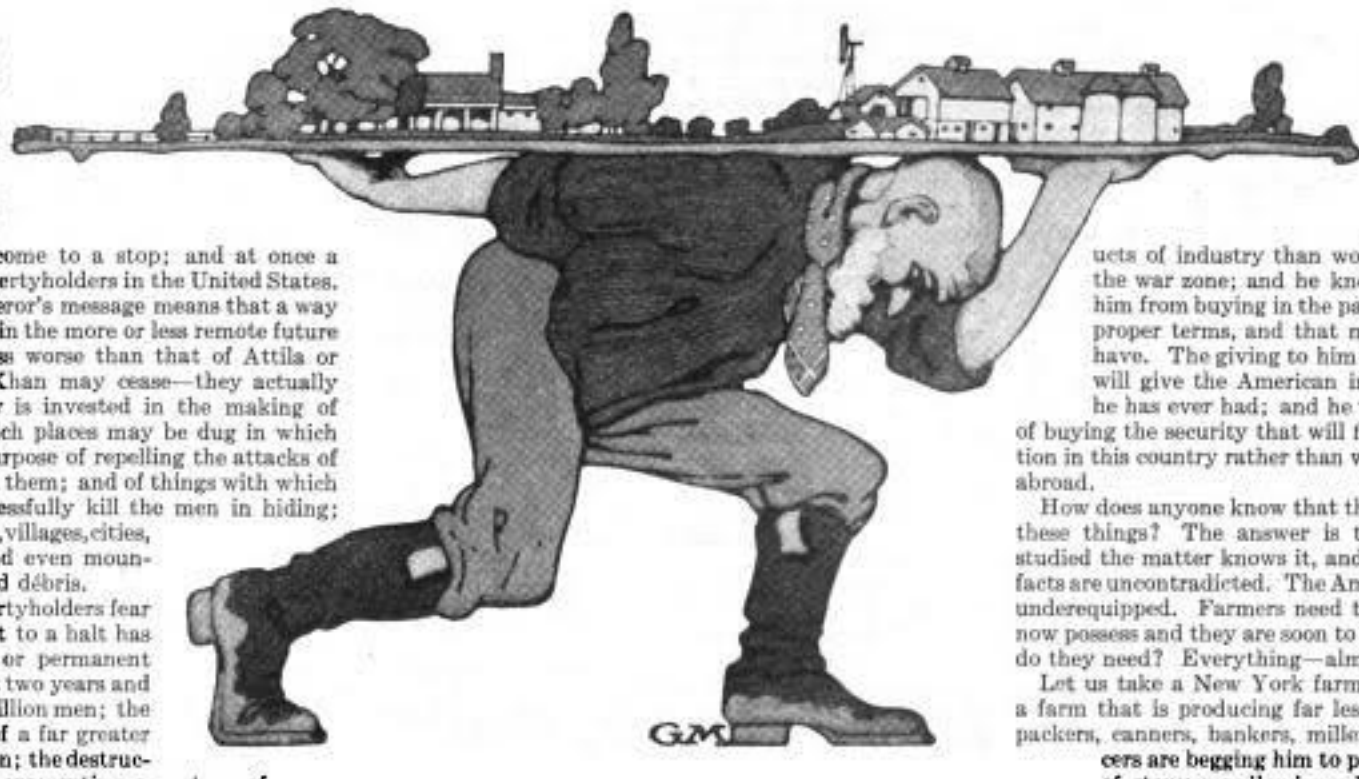
But, for the moment, we prefer to moralize upon something else. Only four thousand persons out of the three millions or more in the revenue district paid tax on incomes from three thousand to four thousand dollars a year; and another four thousand, on incomes from four thousand to five thousand dollars.

Can it be possible that those figures accurately represent the number of persons in the Chicago district receiving net incomes of the amounts stated? We are constrained to doubt it, much as we hate to from one point of view.

It has been a standing feature of income-tax returns that nearly as many people report net incomes from five thousand to ten thousand as from three thousand to five thousand. True, the range is wider; but our surmise is that a great deal of net income under five thousand dollars simply does not get reported; and for roughly practical purposes the income tax begins above the five-thousand-dollar line.

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After the War Orders, What?



By HERBERT QUICK

AS THIS is written, one of the strangest things ever known is taking place in New York. An emperor in Central Europe has sent out a message which remotely hints that the ultimate cataclasm of all the ages may possibly come to a stop; and at once a panic seizes certain propertyholders in the United States. They fear that the emperor's message means that a way may possibly be opened in the more or less remote future by which destructiveness worse than that of Attila or Hyder Ali or Jenghiz Khan may cease—they actually fear it! Their property is invested in the making of things by the use of which places may be dug in which men will hide for the purpose of repelling the attacks of other men seeking to kill them; and of things with which the attackers may successfully kill the men in hiding; things for blowing houses, villages, cities, farms, fields, forests, and even mountains, into fragments and débris.

This work these propertyholders fear may possibly be brought to a halt has resulted in the killing or permanent maiming, within the last two years and a half, of some sixteen million men; the infecting with diseases of a far greater number of men and women; the destruction of moral progress representing a century of slow gains; the wasting of hundreds of thousands of square miles of farms, villages and cities, formerly the dwelling places of fifty or sixty millions of the most peaceful and best-civilized of human beings; and the wiping out of four or five small nations. And yet, because the progress of the most awful catastrophe in human history may possibly be halted within a measurable time, panic seizes the holders of the stocks in hundreds of American corporations, and we hear of suicides, deaths by apoplexy on the floor of the Stock Exchange, and the wiping out of fortunes in a day.

The War Baby steps out of its cradle and pulls down the house.

One might think that there is nothing for the American factory to do but make things for the war; and yet the average American farm is sorely in need of the products of those very factories. The American farmer is and always has been the best customer of the American manufacturer, the American banker, the American merchant and the American railroad; but he is only half as good a customer as he should be. He will, in the near future—the very near future—enter upon a rapid development of his business; and in doing so will place on the order books of the industries of America three dollars of peace orders for every dollar of the war orders which will cease when the nations faint and call the swoon peace.

Farmers Cramped for Capital

WHY has the American farmer not developed this business in the past? Because he has not been properly financed. What prospect is there that he will be better financed in the future? The prospect held out by the Federal Farm Loan Act now rapidly going into operation, under which a governmentally supervised system of finance for the farmer is set up alongside the governmentally supervised system of finance for the merchant, manufacturer and city dweller generally. What reason is there for thinking that this will accomplish for American industries the results hinted at above? Perhaps we had better examine the latter question somewhat more in detail.

A little more than a quarter of a century ago there lay in the Territory of Oklahoma enough good agricultural land to make a smallish state, all unoccupied and as bare as Nature made it. It was that part of the present State of Oklahoma which, as distinguished from the old Indian Territory, was called Oklahoma Territory. On a certain day it was to be opened to settlers. It was the most dramatic showing forth ever seen of the value of the business growing out of supplying the wants of a community of farmers.

The prospective farmers lined up along the Kansas line and waited for the drop of the hat, or whatever other signal was given for the great rush. Lined up with them were as many more who sought to establish themselves as merchants, bankers, doctors, lawyers, dentists, brokers, real-estate dealers, gamblers, parasites—every walk of life and most of its runnings and creepings being represented. And when the time came for the start away they streamed across the prairie, a rush line a hundred miles long—on horseback, in vehicles, on foot—the strong, the swift and the cunning and provident drawing away from the ruck, who labored along, in dust, disgust and despair, to take what was left after the first comers were served.

The business site in Oklahoma City pointed out to me as the best is now owned by the druggist who located it as the reward of his speed in the Great Rush—and Oklahoma City is a real city now, with a powerful business life, a great population, and everything that any great city possesses. It is a greater city than was Athens in its Periclean Age—greater in everything that makes for better human life. Like Athens it is a commercial city; but, unlike the glory that was Greece, its greatness is based on a recognition of the principle of democracy—I know what some might say about that, but I mean real democracy. It is only one of a galaxy of cities in Oklahoma, all of them resting at bottom on the farmers of that state.

The development of rural life, the supplying of the needs of the farmers, has sown cities over the prairies, not only of Oklahoma but of the whole nation. When a county or so in South Dakota was opened up a few years ago towns a hundred miles off felt the new blood of the farmer trade pulsing through the veins of business, and feel it still; while new towns sprang into being in a month, most of which have been prosperous municipalities ever since. Seattle forged ahead of her competitors when she appropriated the business of being the home port of Alaska, with a new population that was insignificant compared with the settled farm population of any good congressional district in the States. The business of financing the operations of a million new farms would be felt to the very ends of the finger tips of American business life.

Suppose there was discovered a farm population of fifteen or twenty millions, needing everything a farmer must have, which could be annexed to American business—even though these people were at the ends of the earth—how would American business feel about the opportunity? It would go wild with excitement. It would call together its greatest financiers and captains of industry, and give uncounted millions to the task of getting this new business. But suppose that these fifteen or twenty million farmers were here in the United States, all about us, scattered from Maine to California and from Key West to Pembina?

The business would be worth ten times as much as if they were in China or Peru; for they would be farmers whose needs are already understood, living along our own railroads, customers already of our banks, shops and factories; men who pay their bills and to serve whom no study is necessary. But there need be no "suppose" about it. There is the equivalent right here at home of the business needs of from ten to twenty million farmer people, unsupplied, well worked out economically, ready to be adequately financed, and absolutely new as a factor in the commercial, manufacturing and financial world. The business to take the place of the war orders is here, and American business should recognize that fact, instead of going wild over the news of peace offers which are impossible of acceptance. For once the American business man should force himself to see the thing that is obvious. He has gone off on enough wild-goose chases.

The American farmer needs more of the products of industry than would rebuild every ruin in the war zone; and he knows it. All that has kept him from buying in the past is lack of money on the proper terms, and that money he is now going to have. The giving to him of this huge line of credit will give the American investor the best security he has ever had; and he will recognize the wisdom of buying the security that will finance peace and production in this country rather than war, or even development, abroad.

How does anyone know that the American farmer needs these things? The answer is that everybody who has studied the matter knows it, and has long known it. The facts are uncontradicted. The American farm is wretchedly underequipped. Farmers need twice the equipment they now possess and they are soon to be ready to buy it. What do they need? Everything—almost.

Let us take a New York farmer, for instance. He has a farm that is producing far less than it should of what packers, canners, bankers, millers, wool dealers and grocers are begging him to produce. A hundred acres of stony woodland needs a woven-wire fence to keep dogs out, and sheep and hogs in. As permanent pasture it is better than the range lands of the West; but he has never had the money to put it to proper use. A Utah farmer said to the Farm Loan Board in Salt Lake City: "I have never had the money so I could farm as well as I know how." So of the average New York farmer. He knows that practically all his arable land needs lime or underdrainage, or both. He will be in the market within a few years for draintile, shovels, picks, ditching machinery, fencing, building materials of all sorts, nails, lumber, roofing, cement, hardware and glass.

When There is Money Enough for All

THERE are a thousand like him within the trade territory of his little town. They will develop greater need of short-time credit at the local banks by reason of being supplied with long-time credit through the Federal Land Bank of the district. They will buy more agricultural machinery of all kinds. They will feel safe in doing these things because they know that the use of money on long-time amortized loans will enable them not only to pay the interest and dues on the loans but also to add from two to five hundred dollars a year each to their labor incomes. This addition to the labor incomes of the thousand farmers will be equivalent to a new pay roll of from a quarter of a million to half a million dollars a year. There is not a single one of the old states of this Union that does not possess its own Oklahoma waiting for the opening.

The American business man should study the purposes for which money may be borrowed under the Federal Farm Loan Act. The first purpose is for the funding or refunding of outstanding indebtedness; the second is for the buying of land by the farmer who has none, or the purchase of more by the farmer who has too little—and of these latter there are thousands. The amount of the loan is so limited that the danger of buying land in undesirable large tracts and holding it for speculative purposes does not seem to exist. The speculator does not cultivate his lands; and the Act gives its benefits only to those who are engaged or about to become engaged in the cultivation of the land to be mortgaged. Its financial pressure will be exerted always, therefore, in the direction of making the farmer a better customer for the American business man.

There has long been a strong moral and intellectual pressure in the same direction. If the farmers of the country had been able last year to accept the advice of the farm papers, the agricultural extension workers, the county agents, the farmers' institute lecturers, and of rural economists generally, they would have swamped the business world with orders. They did not accept this advice—not because they were not conscious of its correctness, but because they had not the money to buy, and could not get it at living interest rates or for a time sufficiently long to enable the investment to pay itself.

Thousands of farms in the United States have been studied for the purpose of determining how much equipment in the forms of power, buildings, machinery, live stock, fertilizers, fencing, and the like, is essential in order that the farmer may earn the best possible income. The business man figuring on the coming rush in farm business

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may be interested in the methods used in these calculations. The economist first values the land; then the buildings; then the other property used in production on the farm. He takes no account of the products contributed to the family in the form of things consumed by the family, such as house rent, poultry products, vegetables, fruit, and the like—not because they are unimportant, but because to reckon them in would complicate the problem. He charges the farm with interest on the value of the plant, including the land, with taxes, upkeep, depreciation, and the like; credits it with everything sold; and after subtracting the one from the other, and paying the hired farm labor, he calls the remainder the farmer's "labor income."

If he fails to earn interest on his investment at the accepted rate, which in these calculations is usually five per cent, the farmer makes a "minus income"—that is, he gets less than nothing. If his investment is large he may live pretty well on a minus income; but he could do better by selling out and lending the money received—unless mayhap the house rent and the fruit, vegetables, eggs, butter and other truck consumed by the family make up a part or all of the deficit in labor income.

Now fix your eyes on this term "labor income" and note this: Every survey of farms hitherto made shows that there is an optimum ratio between equipment and the whole value of the plant. These investigations show that the money invested on a fully equipped and not over-equipped farm not only pays interest at five per cent on the money necessary fully to equip it but adds to the labor income of the farmer. The facts prove that if he can get money at five per cent, or even six per cent, and spend it in the proper equipment, he will make a profit on his debt.

The farmers know this; and they are preparing to take advantage of the new Federal Farm Loan Act by thousands in order that they may carry out the projects recommended to them by their own experience and urged on them these many years by economists and by the farm press. Every farmer will soon be asking himself whether his ratio of equipment to total property is correct. He may not think of it as the optimum ratio, but that will be the thing he will be feeling about for all the same.

Raw Land at Low Prices

HITHERTO we have been discussing the needs of the six million or so farms now existing in the United States; but the farms that are yearning to be born are quite as important. A survey of the agriculture of the whole country discloses so much undeveloped territory, splendidly adapted to agricultural uses and held out of use by one form or another of hindrance, that the feeling is inevitable that in building great irrigation works for the reclamation of arid tracts we have been far ahead of the actual needs of the agriculture of the nation. Why, one thinks, build expensive dams and entice people from the humid regions, the farming of which they understand, when there is no need of any such project? There may be good reasons, but the scarcity of farming lands is surely not one of them. There are more good acres in New England that ought to be farmed, and are left uncultivated, than in all the reclamation projects of the United States.

Outside the Corn Belt every state has abundant opportunity for the opening up of more farms. The Federal Farm Loan Act is apparently perfectly adapted to the financing of these. Much of this land is covered with stumps and brush—an area larger than all the Corn Belt thus awaits settlement. It is already supplied with railroads, towns, markets and settled government. No pioneering in the old sense is called for. The great landowners have, as a rule, acquired these tracts for purposes other than agricultural—purposes that have, in the main, been accomplished. They are ready to sell; and they must sell at low prices, because the character of the land is such that its value is low. It is low because it is hard to clear and the men who go upon it will be home-makers rather than money-makers, and will have to wait and work for the profits which alone justify high prices for an acre of raw land.

Both the landowners and their prospective land buyers are looking to the Federal Farm Loan Act for the financing of the purchase. The owner will improve the land sufficiently to be able to sell ready-made farms that are so far cleared as to enable the buyer to make a living. This means buildings, livestock, fencing and clearing, which will represent the first ten years' work in the days of our fathers in New York, Pennsylvania or Ohio, and will constitute the irreducible minimum that a farmer of the present day will accept as a farm home.

On such a farm the buyer will obtain a mortgage equal to half its value as appraised by a government expert, and turn the money over to the landowner. He will give a second mortgage if necessary for a part or the whole of the balance. When he has cleared and reclaimed twenty acres more he will return to the Federal Land Bank for a larger loan on a new appraisal. Thus, the former farm hand or tenant farmer or factory laborer will be transformed into a farmer who is frequently in the market for more short-time money from the banks, more manufactured articles, more advertised goods, more musical instruments, books, papers, textiles, and merchandise in general.

I know a Western college professor who bought three or four abandoned Connecticut farms and developed them as orchards. He told me that for a generation, so far as he could learn, those farms had not paid the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, near which they are situated, ten dollars a year of originated traffic. Three years ago they were originating freight by the trainload and were responsible for hundreds of dollars of passenger traffic a year. The orchard business, I believe, may be easily overdone; but, so far as general farming is concerned, every cut-over district in the nation is capable of some such transformation as this.

The cut-over lands of the United States need for use in their reclamation more explosives than the munitions factories can make; more machinery than can be absorbed by all the agriculture of Russia, now in the world's eye as a great coming market; more building materials than ruined Belgium, Northern France, Poland, Serbia, Montenegro and Rumania combined—and our farmers can pay for them. Moreover, there is no need for any struggle in order to get the business. It is our business and cannot be diverted from our industries. What will the establishment of a single farm in the cut-over regions mean for the business of the United States? First, railroad fares in looking the land up. Then more railroad revenues in going to it with the household goods and the live stock.

After that, or preceding it, will come a demand for all the metals, lumber, stone, brick and cement which go into buildings. This means more railroad business. Then comes the fencing, with its demand for steel and lumber. Immediately the farm begins to originate all sorts of business, incoming and outgoing. The home must be furnished. Stump-pulling machinery and explosives must be bought for further clearing. Soon the wheat, cotton, wool, milk, butter, eggs, fruit, pork, beef and forest products begin to move from the farm. The swamp must be drained. Better cattle, hogs and poultry are brought in. That farm has for the first time a bank account, with deposits and borrowings. The dead forest has become alive.

Step-by-Step Financing of Farms

THIS is not a dream; it is just what the people are preparing to do. I could list fifty localities in all sections of the United States in which this work of speeding up the making of the cut-over lands into farms is actually under way, preparatory to the establishment of the Federal Land Banks. Such lands are best financed by the step-by-step system to which the Federal Farm Loan system is adapted. Nothing in the plan is new or untried, and it calls for loans that are perfectly safe. Wherever it has been tried the march of farming improvement has gone on under deforestation conditions with a rush that is unprecedented in changing stump lands to fields. Nor is the establishment of new farms under the impetus of long-time financing confined to the cut-over lands. Old wheat, cotton and tobacco farms are expecting to abandon the one-crop system and adopt safer and more diversified farming. Lands that have become unfit for intensive cultivation through agricultural abuse are to be fenced and made into pastures under careful supervision.

Farmers in the old and rich farming states will build houses for their sons and cut the farm in two or three. Wherever productive improvements have been put off from year to year because repayment of the loan in five years' time was dangerously difficult, the forty-year amortized loan has set the farmer scratching his head and studying. These scratchings and studyings have already resulted in the formation of hundreds and hundreds of National Farm Loan Associations for the borrowing of money on first mortgage under the Federal Farm Loan Act. The greatest buying campaign in manufactured goods this country ever saw is preparing to get under way. Peace is preparing to outdo war in stimulating industry. The quickened pulse of healthful exertion is about to supplant the fevered palpitation of battle.

I do not know how many billion dollars have been furnished by the investors of the United States to the Powers engaged in the present war; but they amount to a staggering sum. These loans were necessary, too, if we were to continue trading with these governments and these peoples. They had not the money with which to buy of us what they needed in munitions, *matériel* of war, and especially foodstuffs and cotton; and if we sold these things to them, as we wished to do, they had to be sold on credit. In these dealings, and the redundant industrial prosperity of our own domestic business, our moneyed classes have accumulated enormous funds of money, much of which is said to be seeking investment in safe and conservative loans. A word of caution has been spoken by the Federal Reserve Board against the too great extension of certain forms of foreign credit.

Safe and Sound Home Securities

THERE will be no need of going abroad for safe and sound securities in the future. The farmers of the United States will offer to the investors of the United States and the world from now on a constantly increasing volume of bonds, issued under government supervision and based on first mortgages, that should take the place of those securities for which one has to go far afield. They will be eagerly sought for by investors—if one may judge by indications that are multiplying at this writing—on their merits, and without any thought on the part of investors as to the public benefits and the stimulus to American industry pointed out in this article; but on a basis of public policy no issue of securities ever had a better claim on American business.

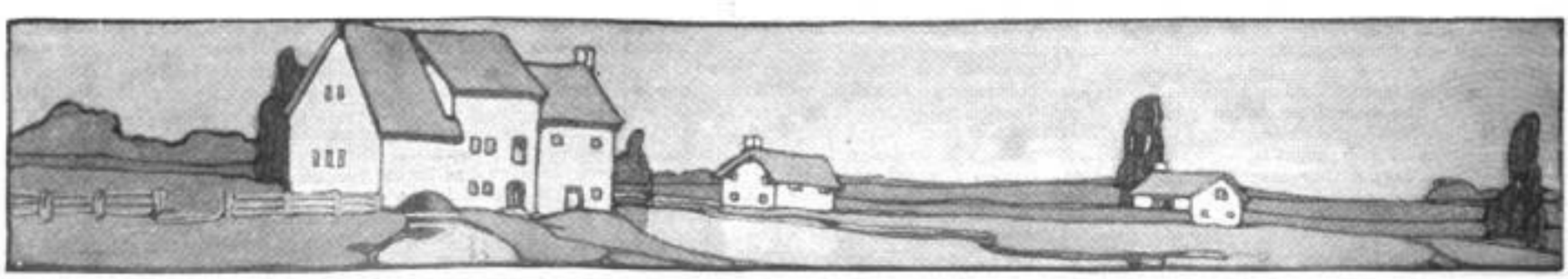
The financing of the buying powers and the buying desires of the American farmer is a safer proposition than the financing of England, France, Italy and Russia in this war. It will develop more business for American factories, banks, merchants and railroads. It will operate to restore the balance between urban and rural life in the United States and thus make for better business forever; while the foreign business has no permanent beneficent effect on American life, but rather tends to stimulate artificial and temporary conditions, which can be normalized only through more or less violent readjustments, like stock-market panics.

The peace business of our farmers, like the war business of Europe, cannot be done on a cash basis. In both cases it must be done on credit. The bonds of the American farmer will soon go on the market alongside the bonds of the European governments. As farsighted financiers, the investors of America should have little hesitation in choosing between them. By investing in the American farm-loan bonds they will fertilize the fields of their own business; while the foreign loan, though necessary perhaps, can operate in the end, like the growing and selling of grain from a farm, only to mine and carry off the soil of American industry.

The field to be developed is almost incomprehensible in its immensity, and lies in the already-covered trade territory of every American manufacturer, merchant, bank and railroad. Maine will call for money to make her a second Wisconsin in staple farming. The great farms of Aroostook County are but the advance guard of a solid agriculture only in its infancy. Maine is a frontier state in part, with the agricultural problems and needs of the frontier; but in the older parts of the state, and in all the rest of New England, New York and Pennsylvania, there is an immense industrial population seeking locations on farms, and plenty of undeveloped lands adapted to grazing, fruit farming, truck and poultry.

One Massachusetts county, through a good county farm bureau, has increased its annual farm production by more than a million dollars a year within the past five years. Every other New England county can do better. All rural New England will soon ask to be financed to a point that will make it master of its own food supply. This is

(Concluded on Page 26)



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"We pick them for *you*!"

All these fresh delicious vegetables we select as carefully as if they were intended for one table alone—and that one, *yours*. You could spend all day in marketing, and another day in preparing and cooking what you buy, yet not produce such a perfectly-balanced food-combination as

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

It combines appetizing flavor with wholesome and substantial nourishment.

Think of fifteen different vegetables in one soup! Selected white potatoes from Maine, the best Jersey "sweets," fine rutabaga turnips from Canada, choice carrots of the French type—Chantenay, succulent green okra, "baby" lima beans, small peas, tomatoes, celery, Dutch cabbage, and tender corn are all included in this tempting combination.

We add rice, barley, a little delicate leek and onion, fresh herbs, fine spices, and just a touch of snappy red peppers. And we blend all these with a strong nourishing beef stock and a sprinkling of "alphabet" macaroni. Every ingredient lends its own distinctive quality of nutrition or palatable savor.

A good soup once a day at least is positively necessary to the properly-balanced diet.

All authorities recognize this fact.

Why should you ever be without a tasty and strengthening soup-course—or why should you ever bother with home-made soup—when you can always have a supply of this satisfying Campbell "kind" at hand on your pantry shelf?

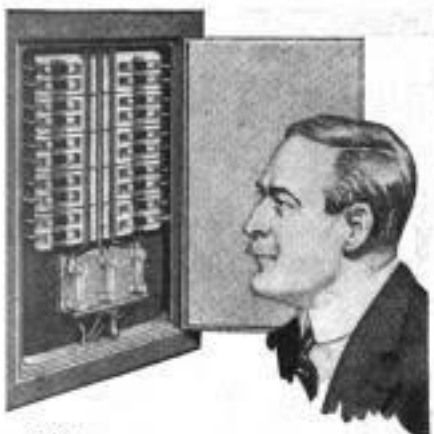
Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Beef	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Julienne	Printanier
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mutton	Vegetable
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato



Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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"Last year we spent $385 for Fuses

"I know it's insurance—protection against overloads, short-circuits and the effect of lightning discharges

"But now we can buy that insurance cheaper"



ECONOMY renewable FUSES

reduce this cost wherever electricity is used for power, light or heat.

They save 80% of the annual fuse expense because they can be used over and over again.

When an Economy Fuse has opened the circuit to prevent an excessive current flow, a new "DROP OUT" renewal link, accurately rated, is inserted in a few moments—by anyone. This renews the fuse to its original efficiency—makes it ready again to protect the electric circuit against injury.



The "Drop Out" renewal links are accurately rated and plainly marked. Safety is assured under all conditions. *And the renewable feature saves 80% of fuse maintenance expense.*

Economy renewable Fuses are made in all commercial capacities (either ferrule or knife-blade type, according to your terminal connections). 3 to 1,000 amperes in both 250 and 600 volts.

Economy Fuses have been carefully investigated by the U. S. Government Bureau of Standards.

Write for booklet giving further details and our sample offer.

Economy Fuse & Mfg. Co.
Kinzie & Orleans Sts., Chicago, Ill.

(Concluded from Page 24)

quite as much a manufacturing as a farming problem, since wages are determined in the long run by cost of living.

New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, the Virginias—all these need money for farm development along lines that have been worked out by the farm bureaus and the agricultural experts. They have not the money to farm as well as they know how. New Jersey has half the area of Denmark, and of this about half is only half tilled; and much of it is an actual wilderness that is known to be good farming land if properly developed.

Plenty of Cheap Land

Nowhere in the world, so far as I know, is so much good land to be found at such low prices situated near such markets, unless it be in the wildernesses surrounding Washington and Baltimore, or in the neglected opportunities of Maine and Massachusetts. All up and down the Appalachian regions are huge holdings of land just passing from lumbering to pasturage and general farming.

Some of these are as good grazing lands as those at the foot of the Juras, on which tenants annually pay three times—in rent as pastures for pure-bred Percherons—what this Appalachian land costs.

In the Carolinas the world's greatest acre-yields of corn have been grown; but cotton is still king and for a long time it must be.

Yet there the demand for loans for the requirements of a better system of farming is keen and in most cases intelligent. The same is true of the Gulf States and Tennessee. Meat and dairy products are in the minds of these farmers, with enough in the garden, the orchard, the pork barrel and the corn crib to support the family in spite of the boll weevil. The agricultural advisers know that cotton must be the cash crop; and they are saying less and less about diversified farming and more and more about "safe farming"—which means practically the same thing, but is less likely to lead the farmer too far afield from known methods.

In Tennessee the great Cumberland Plateau was once supposed not to be worth farming, but it needs only lime and good culture. And the splendid farms in the midst of the "barrens" are proving that opportunity is still present in the "Volunteer State."

Kentucky is stirring with discussion of the need for farm loans. Ohio and Indiana are not without their undeveloped regions and their areas of scanty money supply; while Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota have as much undeveloped as developed farming land. Southern Illinois needs loans; and, scattered about through the Corn Belt, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Ohio, Indiana, Missouri, Minnesota, South Dakota, Nebraska and Kansas are centers of interest foreshadowing an active demand for loans if they can be obtained at five per cent or less.

Louisiana and Arkansas are clamorous for loans, many of which will be made to refund mortgages now carried by their banks to the prejudice of the commercial supply of cash.

Texas has everything that any other state possesses, and some things peculiarly Texan—but she has more land looking to the new system for development than any other four states. In all the semiarid region farming is getting on a stable basis. Crops have been found that will mature in spite of drought. Proper farming systems are developed or developing. Live stock is returning to the ranges—only, instead of being as large as townships or counties, the holdings are moderate-sized ranches.

Wherever this safe type of farming may be conservatively financed—and the operations of the great insurance companies have shown that these areas are immense—farm loans will be called for, which may be granted with perfect safety for the financing of active demands for manufactured goods, with all their inevitable stimulus to finance and transportation.

This statement applies to all that immense region lying between the one hundredth meridian and the Rocky Mountains, resting on Texas and New Mexico, and topping out with Montana and North Dakota. Thence, all through the intermountain empire lie the regions of small farms and great ranches. In nearly every irrigated region the farmers are already organized to call for loans on land far more valuable by the acre than most of the farms of the highly developed Ohio Valley. If a plan can be worked out for loaning to holders of irrigated land who have Reclamation Service liens on their lands—loaned with perfect safety—they, too, will call upon this system to supply that lack of working capital from which most of them have been suffering ever since they took up their lands. And it looks as if two Government bureaus ought to be able to adjust matters so as to accommodate an important agriculture, and one with peculiarly insistent claims on the Government.

The Clamor for Funds

The states of the Pacific Coast are clamorous for money. They need it in larger amounts to the acre on much of their land than other farmers in the United States; and where they can show the values justifying loans they may be made with as complete safety as in Iowa or Ohio. I am rather glad to say that, for the present, we need not consider the agricultural demands of Alaska or our insular possessions.

I am glad because in continental United States we have a rather large order. In all these states no class of loans will be considered that are not perfectly safe. In none of them, so far as the writer remembers, did the Federal Farm Loan Board fail to find that the great life-insurance companies or the most conservative loan companies of the Northern States are already making farm loans. There is really very little of the territory that can be said to be "unproved" as loaning territory.

Every farmer borrowing will secure his loan by a first mortgage on two dollars' worth of land to a dollar of loan; and where improvements are considered the value of permanent insured improvements must be five dollars to one. In regions of speculative or overinflated values the loan will be kept within the margin of safety by that provision of the law which makes the productive capacity of the land a principal consideration in appraising. Every farm offered for security must be appraised twice—once by a loan committee of the farmers themselves, and again by an independent appraiser sent out by the Federal Farm Loan Bureau, presumably a loan expert.

The investing public comes in on these loans by the opportunity that will be offered them to buy the Federal Farm Loan bonds. These bonds will be secured by these conservatively placed farm mortgages, dollar for dollar. They will be supported by a Government supervision of both loan associations and land banks, and by the stocks of both and the double liability on the stock of the farm-loan associations—this last item amounting to a primary investment of one dollar for every twenty dollars of loan, and a secondary liability of the same amount on the stock of the local associations.

Each of the twelve Federal Land Banks guarantees its own bonds, principal and interest, and each of the twelve land banks is liable on the farm-loan bonds of every other land bank.

Financing New Business

The bonds will be engraved and printed by the Government, will be protected against counterfeiting by the Secret Service of the United States, and are declared to be instrumentalities of the Government and exempt from all taxation—local, county, municipal, state and national—including the income derived from them. They will, therefore, rank with Government bonds as securities; and should rank higher than many Government bonds, since each of them is secured by every farm mortgage in the system.

They should ultimately sell at as low a rate, for instance, as the Philippine bonds; for no one is likely to rank the obligations of the Philippine Insular Government, with no guaranty by the United States, as better than the farm-mortgage bonds of the Federal Farm Loan system. As a matter of fact, land bonds in Germany and other foreign countries have for many years sold at a rate of interest about as low as and sometimes lower than the bonds of their respective governments. At first, of course, they sell at a rate somewhat higher than the ultimate rate predicted here.

A Buying Campaign

It is not, however, as an opportunity for the investor or the farmer that I am here considering this new system. I am presenting it as a plan for financing the greatest volume of new business for the American industrial world ever offered to a people. The farming world of the greatest agricultural people on earth will be issuing governmentally supervised securities to get the money for a buying campaign hitherto unprecedented.

It will be a buying campaign, not for luxuries, not for unproved things, but for instruments of production that will swell high the tide of commodities in future years; for the carrying out, in the main, of projects of production which have been shown advisable by both farm experience and the researches of experts and specialists.

And, no matter how great this investment may become, it will never be the cause of such panics and scares as those which, as this is written, convulse our boards of trade. A man must be indeed a bear on the United States who doubts its safety—and that sort of bear always goes broke.



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California Raisin Pie



The Energy-Dessert

For Down-Town Lunches, or At Home

In these high-pressure days when wits are needed, we are eating lighter midday lunches. Heavy meals stupefy. Efficiency in food means efficiency in business.

Lunch rooms and restaurants are featuring dishes that provide vitalizing food values in concentrated forms. Note how they are serving raisins.

Raisins are 76% carbohydrate—sugar in the form of fructose, energizing, predigested. So the good that comes from raisins is ready for its work in the body long before that from ordinary foods.

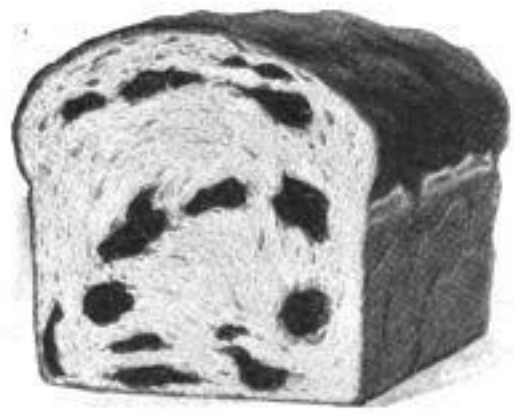


Sun-Maid Package Raisins for Home-Baked California Raisin Pie and other uses.

Mother, treat the family to this delicious California Raisin Pie, made with **Sun-Maid Raisins.** It's an energizing food for active children—both *good* and *good for them.* You can buy these raisins in fresh packages from any grocer. Order them today.

California Raisin Pie Recipe. 1 cup Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins; 1 cup cold water; 1 tablespoon sugar; 1 tablespoon cornstarch; 1 level teaspoon salt.

Wash the raisins, put in saucepan with cold water, bring slowly to a boil. Add sugar, salt and cornstarch, which has been mixed with a little cold water. Boil three minutes. Pour into pie tin, which has been lined with crust, while hot. Cover and brush with cold milk. Bake in oven with quick bottom heat. Lemon flavor may be added if desired.



California RAISIN BREAD

Made with SUN-MAID Raisins

For two years we have advertised that good bakers everywhere are making Raisin Bread after our prize formula which includes Sun-Maid Raisins.

The use of Sun-Maid Raisins in Raisin Bread during that period has doubled nearly six times.

Thus people have shown that they like California Raisin Bread better than any other.

Ask your baker today for a loaf to try. You too will want this bread on your table daily.

Write for our beautiful free recipe book describing scores of ways to serve healthful raisins.

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO. (*Membership 8000 Growers*)
Fresno, California

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San-Tox



The Face which guides to Service

Service is today's watchword. Service is the watchword of our San-Tox Nurse—service by the druggist in whose store she is—service in the quality of every San-Tox preparation sold.

Is not the San-Tox druggist's offer to return the money on any San-Tox preparation which fails to give utter satisfaction a service such as you would have? Is not such supreme confidence in San-Tox itself an *added* service to you?

For does it not indicate one whose ideals are to be relied upon in every business dealing you have with him?

Such is the "service of purity"—symbolized by the San-Tox Nurse at each San-Tox druggist's window. And that purity speaks in the singular effectiveness of each San-Tox preparation.

All the cleansing wholesomeness possible to the *best* tooth paste is yours with San-Tox Tooth Paste.

All the soothing, beard-softening quality possible to shaving lather is yours with San-Tox Shaving Cream.

And San-Tox Shaving Lotion has a tonic, cool refreshment peculiar to itself alone; San-Tox After-Shave Talcum a smooth, perfecting completeness characteristic of San-Tox purity throughout the whole wide range of San-Tox preparations.

"San-Tox for Purity"—a purity which cannot be cut in price for it will not be cut in quality.

SAN-TOX FOR PURITY
De Pree Chicago



This Drug Store Sign THIS IS THE San-Tox DRUG STORE *Means Better Service*



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THIS is DIMUNETTE, one quarter actual size. Fully protected by patents, easy to operate, extremely light in weight, of handsome brushed bronze effect and solid construction. It gives all the protection of high priced machines, and will last forever.

$7.50

IN CANADA $10.

How many check-thieves handle *your* checks?

WHAT happens to your checks between the time you sign them and the time the bank returns them? Do you know the character of all the employes of the firms who receive your checks? Do you know that endorsing your check over to a third party is not an uncommon practice? Who finally cashes your checks? Do you know that mail pouches travelling between banks en-route for collection have been stolen, broken open and their contents scattered broadcast?

Think of these things and then think that for $7.50 invested in a Dimunette you can at last get the same kind of protection that the banks themselves employ—the kind that is endorsed by the American Bankers Association—Standard Protection—a process that breaks the paper and forces acid-proof ink into the fibre—for $7.50! Think of it! Can you afford *not* to think of it?

If you have the slightest difficulty in securing the Dimunette of your stationer or office supply dealer, send check, money order or draft to us and we will gladly supply you, charges prepaid.

DEFIANCE CHECK WRITER CORPORATION

ROCHESTER NEW YORK

Defiance Check Writer Corp.
299 State Street, Rochester, N. Y.
Gentlemen:
Enclosed find (Check / Money Order / Draft) for $7.50 for which please send one Dimunette, delivery free.

Name_____

Address_____

Waiting in the Wilderness—By Enos Mills

THEY were a pair of hairy woodpeckers apparently engaged in examining a dead aspen. As it was nesting time I lingered to watch them. After taking a number of grubs from beneath the bark of the tree the birds centered their woodpecking work at one spot.

Mrs. Woodpecker pecked a number of tiny holes or dots, forming a circle about two inches in diameter. Then she pecked and hammered away within this circle. Presently this space began to take on the form of a doorway or entrance hole to a nest. The nesting hole was about six feet above the ground, in the trunk of a fourteen-inch aspen. Chips and broken bits flew. The birds worked rapidly, one at a time. While Mrs. Woodpecker worked, her mate watched near by and tried two or three times to take a hand, but she thrust him aside and kept on pecking and hammering until at last she grew tired and his turn came. After three hours a sizable impression was made in the tree, and both birds flew away into the aspen grove. I waited half an hour, but they did not come back. After spending more than an hour looking over a beaver house on the bank of a brook, distant a stone's throw, I returned to the aspen, but the woodpeckers were still away.

The aspen grove in which these birds were working stood within the seclusion of a mountain forest. By it ran the brook from west to east. To the north of the brook, behind the aspen grove, a spruce forest covered the slope. On the south of the brook a pine woods stretched away. Just below the grove, between the pine woods and the brook, was a grassy opening with a pile of bowlders. Through the grove daily passed numerous wild folk besides those who lived in and near it.

Busy was the life in the woods. I had frequent glimpses of wild-life folk, an occasional view of a one-act play in which any number of performers took lively part. Among the birds and small animals there were comedies, courtships, feasts, fights and frolics.

Close to me at one time a weasel, aggressive as a lion, killed a number of mice; and at another time I saw a weasel kill a chipmunk. All these things took place in a bit of the wild across which a primitive man could have hurled his spear.

The unexpected often happened. The hours never dragged; they were enlivened by constant incidents and episodes. Again and again I enjoyed this primeval, poetic place for hours, while I sat unmoved and watchful in the scene. Often I lay on a log or on the ground, or hid in the bushes, or sometimes simply stood like a stump. Wherever I might be, without moving I let ants crawl over me and insects bite me as they would. Frequently there was a shower of rain. When not accompanied by wind or lightning the rain had a softening, subduing effect upon all of the already quiet forest sounds.

The Work of Eleven Days

Two days after I had first observed them, I found the woodpecker homemakers working industriously in the hole, which was now more than three inches deep. Only a part of the chips flew out of the hole as they were cut; the rest were swept out from time to time by Mr. Woodpecker. This feat he performed by leaning back and turning his head quickly, his bill acting as the broom.

Woodpeckers often select the aspen for a nesting site, probably because of its soft, easily worked wood. Frequently they take dead, partly decayed trees, which are most tractable for nest making and are often filled with grubs, ants and other woodpecker food.

By the fifth day the woodpeckers had cut the hole to a depth of about seven inches. The workers continued at their task, and when it was finished the nest was of average size. Seven inches in the tree the entrance way curved downward into the trunk to a depth of about twelve inches, the lower section having a diameter of six inches. All this was the work of eleven days.

The woodpecker's nest is one of the cleanest and safest and probably the most continuously comfortable of all birds' nests. It keeps out the rain and excludes the extremes of cold and heat. It is perhaps less likely to be discovered by enemies than the nest of any other bird. Rarely does an accident befall it. What a strange, cunning place for young birds to grow up in! How interested they must be the first time they climb up and from the doorway peek into the strange wilderness world!

Successive Tenants of the Nest

Nearly a month elapsed before I was again in the aspen grove. When I tapped lightly on the woodpeckers' tree four agitated bills were thrust out of the doorway. But as they saw nothing to eat, the four red-topped youngsters withdrew their bills and, I suppose, settled back to the bottom of the nest. Presently one of the old birds appeared, and instantly bills receivable were again presented through the doorway. After feeding one of the youngsters the old bird eyed me for a moment with a peculiar look—suggesting curiosity, however, rather than fear. It flew away, and a moment later its mate arrived with a grub in its bill.

I missed the pleasure of seeing the young woodpeckers leave the nest and make their baby start in the wooded world. But one October day I was back in the grove and paused to watch, as usual, the continuous though ever-changing performances. While I was standing near the nest tree a busy chipmunk climbed up and peeped into the deserted woodpecker nest. Then he climbed up a few feet higher, went round the tree and came back to the nest. After several times thrusting in his head and forefeet—each time withdrawing quickly and retreating almost to the grass—he finally found courage and bravely entered. Out rushed a frightened field mouse. A few moments later the chipmunk thrust out his head, and with feet on the edge of the entrance hole he looked round like a young lion. The nest became his winter quarters. One day, a month later, I saw him again thrust his head from this adopted nest. Tracks in the snow at the foot of the tree showed that occasionally he came out.

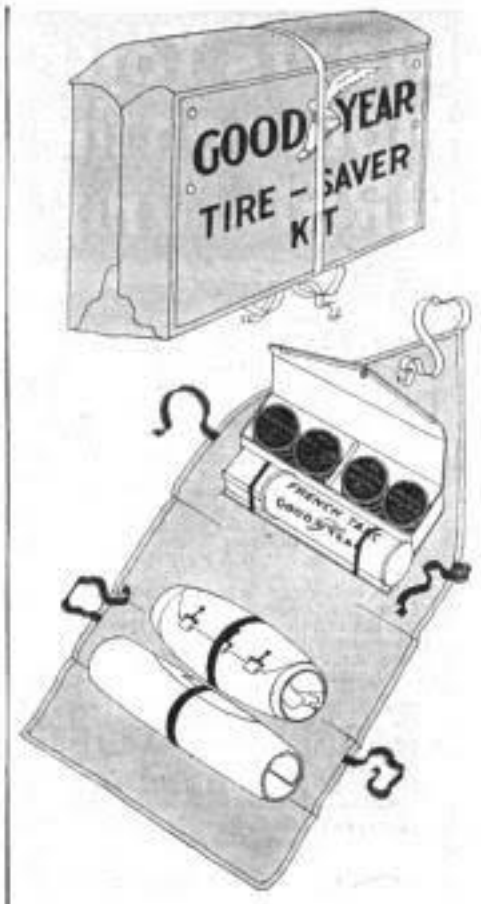
The following May, when I called, a pair of bluebirds were striking and beating at the chipmunk, who was clinging to the tree trunk near the nest entrance. The chipmunk finally leaped off and retreated into the grove, with the birds in pursuit. Again and again I came to linger at my old place. During the summer five baby bluebirds were raised in this nest. After they were safely brought off and taken in charge by Mr. Bluebird, the mother bird again filled the nest with eggs.

I did not get round to the place again until summer was over. When I did return, the chipmunk who occupied it the previous year, or some chipmunk of the same species and about the same size, was in the nest. More likely it was the same one, for when I threw a peanut to him he made haste to pick it up—a trick he had learned during my visits the year previous.

The next spring when I first went into the grove I heard a wren singing with all his might. What busy, happy, aggressive and confiding little folk wrens are! I was glad when I found that Mr. and Mrs. Wren would keep house for the summer in the woodpecker nest. They had a robin for a near neighbor. The robin's nest was on the top of a high, broken pine stump. Often while I lay or stood watching the wrens a camp bird—the Rocky Mountain gray jay—came to see me, and plainly came with the hope that I should have a bite of something to offer. Of all the other birds that I have seen, none, on first sight, is so trustful of man as is the camp bird.

That winter and the following summer I often saw a tiny owl come out of the woodpeckers' old nest. A pair of owls, I think, must have been nesting there. Anyway, for more than a year it was their wooden-walled home.

That year a pair of woodpeckers, which I think were the same that I had watched two years before, had a nest in the upper



An Easy Mind Goes With It

Not one householder in a thousand ever requires the services of a policeman. Yet every householder gladly pays taxes to support a police department, purely for protection's sake. The comfort of such protection far outweighs the cost.

Not every motorist requires the services of a repairman on the road—few do, in fact. But every motorist feels the *possibility* of needing such services—the lurking fear of tire trouble rides in every car.

In every car, that is, which does not carry a Goodyear Tire-Saver Kit.

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It is a handy package, this Kit—containing all essential first-aids-to-tires: tire putty, self-cure tube patches, inside and outside protection patches, cement, talc, friction tape, valve parts, pressure gauge and the like—complete and compact.

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The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

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No Matter How Cold the Weather

Think what a big advantage it is to you, in these days of low-grade gasoline, to be able to let your car stand for hours in the cold with the full assurance that it will always start on the *first* turn-over.

That is just what we guarantee the Imperial Primer to do on any car in the coldest weather. Drivers of old cars use the Imperial Primer the year 'round to insure quick starting. It is a *necessity*—not an accessory.

This little device is located on the dash of the car and sucks up gasoline from the main line and then sprays it into the manifold near the motor in the form of a fireable mixture which absolutely insures easy cold weather starting.

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Sprays Vaporized, Fireable Gasoline Into the Manifold



This outfit consists of a small, substantially-made plunger pump, all necessary bolts, connections and tubing furnished, ready to mount on the dashboard of any car, any model. All connections made by the well-known Imperial Compression Couplings. No soldering, flaring or threading required except in the manifold.

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Forget the old, "mussy," uncertain, time-killing way of trying to get your motor to start. Quit coaxing it with raw, lifeless gasoline. The Imperial Primer puts fireable mixture right at the firing points. Saves batteries—saves your self-starter.

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In case your garage man can't supply you, write direct to us. When ordering be sure to give diameter of main gas line tubing. You need an Imperial Primer. Try it! Used by thousands of satisfied motorists. On market 3 years. Never fails.

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end of the aspen grove. I stood near their home a number of times. As they allowed me to approach more closely than other hairy woodpeckers I believe they were my former acquaintances. Though birds of this species often use the same nest for successive summers, or even occupy the abandoned nest of other woodpeckers, this pair had made a new one in a tree in which there was an abandoned nest.

In the upper end of the grove another pair of hairy woodpeckers had a nest. It was nearly twenty feet above the ground. Evidently this pair had used their nest for three summers in succession. A short distance down the brook I one day came upon an abandoned woodpecker nest—probably that of a sapsucker. It was not more than three feet above the ground. Two summers later it was occupied by a pair of hairy woodpeckers.

One day, hearing a rather alarmed "peek, peek," and thinking that something was happening to one of the woodpeckers, I made haste to the brook, where I saw two kingfishers looking upstream. The alarm cry of these birds is very like that of the hairy woodpecker. There on a log sat a mink, evidently the cause of the excitement. The view I had of these kingfishers' heads, as they stood up, reminded me of the heads of two football players. Returning from this inspection I was astonished to see a flicker alight on the side of the nest tree and take a peek into the doorway of the woodpecker nest. The arrival of one of the bird owners made him take a hurried leave.

There are three hundred and fifty known species of woodpeckers in the world. They are found nearly everywhere that there are trees, and in a few treeless places. I believe that there are no woodpeckers in Australia. Of the twenty-five species found in North America one of the smaller and more common is the hairy woodpecker. He is a valuable bird and saves many a tree from insect death.

The Rocky Mountain hairy woodpecker has a length of about nine inches. Although he is whitish beneath, with grayish legs, the general effect when he is at rest is blackish. The outer tail feathers are white tipped, and the wings show spots of white. Just above and below the eye is a narrow white stripe, and a narrow white-and-red stripe crosses the back of the head. The youngsters commonly have a reddish top.

The food of the hairy woodpecker consists of wood borers, spiders, moths, ants and occasionally berries. Though they summer and nest in high altitudes—often nearly eleven thousand feet above sea level—they commonly descend the mountains with the approach of winter and spend the cooler months among the foothills. The Rocky Mountain hairy woodpecker is not so fond of living in orchards and being near people as is his cousin the downy. Although human visitors to his home region do not annoy him he plainly enjoys the seclusion of pathless forests.

The Skunk Family Takes a Walk

These woodpeckers probably mate for life, and they are quietly devoted, enjoying each other's company without demonstration. For a week or two in late spring Mr. Hairy Woodpecker is noisy enough. He simply fills the woods with drumming, drumming.

He calls and calls merrily, with many a change of tone. Often it is keak-keak-keak-kick-kick, whit-whit-whit-whi-wi-wi-i-i-wi. But as soon as the white eggs are laid—there are from three to six—he does his full share of incubating them.

I was standing in an open space one day, watching the movements of a squirrel, when I chanced to see coming toward me Mrs. Skunk and three pretty little skunkies. The only time thus far that I had flinched and hastened from the scene was the day that a swarm of bees thought to light upon me. As these skunks came closer it looked as though I might move shortly. They were walking leisurely, apparently going to a definite place, and all carried their tails elevated at a decorative social angle. Naturally I did not wish to dispute their right to the trail. I held my ground from sheer will power. But they concluded to take a little passageway about six feet in front of me. I stood like a statue to watch them go by. In passing, Mrs. Skunk tilted her head and looked at me out of one eye, but, without changing her pace or saying anything to the children, kept on her way. Nothing happened, but never before did I borrow so much trouble in a few seconds. About thirty feet beyond me Mother Skunk paused and dug out a mouse.

Squirrels were about. One lived in the pines to the south of my watching place; another a short distance to the north. Both of these were Fremont squirrels. This little gray fellow is closely related to the Douglas squirrel of California. He is one of the smallest of the squirrel family. He is fiery, curious and wide-awake. He has as much courage and individuality to his inches as any animal I have ever seen. I often heard one of these squirrels as he clucked, chattered, or talked to himself. Occasionally he denounced with terrific violence a passing animal or intruder.

The first few days that I watched proceedings here the squirrel nearest to my station showed immense curiosity. He was unable to make out what I was about. One day he rushed at me and with a savage outburst threatened either to devour me or to kick me off his premises. As I remained silent and motionless he paused in astonishment. Then he backed up and eyed me eagerly. Again he tried bluff and denunciation. At last, doubtless wondering why I was not moving and whether I should remain long, he gave it up, climbed into his tree and proceeded with his own affairs.

On the day when a swarm of bees started to light upon me I made a lively retreat. This disturbed Mr. Squirrel. He broke out in volleys of peppery chatter that lasted for two or three minutes; then he subsided and sat looking at me. I imagined that he might be thinking or saying to himself, "Well, for the life of me, this is something I cannot understand!"

From dawn until dusk I once watched the activities of this fellow. Though he was sometimes temporarily out of sight I waited, wondering what the next move would be.

He climbed into the tree tops and cut off cones, which fell, bounced and rolled away and appeared to try to land where he could not find them. Often he stopped to look and listen and make sure that no outsider was capturing his cones.

The Busy Life of the Forest

My squirrel friend had a sad end. Lightning one day struck a tree, used by him on the south side of the stream, and killed him. The bolt literally knocked the head off of this tree; and it threw half a dozen young birds out of a nest in a tree near by. Evidently this other tree had been struck twice before. A few years previously a bolt had run down one side, bursting the bark. Through this break a number of beetles made their way, to begin work on the vitals of the tree. But Chief Surgeon Woodpecker was often there, and in a length of sixteen feet along this broken trunk had made sixteen holes and had probably removed many a borer.

Once I saw a large, dignified mountain sheep walk quietly across the grassy opening. He did not see me. On reaching the farther edge of the opening he turned about, recrossed the opening to the bowlder pile and leaped upon it. After remaining there statuesque a while, he reëntered the woods, stood for a moment, and then disappeared.

It was impossible to feel lonesome. Eyes and ears were kept busy, for the show went ever on. It was a one-ring, a three-ring, sometimes a six-ring show all at once. Too often a number of extra-good things were going on together. A squirrel would be up to something, while at the same instant two chipmunks would be having a boundary-line dispute. Along with these a robin might be noisy and pessimistic over something that may not have happened, while a rare warbler that I wanted to see was darting about in the tree tops, and a porcupine was waddling by with dull deliberation.

The birds on the other side of the brook one afternoon set up a great ado, as if some enemy were about to raid them or some other terror were nigh. Of them all the most excited and pessimistic was the mother robin. She flew and darted about without getting anywhere, all the time predicting the worst possible calamity. When things had almost calmed down a broad-tailed humming bird came flying by, scolding hard, plainly much put out because of all this unnecessary hullabaloo. After darting about me for some seconds, with her burnished body flashing and beadlike eyes shining, she alighted like any bird on a neighboring limb. This midget made a comical appearance, aping, as it seemed, all the poses of a real-size bird.

(Concluded on Page 33)

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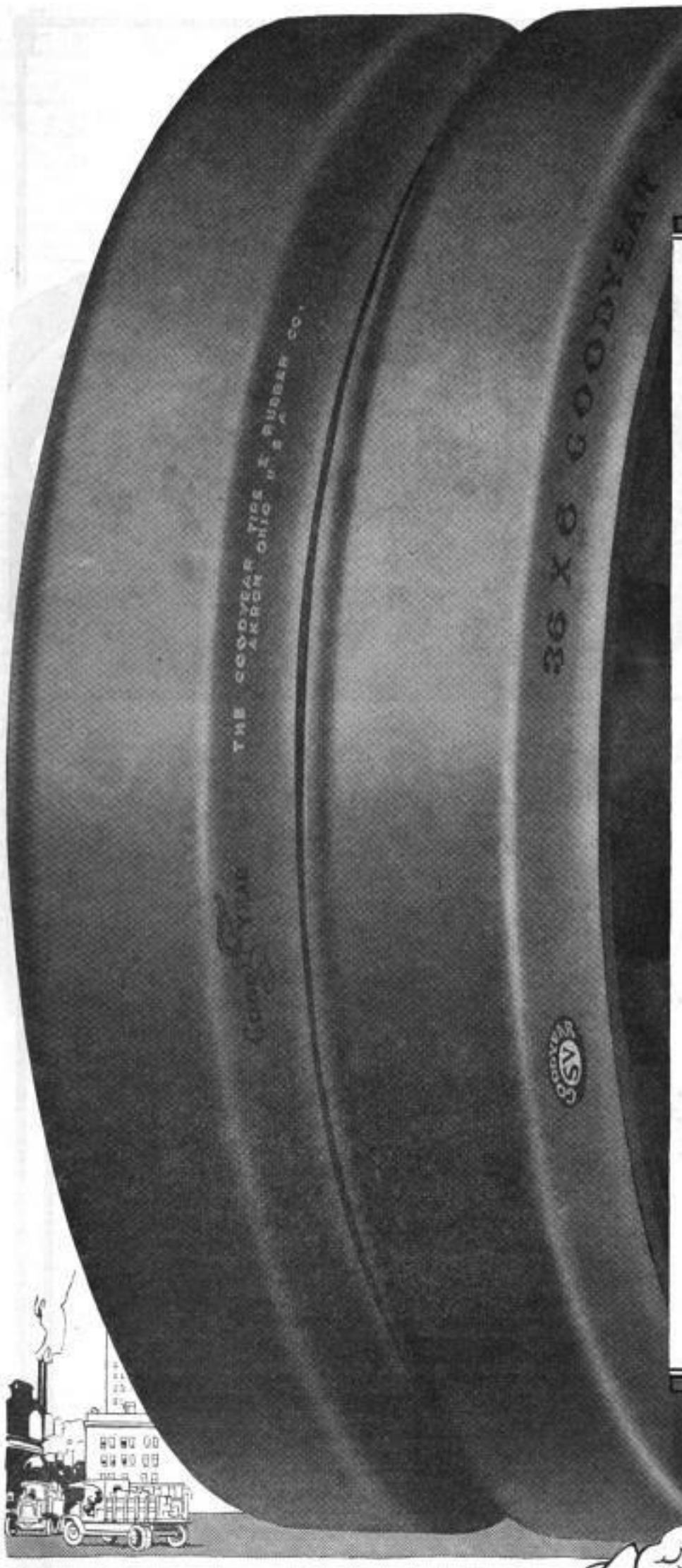
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THE modern truck, geared to heavy duty, capacious hopper filled to the brim with dense commodity, rushes along over granite blocks and rutty roads, grinds across steel tracks, rumbles through littered alleys, careless of obstacle, greedy to meet the time-saving, weight-moving demands of our pell-mell business structure.

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Gas makes the giant go. But without rubber it never could do its work.

Without rubber, loaded trucks could go no faster than a horse. All the tremendous modern efficiency of local freighting would be lost.

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In the S-V Pressed-On Truck Tire Goodyear means to build the solid tire best for heavy commercial motor vehicles.

Reports from every state show we have succeeded. For instance, this letter from the Taylor Milling Company, of Dallas:

"On December 14th, 1914, you equipped our 4-ton Moore Truck with four 36x6 S-V Tires for dual rear wheels. To date they have run 10,233 miles and look good for another 10,000. Our truck weighs, 9,600 pounds, light, and we load 5 tons."

A total weight of nearly 20,000 pounds—think of it! And even under this overload—far beyond our recommendation—these tires served a full 20,000 miles!

Reports like this on S-V Tires are so common that we have ceased to call 20,000 miles an exceptional performance.

S-V's deliver wonderful mileage—habitually. Their *average* service—as reported by 224 users in 64 cities—is 13,704 miles.

Do *your* tires last like this?

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

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ELEVEN leading motorcycle manufacturers equip with Firestone Tires, at no extra charge. They recognize the rapidly growing demand for the Firestone extra broad tread, the four heavy fabric layers, the resilient rubber. They know this demand is the natural result of the experience of tens of thousands of motorcycle owners.

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And Firestone Motorcycle Tires cost no more if ordered on any of the eleven machines listed here.

FIRESTONE TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY
Akron, Ohio — Branches and Dealers Everywhere

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(Concluded from Page 30)

Once I looked round just in time to see a coyote leap forward and land upon the grass with forepaws together. Presently he thrust in his nose and pulled out a mouse. At this instant he caught sight of me and edged off sideways, eying me intently. He was not frightened; but apparently he could not make out what I was or what I was doing. He passed, doubled and repassed near by. Then he circled, and when he caught my scent he sniffed the air, but still was not alarmed. He stayed to watch, like a boy in no hurry who had found something new. In the edge of the opening he stretched out on his stomach with his head toward me. Occasionally his nostrils twitched a little, but at no time did he look upon me with fear or suspicion. Soon sounded a whack from the near beaver pond, as if a beaver had dived; and a second later came muffled footfalls through the forest from the opposite quarter. These alarms caused Mr. Coyote to leap up all alert, and presently he hastened away among the shadows.

A number of deer came to visit the place. After eying me closely from a distance of thirty or forty feet they lingered to look round and to take an occasional bite to eat. They were curious about me, but were perfectly at ease, for they had not scented me. Another day three deer, which had not seen me, suddenly caught scent of me and were off instantly. Most animals rely upon their nose for chief scout duty—to tell them when to flee for safety. Deer, beavers and sometimes other animals, which saw me without scenting me, simply took a brief look, then continued their affairs in a normal manner; but usually when they scented me before seeing me they were alarmed and thought that "safety first" required speed.

A mother grouse and her family of youngsters came along while I was sitting on a log. I kept perfectly still. One of the youngsters jumped up on the log and started toward me. Two or three walked close to me, and some of the others passed between my legs and the log. Evidently they took me for a bump or a stump. The mother bird was behind, walking vigilantly and with stately dignity. The youngster on the log came up to me and pecked at a button on my coat. I turned to look. This told the mother that I was alive. It suggested danger. She instantly flung herself at me and struck me a slap on the side of the head. Dropping back she again lunged and beat me with her wings. Her brave behavior was very like that of a hen in defense of her chicks.

A Call From a Coyote

Once, just before sundown, a solitaire lighted on a tall spruce top and poured forth his elemental and eloquent song. It was divinely beautiful in the evening hush of the wilderness. He sang with all his melody and all his might. Often in his enthusiasm he hurled himself upward or outward from the tree top, then settled or returned on easy, outstretched wings, singing all the time. No song that I ever have heard so harmonizes with the silences and the feeling of a mountain wilderness or so completely puts one in tune with the universe as the marvelous melody of this thrush.

Momentarily one day I took my eyes from the woodpeckers. A rabbit came hopping along, completely unmindful of my presence, passed me and presently disappeared among the trees. A minute later a soft-footed coyote came following on the rabbit's trail. Though so near he evidently did not see me, but hurried along and disappeared behind an old pine. I do not know what happened.

On another occasion a flutter of wings and a chirp caused me to turn. Near me a little chickadee was working away at a hole in a dead snag. He was just in the act of spitting out a mouthful of dead wood. Here was another nest builder.

Once a black bear came along and stopped under the pines on a knoll not far from me. Here he rolled over an old ant-filled log. Out rushed ferociously about a million ants. The bear licked these up rapidly, and then looked round with a pleased expression on his face. Presently he came a little closer to me and dug out a mouse. Then he flushed a number of grasshoppers; but in leaping into the air and striking at one of these on the wing he scented me and at once beat a retreat.

One day I left my old watching place and climbed the heights. As usual I moved quietly and slowly, and once on the margin I paused to look round. Lying near a spring in the center of the terrace was a deer—a doe. As I watched her, she nibbled at the plants round where she lay. From the position of one of her legs I judged that it was broken—probably by a bullet. Suddenly the wind warned her that a deadly enemy was near. Instantly she leaped up, forgetful of her broken bones. She stood and smelled, but without discovering me. Watching my chance I slipped away. I had not gone far before darkness advised stopping. I spent the night by a fire, without any bedding.



PHOTO. FROM GEO. P. HALL & SON, NEW YORK CITY

Next morning, advancing in the breeze I climbed up to watch the doe. She lay still nearly all day. Most of the time her ears moved nervously about as she caught sounds from this way and that. When an eagle soared overhead she showed much uneasiness, but moved only eyes and ears. In midafternoon she was startled by the fall of a rock mass down one of the crags near by. A short time after this some mountain sheep appeared on the sky line above, posed, and looked quietly round. From the actions of the sheep the doe evidently concluded that all was well. She struggled slowly to her feet, giving a low call as she arose. Soon I knew that a fawn was having a warm meal. I do not know where the fawn had been hidden. Realizing that the deer should not be disturbed for some days I moved on to enjoy other scenes and left her in possession.

Among the actors who came on the scene at the place where I next watched were a bear and her two boyish cubs. A peppery, curious Fremont squirrel in a tree near by saw them appear. He ceased work, eyed them for a time with lively curiosity, then with apparent contempt. At last he went on with his work, without voicing a protest until later when the cubs engaged in a playful scuffle.

Mother Bear lumbered along under the trees, unaware or indifferent that the squirrel, apparently in his own estimation one of the most ferocious animals in the wilds, might leap down upon her. At one place she stopped, thrust a forepaw beneath the upturned roots of a fallen tree and with a lift and a push thrust the heavy, bulky mass aside. She licked the earth a few times, probably to pick up some bugs or ants, and then started on.

The cubs dropped behind and began digging; they were having a beautiful time. Mother paused, looked, and went back to see what it was all about. They were working with great zest, and she apparently supposed that they had scented something worth while. In the rudest manner she pushed each aside, smelled in the hole, found nothing, and at once started on. The cubs followed.

They came so close to me that I thought surely they would either see or smell me, but they passed me by unnoticed, and a short distance away found chokecherry bushes on the side of a ravine. Mother Bear at once began feasting on the puckery ripe berries. Evidently she cared nothing for conservation, for she crushed down and bit off the bushes. She rose on her hind feet, and with mouth and claws together grasped at the laden ends of the branches. Limb-ends, leaves, berries—all were devoured.

But chokecherries evidently were a dessert for which her youngsters did not care. The berries may have been new to them. At any rate two bites satisfied them. Dessert they surely did not need, for the bulging, rounded little stomachs plainly indicated many helpings of other eatables. Even a bear cub can be filled up.

For a time they lay and relaxed in the sun. Then they rose, stood up and showed off. They struck out like green, awkward boxers. They struck at nothing, sometimes with both paws held low and at an angle, and sometimes with one paw held high. Then they had a wrestling match—clinching, hugging and rolling. Their first belligerent attitude brought rather a vehement protest from the squirrel, which, however, quickly subsided and became a silent spectator. A camp bird also looked on, watching them from the limb of a pine. He observed closely, but he did not appear enthusiastic over the exhibition.

What a number of incidents in this little area! Quite as many may also happen in countless other small spaces. Often I wondered about things that took place when I was away; what quiet, interesting, unseen incidents that I never even suspected were ever occurring.

The aspen grove round the woodpeckers' nest was made up of trees from six to fifteen inches in diameter and from thirty to sixty feet high. Most of their bark was milk white. Under the trees were a few bushes, but mostly grassy spaces in which violets, columbines, harebells, gentians and other flowers bloomed.

In summer, butterflies with painted wings floated and circled over the sunny opening. Rarely did they fold their wings and light. Occasionally one came floating through the woods, following a fairy avenue. Its bright beautiful color gave a charm and an illumination to the forest gloom. Bees visited the flowers, and occasionally a bumblebee buzzed hurriedly through, as if in desperate haste to reach a certain place and knowing well where he was bound for. Grasshoppers, too, in the autumn days enlivened the place. Occasionally a huge fellow leaped out of the grass. A crackling, and the flash of color like a fairy rocket, and he settled back.

The School of Nature

Often I was in the grove when the snowflakes fell, and saw the colored leaves fall one by one. Grandly the moon shone in these scenes. Early morning and evening lights under the trees and through the woods were strange and beautiful. They put the trees at their best and in attitudes different from those shown in the downpouring light of midday.

The aspen grove where I frequently watched the manners and customs of our wild kindred was a much better place in which to study natural history than that afforded by any zoo. I wish that a company of boys and girls might have been with me. How they would have enjoyed these real Nature stories! I am sure they would have been happy. But, thanks to the Audubon Society, to other organizations and to numerous individuals, boys and girls are beginning to watch, enjoy and receive the benefits of knowing the wild people of the woods, who dress in fur and feathers.

John Muir, in writing of his boyhood experiences, says: "The animals about us were a never-ending source of wonder and delight. Nature was wooingly teaching her wonderful lessons so unlike the dismal grim ashes and cinders so long thrashed into us. There, without knowing it, we were in school."

Yes, Mother Nature conducts a delightful outdoor school, and it is open every day of the year. Wherever there is a bit of wildness there are pretty certain to be numerous interesting little wild people. Of course bird reservations are even better places for this kind of schooling and fun. But the greatest of all places for these advantages are our national parks.

Surely one of the best pastimes for children—for anyone—is to wait at a wild-life center and watch the ways of its residents and of its visitors. To do this is pleasant self-discipline. It is constructive. It keeps the eyes open and the senses alert. It gives material for thought and compels thinking. It arouses the imagination and wakes up the creative faculties. The faculty of keen observation, the ability to see accurately and the incentive to watch for things that may happen round us add much to every outdoor day. Such happy experiences as these truly enrich life.

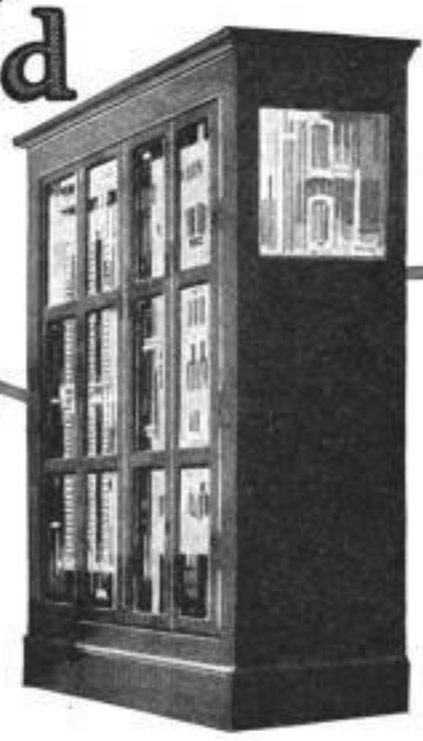


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How a paper of pins and a pencil filled a great business need







In a little old store in a Missouri town, a struggling business man learned one day that he had lost an order because "Central" had, through error, reported his telephone "busy" to a hurried customer.

This happened more than a quarter of a century ago, but this petty business loss, this incident that had occurred to others many times before—and since—was the first step toward the solution of one of the big problems of big business.

This man's loss set him to thinking, and his thoughts led him to realize that as long as human operators were used in establishing connections, there would always be human mistakes—that perfect telephone service required a system by which connections could be secured mechanically instead of manually. Day after day he pondered the problem and with a paper of pins, a pencil and an old round collar box, he devised a crude model of a machine which if it could be perfected, would do the work of the operator better and more accurately than the human hand.

Men laughed—as they had laughed at Galileo, Columbus, Morse, Westinghouse, Marconi, Edison. But still the dreamer worked over his pins and pencil and collar box, and thought of the days when business would no longer be hampered by false "busy" signals and wrong numbers.

At last the visionary met the one man who could and would undertake to make his dream come true—Joseph Harris, a man of affairs—with vision. Young and daring, Mr. Harris examined the home-made model and did not laugh; he listened and did not reply "impossible."

Realizing that his own ability lay in organization and finance, Mr. Harris induced a powerful Eastern concern to investigate the possibilities of mechanical telephoning, and the man chosen to make the study was A. E. Keith—still in his twenties, but already a commanding figure in the field of electrical development.

Mr. Keith came, he saw, and was conquered by the idea. Resigning a connection which gave every promise of success and power, he plunged at once into the task of overcoming the enormous technical difficulties that stood in the way of making the dream a reality. For months he worked with incredible concentration—eighteen to twenty hours a day—and gradually the apparatus destined to make telephoning perfect took shape.

Meanwhile Mr. Harris, with equal devotion to purpose, was marshaling capital and building a manufacturing and selling organization for this creation which, he foresaw, must inevitably become a giant among the instrumentalities of modern business. * * *

All this happened many years ago, and today Mr. Harris is President and Mr. Keith Chief Engineer of Automatic Electric Company, the great organization solely devoted to the manufacture of the Automatic Telephone. This equipment is known in all parts of the world. The Governments of Great Britain, Germany, France, Austria, Italy, Canada, Australia, have all investigated it, approved it, adopted it.

Such institutions as Krupp of Germany, the French Ministry of War, the British Admiralty, the Suez Canal Company, the Federal Reserve Bank of New York and hundreds of exchanges in cities of all sizes throughout the world have installed the telephone *without an operator*, and now enjoy telephone service free from the imperfections of the "human factor."

But perhaps the most significant development in the history of the Automatic Telephone has been its whole-hearted adoption by business concerns for interior telephone service.

Executives, engineers and efficiency experts have discovered that this equipment, which has proved so excellent for city use, is ideally adapted to service exclusively within their organizations. They have found that the Automatic Telephone not only saves eighteen seconds on every call made—a week a year for every Automatic user—but that it is so easy and convenient to use that whereas men used to walk instead of talk, with consequent confusion and loss of time, they now turn to the Automatic Telephone, not only in emergencies, but for carrying on the everyday routine of their work.

Its absolute secrecy and unvarying uniformity, the impossibility of its giving wrong numbers or false "busy" signals have freed the telephone from all its former hindrances.

The paper of pins, the pencil and collar box could not be recognized in the present perfected Automatic Telephone system, but they have served their purpose, they have filled a great business need—the Missouri dreamer has been justified.

Interesting literature on request.

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How People Think About the War

The Ending of the War—By H. G. Wells

ABOUT the end of the war there are two chief ways of thinking—there is a simpler sort of mind, which desires merely a date; and a more complex kind, which wants particulars. To the former class belong most of the men out at the Front. They are so bored by this war that they would welcome any peace that did not definitely admit defeat—and examine the particulars later. The "tone" of the German Army, to judge by its captured letters, is even lower. They would welcome peace in any form. Never in the whole history of the world has a war been so universally unpopular as this war.

The mind of the soldier is obsessed by a vision of home-coming for good, so vivid and alluring that it blots out nearly every other consideration. The visions of people at home are of plenty instead of privation, lights up, and the cessation of a hundred tiresome restrictions. And it is natural, therefore, that a writer rather given to guesses and forecasts should be asked very frequently to guess how long the war has still to run.

All such forecasting is the very wildest of shooting. There are the chances of war to put one out, and one has to reckon how long it takes to make generals of over fifty into soldiers of the new sort. I have made various forecasts. At the outset I thought that military Germany would be lavish with cavalry and great attacks; that it would fight at about the 1899 level; would be reluctant to intrench; and that the French and British had learned the lesson of the Boer War better than the Germans. I trusted to the melodramatic instinct of the Kaiser. I trusted to the quickened intelligence of the British military caste.

Early Forecasts Abandoned

The first rush seemed to bear me out, and I opened my paper day by day expecting to read of the British and French intrenched and the Germans beating themselves to death against wire and trenches. In those days I wrote of the French being over the Rhine before 1915. But it was the Germans who intrenched first.

Since then I have made some other attempts. I was very hopeful of the Western offensive in 1915; and this year I still count on our continuing push. I believe we were very near something like decision last September; but some archaic dream of doing it with cavalry dashed these hopes. The "Tanks" arrived too late to do their proper work, and their method of use is being worked out very slowly.

Hitherto one has hoped and looked for decision, a complete victory that would enable the Allies to dictate peace. But such an expectation is largely conditioned by such delicate questions as the adaptability of our gentlemen in spurs to high positions, and the readiness and ability of our authorities to get rid of imperfectly successful commanders. A German-American writer has said that the British would rather kill twenty thousand of their men than break one general. Even a grain of truth in such a remark is a very valid reason for lengthening one's estimate of the duration of the war.

Still, there can be no doubt that the Western Allies are playing a winning game upon the Western Front, and that this is the front of decision. It is not in doubt that they are beating the Germans and shoving them back. The uncertain factor is the rate at which they are shoving them back. If they can presently get to so rapid an advance as to bring the average rate since July first up to ten or twelve miles a day, then we shall still see the Allies dictating terms. But if the shove drags on at its present pace of less than a mile and about four thousand prisoners a week over the limited Somme Front—if nothing is attempted elsewhere to increase the area of pressure—then the intolerable stress and boredom of the war will bring about peace long before the Germans are decisively crushed.

But the war, universally detested, may go on into 1918 or 1919. The Allies have a winning game before them; but the British seem unable to discover and promote the military genius needed to harvest the victory. In the long run this may not be an unmixed evil. Victory, complete and dramatic, may be bought too dearly. We need not triumphs out of this war, but the peace of the world.

This war is altogether unlike any previous war, and its ending, like its development, will follow a course of its own. For a time people's minds ran in the old grooves; the Germans were going *nach* Paris and *nach* London; Lord Curzon filled our minds with a pleasant image of the Bombay Lancers riding down Unter den Linden. But the Versailles precedent of a council of victors dictating terms to the vanquished is not now so evidently in men's minds. The utmost the Allies talk upon now is to say "We must end the war on German soil." The Germans talk frankly of holding out. I have guessed that the Western offensive will be chiefly on German soil by next June; it is a mere guess, and it is quite conceivable that the push may still be grinding out its daily tale of wounded and prisoners in 1918.

None of the combatants expected such a war as this, and the consequence is that the world at large has no idea how to get out of it. The war may stay with us like a schoolboy caller, because it does not know how to go. The Italians said as much to me. "Suppose we get to Innsbruck and Labich and Triest," they said; "it isn't an end!" Lord Northcliffe, I am told, came away from Italy with the conviction that the war would last six years.

There is the clearest evidence that nearly everyone is anxious to get out of the war now. Nobody at all, except perhaps a few people who may be called to account, wants to keep it going—and Count Reventlow, and Mr. Leo Maxse—is it not his war?—and the demented Tory harridans, who swear by the Morning Post. Quietly perhaps, and unobtrusively, everyone I know is now trying to find the way out of the war; and I am convinced that the same is the case in Germany. That is what makes the Peace-at-any-price campaign so exasperating. It is like being chased by clamorous geese across a common in the direction in which you want to go. But, we ask, how are we to get out—with any credit—in such a way as to prevent a subsequent collapse into another war as frightful?

And that is why the thought that possibly there may be a side way out, a sort of turning over of the present endlessly hopeless game into a new and different and manageable game, through the introduction of some external factor, creeps and spreads as I find it creeping and spreading.

That is what the finer intelligences of America are beginning to realize, and why men in Europe continually turn their eyes to America with a surmise, with a doubt.

A point of departure for very much thinking in this matter is the recent conversation of speeches between President Wilson and Viscount Grey. All Europe was impressed by the truth, and by President Wilson's recognition of the truth, that from any other great war after this America will be unable to abstain. Can America come into this dispute at the end to insist upon something better than a new diplomatic patchwork and so obviate the later, completed Armageddon? Is there, above the claims and passions of Germany, France, Britain and the rest of them, a conceivable right thing to do for all mankind?

I have been joining up one thing to another, suggestions I have heard from this man and that; and I believe that it is possible to state a solution that will be acceptable to the bulk of reasonable men all over the world. Directly we put the panic massacres of Dinant and Louvain, the crime of the Lusitania, and so on, into the category of symptoms rather than essentials, we can conceive a possible world treaty. Let me state the broad outlines of this pacification:

In the first place, there would have to be an identical treaty between all the Great Powers of the world, binding them to certain things. It would provide:

That the few great industrial states capable of producing modern war equipment should take over and control completely the manufacture of all munitions of war in the world. And that they should absolutely close the supply of such material to all the other states in the world.

That they should set up an International Tribunal for the discussion and settlement of international disputes. That they should maintain land and sea forces only up to a limit agreed upon, and for internal police use only, or for the purpose of enforcing the decisions of the Tribunal. That they should all be bound to attack and suppress any Power among them which increases its war equipment beyond its defined limits.

A World State Possible

That much has already been broached in several quarters. But so far is not enough. It ignores the chief processes of that economic war which aids and abets and is inseparably a part of modern international conflicts. If we are to go as far as we have already stated in the matter of international controls, then we must go farther, and provide that the International Tribunal should have power to consider and set aside all tariffs and localized privileges which seem grossly unfair or seriously irritating between the various states of the world. It should have power to pass or revise all new tariff, quarantine, alien exclusion or the like legislation affecting international relations.

Moreover, it should take over and extend the work of the International Bureau of Agriculture, at Rome, with a view to the control of all staple products. It should administer the sea law of the world, and control and standardize freights in the common interests of mankind. Without these provisions it would be merely preventing the use of certain weapons; it would be doing nothing to prevent countries' strangling or suffocating each other.

These things being arranged for the future, it would be further necessary to set up an International Boundary Commission, subject to certain defining conditions agreed upon by the belligerents, to redraw the map of Europe, Asia and Africa.

Moreover, this International Tribunal, if it was indeed to prevent war, would need also to have power to intervene in the affairs of any country or region in a state of open and manifest disorder, for the protection of foreign travelers and of persons and interests localized in that country, but foreign to it.

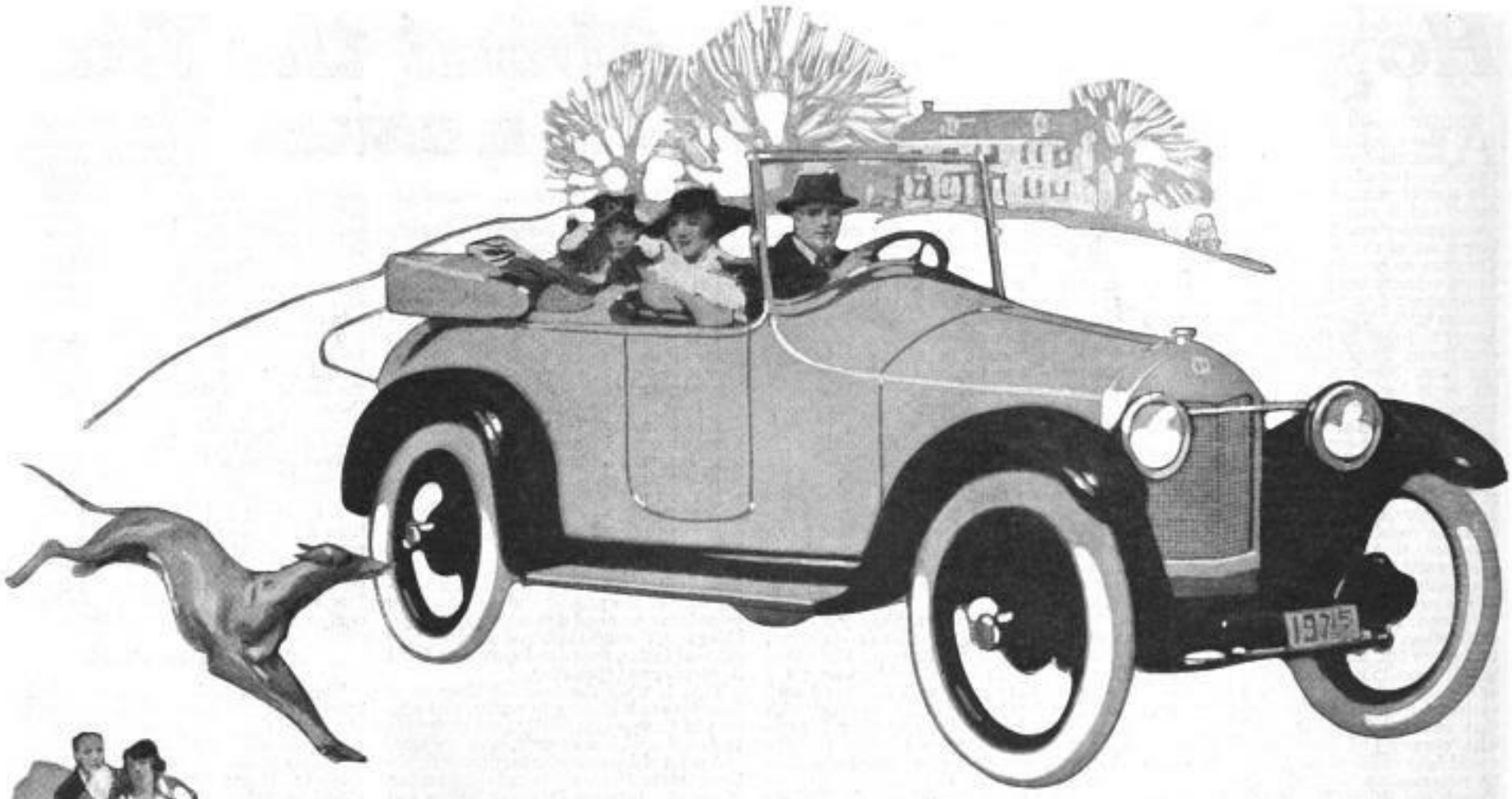
Such an agreement as that would at once lift international politics out of the bloody and hopeless squalor of the present conflict. But it needs the attention of such a disengaged people as the American people to work it out and supply it with—weight. It needs putting before the world with some sort of authority greater than its mere entire reasonableness. Otherwise it will not come before the minds of ordinary men with the effect of a practicable proposition.

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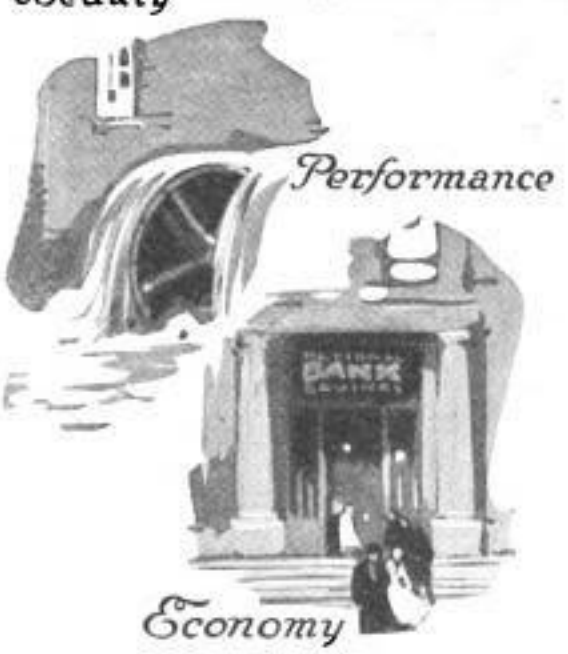
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(Concluded from Page 35)

I do not see any such plant springing from the European battlefields. It is America's supreme opportunity. And yet it is the common sense of the situation, and the solution that must satisfy a rational German as completely as a rational Frenchman or Englishman. It has nothing against it but the prejudice against new and entirely novel things.

In throwing out this suggestion that America should ultimately undertake the responsibility of proposing a world-peace settlement, I admit that I run counter to a great deal of European feeling. Nowhere in Europe now do people seem to be in love with the United States. But feeling is a color that passes. And the question is above matters of feeling. Whether the belligerents dislike Americans or the Americans dislike the belligerents is an incidental matter. The main question is of the duty of a great and fortunate nation toward the rest of the world and the future of mankind.

I do not know how far Americans are aware of the trend of feeling in Europe at the present time. Both France and Great Britain have a sense of righteousness in this war such as no nation, no people, has ever felt in war before. We know we are fighting to save all the world from the rule of force and the unquestioned supremacy of the military idea. Few Frenchmen or Englishmen can imagine the war presenting itself to an American intelligence under any other guise. At the invasion of Belgium we were astonished that America did nothing. At the sinking of the Lusitania all Europe looked to America. The British mind contemplates the spectacle of American destroyers acting as bottleholders to German submarines with dazzled astonishment. "Manila!" we gasp.

Some Historical Excuses

In England we find excuses for America in our own past. In 1866 we betrayed Denmark; in 1870 we deserted France. The French have not these memories. They believe they had some share in the independence of America; that there is a sacred cause in republicanism; that there are grounds for a peculiar sympathy between France and the United States in republican institutions. They do not realize that Germany and America have a common experience in recent industrial development, and a common belief in the "degeneracy" of all nations with a lower rate of trade expansion. They do not realize how a political campaign, with the slogan of "Peace and a Full Dinner Pail!" looks in the Middle West; what an honest, simple, rational appeal it makes there. Atmospheres alter values.

I set these things down plainly. There is a very strong disposition in all the European countries to believe America fundamentally indifferent to the rights and wrongs of the European struggle; sentimentally interested perhaps, but fundamentally indifferent. President Wilson is regarded as a mere academic sentimentalist by a great number of Europeans. There is a strong undercurrent of hostility, therefore, to the idea of America having any voice whatever in the final settlement after the war. It is not for a British writer to analyze the appearances that have thus affected American world prestige. I am telling what I have observed.

I state these things in order to make it clear that America will start at a disadvantage when she starts upon the mission of salvage and reconciliation, which is, I believe, her proper rôle in this world conflict. One would have to be blind and deaf on this side to be ignorant of European persuasion of America's triviality.

And I will further confess that when Viscount Grey answered the intimations of President Wilson and ex-President Taft of an American initiative to found a World League for Peace, by asking whether America was prepared to back that idea with force, he spoke the doubts of all thoughtful European men. No one but an American deeply versed in the idiosyncrasies of the American population can answer that question, or tell us how far the delusion of world isolation, which has prevailed in America for several generations, has been dispelled. But if the answer to Lord Grey is "Yes," then I think history will emerge with a complete justification of the obstinate maintenance of neutrality by America. It is the end that reveals a motive. It is our ultimate act that sometimes teaches us our original intention. No one can judge the United States yet. Were you neutral because you are too mean and cowardly, or too stupidly selfish, or because you had in view an end too great to be sacrificed to a moment of indignant pride, and a force in reserve too precious to dispel?

Every country is a mixture of many strands. There is a Base America; there is a Dull America; there is an Ideal and Heroic America. And I am convinced that, at present, Europe underrates and misjudges the possibilities of the latter.

Freemasonry in World-Thought

All about the world to-day goes a certain freemasonry of thought. It is an impalpable and hardly conscious union of intention. It thinks not in terms of national but human experience; it falls into directions and channels of thinking that lead inevitably to the idea of a world state under the rule of one righteousness. In no part of the world is this modern type of mind so abundantly developed, less impeded by antiquated and perverse political and religious forms, and nearer the sources of political and administrative power, than in America.

It does not seem to matter what thousand other things America may happen to be, seeing it is also that. And so, just as I cling to the belief, in spite of hundreds of adverse phenomena, that the religious and social stir of these times must ultimately go far to unify mankind under the Kingship of God—so do I cling also to the persuasion that there are intellectual forces among the rational elements in the belligerent centers, among the other neutrals and in America, that will coöperate in enabling the United States to play the rôle of the Unimpassioned Third Party, which becomes more and more necessary to a generally satisfactory ending of the war.

The idea that the settlement of this war must be what one might call an unimpassioned settlement, or, if you will, a scientific settlement, or a judicial and not a treaty settlement—a settlement, that is, based upon some conception of what is right and necessary, rather than upon the relative success or failure of either set of belligerents to make its will the standard of decision—is one that, in a great variety of forms and partial developments, I find gaining ground in the most different circles. The war was an adventure; it was the German adventure, under the Hohenzollern tradition, to dominate the world. It was to be the last of the Conquests. It has failed.

Without calling upon the reserve strength of America, the civilized world has defeated it; and the war continues now partly upon the issue whether that adventure shall ever be repeated or whether it shall be made forever impossible, and partly because Germany has no organ but its Hohenzollern organization through which it can admit its failure and develop its latent readiness for a new understanding on lines of mutual toleration. For that purpose nothing more reluctant could be devised than Hohenzollern imperialism. But the attention of every combatant—it is not only Germany now—has been concentrated upon military necessities; every nation is a clenched nation, with its powers of action centered in its own administration, bound by many strategic threats and declarations, and obsessed by the idea of getting and securing advantages.

It is inevitable that a settlement made in a conference of belligerents alone will be shortsighted, harsh, limited by merely incidental necessities, and obsessed by the idea of hostilities and rivalries continuing perennially.

It will be a trading of advantages for subsequent attacks. It will be a settlement altogether different in effect as well as in spirit from a world settlement made primarily to establish a new phase in the history of mankind.

Let me take three instances of the impossibility of victory on either side giving a solution satisfactory to the conscience and intelligence of reasonable men.

The first—on which I will not expatiate, for everyone knows of its peculiar difficulty—is Poland.

The second is a little one, but one that has taken hold of my imagination. In the settlement of boundaries preceding this war, the boundary between Serbia and northeastern Albania was drawn with an extraordinary disregard of the elementary needs of the Albanians of that region. It ran along the foot of the mountains that form their summer pastures and their refuge from attack, and it cut their mountains off from their winter pastures and market towns. Their whole economic life was cut to pieces and existence rendered intolerable for them.

Now an intelligent Third Party, settling Europe, would certainly restore these market towns—Ipek, Jakova and Prisrend—to Albania. But the Albanians have no standing in this war; theirs is the happy lot that might have fallen to Belgium had she not resisted; the war goes to and fro through Albania, and when the settlement comes—more particularly if it is a settlement with the allies of Serbia in the ascendant—it is highly improbable that the slightest notice will be taken of Albania's plight in this region. In which case these particular Albanians will either be driven into exile to America or they will be goaded to revolt; which will be followed, no doubt, by the punitive procedure usual in the Balkan Peninsula.

For my third instance I would step from a matter as small as three market towns and the grazing of a few thousand head of sheep to a matter as big as the world. What is going to happen to the shipping of the world after this war? The Germans, with that combination of cunning and stupidity which baffles the rest of mankind, have set themselves to destroy the mercantile marine, not merely of Britain and France but of Norway and Sweden, Holland, and all the neutral countries. The German papers openly boast that they are building a big mercantile marine that will start out to take up the world's oversea trade directly peace is declared. Every such boast receives careful attention in the British press. We have heard a very great deal about the German will-to-power in this war; but there is something very much older and tougher, and less blatant and conspicuous, called the British will.

In the British papers there has appeared and gained a permanent footing this phrase: "Ton for ton." This means that Britain will go on fighting until she has exacted and taken over from Germany the exact equivalent of all the British shipping Germany has submarined. People do not realize that a time may come when Germany will be glad and eager to give Russia, France and Italy all that they require of her; when Great Britain may be quite content to let her allies make an advantageous peace and herself still go on fighting Germany. She does not intend to let that furtively created German mercantile marine ship or coal or exist upon the high seas—so long as it can be used as a weapon against her. Neither Britain nor France nor Italy can tolerate anything of the sort.

The Freedom of the Seas

It has been the peculiar boast of Great Britain that her shipping has been unpatriotic. She has been the impartial carrier of the whole world. Her shippers may have served their own profit; they have never served her. The fluctuations of freight charges may have been a universal nuisance but they have certainly not been an aggressive national conspiracy. It is Britain's case against any German ascendancy at sea, an entirely convincing case, that such an ascendancy would be used ruthlessly for the advancement of German world power. The long-standing freedom of the seas vanishes at the German touch. So, beyond the present war there opens the agreeable prospect of a mercantile struggle, a bitter freight war and a war of Navigation Acts for the ultimate control, in the interests of Germany or of the Anti-German allies, of the world's trade.

Now how, in any of these three cases, can the bargaining and trickery of diplomatists and the advantage-hunting of the belligerents produce any stable and generally beneficial solution? What all the neutrals want, what every rational and farsighted man in the belligerent countries wants, what the common sense of the whole world demands, is neither the "ascendancy" of Germany, nor the ascendancy of Great Britain, nor the ascendancy of any state or people or interest in the shipping of the world. The plain right thing is a World Shipping Control as impartial as the Postal Union. What right and reason and the welfare of coming generations demand in Poland is a unified and autonomous Poland, with Cracow, Danzig and Posen brought into the same Polish-speaking ring-fence with Warsaw. What everyone who has looked into the Albanian question desires is that the Albanians shall pasture their flocks and market their sheepskins in peace, free of Serbian control.

In every country at present at war the desire of the majority of people is for a noncontentious solution that will neither crystallize a triumph nor propitiate an enemy, but which will embody the economic and ethnologic and geographic common sense of the matter. But, though the formulas of national belligerence are easy, familiar, blatant and insistently present, the gentler, greater formulas of that wider and newer world pacificism have still to be generally understood. It is so much easier to hate and suspect than negotiate generously and patiently; it is so much harder to think than to let go in a shrill storm of hostility.

It is not with any very strong belief that the United States of America will come forward to play the part of the Unimpassioned Third Party that I suggest that it might do so. I throw out the suggestion, in spite of its considerable improbability, because so I can imagine the end of this war being made the ending of all war in the world. But I admit that the hypothesis demands a proportion of moral and intellectual giants in the American population beyond anything known to us in Europe.

If America Does Nothing

In the case of America doing nothing so magnificent, then I do not really see more than a nominal end to the war. There may be a sort of peace, the peace desired by witless pacifists; it will mean merely that there will be a temporary cessation of gunfire and a transfer of the belligerent energies to a trade struggle, a shipping struggle, and a vast new armament competition which will entirely dwarf that modest "race of armaments" that toddled along before 1914. Except for a few microcephalic idiots this conflict for advantages will bore and exhaust us all indescribably, until it will be almost a relief at last to resume the gun explosions, and the stabbing and mutilating and digging in again. But the next war will have America in. Mr. Wilson has said it.

And then there will be no other state in all the world left, considerable enough to play the rôle of the Third Party. The next war that must convulse mankind, if we cannot end war in this war, will tolerate few neutrals and no noncombatants. Men will have to look to another Power, that is at once above them and within, to assert those external standards of justice which alone can give peace.

They might very well look to Him now—instead of looking across the Atlantic.

These states and empires and *kulture* for which we fight, for which we slaughter our sons, for which we wreck the world, are all no more than foolish and wicked effigies. Germany, the British Empire, Holy Russia—what are these things but great guys set up for men to serve and worship, when they should serve and worship God? What are our kings? What are our "national interests"? All the great religions deny these effigies, declare them idolatrous; all the great religions assert the same truth—that there is but one God for all men, and that He alone is King of the world.

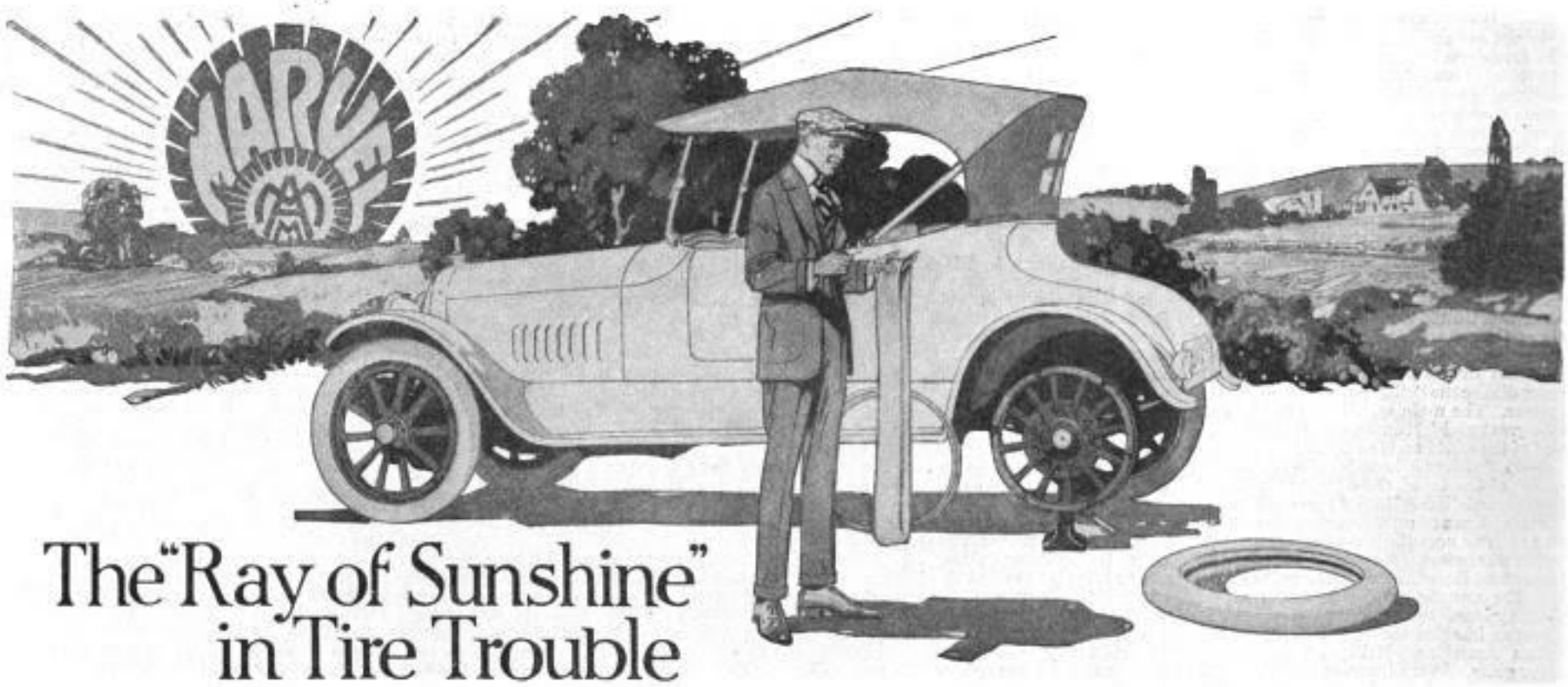
Yet, forthwith they set about hiding and smothering Him and forgetting their own mission in sectarian and national wrappings. But God is indeed the rightful King of the world; he is the God of the Englishman and the Frenchman, the Turk and the German, the Hindu and the American; He calls them all to serve Him and one another. They have but to look up, and they will see Him. And until they do look up and see Him this world is no better than a rat pit—a place slippery and disgusting and wearisome with the tormented stuff of furious and aimless lives.

And if you lack the living imagination to accept God thus—as a fact—then I ask you to accept Him as the only possible formula for the reconciliation and salvation of mankind.



Editor's Note—This is the third of three articles by Mr. Wells.

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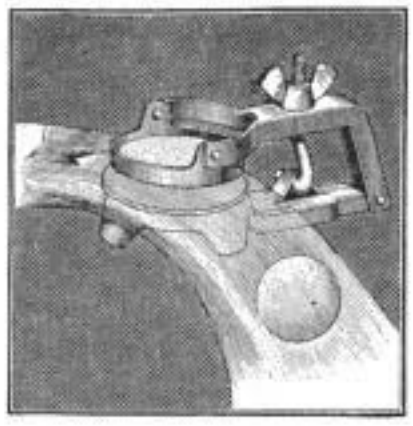
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TOMBOY

By ELEANOR GATES

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING



My Ten Thousand Dollars Was Lost. I Was Dead Certain of That

WELL, Lute Mullen," I says to myself, talkin' out loud like a crazy sheepman, "here you are!" I was standin' at a street corner in Los Angeles, one boot planted on my telescope valise. "Here you are, young feller! And it ain't so different from First Pines, Nevada. The buildin's are a little higher, that's all, and there's more of 'em. Also the streets are some longer at both ends."

Of course there's other differences too. Los Angeles is flat—not a hollow in it big enough to hide a cow. First Pines hangs to the north slope of Eagle Mountain. Steep? I should say!

Why, that mountain's so steep that the goats—well, you won't believe it, but the goats have to wear breechin', so's they can hold back goin' downhill!

Naturally the town hasn't none of them pay-if-you-can-ketch-'em street cars. Nor no oil-drinkin', dust-eatin' chug-chugs. I wasn't used to neither one, and considerable prejudiced against the last named—steerin' gear like a Tahoe steamer, insides of a donkey engine, and a smell like a Piute camp. Yes, and dangerous. Say, with automobiles scootin' two ways at once, a man's got no more chance for his life on the street than if he was exercisin' in a switch yard.

Speakin' of autos I was still standin' on that corner, expressin' opinions to myself, when all of a sudden I seen one. Oh, I'd seen 'em before—in Reno, once. No, I wasn't down there for that reason. But I'd never happened to see one bein' geehawed by a woman. This one was. It was a whoppin' two-seater, too, with a voice on it like a snowplow. And the woman was just only a girl.

"Well, talk about your tomboys!" I exclaims, mighty disgusted. Yes, tomboy is the word I used. Aw, if a man could see ahead!

She reined up right beside me, pullin' a lever or two and pushin' a few buttons. Then she stood up, drawin' off her gloves, and—stared straight at me!

Tomboy or not, I had to admit that she was cute—slim, and not taller'n my shoulder. Don't you hate a beanpole? So do I! And her face! You know, there's faces that are so kind of delicate and sweet that when you come across one of 'em you know exactly what their owners looked like when they were kids. Well, hers was that brand—roundish and pink, with a square little chin, eyes blue as a Sierra lake, and a mouth as scarlet as a snowflower. She was wearin' a sugar-loaf hat pulled down all the way. On the eaves of the hat was a handful of cherries that looked good enough to eat. And blowin' out from under the rim was some light fluffy hair.

Then—still starin'—she spoke!

"Am I in your way?" she inquired, some anxious.

I didn't just catch on to what she meant, but all I had to do was tell the truth. "No, ma'am," I answers.

"That's good." She gives a glance behind her. "But—but where's the camera?" And she begins to look all round.

Off came my sombrero, and pickin' up my valise—it was heavy, I can tell you!—I stepped forwards with my best First Pines bow.

"I haven't seen no camera," I says. "Can I help you to find it?"

She stared at me again. "O—h!" She laughed a ripply little laugh. And three dimples danced a grand-right-and-left into place. "It's not a movie. You're a real cowboy." Which just shows you what I looked like.

The next minute she shed her duster, hopped to the sidewalk, and disappeared into the bank.

The bank was why I'd stopped on that particular spot. Comin' along from the deepot, I'd kept my eye peeled for one. And here loomed up this grand specimen, two stories higher'n its neighbors, all of stone, and with windows as wide as a Silver State freighter. The front door of it was built right flat across its outside corner, and I thought it was locked—which explains my darn-fool waitin'. But now, seein' it wasn't, I clapped on my hat and followed Miss Tomboy. Don't mind tellin' you that I felt a mite chesty.

"Well, that wasn't so worse," I says, "to be mistook for Dustin Farnum!"

Straight in from the door was a small window with "Cashier" in gold letters over the arch. I went up to it. "Howdy"—he was a tony feller with a mighty nice face—"I'd like to speak to the—the boss of this establishment, if it's all the same to you." "President" was what I ought to of said, but I was rattled, and the word ducked when I reached for it.

"I'll see if Mister Gleason is in his office." He motioned me to set down. Polite, wasn't he? The bench I took was covered with fancy leather. And, my, what fine polished wood was everywheres! Elegant? As elegant, by thunder, as a sleepin' car!

He didn't leave his window for one second. But banks has got a system of signals that beats all your Injun sign-talk. So pretty soon a boy—in full-gathered trousers, mind you!—shows up from behind a partition, and he knows exactly what was expected of him.

"This way," he says, swingin' open a door. And I went in to the handsomest kind of a little room. Two people were there, both settin' at desks. One was a old gent with white hair and grizzled eyebrows. The other one was—Tomboy.

"So she's a typewriter," I says to myself. And I was some disappointed. Because the only typewriter I'd ever met up with before was a lanky lady at the First Pines General Merchandise Store. Name, Pearl. Say, but Pearl was homely! Homely enough to stop a clock, as the popular sayin' goes. But this typewriter girl! She gave me a shy sideways glance.

"What can I do for you?" Say, he had on a soft shirt!

"Mister President"—I liked him already—"I'm goin' to ask your bank to put what I got here into the safe." I tapped my valise.

"Ah." He showed he was interested.

I set the valise on a chair and begun to unstrap it. "When I made up my mind to quit the mountains," I explained, "I paid a visit to a certain hawg-back and dug up this."

"Mountains!" he says, lookin' pleased. "Why, my first bank was in Grass Valley."

"You don't say!" Well, I might of guessed it, from the boots he was wearin'. "First Pines, Nevada, boss," I says.

"Here! Shake! And now what you got?"

"A friend of mine was dead set against me fetchin' it down in just this shape," I told him. "'Take a check,' he advised. But 'No,' I answers, 'I'm goin' amongst folks that won't know Lute Mullen from the side of a house. But—they'll know cash.'" Here I lifted the top of the valise.

The president looked. "Well!" he exclaims. Which fetched her over.

I'd spent more or less time in arrangin' my pile. The paper money was laid flat, in neat rows. And holdin' the paper down was my gold twenties, each yellow boy done up separate in tissue paper.

"How much is here?" (The old gent.)

"Ten thousand." (Me.)

"My!" (Her.)

That girl's lashes was so long you could of braided 'em.

Just then the bloomer kid put his head in at the door and named some man's name.

"Can't be disturbed now," says the president, kind of short.

Thought mebbe he didn't like my proposition.

"Ain't it goin' to—to be O. K.?" I asked. "Can't I leave this?"

He smiled. "You can deeposit right now." She smiled too.

"I'm glad. Then I can go buy a meal. I bought a couple of oranges off the peanut butcher on the train, but they didn't satisfy me much."

The cashier comes in. More signals. And "John," says the president, "this gentleman is ——"

"Lute Mullen," I helps out. I was jealous of that young feller already. "And I want to make a deeposit." Oh, I ketch on to a new one!

Never seen a more surprised expression on a man's face.

"Thousands!" he kinda whispers, leanin' over the valise.

"Ten thousand," says the president. "We'll count it here."

John was a corker at countin'. Now I was on intimate terms with every piece of paper and every lump of gold in that valise. I've been more'n ten years collectin' 'em and gettin' acquainted with 'em. He'd counted the whole lot in about fiveminutes, seems like, snappin' the bills and ringin' thetwenties. Then he slipped me a piece of paper that showed they was still mine. Gosh, I hated to think that my gold and paper friends would be mixed up soon with hunderds of other bills and coins, so even I wouldn't know 'em if I was to meet 'em comin' my way through the little window.

As I picked up my valise to go Mister Gleason says: "You seem a very young man."

"Twenty-six, come August." This was January.

"Twenty-six, and you've saved ten thousand dollars!"

"Everything I touch seems to turn out fine." Say, just remember that brag!

"Hope I'll see you again. Do you plan to remain in Los Angeles?"

"We-e-ell," I says —— Fact is, I hadn't made up my mind what I was goin' to do, beyond lookin' round me for a while. But now, happenin' to glance past him to her, why: "I'll make this city my headquarters, sir," I answers. "I aim to put some of my cash into real estate."

"Come and see me if I can help you at any time," goes on the old gent, mighty kind. "I'm here from ten to three 'most every day, and when I ain't, why, my daughter"—here he turned to her and took her hand—"is at her desk. And"—laughin'—"she's got a business head."

So she wasn't a typewriter!

"Learnin' the bankin' trade?" I inquires.

She smiled up at her pa. "I'm taking the place," she says, "of the brother I never had."

Now, wasn't that a mighty pretty idea? Makin' old dad feel good, you savvy. And I'd called that nice thoughtful little lady a tomboy! "You great hulkin' backwoodser!" I says to myself, "you don't deserve no breakfast."

"So," goes on proud pa, "if you come in and I'm away just ask for ——" Here he said her name.

What do you guess it was? Well, think of the nicest girl's name that you've ever heard in all your born life. Come ahead! That's it—Stephanie.

Stephanie! Dignified, not common, and graceful. And it suited her.

"Stephanie," goes on Mister Gleason, "after me."

"You?"

"Stephen—Stephen Gleason, you see."

"Oh." Stephen—Stephanie. Tomboyish after all. But what'll you think about what comes next?

"But we don't call her Stephanie," goes on her pa.

"Ah!"

Now she spoke up. "No. Everybody calls me Billie."

Billie! A girl, and Billie. Gosh! Why, once I had a goat ——

"You think that's a funny name for a girl, don't you?" Tootle—toot—all the dimples into place.

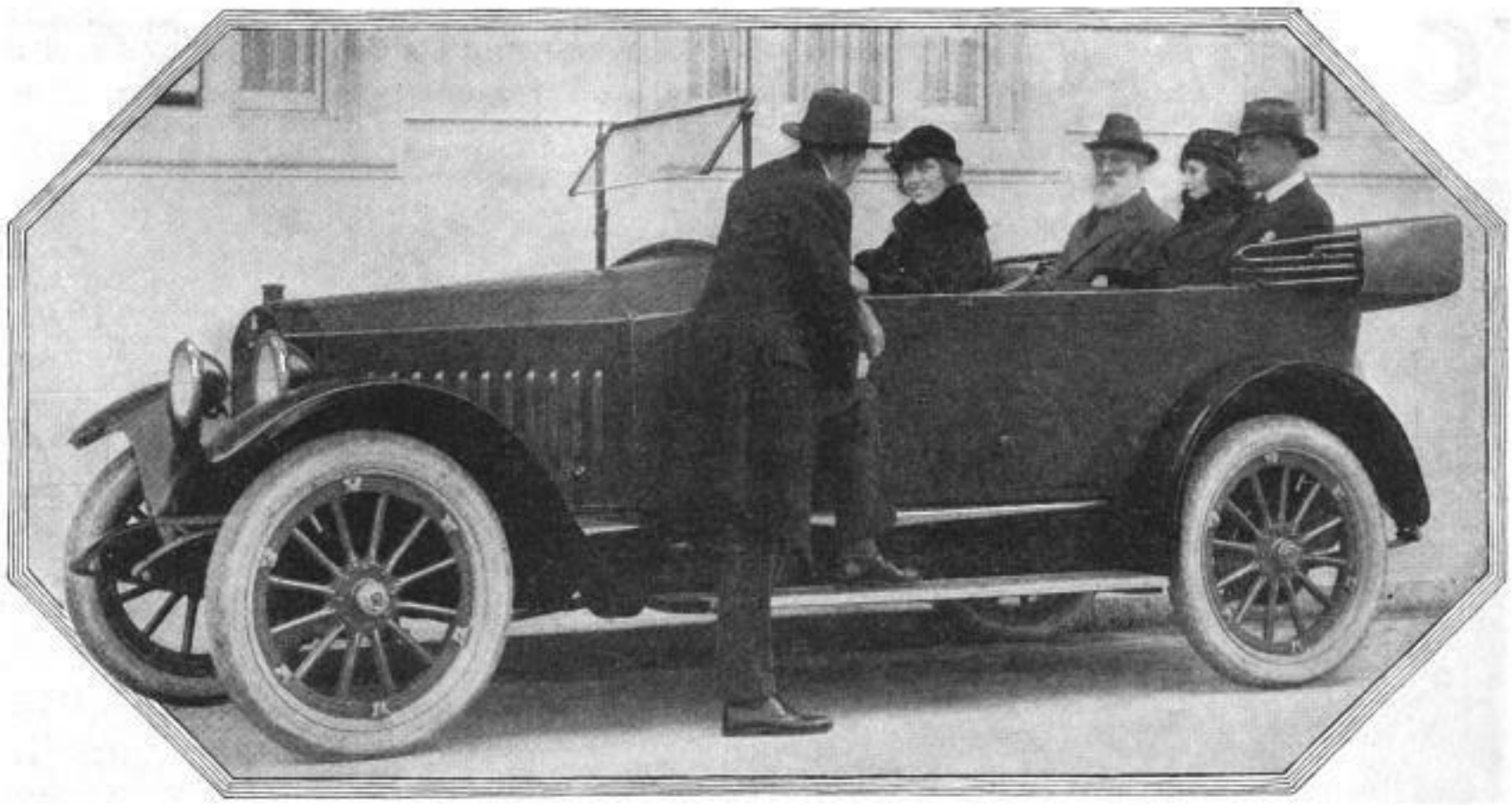
"Well, I—I—I ——" Got out about fifteen of them I's. After that I just had to have somethin'. I made for an eatin' house.

(Continued on Page 41)



Tomboy or Not, I Had to Admit That She Was Cute

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Your Pride in a Liberty

YOU are proud of your Liberty car because it is proof of your own good judgment. It is proof that you have bought wisely and deliberately, on hard business facts.

You have not been influenced by mere statements, by manufacturers' claims, by dealers' words.

You have bought the Liberty on positive proof—on your knowledge of all other cars. And the Liberty proves the soundness of your judgment.

This is the way the Liberty practically sells itself all over the country.

Straight Facts

Never before were you invited to step out of a larger and more expensive car into a five passenger "six" and make the direct comparison.

We ask you to do this with the Liberty and draw your own conclusions.

Never before were you invited to sit in comfort in the back seat while the car drives at full speed over car tracks, ruts, pits, and hollows.

We ask you to do this in the Liberty, to note the long, always easy swing that means your relaxation and motoring comfort. You sit *in* it—not *on* it.

Never before were you invited to push out a clutch pedal with one finger—to pull an emergency brake with one finger—to shift gears from third to second at full speed.

We ask you to do this on the Liberty, and to learn what driving ease really means.

Positive Proof

The Liberty is a solidly built, dependable, honest car, made by men who have been producing high priced cars since the beginning of the industry. It is built to create an enduring and permanent business.

It is especially notable for driving ease and riding comfort—to an extent never before achieved.

It is these features which you must prove to yourself—by the stiffest kind of tests.

So that you—like the thousands of other Liberty buyers—will be proud of your car.

On a solid basis of proved facts.

Get into a Liberty *today*. Prove these statements to yourself. If they are true in every detail you want a Liberty car.

See the Liberty at the Chicago Automobile Show—Armory—Jan. 27th–Feb. 3rd. Five passenger Touring Car, Four passenger Close Coupled Roadster, Detachable Sedan, Victoria, and Shopping Brougham.

LIBERTY MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT

LIBERTY SIX

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(Continued from Page 39)

"Just rope and tie me some ham," I says to a gent wearin' an apron. "Yes, and I don't care if you rob a nest."

Oh, a good appetite, no denyin' it; a jo-dandy appetite. Nevertheless and notwithstandin', I soon begun to see that I was in a blamed queer state. That first day—to start off with—I picked a certain boardin' house just because there was cherry trees in the yard. And if I looked at anybody, all I could think was: "She's got blue eyes." And for two whole days, while I was lookin' at real estate, what I actually did was to travel in a circle. Say I started east, toward Spanish-town, or west, toward the Pacific Ocean. Just as sure as a crow knows its way home I'd land up finally at the bank. Wouldn't know how I got there, but there I'd be.

"Work is what you need, you poor son-of-a-gun," I says, facin' my conscience in the lookin'-glass. And the fool glass says back to me: "Billie."

Well, when I couldn't stand it no longer, I took Mister Gleason at his word and dropped in on him. Hang it all, he was there! But he was more'n nice, made me set down, and took my hat away from me. Miss Billie gives me a little bow, with a smile for good measure, then goes on studyin' a long paper full of numbers.

"Mister Mullen," says her pa.

"Call me Lute, boss."

"Well, Lute, tell me about yourself."

I went back to when I was ten, and just sort of sketched the next sixteen years—the sheep business, then polo ponies, then cattle. "But," I ends up, "I got tired of the hills." I looked out of the office window. It showed into the rear yard. There was hammerin' goin' on out there. And I seen that next to the bank was the back door of an undertakin' place.

"Lute," says Mister Gleason, "you're down from the hills, as you say. But you know a lot of things. Not the same lot of things that the men round here know. But—well, I'm down from the hills, too, and you're pretty much like what I was when I first struck Grass Valley."

"You make me feel kind of at home, boss."

"Glad of it! Now—picked out any property yet?"

"Not yet, sir." If he only knew about my crazy circlin'!

"Well, I've got two good investments in mind. One's here in Los Angeles, the other's in Watrous, the junction town just east. As to Los Angeles, Lute, of course it's always growin'."

Growin'! I should smile! A Los Angeles man told me that his dawg left home one mornin' and stayed away about two weeks. When the dawg made to come back, that end of Figueroa Street was so changed that the poor critter couldn't find the house. No, ma'am! The man complained about it to some animal society. Growin'? Well, don't this story go to show?

"How about a couple of new bungalows over in the north side of town?" goes on Mister Gleason.

That didn't appeal to me strong. Because, judgin' from the little I'd seen, there ain't no kind of bungalow that hasn't been tried on Los Angeles at least once. So I wouldn't undertake to hand the town a new one.

"But that Watrous proposition," I says. "Y' see, boss, a young man cottons to a young place."

"It's a fine buildin'—brick, three stories and all rented. The owner died and his heirs had a row. They want to sell. The property's bound to raise in value."

"Is $10,000 the price?" I was excited. And I noticed that Miss Billie was lookin' at the old gent, eyes big.

He laughed. "The price is $40,000."

"Gee, Mister Gleason!"

"Wait. Ten thousand dollars will handle it—that much down, cash, and a thirty-thousand-dollar mortgage."

"But, boss, I don't know anybody." Then fifteen more of them I's.

"Suppose you pay your $10,000," he explains, "and take over the leases. You'll have a good sum ahead every year to pay on your principal. Before you know it you'll be clear. And I'll take that mortgage for you, at four and a half per cent."

"Daddy!" Miss Billie sprung up, well-nigh strangled him with a hug, and—yes—kissed him.

Say, ever been wound up in a swing? Then you know that swimmy feelin'. I give you my word, there was seven windows to that office, and seven carpenters poundin' away in that back yard. And I had to hold on to my chair. Lordy, what'd happen if she was ever to kiss me!

But why did she kiss him?

"What do you think of the proposition, Miss Billie?" She was back in her chair.

"What do I think of it? Daddy was goin' to buy that property himself."

"Oh." That didn't tell me much.

I begun to reason: Here's a buildin'. He figgered to buy it. Then he turns it over to me. She's good at business. She's glad he ain't goin' to carry through the deal—and lose. She's so glad she kisses him. How's that?

Dead wrong. If it's a bad proposition for father, it's a bad proposition for me. And she's too kind, too sweet, too nice, too unselfish too—so she didn't kiss him because I was to be the sucker. No, she kissed him because he was lettin' me in on a good thing. But, pshaw! That can't be so. She don't know you, Lute. She don't care—you poor imitation of an actor! Just the same, about forty-'leven little hummin'-birds set up a hullabaloo in my heart.

And when I left the office, with the name of the real-estate gent at Watrous, I was so happy that I stopped to shake hands with John. After which he showed me how he wraps up twenties—fifteen of 'em to a roll. He had a wood tray chock full of rolls right inside his window, and he was as unconcerned about it as if they was cookies.

"Whew!" I exclaims. "Ain't this takin' chances?"

He laughed. "If anybody was to grab that tray," he answers, "they wouldn't get so awful much." Careless geezer, wasn't he?



"'No,' I Answers, 'I'm Goin' Amongst Folks That Won't Know Lute Mullen From the Side of a House. But—They'll Know Cash'"

Now I know what you think is goin' to happen: Broad daylight—bank robber—Lute Mullen to the rescue—big article in the papers—and so on, and so on. But that ain't it. To continue:

In no time I was aboard little old Number 7, and she was switchin' her tail through wonderful orange groves, and next through the most gosh-awful desert, on her way to Watrous. "Miss Billie!" sung the wheels of the chair car: "Miss Billie! Miss Billie! Miss Billie!" Just one hour and a half later, here I was, standin' in front of that three-story brick buildin', gazin' up at it, with a big grin on my face, and gooseflesh all up my spine, and—can't deny it—salt water splashin' on my coat lapels. "What'll the First Pines Gazette write about this!" I says to myself. Because on the ground floor was a fine store, a slick-lookin' barber shop and—the post office! Sort of a Government buildin', you see. The second and last floors was the leadin' hotel of the place. Tried to make out the names on all the signs. Every last one of them read "Billie."

When I'd looked till I had a crick in my neck and a crowd round me, I hunted up Mister Jordan. Little man. Funny high voice. Office in a shack by the deepot. His bungalow was north of town—one of a half dozen that was strung along a green lawn. I explained I was goin' to take over the Gleason proposition. Didn't want to wait. My Los Angeles bank would transact all the business. Here I drew myself up.

"Well," says Mister Jordan, "I'll have to ask for a little delay. The owners, Robert and Jennie Howland, are not in Los Angeles at present. It'll take me a month to get their signatures to the deed."

"All right. This is January twelfth. Say we make it February twelfth?"

"Why not make it April first?" he says.

"No," I come back; "what's the use of puttin' it off?"

Finally we settled on March thirteenth. April first would've been bad enough, but note this hoodoo date! I was to turn over thirty thousand dollars through my bank, and he was to give me "a good and sufficient" deed. But he was to fix up a contract right away and I was to pay in my ten thousand dollars. "But hurry that contract, Mister Jordan." "You bet I will, Mister Mullen." Then Number 10 was jerkin' me towards—her. "Mullen Buildin'!" sung the wheels. "Mullen Buildin'! Mullen Buildin'!"

Mullen Buildin' was the name I settled on. And I seen a painter about puttin' the two words on both side walls, from front to back, close to the top, and big enough to be read from incomin' trains. For the sign over the hotel I bought brass letters—MULLEN HOUSE. Wanted 'em gold, like the cashier's, but they come too high. Had all eleven of 'em sent to my boardin' place, and I stood 'em up against the skirtin' of the room, so's I could enjoy 'em. And there was other things to attend to. Was busy every minute of that month. For instance, I had some business cards printed: "Luther Mullen"—no Mister—with "Los Angeles" in the left-hand lower corner, and "Watrous" in the right. Sent a full dozen to First Pines. Next, bought some fly-screens—the kind that has scenery painted right on the wire. There was mountains exactly like old Eagle, with cute little Los Angeles bungalows hangin' to 'em, and ladies and gents dressed up in theater duds whilst they herded sheep. Stood the screens up alongside the brass letters. Then I happened on a barber pole. It was red-and-white, like a stick of candy, and had an electric light inside. You wound up a clock dingus, and she turned for further orders. As I was shuttlin' betwixt Los Angeles and Watrous every day, I put it up to the Mullen Buildin' barber—learnt his trade in 'Frisco! I says: "If you'll go halves on the pole, Jim, I will." He said: "O. K." That pole looked grand in my room. Havin' the red-and-white pole, the next play was to blow myself on awnin's to match—beauties, with Mullen Buildin' painted on the overhang.

One mornin' my contract was ready. It said that I'd bought such and such a lot, bounded this way and that, "with appurtenances thereon." Notice that fifteen-dollar word! I signed it, and wrote out my ten-thousand-dollar check. That was some occasion. Yes, ma'am! Because Miss Billie helped me look through the directories, and through a bluebook—it wasn't blue—to see if we could find Robert and Jennie Howland. Well, we couldn't. That same evenin' I got asked over to the Gleason house, and we set on the side porch, and a Chink brought us fruit punch, which ain't punch no more than a bluebook is blue, and I seen a little bit of heaven—heaven with a garden round it, palms here and there, and beds of violets—a heaven with folks that was home folks.

That was the night I begun to dream. Aw, that dream! It stayed with me, wakin' or sleepin'. Always she was beside me, in the circle of my right arm. Both her little hands was tight in one of mine. Her head was on my shoulder, her hair blowin' against my face.

Of course I had to report at the bank once a day and have my little chin-chin. Sundays, I nearly died. Then come March twelfth. This was the mornin' I was to go to the bank, take the thirty-thousand-dollar check over to Watrous, stay the night at my hotel, and come back March thirteenth with the deed. I started downtown wearin' my best suit. Had a copy of the First Pines Gazette in my pocket. It had somethin' about "our young townsman, Lute Mullen" in it. I aimed to show it to her. Was hikin' along in grand spirits when I seen a fellow just ahead of me stop and look up at the sky. So I stopped. Overhead was floatin' a big leaf—no, it was too big for a leaf; it was about the size of my hat. It lit. It was a piece of burned paper.

The fellow stared at it. "By thunder!" he says over and over: "By thunder!"

"What's the matter?"

"This has blowed all the way here since the fire."

"Fire? What fire?"

"The fire at Watrous."

Watrous!

I didn't go to the bank. Couldn't take that face of mine where she could see it. Besides, maybe my buildin' wasn't gone. Anyhow, I wanted to find out—I wanted to know the worst. I jumped on a train.

Funny what things ketch a man's attention at a time like that! I didn't know but every dollar I owned in the world was swallowed up. Just the same, as we hiked along I watched a fool dawg race the engine. When bad luck gets a stranglehold on your throat, or when the ground splits wide and you see bottom, you'll stop to brush a speck off your cuff.

But after we passed San Bernardino and struck the desert, I set up and took notice, all right, all right. Here was people comin' towards Los Angeles in machines and wagons, with their belongin's piled in the back. A few folks was afoot. Next, smoke—not so much though. And then—jiminy crickets!

It was about ten miles off, I reckon. It reminded me of the time a strange parson turned up at First Pines to hold revivals. The night I heard him, he kept repeatin': "And the fire shall devour 'em—the fire shall devour 'em." "Well, by golly," I says to myself, "in this case the old duck was right!" On the gray stretch of the desert was a black spot—like the shadow of a big bird. Just only a spot!

Recollect that brag of mine—"Everything I touch seems to turn out fine?" Well, Lute Mullen, here's where you come down off your high horse!

We stopped on the edge of the ashes. To the north was that row of bungalows on the long patch of green. I clumb down and hoofed it to Jordan's. He was settin' on his front porch.

"This is awful!" he calls as I come up. "This is awful!" His hand was cold as ice.

"Mister Jordan, don't Robert and Jennie give me back my ten thousand dollars?"

He kind of bristled.

"Mister and Miss Howland will live up to that contract," he answers; "and so will you."

"Well, I won't ask Mister Gleason to pungle up thirty thousand dollars for a pile of ashes on a hot lot."

"I'm not rushin' you, Mullen," he comes back; "take your time."

That sounded pretty decent. "Thank you, Mister Jordan. But—how about the insurance?"

He started up. "Oh, that's the worst of it!" he says. And beginnin' to pace the porch: "That's the worst of it!"

"Mister Jordan! You mean ——?"

Well it seems the insurance companies wasn't crazy about takin' risks at Watrous, the water supply bein' none too good. Jordan's company had an agent that was always talkin' fires. Now the storekeeper had been keepin' an awful lot of gasoline in his cellar. Jordan didn't raise no rumpus about it—he might lose a good tenant.

(Continued on Page 45)

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THAT IS A BROAD STATEMENT—we fully appreciate how sweeping. And yet we have no hesitancy in signing the Reo name to it. And you know what the Reo word is worth.

WE BASE THAT ASSERTION on the experience of the seven seasons that this Reo model has been made in practically its present form, and on the statements of thousands of dealers who have sold, and tens of thousands of owners who have driven, this car.

DOES NOT THE VERY FACT that we have continued to make this model year after year that long time—just refining and improving details as our engineers or body designers found opportunity—

DOES NOT THAT FACT PROVE our sincerity and our great faith in this model?

JUST THINK BACK over those years and recall, if you can, the many, many new models that have come—and gone; the many "revolutionary" inventions that failed to revolutionize; and changes that failed to endure.

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ANSWER THAT out of the fullness of your long experience—for it is fact that few "new" buyers select Reos. This car is most popula among the most experienced. These have learned one great fact—namely—

THAT FIRST COST IS NOTHING—it is a consideration of not eve secondary importance.

THESE ARE THE ESSENTIALS, and we submit that, within reason able limits, first cost should not be the deciding factor.

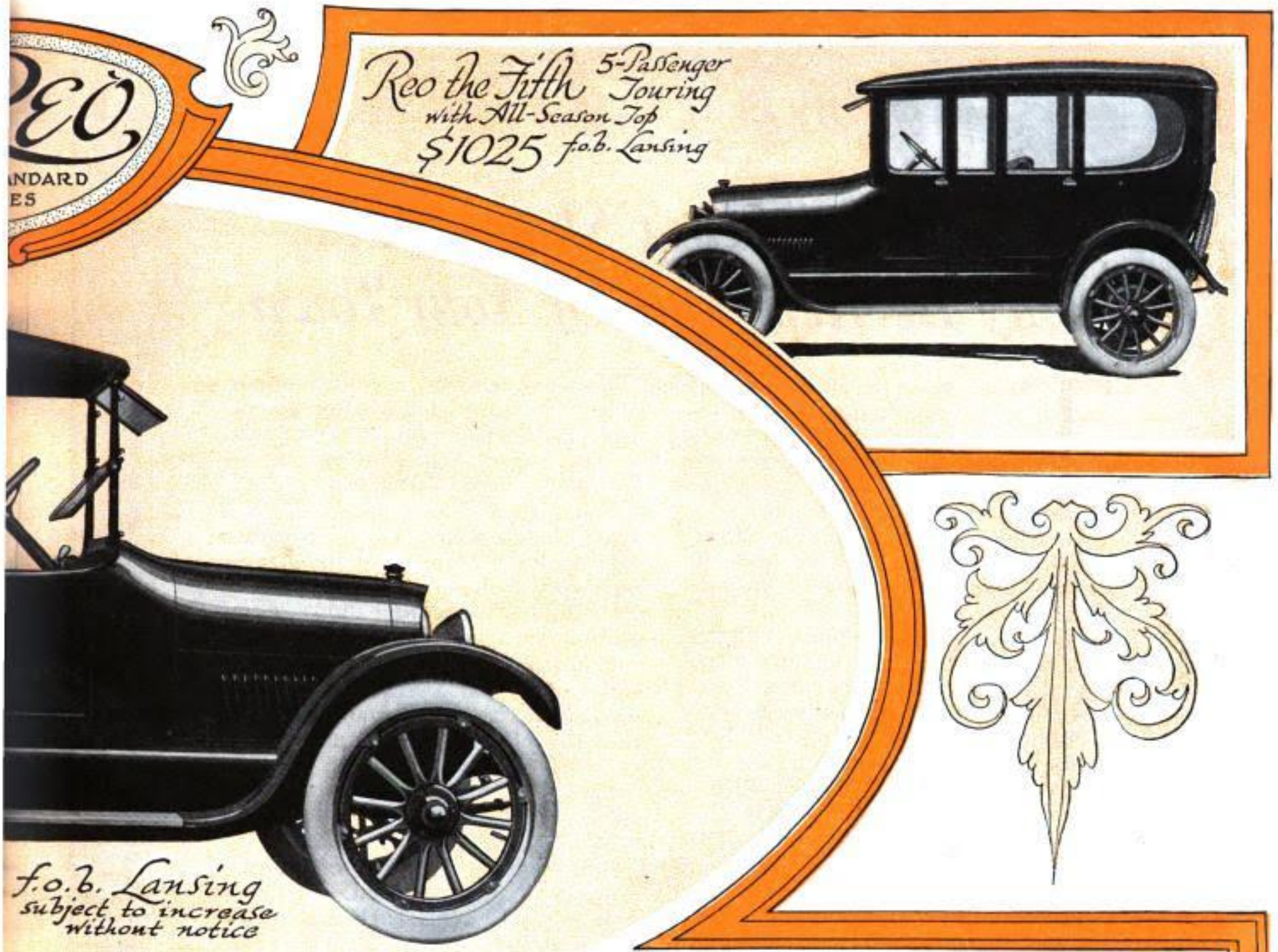
FOR OBVIOUSLY 'T WERE IMPOSSIBLE to put into a motor ca that quality that is Reo—the materials and the workmanship and th liberal quantity of both—that guarantee Reo reliability and lo upkeep cost and yet compete on a price basis.

"50 PER CENT OVERSIZE in all Vital Parts"—that well-known Re standard, should cost 50 per cent more. As a matter of fact it does no cost that much more, nor do you pay 50 per cent more. Only abou 15 per cent. Reos are sold on a small margin of profit.

SO SMALL, BY THE WAY, that it may be necessary at any moment t increase it—which we reserve the right to do without notice. An Reo sold at this time is sold with the expressed understanding that th sale price will be the list price at time delivery is specified.

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) THE ONLY WAY TO BE SURE of getting a Reo the Fifth at the present price is to buy it and take delivery now—if your local Reo dealer can supply you.

YOU HAVE THOUGHT that that Reo slogan, "50 per cent oversize," was a mere advertising catch-phrase or a kind of harmless exaggeration, we suggest that you go into the matter fully—it is important that you inform yourself—that you know. And you'll find that it is, in fact, an under-statement of the facts—very much so.

OW YOU CAN'T BUILD that kind of a car and sell it at the price of a light "skimpy" car. You can't put Reo strength, Reo quality into it and yet meet a price competition. You can't put super-quality, super-strength and super-service into an automobile and yet meet a price of mediocrity.

E HAVE NEVER TRIED TO. Never intend to. Reo prices like Reo quality, are made here and without regard to—without even considering—prices other makers set on their product.

ND REO LOW UPKEEP COST is a result. The price you are able to obtain for a Reo of any vintage in the "used car market" is a result. The fact that the first Reo the Fifth ever made is still doing excellent service is a result; and the consistency of performance of all Reos—the enthusiastic endorsement of all Reo owners—is another result of that Reo policy.

WE HAVE NEVER STRIVEN to make all the automobiles—only the best. Never tried for vast quantities—only better quality. Never tried to make a dollar out of Reo stock save as it came legitimately from the making of Reo cars and trucks.

WE HAVE BEEN CALLED "OLD-FASHIONED" and sometimes even a Reo dealer whose standing in his community is the result of selling this sterling product, importunes us to change—to make lighter, more flashy, more sensational performers—and to get into the mad price-race.

TO WHAT END? WE ASK—To what end?

HAVE WE NOT ACHIEVED that which is—or should be—the highest ambition of an engineer or a manufacturer or a salesman—a sterling product whose merit is universally recognized and acclaimed—by ally and rival alike?

WE THINK SO—and are content. For many years to come we hope to make this great model—always a little better—never skimping to meet a price.

THE GREAT SPRING DEMAND is already upon us. There won't be enough Reos to go round—never have been. So order—and get delivery—as soon as possible. We shall not strive to meet the whole demand—only to fulfill your ideas and ours of what constitutes a good automobile.

AR COMPANY
ICHIGAN

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Why The Best Shoe Values May Be Kept Out Of Your Town

THE old style shoe-dealer is *secretive*. He doesn't want his customers to know too much about his business—where he gets his shoes, what he pays for them, or how much he adds to that price.

He believes in Private Labels. *Why?*

Ask him for a standard shoe of known value, and he doesn't keep it. *Why?*

He has his shoes stamped with his own name. There are manufacturers who do that—make anonymous shoes and stamp any dealer's name on them.

Some dealers like to say—"These shoes bear our own name; they are specially created for us"—making a mystery of a simple matter. *Why?*

Then there is the dealer who features a branded shoe, giving it the air of a national Standard Make—when it *isn't national* and it *isn't standard*. He features a name but he wants it weak. *Why?*

When you walk past the store of the local shoe-dealer and see shoes in the window, ticketed "latest styles," what *authority* is back of that style? The local shoe dealer's authority? He may be narrow and local, or badly advised in his style information. When you wear his shoes in Fifth Avenue, New York, Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, or Walnut Street, Philadelphia—you may find they are stylish only in your own town.

There is, perhaps, a golden opportunity right in your town for a shoe-dealer who will supply *authentic styles, verified values,* as good as can be obtained anywhere in America.

Take Regal Shoes, for example. There are fifty Regal Stores in the great Metropolitan Centres; about a thousand special Regal representatives in other towns and cities; and over two million wearers of Regal Shoes.

Consider the great city stores alone and think what a *test,* what a *guarantee,* they are of Regal styles and values. Every Regal Shoe must compete *every day* with every fine shoe in America. If Regals were not right they could not survive, yet Regal does an ever-increasing business.

Now, we have as many of our own stores as we need, or want.

When it comes to special Regal representatives, the difficulty is to find, in each town, the *Regal kind of shoe-merchant.*

The man we want to know is the shoeman who believes in fair profits and a busy store: a man who really wants to give you the Regal *kind of values*—shoes of known merit, verified styles: a man who believes in building up a business as an institution, based on *good faith* and *good service*—not trying to stick a big profit on one pair of shoes.

The whole town would get back of a shoe-store like that. You can see the man hiring more clerks and renting a bigger store.

REGAL SHOES

268 SUMMER STREET BOSTON, MASS.

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(Continued from Page 41)

Which might stop my buyin' the buildin', you savvy. But the week I paid over my ten thousand dollars that agent happened along. He seen the gasoline and he raised Ned. And he canceled the policy!

"And I thought a couple of weeks wouldn't matter," whined Jordan. "Then you could straighten the storekeeper out and insure again. So I took a chance."

I walked off, head down. My ten thousand dollars was lost. I was dead certain of that. Lost! Aw, it wasn't the money I cared about—so help me! It was the dream! The dream!

The train was gone out of sight towards the southeast. I couldn't bear to think of waitin' around them smokin' brick piles for a westbound one. I started for Los Angeles afoot.

Along some time that next mornin', as I was passin' a station, here comes a train goin' my way. I got aboard, and laid back in one of them mechanical plush chairs. "You're beaten!" the wheels taunted at me. "You're beaten! You're beaten! You're beaten!"

Funny I didn't think of goin' to see a lawyer that next day. But I haven't got much confidence in lawyers. I hold that a lawyer is a feller that makes a guess about what he can do—and then charges you for it. Also I kept away from the bank. Wasn't no use to talk about spilt milk.

It was about eight o'clock that night when I found the yard with the cherry trees. I stumbled into my room, knockin' over an awnin', puttin' my boot through a fly-screen and shufflin' the brass letters. Stretched myself on the bed, face buried.

"Let me be a weak calf just this once," I says—I reckon you'd call it prayin'—"and I'll try to buck up to-morrow. I will! I will!"

"Boo! Boo!" goes a machine in the street, like as if it was makin' fun of me. Then I heard the gate slam, and steps up the front walk. "After twelve o'clock to-night," I reminds myself, "my rights to the Mullen Buildin' will be a goose egg. Because if that thirty thousand dollars ——" Knock! Knock! Knock! Next: "Is he in yet?" I springs to my feet. Oh, heaven openin' up to a poor cuss! It was her voice! We met in the hall.

"Mountaineer?" Her eyes was anxious—and kind. I could of gone down on my knees to her. Aw, there ain't nothin' beats the tender-heartedness of a woman!

"It's all right, Miss Billie. I can go to raisin' cattle again. You see, they just didn't have enough water to fight with."

"It's going to be all right." She uses better language than me. "Now hurry if you're comin'. Where's your hat, Mountaineer? And bring a heavy coat ——"

To myself I says: "You'll wake up, boy. A man always sees things when he's gone without his meals."

Two winks of her sweet eyelashes, and we was in the big car and scootin' away. Happy? Say, I was with her. For just that I'd lose a Mullen Buildin' once a day!

We stopped at the bank. There was a light inside, and we found Mister Gleason in his office. He was walkin' up and down. "Where you been all day?" he says. And: "You know I got you into this."

"Boss, no man could foresee that fire."

"We could of watched out about the insurance." So he'd heard about that! "And we needn't of been suckers as regards that contract."

"The contract?"

"My lawyer showed me a joker in it to-day—a joker that's as big as Mt. Lowe."

"Boss!"

"Now tell me—quick, too—just what did Jordan say?"

So they'd heard I'd been over. Well, I gave him Jordan's exact words—about "time," and about livin' up to the contract.

"Lute, that contract don't specify that he must turn over to you a certain kind of a buildin'. It describes the lot, all right, but only adds 'with appurtenances thereon.'"

"I remember."

"Appurtenances!" goes on the Boss. "That's where we're stung. Appurtenances is the cellar, Lute—and the tin cans."

"Gee!" Well, I never did like that word.

"Lute, we're goin' to hand that thirty thousand dollars to Jordan before twelve o'clock to-night."

"No! It's good money after bad."

"Listen! He wants you to take time—and default in your payment. Mebbe he wants it because he can't carry out his part of that contract by midnight."

"You mean ——" Christopher Columbus, but I was excited!

Miss Billie's face was all pink. "Suppose the deed burned, Mountaineer," she put in. "He's got to have another, properly signed, by twelve. Well, he's never had any power of attorney, and that brother and sister don't live around here. So ——"

"Hoo-ray! Hoo-roo!"

"Lute," says the Boss, "we'll offer him the thirty thousand. If he can't hand over the deed let him hand over your ten thousand. I find it's in his own account yet."

I reached out my hand. "Give me the thirty-thousand-dollar check, Mister Gleason. I'm on my way to Jordan's."

"A check ain't legal tender."

I didn't understand.

"Mountaineer," says Miss Billie, "we got to take the cash."

"Thirty thousand dollars?"

"Thirty thousand dollars."

I reached for my time-table. I could say the day schedule backwards and forwards; but at night ——

"No more trains," says the Boss.

"It's got to be the car." Miss Billie was changin' the pins in the cherry hat. "I'll drive. Gas, water, new tires—we're ready. All I need is a box."

"But is it safe?"

"We ain't afraid, Mountaineer. Need a good-sized box."

"Billie and me drive everywheres at night," adds Mister Gleason. "There ain't no danger."

"All the same, let's have a man to drive."

"We're losin' time, Mountaineer. Please! That box!"

"Got a revolver, Lute?"

I took it out.



"Here Goes Thirty Thousand Dollars, Johnnie," I Says to Myself

She laughed. "I been wonderin' if you didn't carry one."

"But not on this trip," says Mister Gleason. "A gun only draws fire." Which is true.

"But, Boss, now ——"

"I'm going to drive—you can't scare me. Oh, do find a box!"

"Get the cash all counted," calls back Mister Gleason, on his way to the front office.

"Risk you gittin' hurt, Miss Billie, and your pa's money, and ——"

"You'll find one in the yard," she answers.

I went out. I found a box all right—from the undertaker's. It was the rough, outside-case kind, as big at one end as it was at the other. Hated to take it, but what else could I do? It was a little one, and it had a cover that fitted. Also it had handles.

Miss Billie was used to that undertakin' place. When she seen the box she only nodded, and led me into the front office. There was the Boss and the night watchman—where the cashier was daytimes. They put in the money—rolls, and rolls, and rolls. Then on went the cover. This was when we noticed the little plate on one end of it. And on the plate was a little name. It kind of choked us up.

But we didn't have any too much time. Two nails into that cover, one at each end, and out we toted the box, put it behind the front seat—fitted just right, it was so teeny—and pulled a buggy robe over it. Then Miss Billie took her place at the wheel.

"Boss, I thank you, I thank ——"

"Good luck!"

A kiss for daddy, and we scooted, bound eastwards.

"We'll make for the railroad tracks, Mountaineer."

"All right, girl. Give him his head."

At the edge of town one slim little hand dropped from the steerin' rig. She gave that old machine some kind of a dig in its off shoulder. And the bungalows begun to stand closter together.

"Now, Lute," I says to myself, "this here is a dream." For darned if it didn't seem like one, with the asphalt skimmin' under us, with that thirty thousand dollars behind the seat, and with her leanin' over the pommel, the cherry hat pulled way down, so's only the square little chin was showin'.

But every mile it got realer. My brain started to work again. "Boo! Boo!" we hollered as other machines went by. We were alongside the Santa Fee tracks by now. Our engine breathed like an animal. Could see how it was she loved the car. It minded her like a good kid, and there was no gruntin', no slackin' on the tugs, no call to pity a tired wheel.

Due east lay our road till we reached San Bernardino. Then we turned north, to make through the Cajon Pass. And soon here was the cottonwoods of the Mojave River, which has water in it at that time of the year. "Boo! Boo!"—a cow, if you please! "What's the time, Mountaineer?"—keepin' her eye on the road, you savvy. "Just nine-seventeen, Miss Billie, by your made-in-the-buggy clock." "Boo! Boo! Boo-oo-oo-oo!"

Folks wasn't thick on the road out here, you bet. But pretty soon up tears a car towards us. A man leant out—yelled somethin'. I couldn't catch what he said. Miss Billie didn't pay no attention to him. "Been drinkin'," is what I thought. "Boo! Boo! Boo!"

Then—all of a sudden—a single light ahead. Couldn't be another machine, you see. And it wasn't movin', as a lantern ought to. But it was right in the middle of the road. Yes, and hangin' from a long fence-board!

It stopped us short.

"Say, girl! What ——?" I started to stand.

"Hands up!"

"Don't move!"

One order come from the river side, the other from the tracks. As I raised my hands—and, gee whiz! but I hated to—a man closed in on us from each direction. They was short men, and dark-complected. The righthand one had a gun. The other carried one of them flashlights built like a flute.

Miss Billie took her hands off the wheel, set back, and stared at the feller with the revolver. "Don't shoot!" she begged. Then, before they could ask us for a pocket-book or a watch, she turned half round and throwed the buggy robe onto the back seat. "There!" she cried out. "There! There! Let me show you," pullin' at the cover of the box.

The fellow with the flash got up onto the car step and aimed his light on her hands.

"Here goes thirty thousand dollars, Johnnie," I says to myself. Always call myself Johnnie when I'm sore at bein' a fool. That second I seen an awful queer look come onto his greasy little face. Oh, he was a Mexican, all right. He give a gasp, stared at Miss Billie—and crossed himself!

"*Dee-o me-o!*" he says under his breath—and stepped down and back!

Before I could understand what it was all about, the other Mexican jerked away the fence-board, waved us to go on, and you bet your life we went!

"Boo! Boo! Boo!" And "Oh! Oh! Oh!" this last bein' Miss Billie, bent way over the pommel.

"Aw, little girl," I says, cut to the heart; "aw, it's a shame to have you cry like that! Let's stop till you feel better."

"Oh! Oh!" she answers back. "I'm not crying, I'm laughing!"

She laughed so hard I thought she'd run us off a culvert, or into the willows and the stream. Oh, yes, I knew what'd saved us. That greaser thought—you guessed it! And that's why Miss Billie started to cry a speck after all. Just like a woman! Then she quiets down, and gives me a quick look, eyes shinin', face all smiles. "Mountaineer!" she says.

Aw, Billie Gleason! I took off my hat, leant down to the wheel, and kissed one of them strong little hands.

"Boo! Boo! Boo!"

Expect I ought to say that a shoe came off, or we had to stop for water, or somethin' like that. But no such happenstance held us up. The wind of the Mojave was in our faces, and not a mite too cool. There wasn't even a speck of dust to make the goin' less fine. In fact, the ride was too short. We didn't know we'd got there till we ran smack betwixt two piles of bricks and ashes.

No, it didn't give me no jolt. All I could think of was: "Thank heaven, the money's safe now! The money's safe now!"

We set back on our traces, wheeled, and galloped for the bungalows, where I made myself terrible popular by wakin' up the whole string before I located Jordan's. A head was poked out of a window—a bald head.

"Lute Mullen, Mister Jordan. Please come out."

Down went the window. Then the door opened.

"Well?" he says, meanin': "What're you doin' here at this time of night?"

"This is the 13th of the month," I explains. "I'm to hand you thirty thousand dollars; you're to hand me a deed."

"But look here—"

"You come and look into this car." I started for the road and he follered.

I clumb onto the back seat and got my fingers under that cover.

"What you got?" Oh, he didn't act like a man that wanted thirty thousand dollars.

"This here"—skritt, skritt go the nails—"is the cold cash." At that I lit a match. He looked.

"My soul!"

"Of course you'd like to count it?"

"N-n-n-no."

"No?"

"No use. With Mister Howland in New York and Miss Howland in Chicago, I'll just have to default in the delivery of the deed."

"Why didn't you tell me that yesterday?"

I was mad! "Here I've risked this money, that ain't mine, and the safety of this young lady, and—it's a blamed shame, if you want to hear me!"

"Very sorry." He backed away.

(Concluded on Page 48)

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To Goodyear Service Station Men

It is a common error on the part of the average consumer, to believe that the tire manufacturer wants his product to wear out as soon as possible.

Correct him!

Tell him what this Company has done to make tires yield *more* mileage, to give less trouble, longer life, better satisfaction, at lower cost.

Tell him first of the Goodyear No-Hook Bead, its introduction, and what it has meant to the tire buyers of America in eliminating rim cuts, tube pinching, blowing off the rim. Point out to him that this year's improvements alone on this single feature have cost us an extra half-million dollars.

Tell him of the Braided Piano-wire Base in Goodyear Tires, how much it has added to the effectiveness of the No-Hook Bead idea in security, as opposed to the round cables, double cables and wire arrangements commonly used.

Tell him of the Goodyear "On-Air" Cure, an exclusive process costing us this year six hundred thousand dollars in excess of the old method, and what it means to users in reducing the risk of blowouts from wrinkled or buckled fabric.

Tell him of the Goodyear Wrapped Tread construction, and its importance as a guard against inferior tires' going into service. Let him know what it costs us to maintain this feature.

Tell him of the special material used in Goodyear Tires—of the fabric, made to our own specifications because the general market doesn't offer its equal, which tests five per cent stronger than we can buy elsewhere.

Tell him of the advantages of the Goodyear Breaker Strip, and how, built in between the tread and cushion stock, its perforations permit the formation of rubber rivets which hold tread and carcass in an indissoluble unit.

Tell him of the extra material that goes into Goodyear Tires and Tubes, making them larger and stronger, that they will ride easier and wear longer—an item footing close to three and a half millions of dollars extra this year.

Tell him of the bigger blocks that go into Goodyear All-Weather Treads this year, to give them greater traction and greater non-skid efficiency, at an extra cost to us of more than four hundred thousand dollars.

Tell him of the All-Weather Tread itself, how it is twice as thick as ordinary treads and most effective of all non-skid treads, and how this extra thickness this year costs us more than one and a half millions of dollars.

Tell him that the additional labor and the special equipment required for exclusive Goodyear processes cost us more than three-quarters of a million dollars.

Tell him that the total of sums spent by Goodyear in twelve months to make his tires serve better, wear longer and cost less, exceeds *four and a quarter millions of dollars.* He should know this, for it is spent in his behalf.

And then, as a climax (for it is a climax in tire accomplishment), tell him of the Goodyear Cord Tire—how we developed, improved, perfected it to a point surpassing anything that had gone before—how we made it truly representative of the best we had learned, evolved, hoped for, through all our experience in tire building.

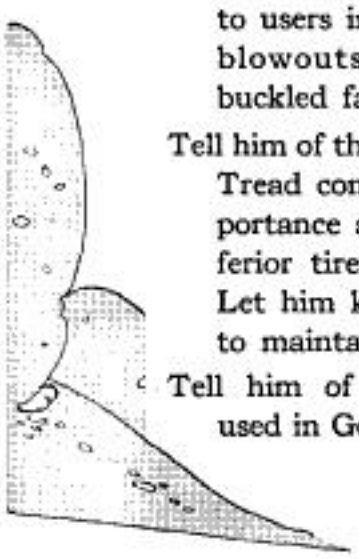
Tell him how, if it costs a little more to buy than other tires, it costs much less to own—and is worth surprisingly more, in point of comfort, distinction, endurance, security, liveliness, power-saving and fuel thrift.

You have a real story to tell the tire-buyer. Just state the facts. They are sufficiently impressive. They evidence the quality of our tires; and the prices we ask in return speak ably enough of the economies we have effected in manufacturing and distribution.

In conclusion, it might be well to reveal how The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, through men like yourself, is pursuing a nation-wide plan of tire conservation, by informing tire users in the matters of proper inflation, prevention measures, care and repair.

This point, alone, should refute the error we mention in the opening paragraph of this advertisement.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio



Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

CORD TIRES

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Reduce Your Meat and Fuel Bills

Many an expensive cut of meat has been spoiled because of the pot it was cooked in.

The ideal utensil for Potroasting is the

"Wear-Ever"

Aluminum Windsor Kettle

In it you can make an appetizing, nutritious Potroast from one of the cheaper cuts of meat, without water and without grease.

Heat the empty Kettle over a low flame; sear the roast on all sides; then turn down the fire to a mere flicker. Turn the meat when half done.

The wonderful durability of "Wear-Ever" utensils saves you money and eliminates the annoyance of continually buying new cooking utensils. Compare the price of a "Wear-Ever" Kettle with that of the best enamel kettle of the same size. You'll be surprised that "Wear-Ever" utensils can be bought so cheap.

"Wear-Ever" utensils are made in one piece, without joints or seams, from thick, hard sheet aluminum. They take the heat quickly and hold it a long time. There is no coating to chip or peel, no place for food to lodge. Cannot rust—are pure and safe.

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"

If you have never used "Wear-Ever" we will send you the sample 1-qt. Stewpan as pictured,



FOR ONLY **30c**

if coupon is mailed on or before February 27th, 1917.

"Wear-Ever" utensils are sold by leading hardware, house-furnishing and department stores.

The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co., New Kensington, Pa., Dept. 18 or (if you live in Canada) Northern Aluminum Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Send, prepaid, 1-qt. "Wear-Ever" Stewpan. Enclosed is 30c in stamps or coin—to be refunded if not satisfied. Offer good until February 27, 1917, only.

Name_____

Address_____

(Concluded from Page 45)

"Guess you are. And I'll just take my ten thousand dollars."

"Do you think I carry large sums around with me like you do?"

"I'd hate to tell you what I think. Come across with the check."

Whilst he was inside I paced up and down. Miss Billie stayed in the machine. Every minute or so I could hear her sigh or give a little sob. We'd covered a hunderd miles, you see, and the girl was tired out.

Then he came back. And here was my ten thousand dollars. I read the check in front of a headlight.

"Good night," says Jordan, tryin' to be pleasant.

"Good *night!*" I answers—just like that.

Slam!—his door.

"Well, Mountaineer?"

I gave her the check. "Oh, little woman, you've saved my hard-earned stake!"

She smiled at me. "You're welcome. Hop in."

I was standin' against the off front wheel. "No, I've got to tell you somethin'. I want to own up. Can't keep it on my conscience no longer. Remember that first time I seen you? Well, I called you a tomboy—that's what I did. A tomboy. Just because you were drivin' a car. And here this same car—aw, will you forgive me? Will you?"

She put a hand on my shoulder. "Dad likes you, Mountaineer," she whispers.

That finished me! "Oh, Billie!" I says to her. "Oh, don't think I'm crazy! Don't get down on me! Billie, I love you! I love you more'n my life!"

"Dear Mountaineer!"

She leant towards me—right into the circle of my arms! "Oh, blue eyes and bobbin' cherries! Oh, blowin' hair, and dear, dear face! Oh, tired little hands—God love 'em! Oh, sweetheart! Sweetheart! Sweetheart!"

It was that dream of mine—come true!

"Oh, Daddy'll be glad too. Let's hurry back."

"With you so worn out? Aw, rest, little girl. Here, I'll wrap this robe around you. And we'll set right here in front of Jordan's till sun-up. No more dark road for me, riskin' your safety and all this cash."

She laughed. "The Mexicans can have it," she says.

"Have it?"

"Oh, we didn't like to tell you, Mountaineer. You're so outspoken, so honest, you couldn't bluff—couldn't carry it off. But ——"

The joke was on me! And on Mister Jordan! You recollect that wood tray full of twenties that the cashier kept right inside his window? Well, he was careless on purpose, in case an auto bandit should happen by. And all them rolls of his—the very rolls we had in the car, with a lot more of the same kind—were just only iron washers!

BEING NICE TO NELLIE

(Concluded from Page 18)

"Dinner for that creature! What do you think I am—crazy? She'll never set foot in my house again so long as she lives. You'll have to go somewhere else to see her—the club, or in swimming."

"Madame, I beg of you!" I entreated. "When I answered all your questions, and told you everything, you agreed not to talk of it further. Then why not let this painful subject drop? Why not forget it?"

"I won't talk about it," she said; "but I can never forget it. To think of you making such a fool of yourself!—that's what gets my goat. The whole town is laughing at you. And everybody feels *sorry* for me! And here I used to pity Annielee when people felt sorry for her behind her back!"

Promises are easily given, but keeping them is another matter entirely. Madame Giraud could no more steer clear of the topic of our luncheon than a novice on a bicycle can avoid a tree. At all hours of the day she would revert to it. At night she would wake me with a question she had forgotten to put more than a dozen times before. Yes; my sufferings were acute, m'sieu.

One night after the Fields, M'sieu Joe Hicks and his wife had been there, and the two gentlemen had been rallying me rather crudely about the escapade, as I was now forced to regard it—late that night Madame Giraud stole out of bed and into the nursery. I thought nothing of that and dozed; but, waking later and perceiving that her bed was empty, I followed to ascertain the reason of her absence.

The nursery was in semidarkness and the Ethiopian slumbered in her bed. Above the wicker nests where my noble boys slept like rosy cherubs bent my wife. I tiptoed to her side before she heard me and, therefore, caught the words she was murmuring into their unconscious ears:

"Oh, my poor, darling, fatherless babes!"

Fatherless, indeed! My patience was exhausted. But I dared not reprove her there lest our talk disturb the twins. However, she could divine from my haughty demeanor that I was ill pleased; and when I whispered that she ought to obtain some much-needed rest she consented to do so.

Yet from the day I met the captivating Madame Nellie at the fountain we have had no secure domestic harmony, m'sieu. The slightest reference to anything remotely suggesting the adventure starts madame on a harangue. Why should she harp on such a matter endlessly? Why do the spheres revolve in their orbits? It is woman's way, m'sieu. Should we ever be blessed with a daughter, which will doubtless be the case, my earnest prayer is that she will have a sense of proportion. There is nothing womankind lacks so much.

And now you know, my friend, why the mere mention of Memphis is painful to me. That city is the residence of Madame Stratton, and I shall never be allowed to go there. Probably we shall never meet again, and a friendship so auspiciously begun will be terminated forever. And for what? Because of foolish jealousy.

"Jealous? Ha, ha! That's a good one! But I hate to see you make a fool of yourself. That's all," madame asseverates.

She tried to make me promise I would never do anything in future without either consulting her first or telling her about it immediately afterward. But I hesitated to do so. Not that I contemplate any affairs; but my dear wife wished to make the pledge a blanket one, covering not only casual meetings with her woman friends, but all my goings-out and comings-in. In short, she desired to keep tabs on my daily schedule by means of this promise. And I would not. Wholly blameless as my life is, I could not brook to have it regulated on the basis of a kindergarten. Therefore I put her off.

"The great Napoleon once said: 'The best way to keep one's word is not to give it,'" I reminded her with a smile.

"You won't promise? Then you must intend to do that sort of thing often!"

"Nonsense, my angel! I will readily agree not to make an engagement of any description with a lady, however close she may be to our family, without first obtaining your sanction. But that I should render you minute reports of every act throughout the day—no! Nonsense!"

And there the matter rests, m'sieu. Finding me obdurate, madame was obliged to be content with this concession, and things now move along much as before.

But the perfect day with Nellie had one salutary effect: it taught me the value of appearances. In future Henri Giraud will show a discreet regard for the conventions.

In this connection I should perhaps relate what occurred at a vaudeville performance last week. It was the opening bill and my wife was anxious that I should take Cousin Glossy, who is visiting us from Arkansas in order to buy clothes.

"I don't feel up to it myself," Jane explained. "I have a splitting headache and little Henree is cutting another tooth. Do you mind taking her alone? I shouldn't ask you, dear, only Glossy adores the theater so."

"I shall be delighted," was my reply.

Yet I went with a sinking heart. My wife's cousin is doubtless an estimable woman, but she possesses an exuberance that is extremely trying to a sensitive nature—especially in public.

She is large, and about thirty years old, with a voice like one of the cowherds who infest her father's farm. And her natural tendency is to be kittenish.

Eh bien, I bought seats well down in front, as madame had ordered, and there Cousin Glossy and I ensconced ourselves with a box of chocolates. The show was a wretched one, full of coarse humor, raucous singing and dances that lacked everything but vim.

To Cousin Glossy, however, it was a carnival of wonders. She gripped my arm until I winced when the lady trapezist took a flying jump. She stared breathlessly at the trained dogs, occasionally relieving the tension by nudging me and remarking:

"Oh, isn't he cute? The li'l' darling!"

She devoured chocolates steadily; and, no matter how feeble the joke, she fairly shook and rocked about, tears trickling down her fat, comely cheeks. Of course it was inevitable that we should attract attention, and twice there were audible titters when Cousin Glossy became hysterical.

It is superfluous to tell you, my friend, that to a man of fine sensibilities the situation was painful. It rapidly grew more so. Glossy lost all control of her risibilities; I began to fear that, unless the performance ended soon, Nature would have its way and our relative would be carried from the house a helpless but still quivering wreck. And I glanced back to make certain the aisles were clear to the exits, and to locate the lustiest of the ushers in order that I might the more readily enlist their aid.

The first person my eye fell on was Madame Jimmy Arthurs. She was sitting with a party of six, I judged; at any rate, two other ladies had their heads close to hers and their escorts were smiling broadly.

M'sieu, I did not hesitate. No! Well I knew what was being whispered behind those programs, and I rose abruptly from my place. Without pausing to apologize to my limp companion, I strode back to the party and, leaning down to them, said earnestly:

"Look you, mesdames—and you, also, messieurs—this lady with me is my wife's cousin."

They gaped at me, too thunderstruck to utter a sound. "So," I ended meaningly, "don't start anything!"



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BRUNSWICK

PLAYS ALL RECORDS



All Phonographs In One

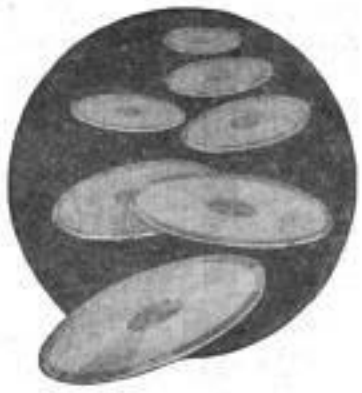
THE wonderful Brunswick phonograph was announced several months ago. It was heralded as "all phonographs in one." Naturally there were a few who doubted.

But now folks who have long waited for the ultimate phonograph frankly admit that the Brunswick takes first place.

The combination of all the merits of the many has really been brought about. All over the land those who have heard the Brunswick have been eager buyers. They are spreading the news among other music lovers. The Brunswick is the greatest sensation in the phonograph world.

The House of Brunswick has been famous for generations for its wood-working experts. They have been making fine phonograph cabinets for years. But not until a perfected phonograph was possible could the House of Brunswick afford to bring out the Brunswick phonograph.

Hear this marvelous instrument now. Make comparisons. Learn the saving. We leave the decision to you.



Unlimited Choice

WHEN it was announced that the Brunswick plays ALL records, many music lovers whose libraries had been limited to certain records were won over immediately to the Brunswick.

Hitherto phonograph owners have found that some of the greatest records were barred from their homes. Now the Brunswick removes all limitations.

The Brunswick is equipped to play all records as if on their own machines. The correct sound boxes are furnished. Any needle may be used, including the jewel point, the sapphire ball, steel, etc. All without extra cost.

On the Brunswick any record, whatever make, is given new tonal values. Shadings hitherto hidden are now brought out.

Leading authorities in acoustics helped to design and build the scientifically correct, wooden-walled sound chamber. It is built as delicately as a violin.

Again, we leave it to you to test out all records on the Brunswick to substantiate our claims.



An International Alliance

THE House of Brunswick, sole makers of the Brunswick phonograph, has made an international alliance with Pathé, the world-famous makers of records.

This opens up a hitherto untapped field, bringing to America the exquisite renditions of Europe's famous artists.

This arrangement gives to the owner of a Brunswick all the best American records and all the best European records.

Two sound boxes are furnished with the Brunswick—thereby meeting the requirements of all makes of records.

Experts who have made hundreds of tests say there is no more remarkable combination than the Brunswick phonograph and Pathé records.

So the House of Brunswick is glad to recommend Pathé records.

But remember, the Brunswick plays ANY record. If you already have a collection of records they may be played with a new delight on the Brunswick. Or if the Brunswick is your first phonograph, you have the world to choose from.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY

623–633 S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago 29–35 W. 32nd Street, New York

DEALERS—Write for our unusual proposition covering Brunswick Phonographs and Pathé Records





Pathé records, played on the Brunswick, bring such famous artists as Muratore, acknowledged as the world's greatest lyric tenor; Lina Cavalieri, the beautiful soprano; Giorgini; Anna Fitziu, the brilliant young American prima donna, who won such a sensational success at the Metropolitan Opera House; Didur, marvelous basso; Thomas Egan, singer of sweet Irish songs; Ancona—de Cisneros—Galvany—Journet—Ober—Titta Ruffo—Slezak—Urlus—Herman Weil. These are only a few of the world's famous collection of Pathé records of singers. There are also the famous bands, orchestras, choirs, instrumental artists, etc. The Pathé library is perhaps the largest musical collection the world has ever known. London, Paris, Berlin, Milan, Petrograd, all musical centers, contribute. The Brunswick places it at your command, together with *all* other records.

Pathé

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This Range Is DIFFERENT!

Burns Gas, Coal, or Wood—
But Has No Parts to Change!

See that key! Turn it to left—*click!* Oven ready for gas. Reverse it—oven ready for coal or wood. And no *bunglesome* parts to *shift* or *change!* Kitchen kept

Cool In Summer—Warm In Winter

Labor, worry, materials, expense saved when you replace your wasteful, old, worn-out *one-fuel* cooking range with a

UNIVERSAL
Combination Range



Has all the incomparable baking qualities of finest COAL range and the added convenience of GAS!

Different—and superior—because of its utter simplicity. Nothing to *forget*—SAFE, always dependable, because AUTOMATIC! Burns natural or artificial gas.

Durable, sanitary, compact, complete—and *economical*. Due to *direct* heat and perfect combustion a big fuel saver.

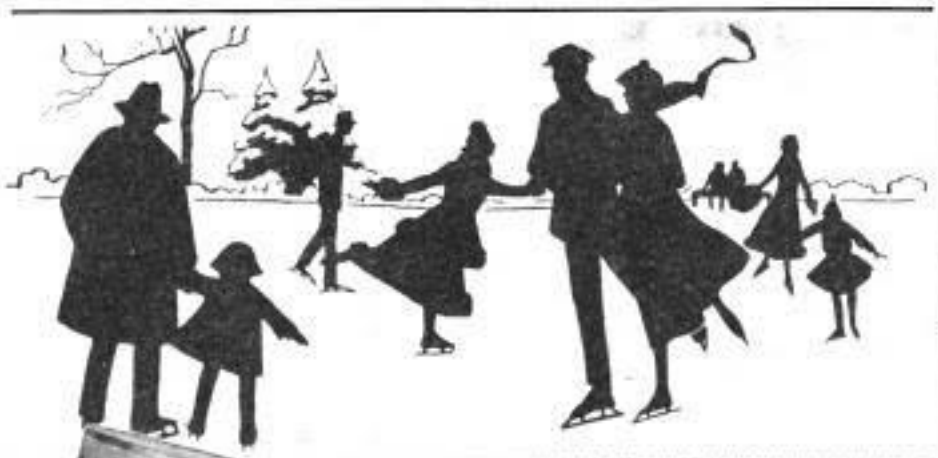
Only 40½ across top, yet has full size 18 in. oven; 4 coal lids, 4 gas burners all on top; spring balanced oven door; oven thermometer. Trimmed in rust-proof Silver Nickel. Sanitary blue, black or white porcelain enamel finish; no blacking. For quality, *low-priced!* Sold for cash or on time by leading dealers everywhere. Backed by 50 years' experience. Guaranteed.

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An afternoon on the ice makes the Big Hunger. Read about the Big Taste that satisfies such hunger!

2 Good Hot Suppers *for* February

WHEN they all troop in from skating, cold and, my, how hungry, will you have ready such a tempting, hunger-appeasing supper as one of these? A *super*-supper, made memorable with the Big Taste of Underwood Deviled Ham!

HOT SUPPER No. 1
Deviled Ham Cream Toast
Apple-and-Celery Salad — Cheese
Chocolate Cake — Tea

Deviled Ham Cream Toast: Two tablespoons butter, melted in double boiler; teaspoon flour, three cups milk. When smooth, stir in small can Underwood Deviled Ham. Pour over slices of freshly made toast.

HOT SUPPER No. 2
Clam Broth — Celery
Deviled-Ham-and-Rice Cakes
Baked Custard — Chocolate

Deviled-Ham-and-Rice Cakes: One cup boiled rice; one large can Underwood Deviled Ham; half cup milk; half cup flour; level teaspoon baking powder (mixed with the flour). Mix thoroughly and drop by spoonfuls on hot griddle. Turn, to brown both sides. Serve hot with butter.

"GOOD TASTES FOR GOOD TIMES"
A BOOK OF RECIPES YOU WANT

free on request. Contains the famous Little Red Devil recipes and valuable hints for suppers, luncheons, spreads, etc. New salads, scallops, omelets, sandwiches, etc. Or send 20c for an economical can of Underwood Deviled Ham to try. Please mention your grocer's name when writing, and if possible say whether he sells Underwood—most grocers do. Ask your grocer now.

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52 Fulton Street, Boston, Mass.
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MAKING MEN STICK

By Forrest Crissey

"NOBODY can knock this store in front of me and get away with it!"

I was taking a short cut that brought me alongside the loading platform of one of the biggest department stores in America, when this odd statement smote my astonished ears. Here was a new industrial note, one that had enough of the tang of novelty to stop me short and turn me into a deliberate eavesdropper. The speaker was a small, thin man of middle age whose face had a rich collection of trouble lines. The driver to whom the rebuke was addressed was big enough and strong enough to give the speaker a sound beating with one hand tied behind his back. The occurrence was so remarkable that I determined to follow it up and learn, if possible, just what had inspired this strange and sudden burst of defense from a worker who could hardly be drawing more than fifteen or eighteen dollars a week.

The trail that I followed proved to be full of delightful surprises, for it led to discoveries unsuspected by the average layman who has been led to think that the soul of modern business is only a shade less sinister and unsparing than that of war.

"What made me come back so hard at that big driver when he began to hammer the house?" repeated the grizzled loader. "Well, I'll just tell you if you'll stick round for about five minutes until we knock off for lunch."

Here is the story that he told me between bites into his thick rye-bread sandwiches:

"Mebbe you don't believe in bad luck, but I do. I had it running swift for almost four years straight after I was married. That was when I got a job here. The wife was a little weak naturally, I guess, and the two kids coming as they did—about eighteen months apart—didn't help her any. In paying doctors' bills and all the other expenses that come with sickness and babies, I began to get into debt. There wasn't any help for it. All I could do was to get trusted for the things we had to have, pay for what I couldn't get on credit, and hope that some day I could catch up and pay out.

"We started out in a little flat, but when things began to go wrong I moved into a made-over barn. The only thing that didn't seem as bad as it could possibly be was the fact that I still held my job and was able to work. Of course I was scared stiff for fear that I would lose my job. That's always the way when a fellow must have every day's wages or go under.

"One day, when the kids were worse and things so black I couldn't see an inch before my face, one of the drivers asked what was the trouble. I spilled the whole story into his ears. He told me that the thing to do was to go to one of the head men of the company, the one that looked after the help, and borrow fifty dollars. I told him he was crazy, and that if I tried any such scheme it would cost me my job. But he stuck to it that this house took an interest in everybody on the pay roll, and that it would do almost anything for a man with a good working record."

Why One Man Sticks

"I finally decided to take a chance. I was past the point where any halfway help would do a thing for me except to drag out the misery a little longer, so I headed for the mahogany office and asked for the man the driver had told me about. The minute that man spoke it took all the scare out of me. I told him that I was up against it something fierce; that the wife and babies were all sick; that I was in debt up to my ears, and that the driver had told me to go to the office and ask for the loan of fifty dollars to be taken out of my pay, two dollars a week.

"He said that I'd done the right thing in coming straight to him, and that I was to come again next day and get my answer. They didn't make a practice, he added, of lending money to help, but I could be sure that he would try to figure out some way that would answer the same purpose.

"The next afternoon when I came for my answer I got the jolt of my life. He told me that the wife had been taken to the hospital that morning, where she would have excellent care as long as she needed it, and that I would find the kids in charge of a good reliable woman where they would be kept until their mother was on her feet again.

"When I asked how I was going to pay for all this he said that I wasn't, that the store was doing this on its own account, and that the only way for me to get even was to do the best work I could and always keep looking out for the interest of the concern.

"I expect to stay here till I die, get fired or go on the retired list, and as long as I'm here you bet I'm going to keep both eyes open to see where I can do this store a good turn, besides giving 'em a full day's work as a loader."

Was this extraordinary experience merely a freak of corporation philanthropy, I wondered, or was it a fair example of the workings of a new commercial system intended to inspire men and women to stick to their jobs? For the question of how to make men stick to their jobs has become one of the most acute problems of American industry. Many years it has pressed for recognition, but its seriousness has only lately been clearly seen by the leaders of constructive thought in the labor field. And even yet industry has hardly learned how to measure the injury inflicted upon it by the floater. It has, in fact, scarcely awakened to the steady, increasing and unnecessary toll levied upon the profits of the business by the cost of breaking in new workers.

The Costly Labor Turnover

Not many months ago two manufacturers, both operating plants in the same lively little Wisconsin city, entered into a discussion, over their coffee, of their labor turnover and the element of unnecessary expense involved in it.

"Though I cannot convince myself," said the smaller manufacturer, "that this leak amounts to very much in my plant, the fact that several of the shrewdest men I know, in various lines of manufacturing, insist that the problem is serious, makes me determined to arrive at the truth of the matter as closely as our present system of records will reveal it. The condition is serious enough, in my opinion, to warrant an investigation, and I am going to make the best one I can."

"My employment records," responded the larger manufacturer, "probably won't tell exactly how much it costs us a year to break in new men, but if it is worth while for you to go into this question it is certainly an equally serious matter in my much larger organization."

In about a month these two men had another meeting, and this time they compared the results of their inquiry.

"I'm simply astonished," declared the smaller manufacturer. "As closely as I can estimate from available data, which at this time are neither so complete nor so accurate as I could wish, it costs our concern not less than ninety-six thousand dollars a year to break in new men."

"Make the figures a quarter of a million for my organization," interrupted the other manufacturer. "In fact, I have a sneaking suspicion that more still could be added without making it exceed all the costs, direct and indirect. How much of this is unnecessary I confess I do not now know how to determine; but there is one thing settled beyond question, and that is that I am going to tackle the problem of making men stick, and keep at it until the present awful percentage of unnecessary labor turnover is reduced to something like common-sense proportions." Both of these business administrators, like many others throughout the country, are now giving a large part of their time and thought to this problem. To determine the amount of unnecessary tax imposed by the floaters is, however, no easy matter. It is one thing for a large employer to find out how much it costs him a year to break in new workers, and quite another to arrive at the exact proportion of the expense that is needless.

Few men in the United States have gone farther into this complex question than has Professor Joseph H. Willits, in the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania. In a recent discussion, reported in the Annals of the American Society of Political Economy, this authority indicates that the loss involved in the unnecessary breaking in

(Concluded on Page 52)

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Springfield

Type Bodies

Lead the World

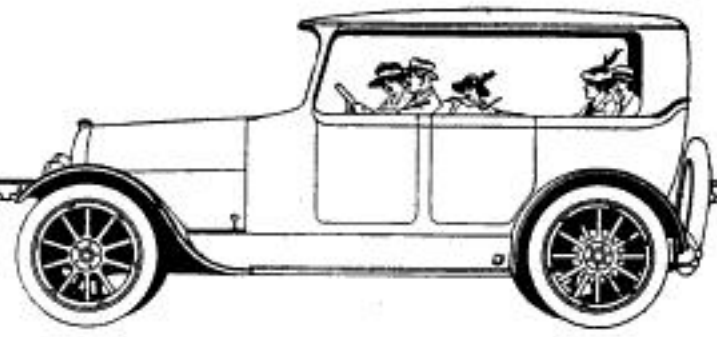
The New Springfield Four Door Model

The Ultimate Body for Every Use

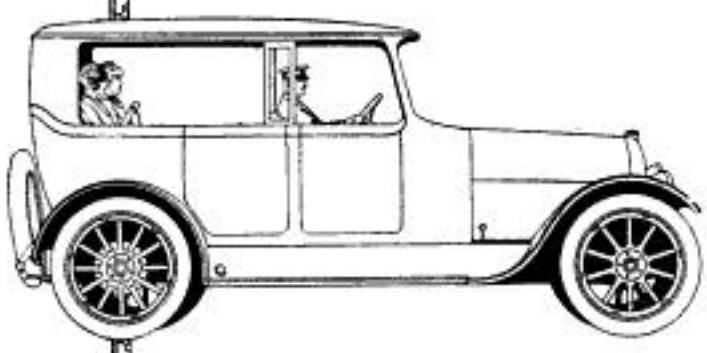
The Springfield Type body is instantly adaptable for winter or summer—rain or shine—day or night service—combining all the protection, luxury and appearance of the finest limousine as well as the freedom and advantages of the open touring car. Be sure that the next car you buy is equipped with a Springfield Type Body.

A Touring Car One Minute

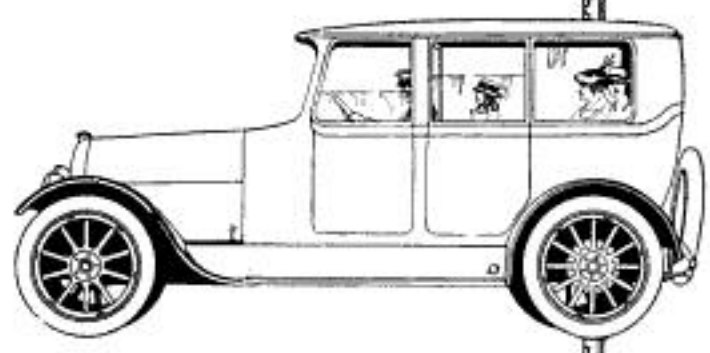
A Limousine the Next



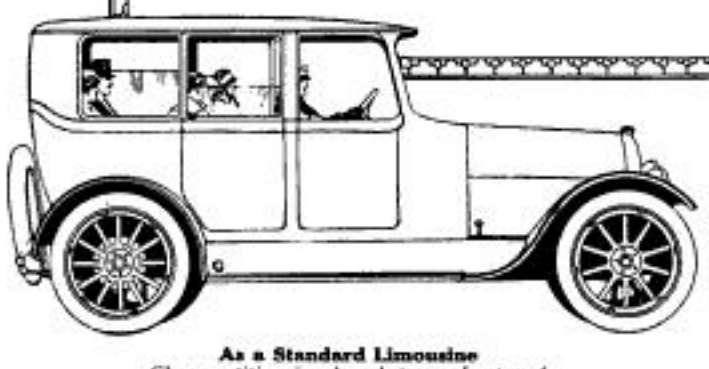
As an Open Touring Car
Four-door, seven-passenger, open touring car—all windows lowered and partition out. Elimination of all top bows and posts affords absolutely clear vision.



As a Touring Car with Glass Partition
Open touring car as above with glass partition (in place) between front and rear seats. For those who desire wind and dust protection as well as privacy and exclusiveness from the chauffeur—ALTHOUGH IN AN OPEN TOURING CAR.



As a Berline Limousine
Glass partition in place between front and rear seats—all windows up. Unequaled and unsurpassed in design, comfort and richness.



As a Standard Limousine
Glass partition in place between front and rear seats—after door and quarter windows raised. Draft and weather-proof—perfect all-year service. Ideal and cozy—perfect protection from dust, sun and rain.

SPRINGFIELD BODY COMPANY
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
DETROIT NEW YORK
General Sales Offices:
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As a Sedan Family Car
Glass partition removed—all windows up. Ideal family car—rattle-proof, dust-proof, storm-proof.

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Why Smoking Makes All Men Comrades

"Have you a match?" asked the sunburned stranger of the successful business man.

It was the busy time of the morning, there was a chilly wind blowing, yet without the least appearance of vexation the business man stopped, unbuttoned his overcoat and hunted through his pockets until he found a match for the stranger.

Why?

Simply because the stranger wanted to smoke and the business man understood that desire. You know, as every smoker knows, what it is to find yourself without a match when you have your pipe all filled and ready to light. Little vexations like this bring out a spirit of friendliness which unites smokers everywhere.

Without hesitation you will approach an unknown person for a pipeful of tobacco, when you'd walk two miles before asking the same man for carfare home. There is something about the friendly haze of tobacco smoke that makes us all comrades.



You realize again the fraternal feeling of smoking in the eagerness with which a man who has just "discovered" some kind of tobacco hastens to inform you of his good fortune. By this unconscious missionary work on their part, men do more to increase the popularity of one brand of tobacco or another than even a great deal of advertising. The man who offers you something new to smoke in this way does so simply in fraternal friendship; you accept in the same spirit.

Now, many of the friends of Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco, as of other kinds, first learned of it from a chance pipeful borrowed of some one who was already using it. The smoker's creed says you shall pass a good thing along.

You may never have been offered a pipeful of Edgeworth. It's not a brand that is being smoked everywhere. We believe you would like it if you tried it. So we want you to let us send you a liberal sample of Edgeworth, free, in order that you can try it for yourself.

You may like Edgeworth, and again you may not. As we said before, it's not a brand that is being smoked everywhere. Yet, among a certain class of pipe-smokers, many of them men who make pipe-smoking almost a fetish, it has a circle of close friends.

We know that if you try it and it strikes your fancy, some tobacco dealer will have made a new Edgeworth customer. So we feel that we are only doing our share in letting you try it at our expense.

If you will send us on a postcard your name and address and the name of the tobacco store you patronize, we will mail prepaid a sample of both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed differ only in form. The Plug Slice comes pressed into flat, oblong slices that you can rub up in your hands before putting in your pipe. The Ready-Rubbed is already prepared for the pipe.

The retail prices of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are 10c for pocket-size tin, 50c for large tin, $1.00 for handsome humidor package. Edgeworth Plug Slice is 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. Mailed prepaid where no dealer can supply, but except in a few isolated cases all dealers have it.

Address your card to Larus & Bro. Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. This firm was established in 1877, and besides Edgeworth makes several other brands of smoking tobacco, including the well-known Qboid—granulated plug—a great favorite with smokers for many years.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Bro. Co. will gladly send you a one or two dozen carton of any size of the Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed by prepaid parcel post at same price you would pay jobber.

(Concluded from Page 50)

of new men ranges, in a general way, from fifty dollars to three hundred dollars an individual, according to the character of the work.

The percentage of the labor turnover he finds equally variable. One case is cited in which the annual labor turnover is five hundred per cent, and the lowest record so far discovered is eight per cent. Between these two extremes stretches a zone of average experience. All who have dug deep into this problem are of one voice in testifying that it is a Pandora's Box of surprises, both to the industrial investigator and to the manufacturer who is determined to stop the leak of unnecessary labor turnover in his own business.

Probably the most advanced position in the actual constructive work of trying to make men stick is occupied by one of the largest and finest department stores in the world. One of the ablest and most experienced executives of the store gives his entire time to the task of creating a house atmosphere that will hold men and women, boys and girls, tight to their jobs in the face of tempting inducements from competitors.

The Crusade Against Errors

Possibly no better illustration could be given of the skill and tact with which the superintendent deals with the difficult individual problems that present themselves at his door, and contrives to establish in the mind of each worker the friendly and interested attitude of that office and of the whole store as represented by himself, than the story of the young saleswoman who suddenly went to pieces and began to pile up an appalling score of mistakes. The store had just started a vigorous and sweeping campaign for the purpose of reducing the number of errors on the part of employees. This great retail establishment at the time had a force of fully two hundred persons who devoted themselves exclusively to the task of adjusting errors. It takes only an instant to make a mistake, but often half a day's time is not enough to correct one. Again, the consequences of a small error are often serious—sometimes involving the loss of a valued customer.

In a store like this one, with a working force of ten thousand employees, the possibilities of error volume are tremendous. To the layman it would seem that a saleswoman who made only one mistake a week must be a marvel of accuracy. Yet if that average were maintained throughout the store the total would be ten thousand mistakes a week, and the task of trying to smooth out ten thousand mistakes in a week is not only an expensive operation, but a decidedly discouraging one, even to a force of two hundred expert adjusters. It is no wonder, then, that the management determined to reduce the volume of mistakes to much smaller proportions.

Naturally this campaign to cut down errors exerted a strong pressure on all of the employees and particularly on those who were a little inclined to be careless. Incidentally it should be remarked that the results of this movement to reduce the current output of mistakes were surprising. At the end of the year it was found that only sixteen employees had made more than ten errors for the whole twelve months. This is enough to indicate the intensity of the campaign that threw the spotlight on the error score and sent many saleswomen "over the carpet" to the various department heads. At the same time the superintendent for workers received reports each day on all employees who were considered in serious trouble or in danger of dismissal.

One day, in the course of this strenuous reform period, the report of a young saleswoman showed that she had made three mistakes on that date. Instantly the official friend of the workers started an investigation. At the end of the week the girl totaled twenty-three errors, and would have been at once dismissed by the department head had it not been for the veto power vested in the executive who carried the responsibility of the big movement for reducing the cost of breaking in new help by making employees stick to their jobs and by making their jobs stick to them.

One fact brought out by the quiet investigation that he made was that her record had been decidedly good up to about two months before, when she had been rather sharply reprimanded by the department manager. This had evidently thrown her into an acute state of anxiety that increased in a cumulative ratio as her volume of mistakes grew. The finish was the championship record of twenty-three errors in one week.

When she received a request to come to the office of the superintendent for workers she burst into tears and said good-by to one or two of her most intimate friends in the department. One glance at her face was enough to make the superintendent move quickly in putting into operation the plan upon which he had decided.

"Miss Blank," he said, "I have sent for you because I believe that you can help me out in a rather delicate task that concerns a young girl at the other end of the department in which you work. She is rather sensitive and high strung and, therefore, capable of the best kind of salesmanship when properly developed. Unfortunately she has lately become a little confused—very likely due to the fact that we are all under peculiar pressure just now in the general effort of the store to cut down the total of mistakes.

"I would like to have you work next to her, get well acquainted with her, and help her, in a tactful way that will not disclose our purpose, to regain her poise and confidence in herself. Right now she is decidedly bewildered. A little clever and sympathetic assistance that she will think spontaneous on your part, instead of inspired by the store management, will very likely help her over the most critical part of her store career and put her on the way to become a useful and permanent employee.

"Of course it is true that she has made quite a number of mistakes lately, but it would be a far more serious mistake than any she has made to allow her to become discouraged over her errors. After you have worked alongside of her for a week, please come and tell me how she seems to you to be coming on."

Miss Blank was too keen to fail to see the similarity between her own case and that of the younger girl with whom she was to work. At the end of the week she again called at the superintendent's office, but this time her face beamed with gratitude and courage. After reporting the entire success of her mission, she volunteered the statement that the experience had been worth everything to herself. The comment of the superintendent on this incident is this:

"Here was a case in which direct and immediate results fully repaid all the outlay of time and effort involved. Four years of training had been invested in this young woman, and that means a very considerable outlay. It would have been bad business to allow that investment to be wrecked, just for the lack of a little intelligent attention. Then, in another way, the house could not in the least afford to have a failure with this saleswoman, because she represented a type of help of the most desirable sort."

Why Good Workers Slow Down

The office of this specialist in the human troubles of workers is always on the alert to catch the slowing-down cases. When a worker with a good record behind him begins to slow down, it is the duty of his immediate superior to report this change in his efficiency to the superintendent. Almost all slow-downs are traceable to one of four causes. Love and domestic troubles take first rank as destroyers of individual efficiency, so far as the experience of this institution is concerned; financial difficulties are a close second; unhappy business relations come in third; while the other cause is ill health. Cases coming outside of these classifications are unusual.

One of the interesting theories of this management is that a raise of wages or salary loses about seventy per cent of its value and effect when given on demand instead of voluntarily. Consequently the motto of this employment expert is "Beat 'em to it." Not only does he believe in the policy of previousness in increasing the pay of the workers, but he makes it a rule, as far as possible, to lift every voluntary advance out of the routine and stereotyped order of things and give it a personal flavor and association.

For example, the other day he sent for a certain boy who had been employed for exactly three months to a day.

"Well, Johnny," was the genial greeting from this executive, in whose hands rest the pay-check destinies of ten thousand workers, "how are you getting on down there in Department Seventeen?"

"I don't know, sir," came the hesitating answer from the grinning boy.

"Well, I know," responded the superintendent for workers. "In fact, Johnny, it's my job to know how everybody that works here is getting on. You are trying hard to make good—and any boy who does that is bound to succeed. Let's see, your birthday is next Monday, isn't it?"

At this statement Johnny's eyes opened wide. The idea that his birthday should be remembered by the big boss of all the workers in this great establishment gave him a jolt. He was due, however, for still another along the same line. "We're going to celebrate your birthday, Johnny," the superintendent continued, "by giving you a little raise in your pay. We are doing this because you show that you are willing to work and want to learn how to do your work well. Just how soon you get another raise depends on how hard and how steadily you keep on trying."

When Johnny left the office he was walking on air. He had a friend in the man at the top, the man who was over all the others, did the hiring and firing, and fixed the amount of wages on every pay check! And hadn't this man shown that he was interested in him by giving him a raise right off the jump?

The Automatic Tickler

What Johnny did not know was that in the great stack of cards on the desk before the superintendent for workers was one bearing his own name, containing a very concise history of his life from the date of his birth down to the moment of his interview, together with much information about his home and the other members of his family. Every day this tickler automatically places before the superintendent for workers the names of those employees who have either been with the firm for exactly three months, or whose cases have been considered and who have perhaps been interviewed three months previously.

In this way the superintendent is able to keep in the most intimate touch with his entire force of workers, and to carry out his "Beat 'em to it" policy in a manner that does not often allow an employee who is doing good work to get ahead of him and ask for a raise. Of course many such requests are received, but the number of them is small in comparison with the volume of those that are raised on the initiative of the superintendent. There is no rule in this establishment that prevents honoring requests for a raise of pay, and it is distinctly understood that the policy of the store is that a request of this kind shall not be allowed to prejudice the chances of the one who makes it.

Few large employers of labor have made a bolder or shrewder stroke along the line of making men stick than a certain railway system, which lately announced a remarkable life insurance plan covering all of its employees who have a continuous service record of more than two years. The benefit under this plan cannot be less than $250 or more than $3000, and its basis, between these two arbitrary limits, is "a sum equal to five per cent of the salary or wage received by the deceased employee during the twelve months immediately preceding his death, multiplied by the number of years of continuous service."

For example, a station agent who had been on the pay roll of the company for twenty years without a break died soon after the plan went into effect. His pay for the last year was $2000. Five per cent of that amount is $100. This, multiplied by twenty—the number of years of service—gives $2000, the amount of the benefit which his widow received. A notable feature of this plan is the fact that it requires no coöperation—no payments, however small—on the part of the employees.

This insurance plan, like the other examples mentioned, is a bit too advanced to be considered as typical of the new attitude, but the fact remains that thousands of employers are awakening to the fact that one of the heaviest burdens of modern business is the breaking in of new help and giving passing entertainment to an army of restless, purposeless floaters; and, what is perhaps even more important, they recognize that men and women, boys and girls, are human beings first, last and all the time, so that in this country at least they will never be mere commercial or industrial pawns to be moved about as if they were blocks of wood. The great secret in making men stick to their jobs is to recognize their individuality at every turn, to make them feel that their rights, capabilities and even peculiarities are taken into consideration in their industrial relationship.

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READY! ACTION! CAMERA! GO!

(Concluded from Page 14)

business organization we are making them in half or a quarter of that time. Our results are quite as impressive and our cost amazingly less.

Let us watch Charles Mills for a while and see how he directed the historical drama that was assigned to him.

Unlike some directors, Mills does not consult his actors in regard to the story. He calls them together and tells them what he thinks of it and what he wants! Turning to a great star employed for this picture, he said: "Now no doubt there are ten ways of making love, and your way may be excellent; but as I have to carry the psychology of the entire story and the relation of one character to another, and the relation of both to the whole, I'll have to insist that love be made the way I want it. That is why I prefer that none of you shall read the script; you might get ideas about your action that I should have great difficulty in changing. This picture has been given me to paint. I have the most wonderful colors that an artist could crave; but you must permit me to mix them as I see fit, for, after all, a picture must of necessity be the work of one man!"

Fortunately the stage stars had brains enough to see the point of Mills' statement. Our stock actors knew all this very well; so they all worked in joyous harmony and, in fact, soon recognized in him a great master.

When the day arrived on which we were to begin the picture, everything, down to the last detail, was in readiness. Each department, jealous of its own efficiency, had with astounding foresight prepared for every contingency. We were to start on a series of small interiors; and, lest there might be fog or cloudy weather, the electricians had in reserve a huge battery of supplementary lights.

Now on the screen in a ten-reel picture you may behold the king in his antechamber perhaps twenty times throughout the story; but when we make the picture all scenes in that location are made at once, so that the set can be struck to make room for another. The scenes made by day are developed at night, so that the assistant director and camera man may see the negative projected in the morning; and, if necessary, a retake can be accomplished while the set still stands.

The Council Before the Battle

We have many stages and there are always half a dozen sets standing, and others in process of building. To avoid any delay the scene men are supposed to keep four days ahead of the schedule. If a large set is delayed we utilize the time in making outside locations.

The small interiors, with only a few characters, are much easier to make, and sometimes we do as many as eight or ten in a day; but when it comes to big scenes the director has to use all the brains at his command and the different departments are put to the big test.

Take, for example, the great battle scene in the picture Mills took: Every evening for a week he motored out to the location, with his assistants and army men, and went over the battlefield in minutest detail. A complete topographical map was made; and finally, at a council of war, just as they have in Europe, the movement of the troops was arranged with absolute precision.

For several days before the battle the field was a scene of utmost activity and apparent confusion: Tents were pitched; the commissariat department set up its stoves and tables; corrals for the horses and dressing rooms for the actors were built; a hospital tent, with three motor ambulances, was installed; camera stands were erected and masked; and stands were built so that the knights, who wore armor weighing two hundred pounds to the man, could mount their horses. In fact, every need possible for the equipment and care of the two thousand soldiers who were to take part in the great battle was anticipated and provided for. The last thing to be installed was a complete telephone system, running all over the landscape, so that Mills could be in communication with his assistants and camera men in every remote part of the field.

Truck gardeners going to market one early morning last August were greeted with a strange sight. A great army of French and English soldiers emerged into the San Fernando Valley to do battle for their kings. They were clad in everything, from gay-colored jerkins to full armor, but were riding in automobiles of every description, from the humble flivver to the huge sight-seeing busses and motor-trucks. When, at eight o'clock, they arrived at the scene of impending carnage they found everything in readiness, from hot breakfast to grease paint; and with Teutonic precision they got down to the business of the day.

By ten-thirty everything was in readiness for the first rehearsal. It was decided that the first day should be entirely occupied with this necessity and the real pictures would be taken on the morrow. Squads and companies of knights and soldiers were here, there and everywhere, scattered over the scene as far as the eye could reach, and all in command of army men, used to discipline and obedience. The order had gone out that the least disobedience meant immediate dismissal.

At ten-thirty Mills, on his observation platform, with the telephone jigger fastened to his head, quietly gave the order to begin. At once troops started to move over that hill and round this; and so perfectly did every unit do his allotted stunt that the director suddenly decided to make the picture at once, and ordered the troops all back in their places and the camera men to make ready.

When everybody was at his post he called up all stations and told them that the real battle would be fought immediately. Before anybody could express his astonishment, he issued an order to station six to send the men out; then in rapid succession he called one station after another, directing the camera at number eleven to begin shooting, or camera number six to cease firing; and so on throughout the whole plan of action.

Mastery of Detail

So completely had he mastered every detail that the battle raged with utmost violence and in perfect accord with the plans. The knights on horseback, having been correctly timed, arrived in a cloud of dust exactly at the moment they were due. And the men, realizing that they were being actually filmed, with small chance of a retake, plunged in with magnificent recklessness.

How any of them came out of that mess of plunging horses, jabbing lances and swirling broadswords without injury is a marvel! Needless to say, many of them were hurt, some very badly, and the ambulances were not installed in vain; yet fortunately nobody was killed.

The greatest achievement was the splendid harmonious working together of many departments, which made it possible to take so great a scene without rehearsal. The smoothness of the system was no less remarkable than that of a great circus—and theirs is a daily routine, while this show lived but once.

After the big battle there were innumerable close-ups and many small scenes, which kept us on the battlefield for three days more; but a few years ago—and many companies even to-day—we would have required several weeks to get the pictures of those four days.

But, with all our careful management, there is always the human factor looming up to edit our success.

Once, in one of the smaller battle scenes, Mills called to station seven, where some soldiers were standing at ease, and said:

"Present my compliments to the gentleman standing by the tree, and tell him that knights of the Middle Ages did not smoke."

I used to be pretty well discouraged when I was making pictures whose sole bid for popularity was their "punch"—or the vulgar display of money in their making; then I fell afoul of the adventurous theatrical gamblers, and what was left of my artistic soul was killed and quite indecently buried. But, fortunately for me, I had been a conscientious director, always struggling toward the stars; so I got to heaven.

And here I have been for a year, with all my dreams come true—men of brains as my associates; real artists designing the sets; plenty of money intelligently expended; and when we get good stories we make notable productions—the joy of our lives.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Wagner.

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The distinctive designs of radiator and name-plate that differentiate one automobile from another are more than mere marks of identification.

Each is a symbol of a standard of quality in automobile building. Each suggests the kind of service to be expected from the car and therefore from every important part—by which the performance of the whole car is measured.

And certainly among the most important parts of the modern car is the electrical system.

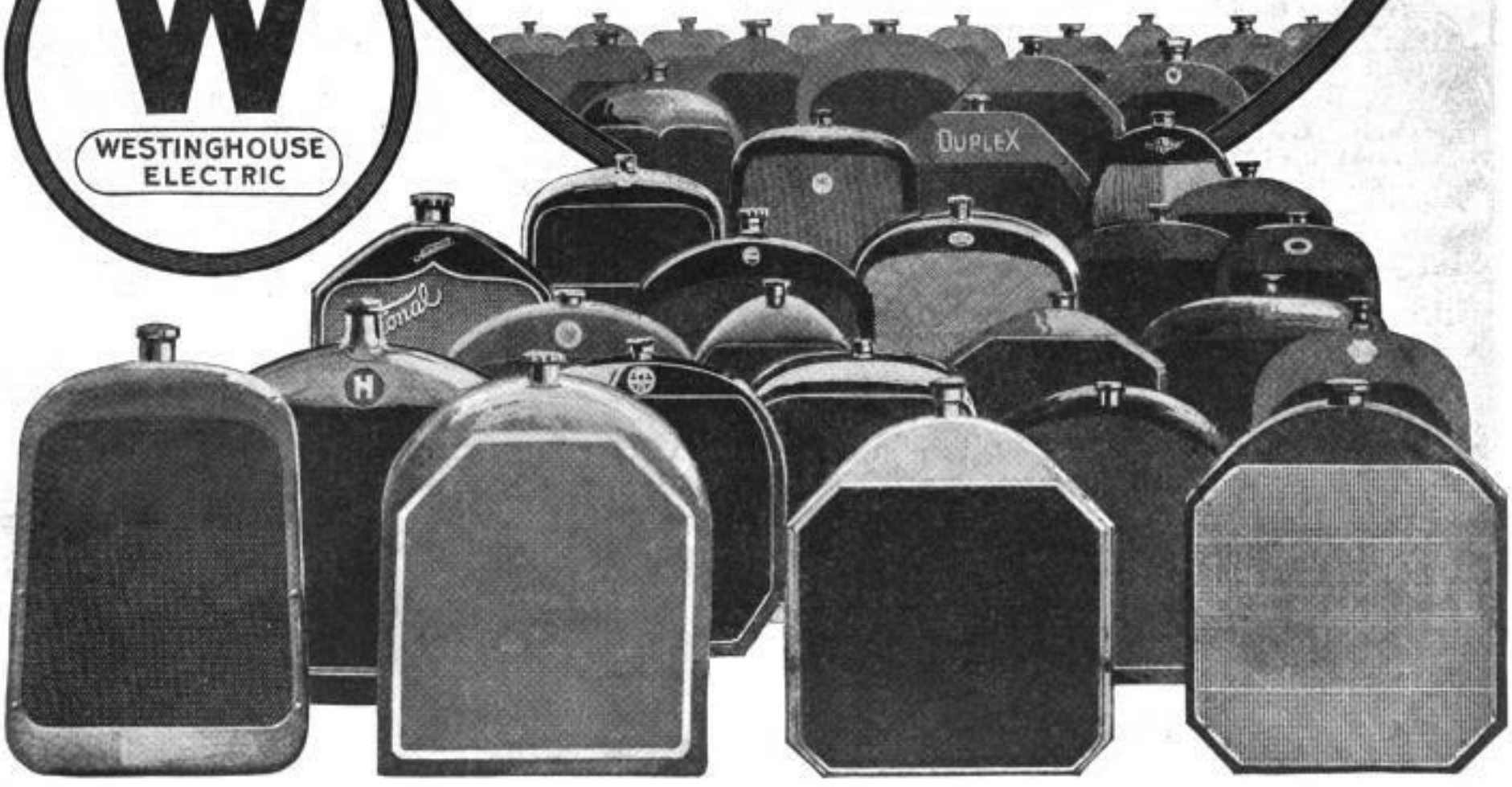
Westinghouse Electrical Equipment has played its part in helping establish the car-character for which stand the symbols of Pierce-Arrow, Locomobile, F. I. A. T., Stearns, Hupp, Chalmers, National and many other makes of automobiles.

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And we've done what no tire-maker has ever done before, because we did in the first place what no tire-maker *had* ever done before.

When we started, we knew what tire users wanted and needed—we knew how to make that kind of tire and we had the *will* to make it.

We had no old methods of our own to cling to through sentiment, stubbornness or economy. We had no old machinery or equipment that we had to get along with.

We had no past of our own to handicap us and we did have the pasts and presents of others to warn us of pitfalls in tire making.

In Akron we built a factory equipped with the very last word in tire making and perfecting machinery.

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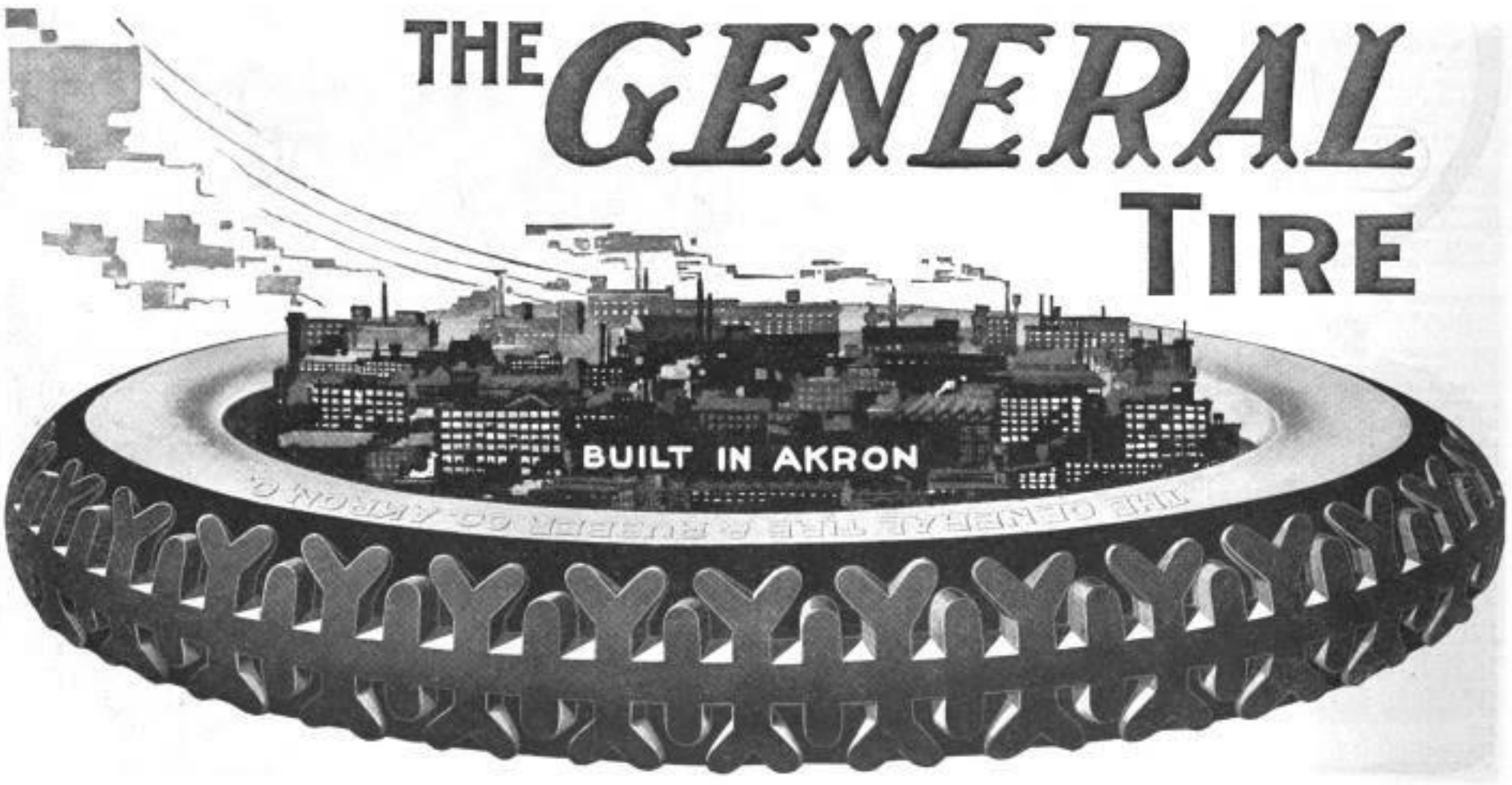
When you put to work the knowledge of a need—the know-how to fulfill that need—the machinery, equipment and materials to produce the results demanded by the know-how—the brains to see that results are produced, and the *will* to make a good tire, you can't make anything but a good tire.

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THE ECHO

(Continued from Page 11)

on together. If you're going to swap steeds in midstream there's no use trading a mule for a jackass. Understand? The only excuse for matrimony is that it adds something desirable to the life of each party. That's the idea, isn't it?"

Emmett had quizzed him shrewdly with his keen eyes.

"I think you've stated the case rather well," the unconventional suitor had admitted.

"All right, then. Here's the bargain I'm willing to make with you: Weymouth, I'm sending Sophie to a good, respectable private hotel to stay exactly two months. Won't see her husband a minute during that period. She'll have a chaperon to look out for her, but you can see her, take her round all you please. That's all. And here's the only string I tie to the arrangement: If at the end of those two months you—young people—can come round to see me and say you're still in love, all right. Leave it to me! I'll say 'Bless you, my children,' see that she's divorced properly and you're married. No questions asked."

Weymouth had given Sophie's obliging husband a look of blank amazement.

"D'you call that square?" Emmett inquired, biting off his words more sharply than ever.

"Square? Yes—it's too square. It's a very peculiar arrangement."

"I'm a peculiar man," replied Emmett shortly, with his rough, rather ingratiating smile. "Is the arrangement agreeable to you?"

"Absolutely," his dazed visitor had admitted.

"Good! I can't give you any more time this morning—got to get out. Two months from to-day will be Wednesday, the fourth of January. At nine o'clock in the evening. Good day, sir."

Harlan Weymouth, lumbering along in the wake of the yellow taxicab this evening of the fourth of January, looked at his watch. It now lacked twenty-five minutes of the hour of nine. His cab came to a stop in a narrow street leading into Park Avenue, and peering out he could see that they were pocketed in a tangle of drays and excavations. Sophie's car was blocked a few yards ahead of him. There was a wait of two minutes, during which teamsters swore in the darkness, lanterns flashed back and forth, confusion reigned in the sloppy street. Dimly in the rear window of the yellow car he thought he could see her white face turned appealingly toward him. He opened the door of his vehicle and was about to plunge out and go to her, but a saving caution restrained him. If they came together now they would probably quarrel again. It was too late for further words. The case must be laid before Elijah Emmett.

A fog-horn voice out of the night brayed "Go ahead!" He could see the ruby light of the yellow taxicab plunge forward through the débris. The driver of his own ramshackle chariot pulled the gears with a frightful rasp, his car responded with its habitual kangaroo movement and stopped so suddenly that its passenger was half thrown from his seat.

Weymouth uttered an unclever oath and resumed his cushions. Another truck had wheeled across his path, the horses dozing philosophically.

"Go round!" roared Weymouth to his driver, and the latter began backing away in a smudge of oily smoke.

In their subsequent detour Weymouth clutched the seat and ground his teeth like a thwarted pirate. She had beaten him to the goal after all. Upon cooler thought he knew that it couldn't make any great difference if she saw her husband first. It was just the feminine character of the act that irritated him. Elijah had distinctly stated the rules by which the game was to be played. And she had lightly defied these rules at the last moment.

As soon as his vehicle had come to a violent halt in front of the Emmetts' gray-stone façade, he had a stinging realization that the yellow taxicab had come, left its fare and departed. By now Sophie had met her husband and rendered her verdict. The small hostility of her act annoyed him, as he took the steps three at a time and jammed an irritable thumb against the button of the bell. After a dignified space a footman appeared, to motion him stiffly into the formal reception room.

"Mr. Emmett is still at dinner, sir," he announced upon his return. "He says won't you please come in."

It was a nightmare walk for Weymouth down the hall toward the wide, tapestried doorway of the Emmett dining room. And it was a splendid setting for a comedy of Italian duplicity that he beheld in the great space beyond, with its carved wainscoting and ornate Florentine ceiling. He had associated this big room with rapturous dinners enjoyed in an atmosphere of intellectual adoration during the Golden Age of Sophie. Yet here in the doorway he paused, a stranger, blinking into the flood of light that surrounded the well-set table, flashing reflections of crystal and silver. And this was what he saw: The massive Elijah Emmett, like a great gray bear, in a badly fitting business suit, sat by the table, utterly absorbed in a shuddering silken bundle that he held tightly and clumsily in his arms. A surge of destructive jealousy quite overcame the onlooker at first. Then he wanted to laugh. The light of four many-branched candlesticks, geometrically arranged on the damask cloth, imparted a sparkle to the elaborate table display and illumined the bald spot at the apex of Elijah Emmett's lowered head. For the silken bundle in his arms was Sophie Emmett.

"Hem!" suggested Weymouth as soon as he had gazed his fill.

"Ah, Weymouth!" responded Elijah, looking up at last.

Whereat the white and slender arms which clung so hysterically round the massive neck were tightened and a high voice quavered:

"Oh, Elijah! Send him away! He doesn't"—a sob—"he doesn't understand me!"

"There, there," soothed her gigantic master, patting her gently with a heavy paw, "don't worry about him. I understand you."

As Harlan Weymouth approached the dramatic table he had some delicacy at first in looking upon this intimate family scene. But when he did look he turned quickly away. Still snuggled against her Elijah's untidy waistcoat, she had got out her little golden box and sat serenely powdering her nose!

"Come here and sit down, Weymouth," invited Emmett genially, as he sipped his cooling coffee, making no pretense at rising. "On time, I see."

Weymouth seated himself a space away from the table, as far removed from Sophie as convenience would allow. There ensued a terrific pause, the more oppressive because of Emmett's mountainous good humor. The arbiter of the situation, he chose his time to finish his coffee.

"Well," said Elijah at last, nesting his wife's dark head the more closely against his shoulder, "what's the verdict?"

Sophie Emmett sat suddenly up on her husband's knee, and considering her perch she presented a front of surprising dignity.

"I don't want to hear another word about it, if you please," she commanded, a queen in the lap of her god.

At that moment Weymouth almost rendered her his unbiased judgment. Anger had brought animation into her pretty face—or was it merely the stupid pique of a cat striking out with her claws?

"That's quite positive, is it?" smiled Elijah Emmett. "And, of course, that's enough to dissolve the partnership. Too bad. Started out with every promise of going nicely."

Emmett began striking fire upon Weymouth's imagination.

"You're splendid!" he admitted abruptly.

"I'm sensible," replied the big man, with his staccato accent. "And that has a certain splendor in this generation. The splendor of loneliness." He put his wife down in a chair as though she had been a doll. "You look tired, my dear," he said gently. "Better go to your room and put on something less elaborate. You couldn't afford that gown in the first place, and you'll spoil it sitting round in it."

She never looked at Weymouth as she went out of the room and out of his life as docile as a chidden child. So this was a glimpse of the rough country at the farther end of romance! He sighed.

"Sigh away!" Elijah Emmett bade him, his rugged features breaking into a smile. "I guess you're about as glad as she is."

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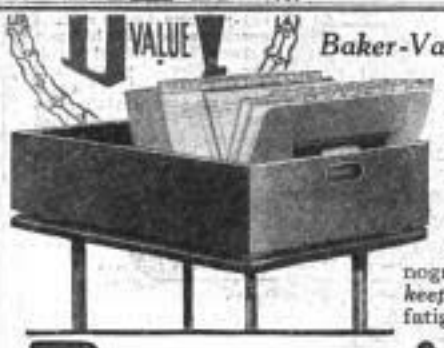


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"I should like to ask what the devil you've been trying to do?" asked Weymouth, facing his tormentor.

"That's a fair question," replied Elijah slowly. "I'm a queer fish, Weymouth. Probably you've noticed that. We're both of us investigators along our own lines. You write for an exclusive public; I write for a one-man audience—myself. Well, this has been in the way of an experiment in—matrimonial psychology."

Weymouth slightly raised his brows.

"You don't understand me? To put it plainer: I'm writing a book about women. It's called Limitations. I don't know any women but Sophie—don't care to know any others—but I think I know her pretty well."

Elijah Emmett paused and pressed a button under the table. When the butler had appeared he commanded shortly:

"Bring in another bottle! Then you may go!"

And when the man had shown a cobwebby label to his master, and left the bottle uncorked between two glasses, Emmett explained:

"This is old tawny port—eighteen-seventeen. It's out of fashion and so am I. We'll split the bottle between us."

He filled the glasses brimming full, and held the topaz liquid to the light.

"To our escape!" he pledged. Weymouth was ashamed of himself, yet he tossed the toast off with alacrity.

"Weymouth, there's nothing that lives or breathes that can look dignified in a false position. It's like a Church of England clergyman trying to ride a motor cycle ——"

"What's that?" asked his guest, sitting up as though a cold hand had touched him. "Would you mind saying that again?"

"Like a Church of England clergyman trying to ride a motor cycle."

"By George, that's queer!" cried Weymouth; and again: "By George! Unless I'm mistaken I've heard ——"

"Heard Sophie say it several times?"

Weymouth faintly nodded.

"Quite possibly. And that's the point I'm getting at—my experiment in matrimonial psychology. Weymouth, we've got to talk quite candidly, as men must when they're similarly interested. Now tell me this: Just when did you begin to lose interest in my wife?"

"That would be rather an ungentlemanly thing to discuss, wouldn't it?" inquired Sophie's quondam lover.

"Probably. Don't let that stand in your way. I've met very few gentlemen in my lifetime—and none of them have had anything to say worth repeating. What I want is facts."

"Well, if it comes down to a bald confession, I'll admit," replied Weymouth, "that she began to bore me slightly about two weeks after we began our probation together."

"Humph!" Emmett's grunt was filled with satisfaction. "That's about the time, I should say. In what way did she bore you?"

"I was slightly disappointed—not so much at first. But it began to dawn upon me that I was either losing my taste for wit or Sophie was losing her point of view. You see, I was inordinately interested in her from the first because she had positively her own way of looking at things and expressing what she saw. I hate dull women. That was what drew me to her—she was a shining difference. But after you began your—your experiment with us—and I could see her as often as I liked away from you, it seemed to me her mind was—what shall I call it?—thinning out. Where once there were ten thoughts to the minute, there was less than one to the hour. Then she began visibly struggling to make good. She began to repeat herself."

"No clever woman ever repeats herself—to the same man," grinned Emmett. "Let me fill your glass again."

"Finally it got to be positively distressing. We would spend hours together groping desperately for something to say. It got so I dreaded to hear her speak, for fear she would come out with something so threadbare that ——"

"Ha!" Emmett uttered a one-syllable laugh. "She was now delving down to the subbromidic stratum. Was that toward the end?"

"Two or three weeks ago. I avoided going to see her as much as I could. I was still in love with her and hoped against hope. No use. The brilliance of her imagination had evaporated. You will pardon my saying so, but she was dull as ditch water."

"And you weren't much better?" snapped Emmett suddenly.

"I—I never looked at it in that way," he confessed. "I must have had a pretty hard time with nothing to work on."

"Now I'm going to show you something," pursued the elder man in the same cross-examining tone. "I am going to show you something and ask one or two more questions."

He leaned bulkily down and fished from under the table a small portfolio, such as lawyers employ for the carrying of documents. Rapidly he unbuckled the straps and brought out a thick, typewritten manuscript, in size and character very much like the one he had been blue-penciling upon their first interview up in the library.

"This is my book, Limitations, so far as it has gone. Let's look at page one-thirty-one." He pulled the sheet from its place and laid it on the table before them.

"Now, Weymouth," he said, "I want you to read the ninth line from the top—here." He indicated the place with his broad thumb.

"'Woman has always occupied a position of priesthood,'" he read aloud, "'standing before an inner shrine and guarding a sanctity that is essential to civilization. To many of them, in their modern aspects, freedom is merely a delightful joy ride. She rides astride upon her rights, and the aspect, I am compelled to say, is like that of a Church of England clergyman mounted upon a motor cycle.'"

Weymouth looked up blankly at Emmett's face, stonily amused.

"There's a lot more," insisted Emmett, "and I'd have no trouble showing you Sophie's pet epigrams and philosophies if I wanted to bore you with my work. There's the one about married couples not liking each other—eight chances to one—or the statement that too many people want socialism the way they see Chinatown—by being taken round at a dollar a head by a man with a megaphone, or ——"

"Has she stooped to that?" Weymouth half whispered. "Stolen thunder!"

"Oh, we shouldn't mind that. Every echo steals thunder and imitates it faintly. And, of course, you must realize by now that Sophie is ——"

"An echo?" inquired Weymouth.

"An echo!" echoed Emmett. "She has one of those minds which can only give back the sounds they receive."

"I see," grunted Weymouth. "She's changed so in her absence from you, because ——"

"She's been shut off from the base of supplies. Her mind went dry. It's been a shame to take my words out of her pretty mouth. She has always echoed so delightfully! Really, Weymouth, with her beauty and the way she has with her it has been more than worth the trouble."

"It would be a crime against art to stop her now," suggested Weymouth, "like taking the lines away from a great actress."

"Oh, bless her!" laughed Emmett heartily. "I wouldn't have the brutality to do that! In a week she'll be bristling with ideas again—my ideas. And I'll give her all the philosophy and bright paragraphs she can use, just as I'd give her money until I went bankrupt. I don't think you realize how much I love her, Weymouth."

The young critic was amazed at the intense earnestness with which this peculiar man made the last statement.

"I'll have a little more of that excellent port, if you don't mind," suggested Weymouth in a voice that was dry as dust. Emmett's hand shook slightly as he poured out the liquor.

"She used to take me round a good deal in society when we were first married," went on Emmett. "She acted as my convoy because she had the social position and I had the money. I never cared much for that sort of thing, because I never could talk to advantage to more than one person at a time—and I've only found one in ten worth talking to. But I stood this dinner business for a while. The thing that really attracted me on these occasions was Sophie. It gave me a sort of rare, epicurean delight to sit a few places away from her and hear her strewing epigrams—my epigrams—right and left like handfuls of jewels. People are often careless with other people's valuables, and Sophie was a spendthrift. I never really appreciated how good my lines were until I heard Sophie delivering them in that wonderful voice of hers. I used to go to dinners that mummified me where I sat, just for the exquisite joy of hearing

(Concluded on Page 61)

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Hudson Super-Six is Not A Brother of the Six

The Feature Which Won Its Supremacy Is Controlled By Hudson Patents

A Six now rules in Motordom—where the trend, not long ago, was toward added cylinders. A Six holds all the worth-while records. A Six outsells any other front-rank car. But it is the Super-Six, remember—with the Hudson invention which added 80 per cent to six-cylinder efficiency.

The Light-Six type, some years ago, attained the heights of popularity. It so excelled the previous types that it was, for some years, the reigning type.

But engineers knew that in the Six at its best much of the power was being lost in vibration. They knew that friction and wear, within the motor, limited its endurance.

Leading engineers, including the Hudson, started out to end these faults. For a time the best way apparent seemed the V-type motor. So in 1915—before the Super-Six was presented—the trend was to Eights and Twelves.

There can be no doubt that those types soon would have superseded Sixes. Maker after maker adopted them. The Super-Six turned the tide back to the Six.

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What changed the condition was the Super-Six invention, made by Hudson engineers.

They discovered the fault in the Six. Then they worked out the remedy. The result was to add 80 per cent to efficiency, with no added size or cylinders.

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But that is the Super-Six motor, invented and patented by Hudson.

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All the worth-while records have been won by the Super-Six. That is, speed records for stock cars. Records for quick acceleration. The hill-climbing records, including Pike's Peak.

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For men who want a great car, no car in the field today approaches the Hudson Super-Six.

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The car is now equipped with a gasoline saver, also a development of Hudson.

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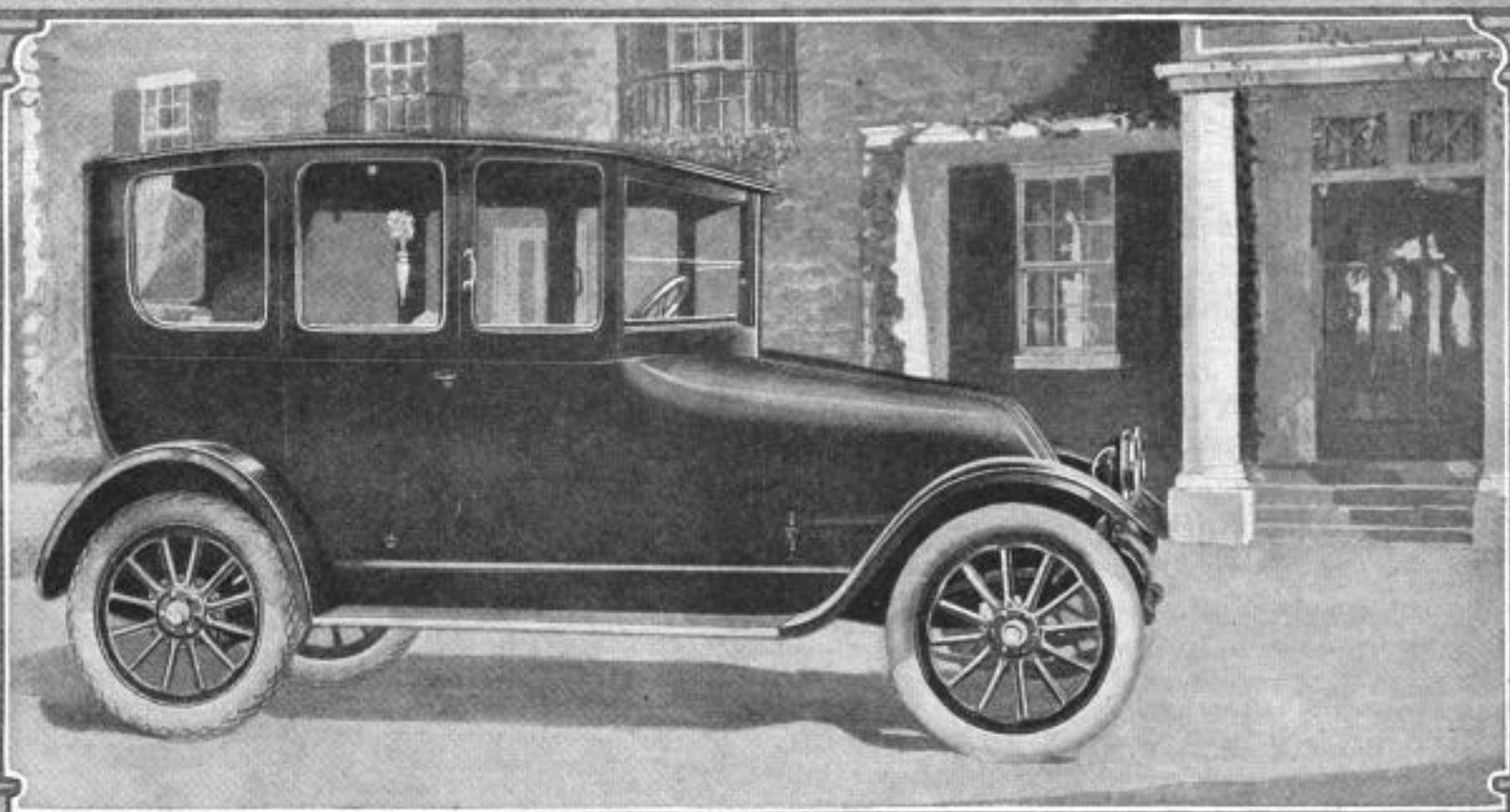
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Then he will come back to the specific features of Franklin construction—its *flexibility*, the *lightness* of its unsprung weight. He will tell you of *easy riding* over rough roads, its *liveliness* on the hills, its *maximum speed* from place to place, its economy in gasoline, its remarkable tire mileage.

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(Concluded from Page 58)

myself quoted—quoted without quotation marks—by the most charming little actress I ever met.

"But I was punished for it at last. It got round that society merely endured poor, stupid Emmett for the sake of getting his brilliant wife. Then I decided to let Sophie do it all. I've stayed home ever since."

They sat a while regarding the tablecloth. The topaz liquid in the bottle was fast reaching its nadir.

"Mr. Emmett, if you don't mind telling me," asked the younger man, "how a clever man like you—for I'm beginning to think you're a stupendous person—ever came to ——"

"To be fooled the way you were?" grinned his host.

"Well, that's one way of putting it. I wonder how you came to marry her. Whom was she echoing when you first met her?"

"Her father," Emmett replied. "He was a remarkable individual and gave her enough ideas to keep her going until she could tap my mine."

Weymouth pushed back his chair. He had heard the truth and must take it for what it was worth.

"I thank you," he volunteered rather heavily. "There aren't many men who would speak out like this. Of course it's been rather crushing for me. I thought I understood women ——"

"You did? You poor, lost lamb!" Emmett let his friendly hand rest a moment on his victim's shoulder. "I don't think you understand much of anything. You clever fellows—professionally clever fellows—are usually pretty stupid when it comes down to the facts of life. I don't suppose, now it's all over, that you have an inkling as to why I've done all this to make you and Sophie tired of each other?"

"I really believe you're fond of her!" gasped the dupe of fate.

"Fond of her! My dear boy, if she'd stayed away two days longer—well, your case would have been simplified to courting a pretty widow. I don't think you'll comprehend what I'm going to say, but I'll tell you as plainly as I know how. I adore Sophie for exactly what she is—simple and unreasonable and feminine—utterly lacking in that abominable thing called cleverness. On the days when we're alone together we drop all pretense and chatter like children. She takes me out of my maddening theories. She rests me and makes me feel young again. I don't care how she cavorts in public, like a charming little animated phonograph. She doesn't waste any of that foolishness on me. She saves it for people who aren't discerning enough to know glass from diamonds. But when she's home, she's Sophie—just entirely Sophie. We frolic and talk nonsense together. And when the servants are out we commandeer the kitchen, and cook our own little dinners. She's quite a wonderful cook."

Emmett paused, arrested by an idea. His eyes were twinkling with enthusiasm.

"Weymouth, you've never really tasted a curried squab until you've tried Sophie's!"

Her reformed lover smothered a groan. He had lost a comet and found a curry cook!

"Why don't you come round Wednesday night and have a family dinner with us?" Elijah's voice rasped on his reflections.

"I—I should like to. But don't you think it would be better if ——"

"You and I ate alone? Nonsense! I want you to come when Sophie's here. It would hurt her feelings if you didn't."

HELENKA

(Continued from Page 8)

Eight o'clock came, and five minutes after, and then ten! At last she heard the roar of the motor, and her heart beat wildly. Then the great car with its closed hood pulled up to the curb; the chauffeur leaped down and began to unbuckle the flap, and she hurried forth across the pavement in her wonderful gold shoes. She did not wait for Paul to get out, but stepped through the door and found herself in his arms, squeezed against the orders pinned across his uniform.

"I thought you would never come!" she cried. "I'm so frightened—to go to that great hotel—poor little, timid me!"

He bent over and kissed her on cheek and lips again and again.

"I came near not getting here at all, little sweetheart!" he answered with grumbling tenderness. "Took some chances, in fact! But you're worth it! You know that, you mischief! There isn't a man in the Russian Army but would die for you—if he knew you existed."

"Then I'm not frightened any more!" said Helenka, giving him back his last kiss.

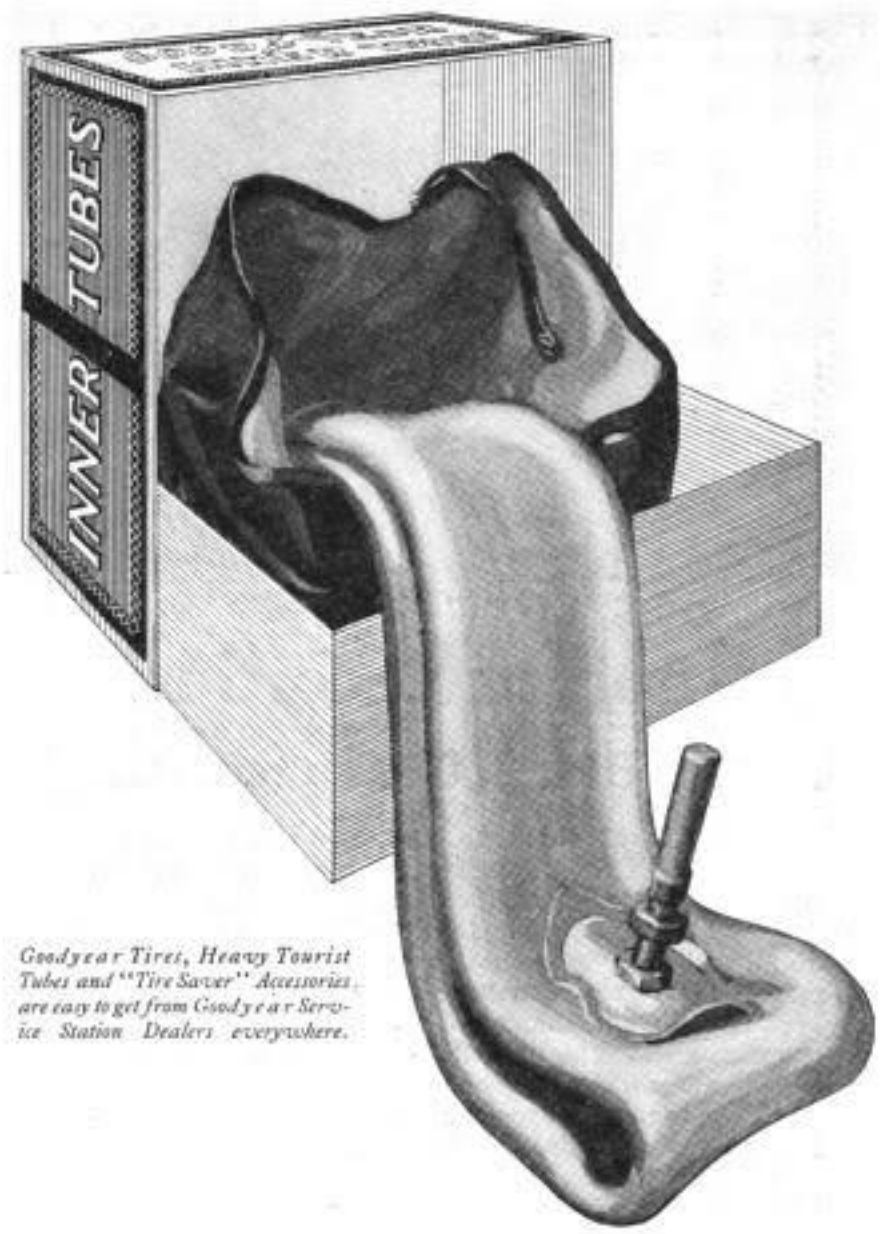
It was nearly a quarter to nine o'clock when the motor which bore Paul Zamarkroff and Helenka rolled up to the door of the Potocki. During the thirty-odd minutes which the ride had consumed the girl had already divined that something was preying upon her companion's mind, which in turn communicated itself to her own. It was not that Paul was less loverlike than customarily—not at all—but she detected a slight absent-mindedness on his part that puzzled her. She also noticed that he had been drinking—more than usual she thought, but why not! But when the *concierge* opened the door of the motor, saluting Paul rigidly, she forgot all these things in a fresh palpitation of excitement. Oh, could she ever put her foot to the ground and enter those great doors through which came the subdued strains of mysterious music? Could she face those hundreds of strange people—those great folk? She hesitated longer than was at all necessary and Paul spoke rather impatiently to her. She must not annoy him! Trembling she descended and, gathering up her abbreviated skirts, not daring to look at the *concierge*, followed Paul into the Hotel Potocki.

The air in the foyer was heavy with the scent of roses and of hot food. A couple of lackeys sprang forward to relieve Paul of his military greatcoat, and a maid in black and white hurried toward her while Helenka, petrified with embarrassment, stood with her eyes on the floor. She could hear the clank of swords, which came from the glass doors of the restaurant, and realized that some officers had entered just after them. There were ladies. She must not block up the way. The officers were greeting Paul jovially in Russian.

Helenka, turning away from the maid who had taken her wrap, saw Paul in full-dress uniform for the first time. Always, as she was convinced, the personification of her ideal—the young hero of her dreams—he now seemed to her like some glorious pagan god—Mercury perhaps, "new-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill." Well over six feet, his inlaid sword swaying against his glossy black boots, his chest cordoned with gold and decorated with a row of service orders, her lover indeed looked every inch an officer and—had she known it—every inch a prince. The head waiter was hastening forward obsequiously. Evidently Major Zamarkroff was a familiar as well as a distinguished patron. Paul selected a huge bunch of blossoms from the rosary by the door, tossed the flower girl a gold coin and, bowing ceremoniously, offered them to Helenka, then slipped her hand through his arm and led her across the threshold. Faint with excitement and embarrassment, she blindly followed, but her head swam and the scene blurred before her dizzied eyes. She could see the black swallowtail coat of the head waiter bobbing ahead of them, and swaying masses of gay color at the crowded tables, but the myriad lights ran together and the orchestra was almost drowned in the clatter of china and the roar of talk and laughter. Paul patted the hand that lay upon his arm.

"Courage, little sweetheart," he whispered.

But Helenka, who had never bared her shoulders in public before, felt as if she were half naked to the gaze of thousands, and a crimson flush stole swiftly across her neck and bosom. She was convinced that no other woman had ever so exposed herself. There was something wrong with the cut of the dress. There must be! Or why was everybody looking at her? She hung her head and held the roses to her breast, trying to conceal her shame. But every candle seemed an eye of flame leering at her. Half supported by Paul, she pursued the head waiter's retreating coattails down the aisle between the tables until he paused and with a grand flourish pulled out two chairs. At last she could sit down and sink out of sight! Alas, no! With an access of agony she perceived that Paul was berating the functionary for giving them such poor seats. He spoke sharply to the man, and his voice had an imperious ring that she had never



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CONCRETE FOR PERMANENCE

heard in it before. The fellow was cowed and apologetically led them back between the tables toward the main door of the dining room, but there were no vacant places and, after an agonizing delay, a table was dragged out for them into the very center of the restaurant.

"Well, at last!" said Paul. "And to think I gave that rascal twenty rubles only day before yesterday!"

The head waiter was back now, officiously ordering the other servants about and solicitous in his attentions. Paul called for champagne and leaned back in his chair, nodding right and left to various occupants of neighboring tables. Once she was no longer standing up in the midst of everything Helenka began to recover from her confusion and presently mustered enough courage to glance timidly about her. She still clutched her bouquet tightly to her breast, but she soon realized that her own costume was modesty itself compared with some of those which were within her range of vision. The women all seemed very beautiful to her and their dresses marvels of creamy tulle and lace—what there was of them—and the officers who crowded about the tables all looked marvelously big and brave and handsome—only not nearly so wonderful as Paul, whom most of them seemed to know.

Many of the women apparently knew him also and one, sitting at a table close by, thrust out her hand across the intervening space and Paul gravely bent over, took it in his and kissed it. Helenka experienced her first knife thrust of jealousy. Who was this woman? Paul saw the look in her eyes and laughed.

"Only the Countess Czvorska, my dear. An old friend—forty years old!"

Above the din—for it was little short of an uproar, punctuated every now and then by screams of laughter, the clink of glass against glass and the popping of bottles like near-by rifle shots—the double orchestra on the balcony was struggling to make audible a piece described upon the program as "La Turkee Trot Americaine." It seemed curious to Helenka to see an orchestra playing and nobody listening to it.

Gradually her curiosity got the better of her embarrassment and she began to observe the scene about her in detail, while Paul busied himself with the menu. There were certainly five hundred people in the room—or more—and at least one-third of them were Russian officers, many in field uniform. There were one or two women to each officer, while here and there a civilian in evening dress contrasted oddly with the military appearance of the others and sounded a note singularly prosaic and bourgeois. One was nothing if not a soldier in Warsaw! And the number of bottles was astounding. Bottles large and bottles small, on the tables and beside them, in wonderful silver pails piled high with ice. And just then the head waiter returned with just such a pail and took out a great dripping black bottle, rather dirty, and showed it to Paul, who nodded and pushed forward Helenka's glass. Another waiter pulled the cork and returned the bottle to the first, who deftly filled the glasses with yellow bubbling wine.

"*A toi, ma chérie!*" said Paul, lifting his glass.

Helenka raised hers and placed it to her lips. She had never tasted champagne and was surprised to find it so bitter, but she drank it all without putting down the goblet, and began presently to feel a new sense of confidence. After all, she had as much right there as anybody—now. She was Paul's affianced wife. It was proper that she should take her place at once in his gay world. And yet, what had she, an unknown Polish girl from New Praga, to offer him? What an extraordinary thing was love! What miracles it brought about! She sought Paul's hand beneath the table and he pressed it tenderly. She wished she could meet his parents and see his home, the home in the country which he had described to her, with the peasants and the cattle and the fields of grain. But she must wait until after the war. It would be wrong for them to marry now. What if he should be shot? Looking at his mobile face with its warm color and brilliant smile it seemed inconceivable that he could ever die. Yet thousands like him had been killed. She felt that she would die herself if anything happened to him.

A tall officer of the Preobrajensky Guards arose from where he was sitting and came over to their table, slapping Paul familiarly upon the shoulder.

"Well, old fellow, I thought you were stuck for good at Lowicz!" he remarked. "You were lucky to get away!" His eyes fastened themselves on Helenka's face. "But then you are always lucky!" he added significantly. "Introduce me, won't you?"

But Paul's expression showed no cordiality of response.

"Why, certainly, if you wish," he replied stiffly. "This is Colonel Petroff—Mademoiselle Lavorska."

"Charmed to make your acquaintance!" exclaimed Colonel Petroff, reaching for her hand and raising it to his lips. "The major here has a great eye for beauty. Permit me to offer my homage also!"

Paul's face had taken on a look of annoyance. The interruption was evidently not at all to his liking. But having laid his wreath, as he supposed, on the altar of Aphrodite, the good colonel, feeling himself *de trop*, returned to his place. His remarks had been quite unintelligible to Helenka, who only realized that he thought she was pretty; but she was troubled by the fact that Paul had omitted to introduce her as his future wife. This evidently was also in his own mind, for a moment after Petroff's departure he turned to her and said:

"That fellow is the greatest busybody in the army. If I had explained to him who you were, he would have spread the news all over the room. Probably he'd have told the orchestra to strike up the wedding march!"

Helenka, feeling that Paul's instinct in the matter must of course be correct, was satisfied, but she somehow regretted that her fiancé had not seized the very first opportunity to make her position absolutely plain. Unless she had been engaged to him she was quite sure it would not have been right for her to come there.

Paul filled her glass again and hastily began to point out some of the celebrities who were present.

The stout man in the dress suit, dining at the table with the general covered with decorations, was the Civil Governor of Warsaw. At the next table to the left was Count Orlenoff with one of the general staff. Over there was a group of officers of the Lithuanian Legion. At another table was Prince Ivanokoff with his wife. Helenka was thrilled. Then the waiter brought little shiny things in shells—oysters, she guessed from what she had read—and she was lost in confusion as to how to eat them, until she saw Paul take up a little three-pronged fork from beside his plate. But she no longer felt abashed at her ignorance, only rather amused. After her second glass of champagne she hardly minded anything. Amid the confusion she did not notice that her ears were singing a little, or that she found difficulty in focusing her eyes except on near-by objects. The lights were so dazzling!

She saw Colonel Petroff raise his glass and smile at her from where he sat, and she did not know just how to acknowledge the salute. He was certainly very polite. She was very happy. She was going to have a wonderful life with Paul if her introduction was any index of the future. The noise was increasing every moment. They had come so late that already some of the corner tables had been cleared away and people had begun to dance—a funny seesaw kind of American dance. Others stood up and applauded. From the other end of the room came a crash, as if a table had been upset. She had never been where people were having such a good time before—so carefree, natural and happy! And then, just as Helenka had managed to capture one of the oysters, the lady at the next table—the Countess Czvorska—leaned across, halfway between, and in a silver satiric voice said to Paul:

"And how is my *cher prince* this evening?"

"*Cher prince!*" That meant "dear prince"—the ordinary form of salutation for a person of that rank, as Helenka well knew. The hand holding the oyster fork stopped midway in its journey to her mouth. The lights seemed to grow dim. The blood rushed to her throat. *Prince!* The countess had used the word quite naturally.

But of course it was a joke—why, Paul was a prince—a prince among men! That was it! With a little gasp of relief Helenka turned to Paul. He would introduce her now. The countess was an old friend. Helenka would, if necessary, force the issue. But why was he scowling?

(Continued on Page 65)

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(Continued from Page 62)

"I want to present Captain Lagaroff!" the countess was saying.

"Oh, I beg you—not now!" stammered Paul, scowling and turning white round the lips.

"How absurd!" she returned. "Be a good boy! Can't you leave your little comrade for two seconds? Lagaroff!" she called over her shoulder. "I want to introduce you to Prince Zamarkroff!"

And Paul, turning in his chair, bowed stiffly to Captain Lagaroff and raised his glass.

Then it was so! He was a prince! Why did he not look at her? Why did the fingers of his left hand twitch that way? Oh, why had she met him? No Russian noble would ever marry the daughter of a Polish musician. She knew that!

He was a prince—a member, perhaps, of that dissolute—if aristocratic—circle notorious throughout Poland for its profligacy and dissipations. Why, she had never been anything to him at all except a possible victim that the fortunes of war had thrown in his path. One of many—doubtless—at Lowiez, perchance, or even in Warsaw! Every word he had ever spoken to her had been false—an infamous, calculating, sordid lie. And he had taught her to lie like himself! She should have known that true love would not countenance anything but the unsullied truth. But he had made her lie to her father and mother. Her dear father! Her dear mother! Oh, where were they? Where was Ignacio? She must fly to them at once! But how could she get away? She was a prisoner in a horrible trap—a trap where the cats gave the mice food and wine and played music for them to dance to!

The trinkets he had bought for her, the letters he had written to her, were all a part of a hideous lure; his kisses—ugh! Involuntarily she lifted her napkin to her mouth. Why, the very dress she had on was part of the price he was willing to pay for her! She felt suddenly ill—with an actual, overpowering nausea! She wanted to tear the dress from her body, to cast it away from her, to burn it! How was she to escape? Could she escape? These heartless Russian officers and these brazen women were his accomplices. They were all engaged in the same sort of conspiracy. It was all part of their own lives—this sort of thing—an everyday affair—a joke no doubt. The very servants here in this gilded place were in his pay! He could snap his fingers and they would drag her away, screaming, to anywhere he might direct. Every story she had ever heard of the cruel bestiality of the Russians crowded seething into her aching brain.

What an incarnate devil he must be! "Major Zamarkroff!" The hard-working farmer-officer, the only support of his elderly agricultural parents. What a fine story it would make to tell to his brother officers round the mess table! Oh, Ignacio! Why had she ever looked down at his faithful, unswerving loyalty? If he were only there to take her away from this wretch who had brought her into this terrible place! They would fight their way out together. She clenched her teeth, stiff with fear. The wretch was turning to her now with a forced smile on his red lips. How could he dare to speak to her? But she was fighting for her life. She must keep her head. He must not suspect that she knew. She must meet guile with guile, fight fire with fire. How she loathed him! There surged through her all the hatred engendered of love betrayed, of confidence violated, of truth outraged. Yet she bit her lips and smiled.

"We must learn that dance," she heard him saying. "La Turkee Trot!"

"Yes," she answered, "but not now! Give me some more champagne!"

"What a thirsty little sparrow it is!" he laughed.

They clinked glasses, but Helenka only touched her lips to hers, while Paul drained his to the bottom.

The noise was now deafening, the air suffocating. More tables had been removed and many couples were dancing, or trying to do so. The efforts of the musicians could not compete with the increased laughter, the almost continuous crash of china, and the popping of corks on every side.

What would he do next? What was the next step in this kind of tragedy? She looked frantically round her—at the supercilious waiters, at the flushed, bleary-eyed officers, at the powdered, heartless-looking women. Her eyes sought wildly for doors and windows, but there were none that offered any means of inconspicuous exit. Oh that Ignacio might come like a Sir Galahad to save her! But she knew that he would not come. No one would come! She would have to stay there alone with Zamarkroff!

"O God!" she prayed—Zamarkroff's words hovering somehow in her mind—"Dear God, who knowest the sparrow's fall, watch over Thy little Helenka—Thy little sparrow, Helenka! Have mercy upon her and save her; send Thy ministering angels to guard her; for the sake of the Blessed Virgin send Thine angels—Thine angels!"

With the effect of a thunderclap the noise in the room suddenly ceased. In place of it there fell an utter and ghastly silence, as if a lid had been clapped suddenly over a music box. The waiters stopped in their tracks—dishes raised in hand—the musicians ceased playing, as if turned to stone. Not a sound of any kind broke the stillness. And then everybody—officers, civilians and women alike—rose with white faces and turned toward the door. For on the threshold stood—the Grand Duke!

Alone he stood there in mud-bespattered field uniform, a silent colossal figure, six feet eight inches in height, with folded arms, his eyes fixed sternly upon the scene before him. Every officer in the room was rigid—at the salute. Every woman was erect beside her chair. There was no movement save the slow upward curling of the smoke from five hundred discarded cigarettes. It was like the palace of the Sleeping Beauty—with everybody in it turned to stone in an instant.

Slowly the Grand Duke's eyes traveled from table to table, taking in and identifying every officer present. A minute passed, two minutes, three. Helenka saw that Zamarkroff's lower lip was quivering. Then the Grand Duke crossed the threshold and walked slowly to the first table at his right, and as he did so two Cossacks appeared in the doorway and stood there, facing each other, at present arms. The table to which he gave his first attention was that occupied by the heavily decorated general and the stout man in evening dress.

The Grand Duke, his arms still folded, approached within two feet of the general and gazed down upon him from his great height, as Wodan might have looked down at Alberich. The man in civilian dress he ignored.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded in a deep voice that could be heard through the room.

"Your Royal Highness," gasped the general, "I—Your Royal Highness—I am dining with the Civil Governor!"

"The Civil Governor should dine in his own house!" said the Grand Duke shortly and turned to the next table.

"What are you doing here?"

The officer addressed—the member of the general staff—turned livid.

"Your Royal Highness, I beg to explain. I had dispatches for Your Royal Highness from Petrograd, and—supposing you were at the front—I—I—paused in Warsaw to dine. I have the dispatches here!"

"Give them to me!"

The officer fumbled in his breast and produced a sealed packet.

The Grand Duke snatched them from his hand.

"I should have had these three hours ago!"

Still in silence, the Grand Duke passed on. At the next table was a handsome young officer in full dress, a row of decorations on his breast, and beside him two girls, fashionably attired.

"What are you doing here?"

The officer clutched the back of his chair with one hand while keeping the other at salute, and hung his head.

"Your—Your Royal Highness," he choked out, "I—I—am—dining with friends."

His voice sank to a whisper.

"Have you leave?"

"No, Your Royal Highness."

The face of the Grand Duke grew hard. With one sweep of his right arm he tore the decorations from the young officer's breast and threw them upon the floor, as with his left he pointed to the door. The officer, without another word or a look at his companions, walked to the threshold, the two Cossacks closed in behind him, and he passed out. Two others appeared and took the vacant places of the sentinels.



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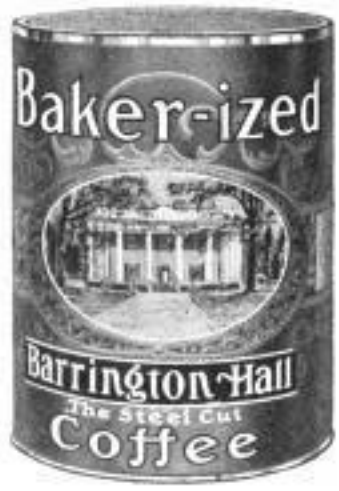
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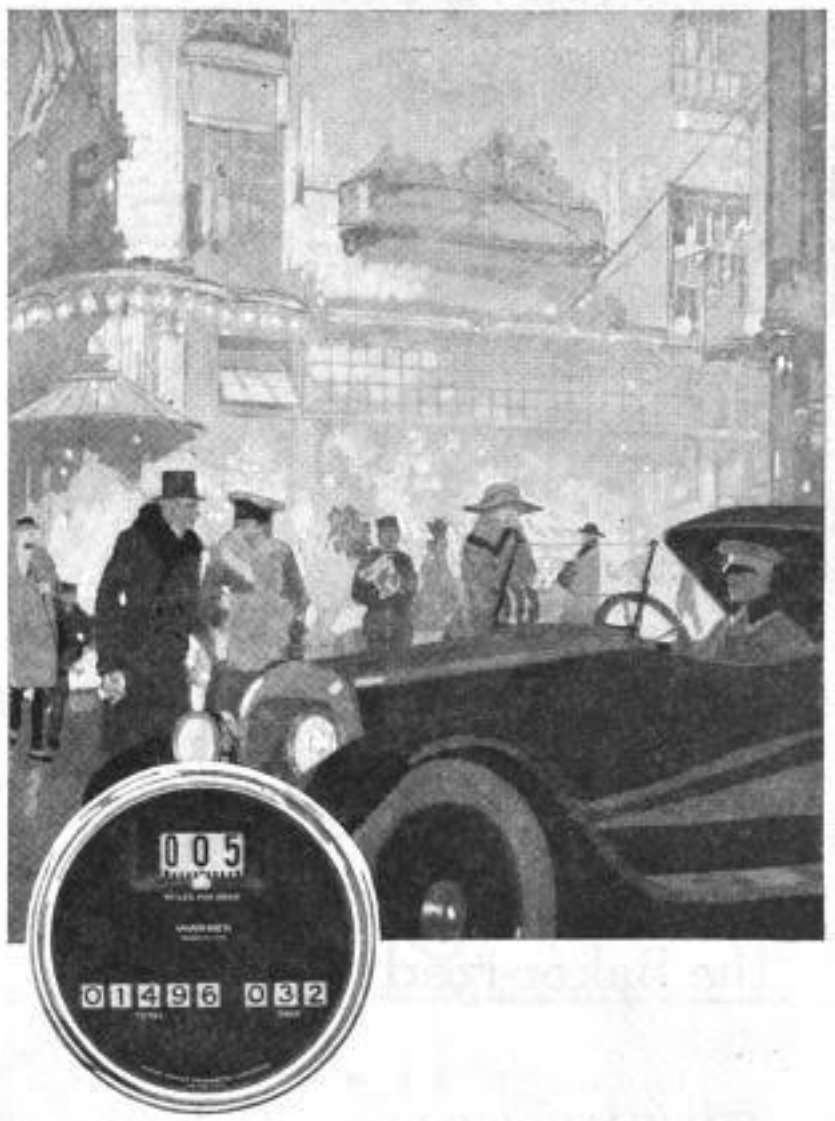
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Down the aisle walked the Grand Duke, pausing at each table and interrogating every officer. Soon four had been degraded and sent out of the room. Zamarkroff had gone quite gray, and his knees were shaking as the royal personage stepped beside him. Poor Helenka, almost too terrified to breathe, was only conscious of a huge, overpowering presence, a greenish gray immensity, a vast expanse of beard, a giant arm and a hairy giant hand.

"What are you doing here?"

The voice roared in her ears like the thunder of surf. The presence of the Grand Duke seemed to be suffocating her. But Zamarkroff did not reply. His head fell upon his chest and he made a deprecating gesture with his left hand. Helenka saw the hairy hand of the Grand Duke close over the decorations on Paul's coat and heard the ripping sound as he tore them off and dropped them on the floor. And then she was alone—all alone—by herself beside the Grand Duke—and Paul was walking slowly to the door. The two Cossacks turned and followed him out. Two others appeared from nowhere.

The Grand Duke moved on. And still there was no sound throughout the restaurant save his ever repeated inquiries of "What are you doing here?" the stammering replies, and the footsteps of those who went forth in obedience to that terrible pointed finger. From table to table he went, until there was no officer left who had not given an account of his presence. Eleven in all were ordered forth. And then, as suddenly and as silently as he had appeared, the Grand Duke turned on his heel and strode out of the room.

Still no one moved. It was as if those standing so motionlessly beside the tables were waiting for the next scene in the drama, for the *dénouement* that must follow. Then without warning a woman whimpered and collapsed upon the floor. The Civil Governor and his decorated companion hastily left their places and hurried out. Like a flock of sheep, when they had at last decided to move, the orchestra fled with their instruments down the balcony. And one by one, or by twos and threes, the waiters and the guests slipped away, leaving the dishes as they were upon the tables.

Helenka was dazed. How long she stood there she did not know. It must have been some time, for when she came to herself she was in a cold sweat and the great room was empty. She could hear herself sobbing, but there was no other sound. She felt weak and sick and her legs could hardly support her as she stumbled toward the door. She must get home! Home! Would she ever manage to get there? The lobby was empty. There was no one to be seen anywhere—not even the *concierge* or a servant of any sort. The big glass doors leading out into the avenue were wide open and, gathering her skirts into her hands, she ran forth into the snowy night, still sobbing as she ran. She felt neither the cold upon her uncovered neck and back nor the icy slush as it poured over the edges of her golden slippers. Her skirt fell from her hand and dragged along the pavement, and once she slipped and fell to her knees. But breathlessly she kept on—her only thought to get home, to her father and her mother and Ignacio.

It was curious how she kept thinking of Ignacio. Along the Ujazdowska she ran, and on through the Nowy Swiat, past the Bernardine Convent, the Carmelite Church and the Radziwill Palace, past the very spot where she had first met Zamarkroff on that eventful afternoon, through Sigismund Square and out across the Alexandrovsk Bridge. The night was quiet, and her footsteps seemed to make a loud clatter as she ran. And suddenly, as she neared the center of the bridge, from out of the night in the direction of the citadel came the muffled crash of distant musketry. What did it portend?

Somehow it terrified her more than anything that had happened. Again that irregular discharge—and presently again! Eleven times in all!

She paused, feeling unexpectedly faint, and clutched at the iron handrail of the bridge for support. Down below she could see great pieces of ice whirling and twisting in the black current. If she could ——! But she had not the strength to climb over the rail—not even the strength to stand upright. There was a thundering in her ears—like artillery being driven headlong across the bridge—and footsteps running. Could it be Zamarkroff? A figure loomed behind and stretched out its arms as if to embrace her. She made a futile attempt to climb over the handrail.

"Helenka! It is Ignacio!"

His arms were about her, his hands tearing hers from the rail. Another moment and his coat was buttoned about her shoulders and he was half carrying her along the bridge.

"It is all right, sweetheart!" whispered a new and extraordinarily bold Ignacio. "I followed you to the hotel. I waited outside. I should have killed him. Oh, yes, quite certainly. Only I did not have to. But I walked a little way when they marched him off toward the citadel; and so I missed you! But I've found you now! Oh, I love you, Helenka! Say you love me!"

And Helenka, perhaps from general weakness of character, perhaps from utter exhaustion, perhaps from horror at what she guessed to be the fate of Zamarkroff, or perhaps because it was really true, dropped her head on Ignacio's snow-covered shoulder and told him so.

Twenty minutes later they bade each other good night on the steps outside Sophie Yaska's apartment. Then Helenka turned and feebly climbed up the stairs to the landing. The key of the flat was in her pocket and, as she fumbled with it, she discovered that she was clutching something in her other hand—an oyster fork!

Helenka, accompanied by Ignacio, returned home the next afternoon looking rather pale and—a quite unusual thing for her—with black circles round her eyes. Madam Lavorska was still enshawled and reading Clara Militch in front of the fire. Helenka's father was putting a new string on his practice violin. He looked up inquiringly as they entered.

"Hello!" he remarked. "So you're friends again, eh? Did you hear what happened last night? They're telling the story everywhere in Warsaw—and it must be true. The Grand Duke found eleven officers without leave at the Hotel Potocki last night and had them shot without court-martial within an hour. I hate a Russian! But that's carrying discipline a little too far! Don't you think so, Ignacio?"

Helenka had turned paler than ever. Ignacio shook his head.

"No," he answered, "I am for the Grand Duke."

Madame Lavorska seemed rather annoyed at having her reading interrupted.

"Well, what difference does it make anyway?" she asked.



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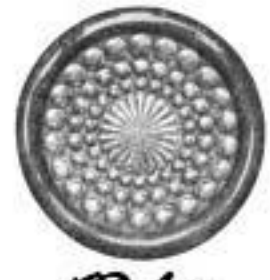


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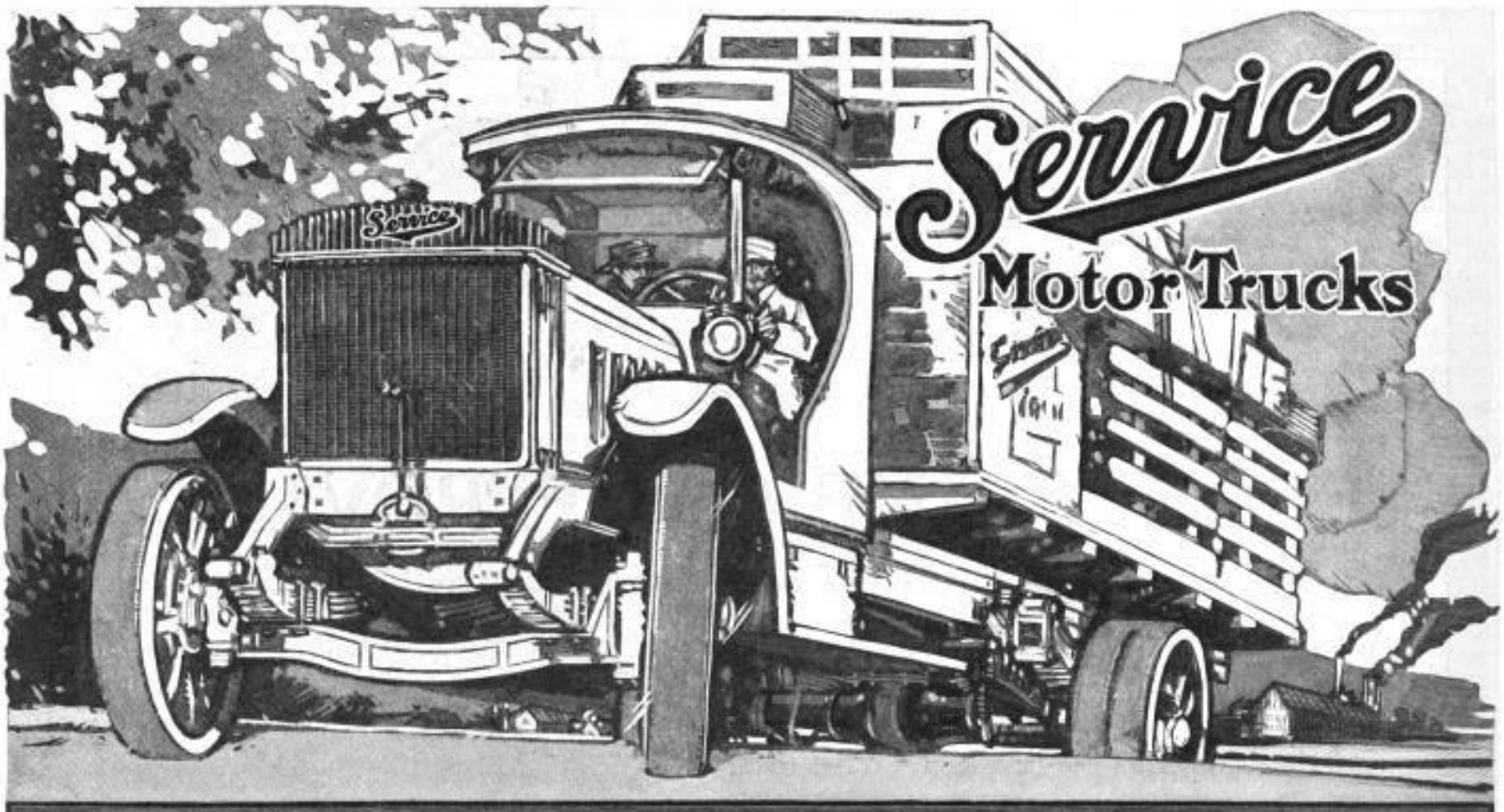






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ONE EVERY MINUTE

(Continued from Page 21)

feel altogether at home in the broker's office. On the other hand, he was unable to see in himself anything suggestive of the Wall Street lamb. He did not suffer from ticker fever. He had noticed in Woodcock's office men who clustered about the tickers—curious groups that breathlessly read what the wonder-working little machine printed on the tape. As he walked past other brokers' offices in Wall Street or Broad he noticed similar groups. And uptown, in the branch offices, he saw ticker-fiends and tape-worms also reading with their very souls the figures that raised hopes or killed them—inveterate gamblers that gasped and clenched their fists and grimaced nervously, unaware that men who were not inveterate gamblers were watching them.

Not for Wilberforce Shadd such madness! The worst he did was to turn to the financial page the moment he bought a newspaper, which was altogether natural. In fact, it was a conservative business man asking at the bank what his balance was.

On his way home that night, in order to prove that he was not suffering from the acute tickeritis of the others, he did not read the Wall Street page. Also, the street car was so crowded that he could not half open his paper. He did not read the paper immediately on arrival at his home, because his wife and his supper were waiting for him. He ate a newsless meal and then went to the movies.

IX

THE next morning as soon as he awoke he began to think that it would have been wise to put a stop-order on his two hundred shares. If the stock started to go down for keeps it was better to lose a small proportion of the untaken profit than to lose everything, including his original investment of $1832 in cash, the savings of a lifetime.

He wondered how he ever could have doubted the wisdom of not losing all his profit! Doubt so tortured him that by the time he turned to the financial page of his morning paper and looked for the "outside market" he was sure that Undersea Craft, in the language of the Street, had "broken par"—that is, sold below 100; a clean loss to him of $15,000 or more.

He felt ill. His head was hot and his feet cold. He felt a tremor within him.

He certainly had been rash not to sell at 160; and even more certainly a plain fool not to have "let them have it" at 172!

It was about that time that he discovered accidentally that Undersea Craft for the second time had earned the honor of a special news story. There it was in big type:

FORTUNES WON IN UNDERSEA!

It was the sensation of the day. It seemed that the movement really started in the last hour, and the stock had risen by leaps and bounds to 210. The last sale was at 210 and the closing prices were "210 bid; 220 asked." At 200 there had been sales of 3100 shares. The market had absorbed them easily, and the upward movement had proceeded as if there were no top.

"Great Scott! If I'd been in the office I surely would have sold at 200!" he muttered, so awe-strickenly, thinking of his escape, that the reaction left him weak and short of breath.

He had saved untold wealth by leaving Woodcock's office when he did! He did not go so far as to call it brains. He acknowledged humbly that it was great luck, and he was duly grateful.

He was still making money. As long as he held that stock he seemed to get richer and richer. He could not have told how he managed to live until noon. He made mighty efforts to concentrate on his work without succeeding. Lipps, the manager, frightened him by asking:

"How is she?"

Shadd, who did not understand, merely stared fearfully.

Lipps proceeded sympathetically:

"No better?"

Ah, Lipps evidently meant Mrs. Shadd and not Undersea Craft; whereupon Wilberforce said dolefully:

"About the same. I'm going home in the lunch hour." But he could not help looking guilty as he finished: "I'll be back in time, Mr. Lipps."

"Oh, the deuce, man! Stay as long as it's necessary. I understand how you feel about it. I'm a married man myself."

Lipps was a nice man. He also was married. Shadd felt sorry for him.

At 12:01 Wilberforce Shadd, who believed he was immune from tickeritis, was in a Subway express bound Wall Street-ward. His broker's offices were in Exchange Place. As Shadd approached Broad Street he heard a stupendous racket. Looking southward he saw the Curb in a state of active eruption.

Two hundred lunatics were watched by half a thousand awed spectators. The outside market for War Brides was on!

He thought he would see at close range what was going on. This Curb market was where people bought and sold Undersea Craft shares, although at what price he could not tell just then. There was a sort of storm center, about which the human waves eddied and whirled and broke. On closer inspection he perceived that about 90 energumens were past praying for. He shook his head in genuine sorrow.

"That," volunteered a bystander, who seemed proud of feeling no compassion, "is the Undersea crowd."

Shadd stood up straight as a soldier and smiled proudly:

"Yes, I know," he said. "I've got a jag of it that cost me nine. Plain nine!"

The bystander smiled knowingly: "Yes, I heard about you." Shadd looked modest. The man went on, "I myself paid $3 a share for a small lot of 50,000 shares," and laughed loudly.

Shadd, made angry by the rude incredulity of the vulgar beast, was about to say something apposite, when he heard someone yell:

"Thirty-five for 20!"

Wilberforce Shadd nearly fainted. His legs bent under him. From 210 to 35 meant a drop that was more than catastrophic. It was lethal. Then he heard the same voice shout:

"Two-thirty-five for 20!"

Shadd rushed madly toward the office of Francis T. Woodcock to be near his 200 shares which at 235 a share now represented $47,000.

Rich! Rich! Rich! That's what he was!

Woodcock was in the board room when Shadd asked for him. It seemed there was a big day on the Exchange, and the broker was very busy. The customers gave Shadd an ovation such as is vouchsafed to few men under a proven $50,000,000. Henry Rumney was calling him "Willie" and gazing adoringly the while. Henry had bought 60 shares of U. C. at 95, which by the usual Wall Street process had grown, in the telling of it, to 600. He had 140 points profit. It was no trouble for him to be grateful.

"Willie, as I was saying to Ben Meiggs here," said Rumney, "it looks to me as if the movement in U. C. is only beginning to get a fair start. When they see it somewhere round five or six hundred they will begin to realize that somebody is picking up investment bargains. Hey?"

Wilberforce Shadd was thrilled by the thought of U. C. selling at 500 or 600—preferably 600. He smiled gratefully at Henry Rumney and nodded, whereupon Henry exclaimed triumphantly:

"There! What did I tell you fellows? He says I'm right!"

The customers looked as if they believed it. But Ben Meiggs approached and said:

"Mr. Shadd, of course, I—er—we don't want to ask indiscreet questions, but, you know, we've all got some U. C. and we'd like to know if there's any reason why we should sell. Every one of us has got over 100 points profit ——"

"Say, Willie," broke in Rumney, who wished to get an answer to the same question but couldn't wait for Benjamin Meiggs, Esq., to finish his circumlocutions—"say, Willie, are you selling yours?"

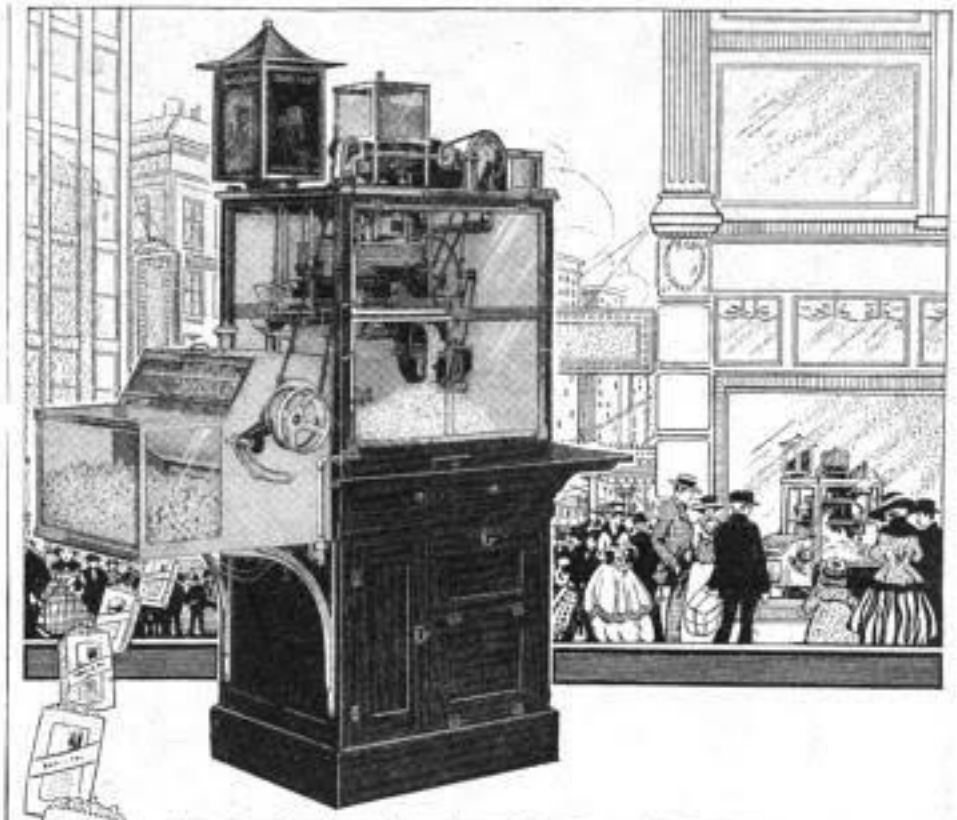
"No!" answered Shadd before he could think of any reason why he should not tell the truth.

"Good enough for me! Good enough for me!" chanted Henry Rumney. The office boy whom he had dispatched to get a quotation on U. C. from the firm's Curb man returned and reported in a whisper—Henry paid him for whispering:

"Last sale, 242."

"Good enough for me!" chanted Henry Rumney, accompanying himself with his feet, Indian fashion. "Last sale, 242. Good enough for me! Good enough for me!"

Everybody in the room beamed gratefully on Wilberforce Shadd, as though that



BUTTER-KIST

POP CORN—TOASTY FLAVOR

Buy It at the Butter-Kist Store From This Famous Machine

Only the celebrated Butter-Kist Machine can make BUTTER-KIST Pop Corn—crackling white and toasty-flavored. No man on earth can do its superhuman work. No pop corn like Butter-Kist was ever made until this machine was invented.

Look for the Butter-Kist Pop Corn Machine in your neighborhood—but don't be satisfied with less. No other imparts that toasty flavor that has put Butter-Kist on the national map.

After you've tasted this new-day pop corn, evenly buttered with pure creamery butter, piping hot and toasted to a crackling crisp—you'll be glad to give all your trade to the store you go to for Butter-Kist.

The sale of pop corn has increased by millions and millions of bags and cartons since Butter-Kist came.

"Business is simply great," write the live-wire Butter-Kist business men who know a good thing when they meet it in broad daylight and are always first in service to their customers.

Wins Big Rewards for Merchants

Butter-Kist stores are prospering as never before because this machine earns five times as much profit per square foot of floor space as anything known to trade. It stands anywhere that a merchant has room for a chair. Capacity 70 cents to $4.00 per hour.

Drug Stores, Bakeries, Groceries, Department Stores, Confectioneries, Cigar Stores, News Stands, Hotels, Restaurants, 5 and 10 cent Stores, Theatres—anywhere that there's an enterprising manager there is likely to be a genuine Butter-Kist machine. Look for the name on top—look for the trademark on the bags and cartons.

Hundreds of Storekeepers and Theatre Managers *even in small towns* are making up to $3000 yearly *and more* by popping and selling Butter-Kist.

Dealers! Mail the Coupon

Our valuable book—"The Little Gold Mine"—gives full details and *proof of profits*—is the livest proposition that we have ever seen in print and pictures. Sent free to any man already in business.

Just send us your address today. No obligation—send today and see how Butter-Kist will multiply your trade.

HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG. CO.
537–553 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.
Largest Makers of Pop Corn and Peanut Machines in the World

HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG. CO.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Without obligation to me send your profit-making book, postpaid, "THE LITTLE GOLD MINE."

Name_____

Business_____

Address_____

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Flour Facts

It is not generally known by the public that many different grades of flour are made in the same mill, at the same time, and from the same wheat.

The quality of each manufacturer's best-finished flour depends very largely upon how skillfully and carefully he separates it from the undesirable lower grades. The greater the proportion of the lower grades he puts in, the less it costs him to manufacture.

The making of the best quality flour can be likened to the skimming of milk; some skimmers are careful to take off only pure cream; others carelessly or purposely include a percentage of milk.

Therefore, grinding the best wheat does not alone insure the highest quality flour because the quality and richness of the flour are determined largely by the care, pride and equipment of the man who makes the separation.

The purity of both flour and cream depends upon how closely they are skimmed, and this is entirely up to the skimmer (the miller).

Pillsbury's Best is absolutely pure. It contains none of the cheaper grades; so we say,

The Flour Question Settled
"Because Pillsbury's Best"

Pillsbury Flour Mills Company, Minneapolis, Minn.

superman had with his own hands put the money, in cash, in each man's pocket.

At 242 Wilberforce Shadd had paper profits of $46,200. This was so close to $50,000 that Wilberforce Shadd thought he might as well call it that.

Something about the sound of $50,000 subtly invited cashing in. Fifty—thousand—dollars!

There was indeed a most remarkable "enoughness" about that sum that made Shadd ponder. Should he or should he not sell? His painful indecision did not end until the spoken admiration from Rumney and Meiggs and a dozen other regular fellows had brought about a change within Shadd. They thought he knew everything. By agreeing with them he changed the courage of desperation into the confidence of knowledge.

He was making money. He would not sell.

"I'll go back to my work," he announced presently. Into his heart of hearts there suddenly popped the hope that he might meet Woodcock on the way. He knew that Woodcock would tell him to sell out at $50,000 and Shadd would obey. But he couldn't sell in front of these worshipers.

"Look at him!" said Henry Rumney, pointing. "If a million dollars stared me in the face you bet your life I'd be sweating blood wondering whether to hold on or realize. Look at him! The coolest man in the room!"

"So long, boys!" said the imperturbable Shadd nonchalantly, and left, still half hoping to meet Woodcock out of sight and hearing of these men. But he didn't. It was a sign Fortune intended to bestow more favors on him.

That night, alas, the stock closed at 240 bid, offered at 245. The last sale was 238. That was 12 points away from his $50,000.

He had never before known how far 12 points could be!

x

HE SLEPT ill. The next morning on rising he felt so nervous, so convinced that he had been guilty of criminal neglect in not selling out, or at least giving a stop-order, that he did not go to the office, but waited until he thought that Lipps, the manager, was in the office. He telephoned, and said:

"Mr. Lipps, would it be convenient if I did not show up at the office until ——"

"That's all right, Shadd. Don't bother to come at all. Stay home all day with her. We'll manage. Don't mention it. Good-by."

Wilberforce Shadd was at Woodcock's office at 10:01 A. M. He would have been there earlier but for the fear of appearing to be afraid of anything. As it was he hoped his fear of one thing wouldn't show in his face. The customers clustered about the ticker, either reading the news or watching the tape. Beside the stock-ticker sat the self-appointed reader of the tape, William Burnett, who called out the prices. An office boy with a many-pocketed apron full of cardboard numbers stuck the fluctuating prices on the quotation board.

The operation did not interest Wilberforce Shadd. He had no sympathy for these men who watched the board breathlessly, as if what they were reading were the clinical chart of a dying son's temperature.

Undersea Craft was a Curb stock and, therefore, not quoted on the Stock Exchange. Such being the case, its quotations were not printed on the tape or posted on the board.

The customers greeted him cordially, but Henry Rumney, disturbed at seeing him in the office at an hour unusual for him, naturally thought of disaster.

"Say, Will, you haven't heard anything, have you?" he asked anxiously. By "anything" he meant official news of a world-wide catastrophe.

"No," said Shadd. Then feeling that he was not very cordial, he added with a smile: "Nothing at all!"

Henry Rumney looked at Shadd suspiciously. He wasn't satisfied. He therefore remarked casually:

"Don't you think, old man, that after all a couple of hundred points is enough profit for any Christian gent? If there's anything I hate it's a hog."

Shadd, looking at Rumney, saw that his friend desired an affirmative answer, so he gave it:

"I guess so."

Henry, trying to appear innocent, went on:

"Then a man who is satisfied with a couple of hundred points profit ought to sell even if he thinks the stock is going still higher, oughtn't he? Of course a man on the inside can't always tell his friends what to do, excepting somebody that he is sure won't pass it on to a million people."

Mr. Henry Rumney immediately proceeded to look as if the grave could not hope to equal him in the matter of speechlessness.

Wilberforce Shadd did not grasp the fact that Henry Rumney was really begging to be told to get out of Undersea Craft common and was solemnly promising not to pass the tip on to anybody else. Not having understood anything at all, and, moreover, himself having but one interest in life, Wilberforce Shadd looked at Henry Rumney quizzically and asked with a smile:

"Suppose, for a change, you tell me what you think about Undersea Craft common."

"I don't know anything save what you've told me, but I'll say this much:

"If I knew what you know about the company, I wouldn't hesitate to tell Henry Rumney about it. Say, Bill, can't you loosen up?"

Henry Rumney turned his best ear in the general direction of Shadd's lips and determinedly closed his own mouth in advance.

"My wi—— People," began Shadd slowly, "thought Hen Wil—my friend—was crazy when he began to talk to me about the business the company was going to do. He figured that with—that if the company sold the 65—what they had already for sale, the first dividend would be $650 per share ——"

This was so obviously inside dope of the insidest character that Henry Rumney muttered: "Great Scott! Such a thing only comes once in a lifetime! I must have been crazy to think of selling now. Say, Shadd, as a favor, if you begin to see me getting cold feet this side of $1000 a share, kindly knock me in the head, will you? For heaven's sake, don't let me be a piker, with the one chance I ever had in my life, will you, please?"

Henry Rumney looked entreatingly at his dear friend. As a matter of fact, the foxy Henry really wished to exact a promise from Shadd in order to learn exactly when to slide out. Shadd smiled, reassured at having learned from other people that this was an unusual stock and an unusual opportunity.

If U. C. had been merely a dividend paying railroad stock he naturally would have regarded the sensational rise with suspicion, not to say distrust. But the Undersea Craft Company held the fate of great nations in the hollow of its hand. It would decide who should be the victor in the world conflict. And what would not said victor gladly pay the company for said victory? And, moreover, hadn't he made money by holding on?

Henry Rumney, who had left him when he saw the whispering office boy appear in the offing, came back and announced:

"The first sale was 100 shares at 235; then 300 shares at 230. Pretty transparent, isn't it?"

Shadd thought it was pretty bad. A drop of 12 points from the previous day's high figure meant a reduction of $2400 in the profit. Nobody can lose $2400 without a qualm, especially Shadd. And yet he couldn't blame anybody. Moreover, Henry Rumney must not know that Wilberforce Shadd was ready to die then and there. So poor Shadd smiled and said huskily:

"That's nothing!"

"That's what I told 'em!" triumphantly shouted Henry Rumney. "They 'washed' it down to pick it up. Anybody could see it with half an eye."

The other customers listened to Henry Rumney, but were looking at Wilberforce Shadd. Shadd said nothing, but smiled. Rumney continued:

"Somebody's picking it up, somebody who knows. By George, I shouldn't be at all surprised if the man who was buying it was right in this office. Say, Shadd, why did you come down before the opening today of all days, hey?"

And as Shadd said nothing, but continued to smile, the other customers looked as if they thought that Henry had hit the bull's-eye plumb in the center.

Henry Rumney exclaimed:

"Oh, you, Shadd! If I only had your nerve! By heck, I'd have the nerve all right, if I had the information."

Wilberforce Shadd could see that Henry Rumney sincerely envied him. He saw the admiration in the eyes of the others. But he began to have his doubts as to the wisdom of keeping U. C. common, seeing on what grounds these others kept theirs.

(Continued on Page 73)

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PAIGE

The Most Beautiful Car in America

For seven consecutive years, we of the Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company have demonstrated our ability to conceive and produce the type of automobiles that appeal *instantaneously* to the American people.

All of our models have been immediate successes. Our announcements and the endorsement of the public have been almost simultaneous. As a consequence, the history of Paige at the automobile shows has been one long, unbroken series of triumphs.

Such being the case, it must indeed be significant when we say the reception accorded to our new models has far surpassed anything of the kind that we have ever experienced.

At the earlier automobile shows it has amounted to a genuine ovation.

The Paige booths have been thronged with visitors from morning until night. Hundreds of disinterested men and women have personally sought out the officials of our company and congratulated them in the most glowing terms.

Seasoned motor car distributors from all sections of the nation have been equally lavish in their praise, and each day our mails are filled with communications expressing the same enthusiastic approval.

So you can see we have reason to feel proud—and *do* feel proud. We know, too, that every Paige owner will share this feeling with us when he first sees and rides in "The Most Beautiful Car in America."

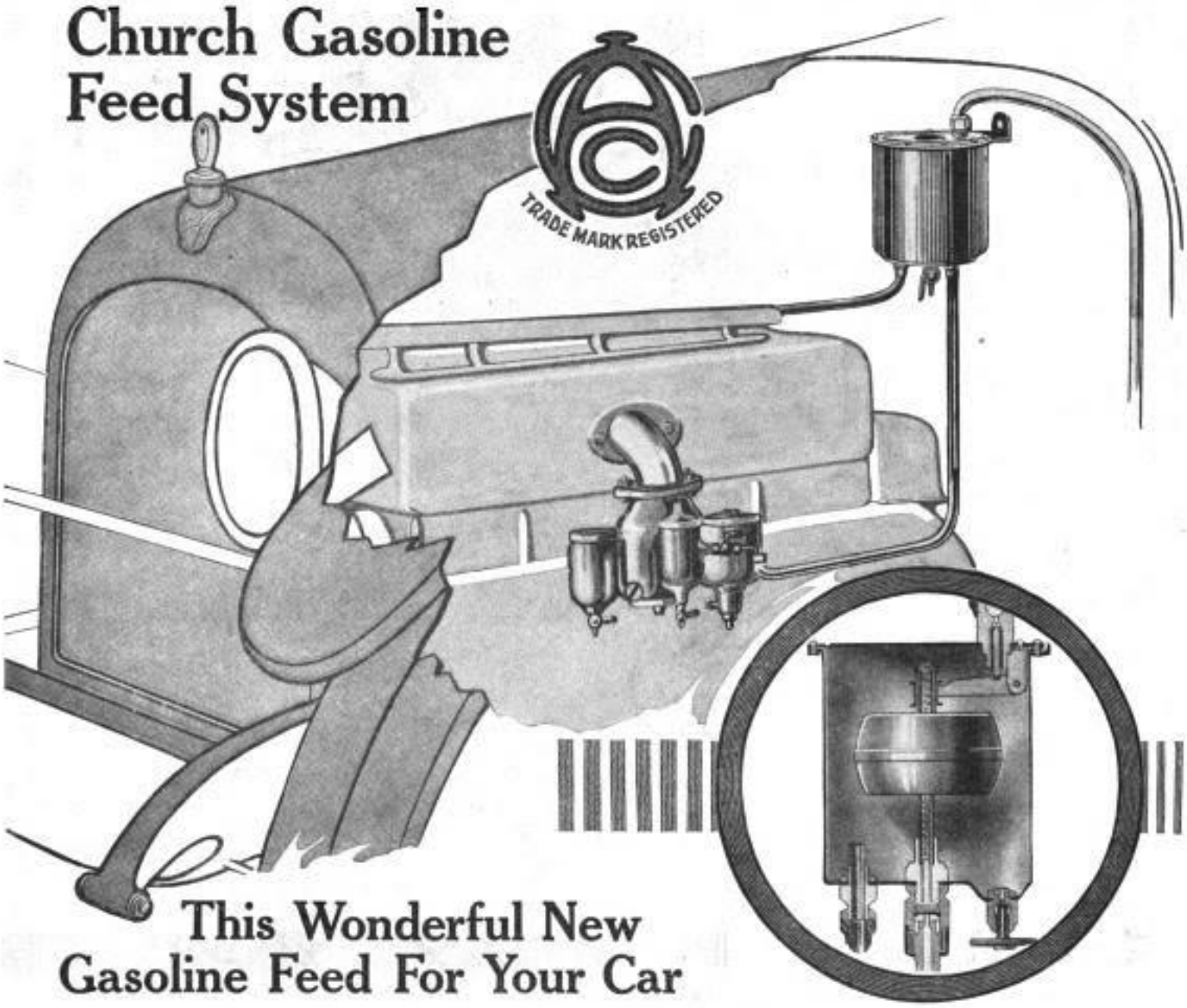
Stratford "Six-51" 7-passenger $1495 f. o. b. Detroit
Linwood "Six-39" 5-passenger 1175 f. o. b. Detroit

Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company, Detroit

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Church Gasoline Feed System

TRADE MARK REGISTERED



$10

F. O. B. CHICAGO

- —Increases gasoline mileage.
- —Eliminates draining of auxiliary tank in fuel supply system.
- —Automatically regulates feed to carburetor—constant gravity pressure.
- —Keeps dirt out of gasoline.
- —Eliminates waste vapor—no disagreeable odor—great economy.
- —Simple—trouble proof—efficient.

Money Back in 30 Days

Try it thirty days. Return it if you are not satisfied; we will refund every penny of your purchase price.

This Wonderful New Gasoline Feed For Your Car

Edmond S. Church, famous inventor of devices increasing efficiency and economy in the gasoline motor, has perfected his greatest achievement. It is the Church Gasoline Feed System, air lift to gravity tank—that has been pronounced by every engineer who has tried it, the most wonderful feed system ever devised.

Saves 7% to 16% Vapor Loss

Engineers' estimates vary, but the consensus of opinion is that the fuel lost in an open system is from 7 to 16 per cent. The Church Feed saves this. It is absolutely closed: there are no vents. The vapor which accumulates in the auxiliary tank is carried to the carburetor and mixed with the fuel.

A Universal Feed System

The Church Gasoline Feed System is universal in its utility. In this it is exceptional. In hilly country it maintains a constant level, constant gravity pressure feed regardless of throttle conditions—regardless of road conditions.

Have you ever been driving up a long, steep hill, throttle wide open, and have the engine go dead? Don't blame it on the carburetor.

In official tests it has been shown that the auxiliary tank of standard gasoline feeds can be drained in three to four miles under these conditions. This is what frequently causes your engine to "spit," "sputter" and go "dead." The trouble is seldom due to the carburetor.

But under no driving conditions—at no speed—on no roads, no matter how muddy, can the Church Gasoline Feed System be drained. Official tests have proved this.

Keeps Out Dust and Dirt

With any open feed, road dust is drawn in by suction; sand is drawn into the reserve tank under the hood. Look at the dirt and dust that banks up on the dash under the hood.

The Church Gasoline Feed System keeps dirt and dust out of the fuel. Road dust or sand cannot be drawn into the reserve tank by suction.

For the Church Gasoline Feed System is the only closed feed system made.

No dirt can possibly get into the Church Gasoline Feed System. Clean, sparking, power developing gasoline is the only thing that reaches the carburetor.



Compensating Vapor Plug $5

Money back in 30 days if not satisfied. 30% more power—30% more speed—40% more mileage. In use by hundreds of thousands of motorists.

A Steady Uniform Feed

With pressure systems the pressure often comes up to three or four pounds—the jarring of the carburetor float over rough roads releases a great quantity of gasoline in the carburetor under this high pressure.

The Church Gasoline Feed System overcomes these difficulties.

The air lift on the main tank is equivalent to a steady pressure of 1-½ to 2 lbs.—never more—never less. And the gasoline is fed to the carburetor by gravity.

You get a steady uniform feed—gasoline saving; efficiency increasing.

Big Official Tests—Sanction of A. A. A.

A stock roadster, equipped with Church Automatic Gasoline Feed in official tests at Speedway Park, Chicago, covered 10 miles in 7 minutes 58-⅗ seconds. Maximum speed 84 miles an hour.

At the end of 10 miles the pressure on the gasoline tank was 1-½ pounds and the Church Automatic Feed Tank was full.

The same car, equipped with a vacuum feed system under same conditions, emptied the tank, stopped at 3-¼ miles in the first trial, 3-¾ miles in the second, and maximum speed was 82 miles an hour.

These results have been certified to by the A. A. A.

In another test a stock Six Cylinder car was used and the Church Gasoline Feed System was carried on a mast 10 feet 9 inches above the bottom of the main gasoline tank.

The Church tank at this extreme height filled in 14-⅘ seconds, and the car driven around the Speedway.

This was equivalent to putting the car on a 65% grade.

F. E. Edwards Joins Automatic Carburetor Company

F. E. Edwards, formerly of the A. A. A., one of the biggest and best-known automobile authorities in the country, is now efficiency engineer for the Automatic Carburetor Company. No more sensational verification of the wonderful value of the Church Gasoline Feed could be obtained than this.

Wonderfully Simple

The Church Gasoline Feed System is amazingly simple in construction. There are no complicated valves, no delicate mechanism to get clogged up—nothing to get out of order. It is a mechanical ornament to any car on which it is used.



GET IT NOW—*Get this wonderful new gasoline feed system for your car today. We will supply you immediately.*

Automatic Carburetor Company

1414-22 Randolph St., 1422-38 Bryan Place, Chicago, Ill.

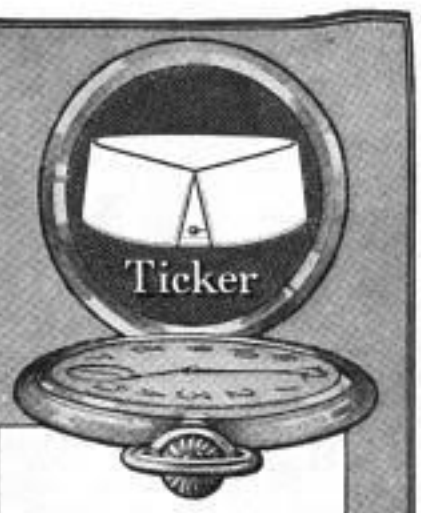
Makers of Famous Automatic Carburetors

Blitz Vapor Plug $1

Money back in 30 days if not satisfied.

For small cars—a real gasoline economizer and a genuine power and efficiency developer.

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Ticker is the Square Point collar that will ***not*** wear out your shirt—on in a second—adjusts easily—fits perfectly. Like all

SLIDEWELL COLLARS

is made with the patented Tie-Protecting Shield and Graduated Uniform Tie-Space—exclusive features that save your Tie, Time and Temper.

Hall, Hartwell & Co., Makers, Troy, N.Y.

15c Each
$1.75 per Dozen





Bran

For Joyous Living

Learn how much this laxative food adds to the joy of living. Then you'll know why every doctor tells folks to eat bran.

In Pettijohn's we make the bran inviting. It is hidden in flavory flakes.

Try starting days with this delightful dish. Find out what bran will do. Folks who go without it don't know what they miss.

Pettijohn's

Rolled Wheat With Bran Flakes

Also Pettijohn's Flour—75 per cent patent flour with 25 per cent bran flakes. Use like Graham flour in any recipe.

The Quaker Oats Company
Chicago

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED
Actual search free. Send sketch or model. 90-page, 1917 Edition Patent Book free.
GEORGE P. KIMMEL, 211 Barrister Bldg., Washington, D. C.

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & Co., Dept. 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

(Continued from Page 70)

"Mr. Shadd," said Ben Meiggs, "there must be a limit to these advances."

"There must be!" said Shadd gloomily.

Not to know when to sell took all the pleasure out of being long of a stock that goes up 200 points in a few weeks.

"Ha! ha!" shrieked Rumney, who himself being on the inside saw the humor of Shadd's reply. The other customers smiled happily, being beneficiaries, and Ben Meiggs, instead of taking offense, remembered that he also had 20 shares. Wherefore he extended his hand toward Shadd and said blithely:

"Mr. Shadd, I'm sorry I cannot let you have my stock at any such bargain price as this. But, speaking seriously, all I can say is that I am very much obliged to you."

Then Meiggs' face took on such a serious look that all the other customers instantly imitated it.

Shadd, thrilled by the obvious gratitude of these fellow beings, said:

"Don't mention it," and smiled—a modest, deprecating smile.

He ceased to smile when it occurred to him these men would not be so grateful if they knew what he knew.

"Nice fellow!" said Ben Meiggs in a stage whisper to his friend Paine. Paine acquiesced gloomily. He didn't have any stock.

"Undersea Craft, 255!" yelled Henry Rumney at the top of his voice.

A hush fell on the room. In the deep silence Wilberforce Shadd distinctly heard a wee small voice say, not so very softly: "$51,000!"

Cæsar crossed the Rubicon and Rome was free no more.

U. C. crossed 250 and Wilberforce Shadd no longer thought that $50,000 was enough.

It was a glorious, dazzling day. The market was in a state of magnificent excitement. A news agency published an analysis of the meaning of the war orders which there was reason for believing the Undersea Craft Company had secured. Presently the bulletins from the front began to arrive. The "I hears" and the "They says" were merely war correspondence. The reports of the actual sales were the official communiqués.

And the official communiqués were enough to satisfy even the general staff quartered in the offices of Francis T. Woodcock & Co., for in a few delirious hours they recorded a string of successful advances—sales of hundreds of shares at 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, then back again, five points between sales, to 247. Then up, up, up, in driblets of ten and twenty shares, until at one o'clock U. C. common sold at 260.

Vocal Generalissimo Henry Rumney shouted the wonderful figures, looked at the clock, and said:

"One o'clock, and all's well! Gents, we've made enough to afford a business man's lunch. Colonel Shadd, at your pleasure, sir!"

And General Rumney stood up, brought his heels together smartly, saluted and without waiting for a formal acceptance said:

"Aye, aye, sir!"

The other customers looked angry at Rumney's robbing them of the privilege of inviting Wilberforce Shadd. Some of them said so to the monopolist. But Henry took Wilberforce by the arms, and said:

"Let's get away from these tip-seekers before they begin to ask d. f. questions," and led Shadd to the best restaurant in the financial district.

XI

WILBERFORCE SHADD did not know that any place existed where such wonderful food could be prepared—or such awful prices extorted. He couldn't help thinking of his wife. Henry Rumney paid the check of $6.75 without appearing to think it was out of the way, and tipped the waiter with a bill. The least the tip could be was $1.00, and that was beyond Shadd's experience.

It took money to be a gentleman, thought Shadd.

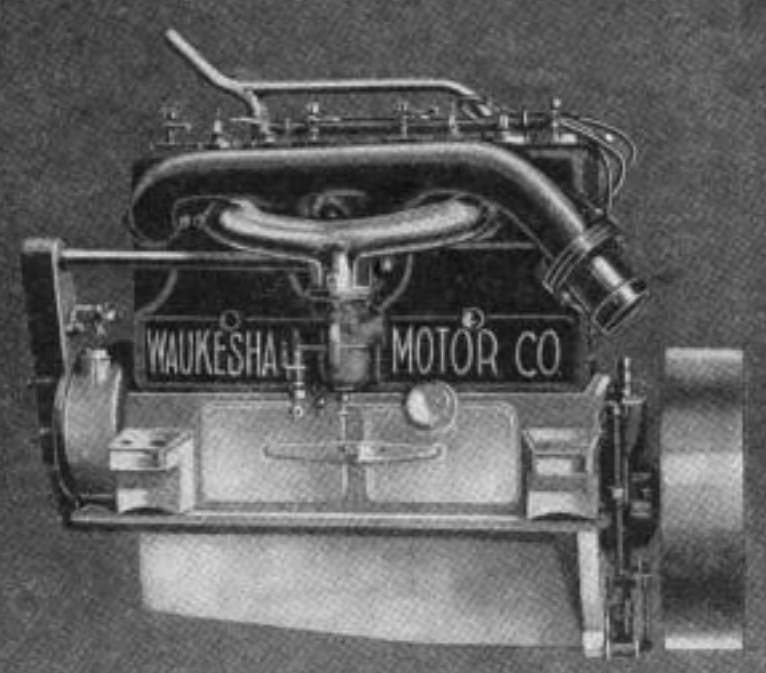
Of course at 260 he was worth $52,000. Invested at six per cent he would get $3120 a year. That income would not permit him to eat such lunches every day. A wonderful thing—riches—to have and to hold.

No wonder the poor were failures!

On the way back to the office, after the epochal feast, Rumney suggested that they look in on the Curb. They gazed on the excited throng.

"Bunch of lunatics!" commented Mr. Rumney to Mr. Shadd, and beckoned to a Curb broker he knew:

"What's U. C.?" he asked.



Motors, like men, build fame on character.

Character is built on high ideals rigidly maintained. Unblemished reputation is the result—and reputation has created an unprecedented insistence for

Waukesha
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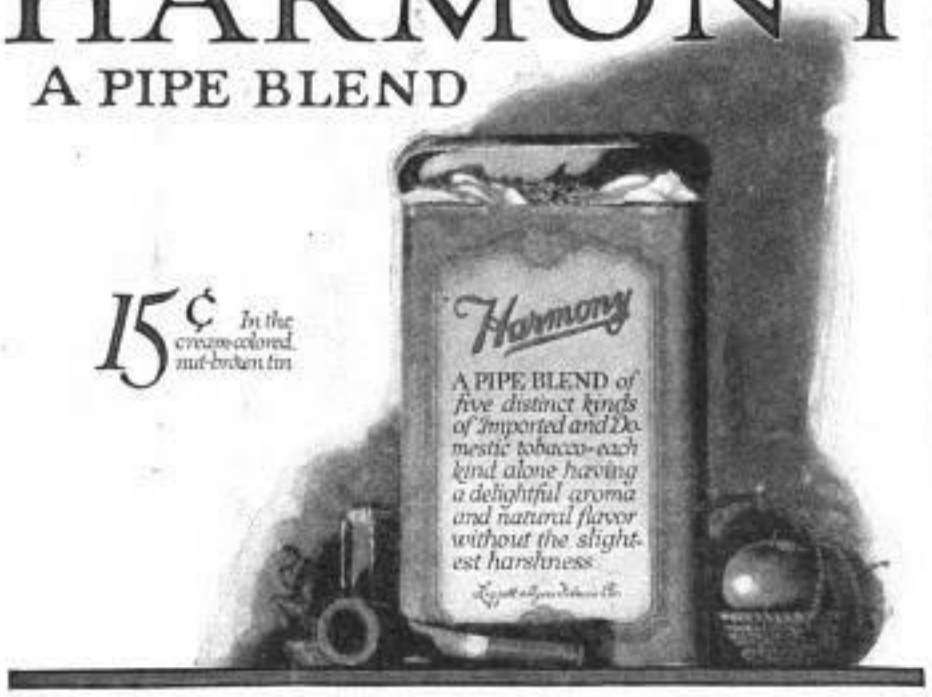
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"Twosixty-five bid!" answered the broker proudly, as though he had put it there.

"Gosh! Say, Shadd, you're all to the mustard!"

"I certainly am," silently agreed Shadd, thinking hard. The thought was $53,000!

Wilberforce Shadd, after ten years of toil and thrift, had accumulated $1800. Therefore, to him dollars had always been DOLLARS, especially when his wife heard him say he needed neckties or another umbrella. But now, after a few days in Wall Street, he no longer saw DOLLARS but DOLLARS, so that there had to be more of them to be seen at all. The old dollars, sticky with the sweat of years of toil, had a hundred cents. These new, bull-market dollars were only ninety-cent dollars. He could not get the thrill out of ten thousand of the new dollars that he could out of one hundred of the old ones.

With the change in the weight of his dollars came the beginning of a change in his attitude, not only toward men and things, but toward the world that thinks in dollars and fights for dollars and envies dollars and begrudges dollars, and dies because of not enough dollars. Although he had not cashed in and therefore had not really changed his financial condition he already was thinking of what he began to consider his rights. When yesterday's luxuries become to-day's necessities the damage is done.

And then this was another world, in Francis T. Woodcock's office—inhabited by people who did not speak the same language as the men and women with whom he had associated all his life, but a language he was beginning not only to understand but to like. He saw investors and gamblers and tipsters and optimists and plain fools; men who were still honest, not having lost every cent, or still decent, not having won too much. And he did not know what they were because he did not know that he himself was walking toward what they were. He saw wild eyes, but perceived nothing to look wild about. He saw fists that clenched and unclenched, fingers that had a habit of clutching; and he did not know that the owners thereof were trying to hold on to their ticker fortunes or perhaps were seizing drowning hopes by the hair. He was not aware that in the obvious indecision on the face of Meiggs' fat friend, Paine, he was beholding the end of the battle between Paine's greed and Paine's fears.

Because he himself was not long of Stock Exchange securities he did not scrutinize the quotation board as the others did, with an attentiveness that they never gave to the perusal of the Decalogue. And the news-tickers were not feeding man's immemorial craving for knowledge or satisfying the divine curiosity that is the source of wisdom, but making human beings read what might move them to buy or sell stocks and make money—to get something for nothing; not to live in the sweat of the brow, but to cool said brow with an electric fan's breeze, sitting in an easy-chair while the greatest of all philanthropists, the ticker, crammed fortunes into their yawning pockets. And the reason he didn't know any of these things was that he also was much too busy getting something for nothing to pay any attention to unimportant trifles.

But one thing that Wilberforce Shadd clearly saw was that these men, whose judgment was the result of years of experience in Wall Street, thought he was greater than they, having bought a war bride which had risen 250 points. A man who did this was much wiser than a man who invested in a railroad stock that merely doubled. To be mathematically exact, he was thirty times wiser. Therefore, Shadd felt that he ought to help these humble admirers who no longer desired information as to the wisdom of selling but assurances as to further advances.

In one of the news-tickers Shadd read that Rochester Arms stock was so closely held that it was not considered necessary to mark up the price. The nominal quotation was $5000 a share. But, the statement said, it might just as well be $15,000.

So when Ben Meiggs approached him and announced respectfully "It's 268!" Wilberforce Shadd nodded calmly. He was thinking of Rochester Arms. "Pretty good price," ventured the experimental Meiggs.

Wilberforce Shadd almost snorted. His obvious disgust instantly drew to him by a sort of capillary attraction a dozen customers. He waited until the sugar bubbles in the coffee cup had drawn together, then he addressed them:

"Meiggs"—and Wilberforce Shadd spoke so slowly and coldly that they all realized with a thrill that at last the real man was revealed to them—"Meiggs, you call 268 a good price. So it is—when applied to a kitchen chair. But my stock ——"

They almost gasped at this admission that he owned the controlling interest.

"My stock at 268 makes me think of Rochester Arms. The nominal quotation for Rochester is $5000. The real value, when you consider what the profits on its war contracts will be, is $15,000 or more. That's what the war has done for Rochester Arms. Well, the war isn't over, and the Undersea Craft Company—I can't say any more."

And he couldn't. And, what was more, none of his hearers needed any more.

Woodcock had come in as Shadd was delivering his speech. At the conclusion he approached the orator.

"Well, Shadd," he said, "I've got to hand it to you. We are here to execute your orders—without comment."

Wilberforce Shadd smiled; and after a glance out of the corner of his eye at the admiring customers he looked steadily at Mr. Francis T. Woodcock and said firmly:

"Woodcock, the time for selling has not yet come!"

"U. C. 271!" yelled Henry Rumney.

"I guess not!" said Meiggs with conviction.

When Meiggs, who was known to the office as "Careful Mike," said such a thing it was plain that U. C. must be going to $10,000 a share.

Woodcock, who had lived through three bull markets, swept the customers' faces with a keen glance; then he said:

"On form, this ought to be a good time to sell. Everybody's bullish. Nobody sees anything but higher prices. There's no top to them. As a selling tip this has never failed ——"

"All signs fail in dry weather," observed Henry Rumney with much positiveness. "The trouble with you, Frank, is that you're asleep. Perhaps you don't happen to know that war has been declared by Germany against France and Russia!"

"That's all right," said Woodcock, keeping his temper because he knew the breed.

"Sure it is. Did you ever before see a stock go up like Undersea Craft, without manipulation? No laundry work in that rise—no phony work, but a legitimate advance due to buying by people who know what orders the company's getting. Did you?"

"No," admitted Woodcock; "but we know that what goes up must come down. It's a law of physics."

"Yes, but before it goes down," Henry Rumney acutely pointed out, "it must first have reached the top."

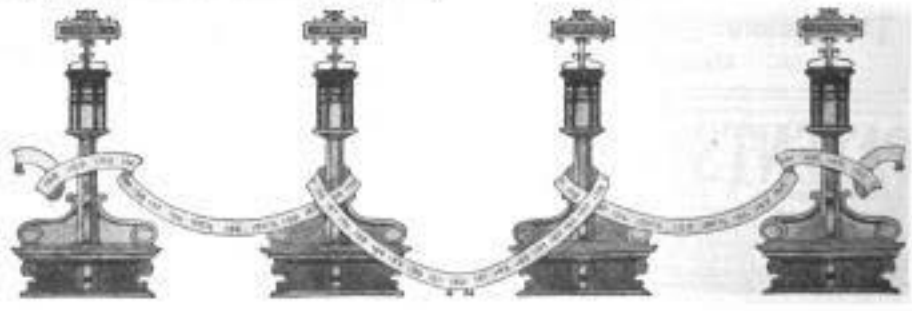
"That," observed Shadd judicially, "seems to me a reasonable assumption."

"Three o'clock," announced the tape-reader. "They are closing at the top, gentlemen. It is what might be called a satisfactory performance."

"You bet!" said Shadd happily, and accepted Ben Meiggs' invitation to go up to his club. There Shadd, Meiggs and four delightful strangers spent a wonderful afternoon drinking highballs and talking high records.

He was getting richer by holding on!

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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Phone Call

Date 1-27-17

Mr. Foster

You were called at 1.16

By Mr. B. Turner

of Barber, Bambs & Co.

Phone No. Main 920

His message was Call him above number before 2.30 after that Hotel Jefferson – Room 942

Operator M. E. W.



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Let a form like the one above tell you what you want to know about the somebody who called you up. An ordinary slip of paper won't do. You know what happens to a slip of paper. Even if you find it, it says, "Call Main 920."

Now you don't want to call "Main 920." You don't know who it is, whom to ask for there, nor what he (or is it she?) wants.

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THE NEW ARISTOCRACY

(Continued from Page 5)

Long before this war the governing upper class in Germany—most intelligent and most farseeing—at once placated the Socialists and improved their own system by appropriating a great deal of Socialist method. They did eliminate a great deal of waste; they did create an improved social machinery, whose operation was made possible by that unquestioning obedience which they made the root of German education. But the people in general got little of the product of that machine. It worked for the good of that mythical state with a soul, and for the greater wealth and grandeur of the governing class. Nevertheless, they made it work.

Before the war had gone on six months, the Entente Powers had discovered how well it was working; and in the stress of the times they were forced to imitate. More and more, matters that had been regarded as the business of the individual became the business of the state. A British or French merchant or manufacturer cannot import certain commodities any more—the state prevents.

He cannot use his factory for certain kinds of product—the state prevents. He cannot charter his ship to certain ports—the state prevents. He can make only so much profit out of war work—the state appropriates the surplus.

Socialistic Tendencies

England is preparing to take over the railroads. Long ago she assumed such complete control over labor that a worker in a "controlled" munitions establishment cannot leave his job without special government permission. Now France and England talk of "mobilizing" all persons between sixteen and sixty, and—more important, perhaps—all industries. Part of their object is to eliminate the waste of competition—to start a Socialist machine.

Other experiences pointing toward socialism have come out of this war. The Commission for Relief in Belgium is only partly supported by charity. Mostly, it is a charitable convenience by which Belgians who still have money may get bread and other necessities. It sells its bread at cost—that is, though the farmer who raises the wheat, the broker who handles it and the shipmaster who hauls it all get their competitive profit, the competitive profit of the baker who sells it across the counter has been eliminated.

As a result, Belgium—even in her shut-off, desperate condition—is getting the cheapest bread, considering its quality, in Europe. And Belgians are asking themselves whether the distribution of bread, the first necessity to life, should be left in private hands—whether the employing retail bakers had not better be producing while the state exercises their function.

Now, unless every guess I have heard is wrong, this state of socialism or semisocialism will not end with the war. The nations that have danced must pay the piper. A whole generation must toil and live close in order to pay interest and sinking funds on the war debts. The better to meet them, the European nations will begin a period of the sharpest competition among themselves. In this situation private competition within the nations must more or less go by the board. Many of these socialistic laws, rules and methods must continue for a generation at least.

The "social question" and the economic question, then, resolve themselves into a curious situation—a struggle between oligarchy and democracy for the prize of controlling socialism! How those fathers of modern socialism, who conceived their system in the spirit of equality and pure democracy, would have shuddered at the possibility that it might some day become an instrument of the oligarchs! Yet so it may be—an unlikely outcome of the war, I think, but still a possibility.

The economies brought about by eliminating unnecessary competition, reducing unemployment, guiding and regulating output, applying scientific inquiry to the whole business of production and distribution, may be used not for the better feeding, the better education, the general improvement of those who do the work, but for extending the power and glory of an "upper class" and for furnishing armaments and all war machinery to glorify and extend a mythical state "with a soul."

I say again, it is possible, though not likely. It depends upon the issue of the new struggle. But the control of socialist machinery is the citadel for which the army of privilege and the army of equality will struggle in the next decade.

We cannot regard with superior complacence this new struggle in Europe; for the same division is widening among us also. We have not the candor of the French, whose aristocrats call themselves such; who admit a royalist wing to their legislative chamber. Our oligarchs publicly dodge the issue. We have, among our extreme standpat politicians, certain men exactly as distrustful of popular rule and popular right, exactly as certain of the sanctity in the "best people" idea, as any aristocrat of Europe. Do they express this? Not in public! On the platform they ratify the Constitution and affirm the right of the people to rule. Whereas in Europe the cards are usually played above the table, here they are passed under the table.

Yet in private conversation they often admit it; and I find that in the rich old centers of the East, where something like a hereditary upper class has intrenched itself, this oligarchical opinion has been crystallizing since the European war and the temporary success of Germany. I have heard the aristocratic view in its extreme set forth as simply and frankly in New York as in Paris or Rome or London. The trouble with this country, they say, is that we ignore our best people. We have no governing class; therefore we are raw and unformed. We cannot be a great people until we take our place with the nations of the earth and arm—presumably for some kind of conquest.

Our vice, our besetting national vice, is disobedience. At present the "best people," the "representatives of solid interests," must, if they rule at all, rule secretly.

The Call of the Blood

Those people who hold or express these views usually hate Germany and figure as hot sympathizers with the Allies. Nevertheless, by one of the paradoxes of the times, they have adopted the opinions that have made of Germany the danger of the world.

Yet in one thing the American aristocrat has dared be frank, because neither he nor the public in general quite understands what this item of his creed really means. He has gone mad over war—war for war's sake. In my glimpses of my own country since Armageddon began I have been amused to see how inevitably the men of "blood and breeding," or the members of the financial oligarchy, in my acquaintance have grown fascinated by the ides of arming the nation! It is but the call of the blood howling for the old favorite sport of a jaded aristocracy.

After nearly a year abroad I have been skimming the magazines published since I went away. I find in them—and always from members or admirers of our "upper class"—exactly such expressions as those of Bernhardi and Roberts: "Life is a struggle; war is the highest expression of life." "Pacifists are cringing cowards"—notwithstanding that incurable pacifists are wearing, by the bushel, medals won for valor on European battlefields. "War is a biological necessity"—a phrase which betrays a half-baked knowledge of the laws of breeding. "Nations grow soft with peace"—notwithstanding that the European peoples, grown soft with forty-four years of peace, are showing such hardihood as the world never knew before. "China has become a dead nation because she is unmilitary"—notwithstanding that China, in the Tai-ping Rebellion of 1850–64, killed more people than ever perished in a single war before Armageddon.

"Behold Broadway—we are reveling in flaunting extravagance"—notwithstanding that Broadway is the playground of only a small element in our population, the newly arrived of their class, scattering newly made riches; that flaunting luxury does not trouble the ninety-five per cent of our population which would bear most of the burden and suffering in war.

They have not yet begun to talk about the state with a soul, because we Americans are an unphilosophical people and do not run to abstractions; yet their thought is



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We want every hostess to know how good Beech-Nut Peanut Butter tastes in sandwiches—for luncheons, teas, any meals. How *different* it is from any other peanut butter.

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based on this philosophy, just as all old-fashioned patriotism was based upon it before Kant formulated the principle.

Among our American militarists, as among the Europeans, self-interest, expressed or unexpressed, plays its part. When they talk of inculcating obedience they mean obedience to their class. They express it now and then with astonishing frankness. "When we have a real conscript army," said one of them, "we shan't be troubled with strikes." Again, an aristocrat of high place and position was discussing the Swiss system, under which every man keeps his gun at home and brings it to drill. "We can't do that here," he said; "we can't give a rifle to every man in a country which has such a large discontented class."

With perhaps unconscious insincerity, certain gentlemen, distrustful in their bones of popular rule, are saying that universal conscription is democratic. As a matter of fact, conscription normally works toward the oligarchic spirit. During two or three impressionable young years the conscript lives under a system that inculcates blind obedience to superiors. Those superiors, in the nature of things, are drawn characteristically from the upper classes; for war is the true interest of an aristocracy, and the profession of arms is to them the only strictly honorable form of real work.

In all the great nations of Europe, which had this system before the war—save France alone—conscription made for oligarchical government. In Germany and Austria it constituted the dike against the rising tides of democracy. France saw this with the clarity of thought that distinguishes the French; and she made her army democratic not because of conscription, but in spite of it. The Dreyfus upheaval was by no means the hardest battle in her hidden war against oligarchical influence through the army.

The Issue in America

Now this is not an essay against preparedness. In the New World, which was born on August 1, 1914, we represent the democratic principle; we may have to fight externally, not only for national existence but also for the principle of popular rule, as France and England are fighting now.

One who has watched the European game cannot overlook some pretty sinister signs of trouble ahead for us. One who has followed the new warfare knows what tissue paper our present defenses are—yes, and even our present plans for defense. But we may so defend ourselves that, while preparing to fight the battle of democracy with powers outside our borders, we shall lose the fight within our borders.

We may accept complacently from our American Bernhardis the medieval notion that war in itself is good, a cleanser of nations; that we owe to the glory of the state—or to the "old flag," as we put it in our concrete American way—a duty higher than the welfare of every person in the state. We may seek our own "place in the sun," and use our army as an instrument not of defense but of conquest, so doing our part in maintaining the "glorious" old institution of war.

We may strengthen thereby the grip of our aristocracy and come finally to a state of society wherein the "best people" assume the right of judging what is best for the mass. Or, keeping up the traditions of this new state, whose success has given such encouragement to all the liberal elements of Europe, we may remember that war is an evil in itself; that it is the destroyer, not the renewer, of nations; that it is excusable to-day only as a defense against a system whose end is the perpetuation of war; and that the true ideal of a state is not glory or mythical honor, but merely the highest average happiness of its individuals.

We may, by such constant vigilance as the French have exercised, keep our army of defense democratic, prevent it from becoming an instrument to inculcate that obedience which is merely machinelike docility.

In short, we may prepare as free men; for if we do not we may have to prepare as serfs. The issue between oligarchy and democracy is joined here as in Europe; and the choice is ours.





Mr and Mrs Top Notch Rubber request the pleasure of your company—in the rain.

Stylish, fine-fitting, beautifully finished rubbers and arctics—lightness combined with long service—that's what you get in the Top Notch line—leader of the rubber "400."

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Most rubbers wear through at the heel all too soon and become useless. But Top Notch rubbers and arctics are made with the famous patented Clincher Cushion heel construction—the heels last as long as the soles. That's why they are *balanced* rubbers.

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The Great American Substitute

Like most things, a substitute may have a bad or a good meaning. It may stand for something poorer, cheaper and shoddier; or something better, less harmful, of more worth.

The secret of all improvement is in finding good substitutes.

The best way to quit a bad habit is to substitute a good one. To escape the evil effects of impure drinking water, substitute pure water. To heal a bad passion, substitute a wholesome one.

No man would swear if he had a good word handy that was just as expressive. A good vocabulary is the best substitute for profanity.

Chewing gum is one of the best substitutes in the world.

IT HAS DONE AN INCALCULABLE AMOUNT OF GOOD BECAUSE OF THE BAD HABITS IT HAS CROWDED OUT.

For the man who feels that he has smoked too much there is no better substitute than chewing gum.

Let him have a box of the pure chewing gum, made by THE HOUSE OF ADAMS, dainty, appealingly flavored and clean—to the last word in purity—let him have a box of gum on his office desk, and go to it.

There are many ways to limit tobacco using. The chewing gum way is THE EASIEST WAY.

Most people eat too much. They keep on eating after they are done. They eat to satiety. Hence they overload the stomach with unneeded substance.

And "the superfluous is never without danger."

Many diseases are directly caused by habitually taking food that we cannot assimilate. By and by that means indigestion, dyspepsia, liver trouble, diabetes, and other derangements.

Finish the meal with a piece of gum, and you not only get the pleasure of continued eating, but also an increased flow of saliva and the stimulation of the gastric juice.

Besides you are not overburdening the digestive apparatus.

Children eat candy because it tastes good, but in doing so they often take in unnecessary and harmful substance. Candy eating has its dangers.

But children chew gum as gladly as they eat sweets, and incur no harm. On the contrary, gum chewing is healthful.

Take a piece of gum instead of a piece of French pastry for dessert. You get the same pleasure, and none of the evil of too rich food.

Dr. Chalmers, the celebrated preacher, once delivered a sermon on "The Expulsive Power of a New Affection."

Chew gum, and cure hurtful tastes by "the expulsive power of a new affection."

Look for the name—Adams. It means pure chewing gum made with Chicle.



Adams Chewing Gum

ADAMS PEPSIN ADAMS CHICLETS ADAMS BLACK JACK ADAMS CALIFORNIA FRUIT ADAMS SPEARMINT

These leading Adams Gums, and fifty other brands, are made by American Chicle Company, Founded on the House of Adams.

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The New Hupmobile

The Year-Ahead Beauty-Car

Bright finish, long grain, French seam upholstery.

Luxuriously improved seat cushions and backs.

Moulding finish conceals all upholstery fastenings.

Neverleek fast-color top, black outside, tan inside.

Tonneau quarter curtains, cut integral with the top.

Front and rear edges of top finished with moulding.

Bow spreaders to carry top when folded.

New "Lift-the-Dot" fasteners for side curtains.

Door-curtain carriers fold with curtains, and drop into place instantly.

Tonneau carpet fastened with snap fasteners. Tonneau sills carpeted. Entire tonneau finish improved.

Satin-finish instrument plate. Ammeter supplied to show rate of battery charge and discharge.

Hand grip-pads on doors. Improved door handles.

Larger door pockets, with weighted flaps.

Bodies, Hupmobile blue; hood and fenders black. More paint and varnish, handsomer finish.

New type demountable rims. New type rim carrier.

Adjustable foot pedals. Clutch action very light.

New carburetor air control. One switch for ignition and lighting.

New dimming device graduates brilliance of head lights.

Tail lamp operates independently of other lamps.

Look for no car equaling this new Hupmobile, even in externals, for twelve months to come. Its intensified refinement is a year ahead. It was the world's finest Four before. Now it is the year-ahead beauty-car as well.

More than $750,000 spent for factory improvements in 1916 paved the way.

It took a year to get ready to give you this added goodness.

Hupmobiles, back to the beginning, have been one long line of successes. But this beauty-car goes far beyond Hupmobile best.

Why You Get a Car A Year Ahead

It goes further, because we are equipped to give more. In truth, we cannot afford to give less.

Hupmobiles, so other makers say, have always been too good. Our shop standards, they think, are too high; our materials too fine.

It was true that we needed larger production to spread the cost of excess goodness. And new factories to get the production. Now we have them both. And you get the beauty-car a year ahead.

Engine Fit For A $3000 Car

We have held fast to Hupmobile standards and pulled down the overhead. Critics (among them a leading car builder) called the Hupmobile motor "a power plant fit for a $3,000 car." And so it is.

They said we could cheapen the rear axle, that we could use a clutch less costly, and so on.

But we refused to take the obvious course. Nearly a million dollars spent in factory-saving and efficiency looked better to us than lowering Hupmobile ideals.

So we sought and won this extra margin, and have put it all back into added beauty.

A Wonder-Car In Performance

The Hupmobile has always been a wonder-car in point of performance. Its supremacy has not stopped short with supremacy over all other Fours.

It wins every day against Sixes, Eights and Twelves—as any Hupmobile dealer will gladly show you.

Now it wears a sheath worthy of its steel. The high-duty-car has also become the rare-beauty-car.

In sand, and on the hills, it will continue to outdo the multi-cylinder. On dress-parade, it will shine by comparison.

The Glory of Good Looks

The Hupmobile will always be sold on performance. From New York to San Francisco, and back, dealers will continue to court competitive tests. Owners will continue to boast of the superiority of "their" car.

But a new glory is added—the glory of extraordinary good looks and social distinction.

Looking a year ahead, nothing equal is in sight. You cannot buy wisely unless you see The New Hupmobile.

Five-Pass. Touring Car,	$1185	Roadster, ...	$1185
Year 'Round Touring Car,	$1385	Year 'Round Coupé	$1370
Seven-Pass. Touring Car,	$1340	Sedan	$1735

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A TOWN COMPANY

By WILL PAYNE

RECENTLY eleven towns in Northern Illinois formed a corporation for the purpose of introducing coöperation in municipal government, and thereby launched an idea that seems likely to spread—in which case it may affect the well-being of more than half the inhabitants of the United States and get better results in the expenditure of somewhere from one and a half to two billion dollars a year.

One of these towns is Highland Park. Like the other ten, it is a suburban community on the shore of Lake Michigan, north of Chicago. Its population is about seven thousand, and it used to have the same sort of government which every other "good" town of that sort and size had.

Many of the inhabitants are commuters, who make a livelihood in Chicago and go out to Highland Park to enjoy it. There are no slums, no saloons, no particularly disorderly elements or especially difficult civic problems; so there were no scandals of a dramatic nature in the municipal government—such as Highland Park's big neighbor to the south is always enjoying. There was just the everstanding humdrum scandal of considerable waste and inefficiency.

This good town had divided itself into four wards, each of which elected two aldermen, while the community at large elected a mayor. Naturally the job of half representing a ward in Highland Park was not an important or attractive one. In a general sort of way a man who put a high valuation on his time wouldn't care to devote much of it to so unimportant an office. Generally speaking, aldermen were more interested in their particular wards than in the town as a whole.

So a year and a half ago Highland Park adopted the commission form of government. Samuel M. Hastings, a manufacturer, and president of the Illinois Manufacturers' Association, was drafted in as mayor, despite that ingrained reluctance to "mix up in politics" which characterizes most successful business men.

The commissioners, also, were men of extensive business experience, and they proposed simply to apply to the town's affairs sound business intelligence, looking at those affairs very much as though they were the affairs of a commercial corporation of which they were directors.

Business Methods Applied

They found that the city's books were not kept in a way which any of them would accept in his own business—not that there was graft, but there was ineptness, inexactness, confusion. Now good bookkeeping is the first step in the application of business intelligence to any affair. The first consideration is to know all the time exactly where you stand. So they called in a competent accountant and got the town's books in the same condition as those of any well-managed bank or factory—that is, so as to show clearly and accurately at a glance how the concern's finances stand.

There were haphazard, wasteful ways of buying municipal supplies and various other unthrifty conditions that the members of the new government would not have accepted in their own businesses. They saw no reason to accept them in the town's business.

But this notion of applying good business intelligence to the town's affairs presently took a new angle. Looking at Highland Park much as they would have looked at a private business they were directing, the mayor and commissioners found that its affairs were always running into those of Highwood and Lake Forest, to the north, and of Glencoe and Winnetka, to the south. It occurred to Mr. Hastings that, beginning with Deerfield just north of Evanston, and ending with Waukegan, near the Wisconsin line, there were eleven concerns in a row, touching one another, all with the same general interests and problems, but each one struggling with those problems quite independently of the others.

It struck him, as a business man, that this was an unthrifty situation. These suburban towns didn't want to be incorporated in Chicago—because, for one very obvious reason, Chicago's government was notoriously much worse than that of any of them. They didn't want to consolidate in a single municipality. Each one of them had its proper local pride. It is true that to the uninstructed stranger who rides through them in an automobile, without knowing when he passes the boundary which separates one town from the next, they look pretty much alike. Yet the duly initiated and habituated resident of Glencoe, for example, will tell you rather confidentially of many advantages that town enjoys over Winnetka, while the true Winnetkan, admitting that Glencoe is a rather nice place, will point out many reasons why it is better to live a couple of miles farther south.

Aside from this local pride there were various objections to an outright consolidation. The string of towns measures some thirty miles from tip to tip; so a consolidated government would entail a good many little inconveniences. It would entail, also, a rather formidable legal process, with a lot of voting to consolidate, voting to elect a new government—in which, no doubt, jealousies and rivalries between the towns would develop—and there would be a large expense bill.

Sanitation Problems

Formal consolidation was not advisable; yet it was clear enough that all the towns, working unitedly, could deal with the problems which were common to all of them more efficiently than each town acting alone.

As one illustration of a common problem, there was the water supply. In Lake Michigan all these towns had an unlimited supply of fresh water. Of course they had resorted to that supply, simply pumping the lake water into the town mains. Unfortunately there was also, from the beginning, the problem of sewage disposal. The cheapest, most obvious method was to turn it into the lake. That presently threatened to contaminate the water supply; so the waterworks' intake was moved farther out.

But, as the towns grew, the volume of sewage increased and reached farther out too; so the waterworks' intake must be moved still farther.

All round the southern end of Lake Michigan, with rapidly growing population, that sort of race between sewage and water supply has been going on for years. Nearly a generation ago Chicago reached the point in population where the race had to be given up definitely and a great scheme of inland sewage disposal, with water intakes far out in the lake, resorted to. It cost many million dollars.

Now the North Shore towns have reached a point where it is plainly advisable for them, also, to abandon temporizing, and take up a comprehensive, lasting solution of the water problem. Their water intakes now are fourteen or fifteen hundred feet out in the lake—not far enough to be absolutely secure against contamination in the not distant future, experts say. They ought to dispose of their sewage inland, as Chicago does, and then go five or six miles out in the lake for their drinking water.

The largest of these towns, Waukegan, has about eighteen thousand inhabitants; the smallest has one thousand. For any of them alone the cost of such a permanent solution of the water problem as that mentioned above would be staggering; but all of them together could do it easily. And one big pumping station, with an intake five miles out, could be operated more cheaply than eleven little stations with intakes fourteen hundred feet out.

All the towns in common have a public-utility-franchise problem. Their local transportation, gas and electric current are supplied by corporations with which they make bargains covering cost and quality of service. All over the United States these public-utility corporations have been getting together through various forms of merger and consolidation. It is the usual thing now for a dozen or a score of towns to get their street-car service, gas and electric light from the same company, and that company is often but one of many subsidiary concerns in a great combination which is controlled from a single office. A dozen or so such head offices control a great part of the public-utility business of the country outside the larger cities.

The advantages of this consolidation—from the corporation's point of view at least—are evident from the great profits that have resulted from the process. But though the corporations have been getting together the towns have not.

Each of these North Shore towns, for example, has its separate contract with a public-utility corporation for transportation and light. Each contract or franchise expires on a different date. Say Winnetka's street-car franchise is about to expire. It covers part of a continuous service along the North Shore. If Winnetka should not renew the franchise, service to all the other towns would be interrupted. Say, Highland Park's gas franchise is about to expire. It stands alone, and on its own hook must make the best terms it can with the company.

When a consolidated company is bargaining with an individual town it has something of the same advantage that a big employer of labor enjoys when he bargains with his workmen individually instead of collectively. If these towns would make their franchises expire on the same date, and then deal collectively with the company, they would get a better bargain. Probably the company could afford to give a better bargain if it dealt with somebody who was authorized to speak for all the towns together, and so settle the whole matter at a stroke. When dealing with the towns individually the company naturally suspects that if it gives North Chicago an inch, Lake Forest will hear of it and demand an ell. So a more satisfactory settlement for both towns and company may result from a collective bargain.

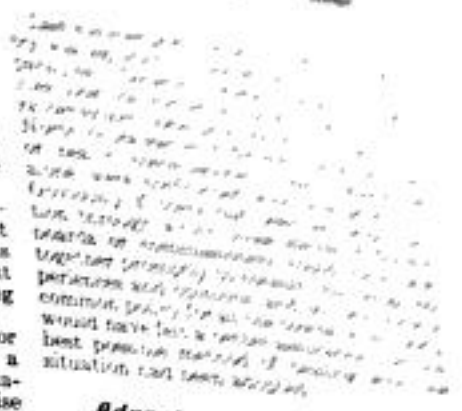
Opportunities for Closer Buying

Each of these towns is continually buying certain supplies. One of them, for instance, will use five hundred water meters next year; another, seven hundred; another, three hundred. One of them, acting alone, might get a better meter than the next, or as good a meter at a less price. But no one of them acting alone could expect so good a bargain as a single purchaser of six thousand or seven thousand meters would get.

If each town sent to a single purchasing committee a memorandum of the number of meters required in the coming year, the single committee, going into the market with one order for several thousand meters, could save money for all of them. So with fire hose and all other supplies. The towns are buying water mains, fire apparatus, snowplows and street sweepers. Considerable expert investigation is necessary to know which of the many sorts of these articles are most suitable and most economical. One town, acting alone, could not canvass the field as thoroughly and be as sure that it was getting the best returns for its money as a single agency, acting for all the towns, could.

Any resident of any town who looks about him a bit will at once see various problems that are common to all the towns round him, so that all the towns, acting together, could solve them better than a single town, acting alone, could. These North Shore towns have their common automobile problem and they try to solve it in different ways. Some of them establish the lowest speed limit the state law permits; a limit which, in fact, hardly one driver out of twenty observes.

They don't really expect a driver to observe the speed limit, but they can arrest him for violating it at any time they feel like it. The next town takes a more liberal view; its ordinance permits a higher speed. One minute a driver is within the law. The next minute, without having changed his speed and with nothing to warn him that he has passed under a different jurisdiction, he is violating the law. Obviously a uniform code would be preferable.



Advantages of Coöperation

The best towns [illegible] liable to experiences of [illegible] smallpox develop in [illegible] is an outbreak of yellow [illegible] typhus in the state or of [illegible] seaport; half a dozen persons [illegible] typhoid over in the next [illegible] community shivers a bit, grows [illegible] looks at its youngsters with new [illegible] sion.

In all such cases the fact of a [illegible] organization, in which the health [illegible] ities and the best medical talent of a dozen towns were coöperating to take whatever steps their collective judgment deemed advisable for safeguarding health, would have a most reassuring effect, because, as a matter of course, such an organization is better fitted to cope with the situation than the organization of any single town would be.

There are other obvious advantages of coöperation. They will occur to anyone who has had any experience in the government of a town—or of a city, either. But these towns wanted to keep their corporate identity. They didn't want to merge. So Mr. Hastings simply took a leaf out of his business experience—one so suitable to the needs of the case that it is a wonder no one had resorted to it before.

He proposed that the eleven towns join in forming a corporation—not for profit—under the laws of Illinois, such a corporation as the laws of every state, I believe, already provide for.

The cost is trifling. Half a dozen or so men fill out an application to the secretary of state, setting forth that they wish to form a corporation under such and such an act of the state legislature, giving the name of the corporation, the general objects for which it is formed, a list of the persons who have been chosen for the first board of directors, and the address of its main office. To this application a notary public appends a certificate that the signers appeared before him and acknowledged their signatures. The secretary of state files the application in its proper pigeonhole and issues a charter. Substantially that is all there is to it, the total cost being a few dollars.

The name of this particular corporation is the Association of North Shore Municipalities. The object for which it is formed, says the application for charter, is "to secure the coöperation of North Shore municipalities, to acquire and disseminate commercial, scientific and economic information pertaining to the business of municipalities, and to secure uniform action, economy and efficiency in the administration of municipal affairs."

The board of directors consists of the eleven mayors or presidents of the eleven cities or villages in the association. These directors, having been named in the charter take office automatically as soon as the corporation is formed. Thenceforth the management of the corporation is in their hands. It is provided, however, that when any of them ceases to be mayor or president of one of the municipalities his successor as mayor or president shall also succeed him as a director of the corporation. Thus, the board of directors will always consist of the heads of the eleven municipal governments.

By this scheme, it will be observed, no voting by the inhabitants of the towns or by anyone else is required. No formal action of any sort by the town governments is required. Nothing is required except that the governments of the towns agree to coöperate.

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Thus, the corporation has no legal power whatever over the governments of the towns. Those governments remain exactly as they were before, with the same powers in every respect. The individuality of the town is not diminished in the least, but something is added to it. As an illustration of how the corporation works, take the matter of local tax valuations for Waukegan, which, being farthest north, is the first town on the list.

It is considerably larger than any of the others, with about eighteen thousand inhabitants and quite a manufacturing interest. The present government of Waukegan has given a great deal of attention to the difficult matter of equitable tax valuations and naturally has acquired a good deal of valuable experience and information on that subject. So the corporation appointed a committee on tax valuation and made the mayor of Waukegan chairman of that committee. The idea is, of course, that Waukegan's special information and experience in the matter of tax valuations shall immediately be made available for all the other towns.

The corporation appointed a purchasing committee, and for chairman of it elected the purchasing agent of a big railroad system—a resident, of course, of the North Shore. The different towns will make up memoranda of the supplies required in a given period and turn the memoranda over to this committee, which will then go marketing for the total quantity of supplies required. Thus the towns will get the advantage not only of buying in bulk but of having their buying done by the best talent in that line to be found among them. The idea throughout is not only to get the advantage of a bigger unit, but to make available to all the towns whatever talent and experience any town has.

If one town has been particularly successful with its shrubbery and tree planting the persons who achieved that success will be called upon, through the corporation, to advise all the towns. Eleven standing committees have been appointed, and the head of each town government has the chairmanship of that committee when he seems likely to be most serviceable to the towns as a whole.

The committees—and, in fact, the corporation itself—act only in an advisory capacity. Any town government is free to ignore the advice if it so elects. But, having agreed to coöperation and having taken a due share in the deliberations, it is not at all likely that any town will so elect.

Cheapness and Simplicity

In fact, this idea of municipal coöperation has been received with quite unanimous approval and enthusiasm in the North Shore towns. Anybody with any experience in municipal government, or with a business experience in the light of which he could appreciate municipal problems, quickly saw its advantages. It gives the benefit of unity, without cumbrous and expensive legal formalities. Each town joining in the association pays a membership fee of twenty-five dollars, which has, so far, covered all expenses of the association.

No new offices are created, for all the officers of the association are already town officers; its official committee members are already members of the town governments. In time there will be a library of municipal reports and like useful information; there will be some bills for stationery, printing, and a clerk or secretary. It is thought likely that the towns will have to pay in something like a hundred dollars a year each to cover such outlays. But, with that small exception, the association creates no additional cost.

When this idea of coöperation was taking shape the gas franchises of several towns were near expiration. All of them get gas from the same public-service corporation. Under the old plan each town would have taken up negotiations with the gas company separately. If it couldn't agree with the company—as often happens—it would have had to go into court or before the State Public-Utilities Commission. It would have had to compile arguments and evidence in support of its stand, which would probably have involved hiring some experts, and in any event would have involved a good deal of trouble and expense. First and last, there might have been half a dozen separate hearings before the Utilities Commission or in court, each, from beginning to end, extending over several months.

Mr. Hastings, however, got the heads of the town governments together. They canvassed the situation and agreed on united action; then called the gas company representatives into conference. In a series of such informal meetings round an office table the matter was threshed out, with the result that both sides recently agreed upon a schedule of rates and conditions of service which are mutually acceptable and which are to apply to all the towns. In that simple, inexpensive, businesslike way the gas problem of eleven municipalities was satisfactorily disposed of. No doubt the fact that all the towns were acting as a unit had its effect upon the gas company.

I mentioned that Highland Park had adopted a good system of municipal bookkeeping, such as a competent business man would approve for his own office. It engaged a good expert accountant for that purpose, because working out the details of any accounting system so as to get maximum results at minimum cost is a job for an expert. This system of accounting is, of course, applicable to any town operating under substantially the same conditions. By coöperating all the towns will get the benefit of it.

Uniform Accounting Systems

This brings up another advantage of coöperation. All the towns having a uniform system of accounts, it will always be possible to check one town against another. If Winnetka is paying more for snow removal than Wilmette the fact will appear in a comparison of town reports, and there should be no difficulty in tracing down the reason for it. This applies to every branch of town work. If one town is doing a given piece of work more economically than another the other towns will know it and know how the lower cost is attained. By this constant interchange of experience every town's expense items should get down to any town's minimum.

Each of these towns does something in the park and boulevard way. Each of them has made its own plans in that respect, practically without regard to another town's plans; yet the towns form a virtually continuous community. Obviously, by working together in this business of adorning themselves they could get many advantages. As a unit they could get better landscape-gardening talent, better road-making talent, better horticultural talent. Letting contracts on a large scale, they could get better prices. Greater harmony and a finer effect could be expected from one plan than from eleven independent plans. There are opportunities in the way of parks that no one town alone could undertake to develop, but which all together might well carry through.

So they are talking now of a union park system. To carry that out, having formulated the plans, they would go to the legislature and ask for an act creating a park district. This would not affect the individuality of the towns in the least, but simply put them into a partnership for the purpose of making a park, issuing bonds and levying taxes in that connection. The legislature has passed various acts of that nature, including the one which created the Chicago Drainage District, and would no doubt pass this act if asked to do so by all the towns.

In the same way an act of legislature could be asked for a union waterworks, with an intake far out in the lake and beyond danger of future contamination. Having once established a coöperative organization through the advisory corporation above mentioned, any special powers the municipalities require for extending the idea can be easily obtained.

Already, and irrespective of any future park system or pumping station, the corporation has taken up the matter of municipal bonds. As in nearly all other municipal affairs, each town has followed its own plan; and some plans were better than others. It is proposed now to adopt a uniform plan of issuing bonds, making them all serial. The common practice among American municipalities used to be as follows: The city issued, say, a hundred thousand dollars of bonds for street improvements. They were due in thirty years, but the city couldn't prudently wait until the end of thirty years before making provision to pay them. So each year it levied sufficient taxes to pay that year's interest and one-thirtieth of the principal—or such a sum as, being invested at compound interest, would produce one-thirtieth of the principal. This sum was put into a sinking fund. Theoretically, at the end of thirty years the sinking fund would contain enough to pay off the bonds. But in practice the theory doesn't work well. The city gets hard up and "borrows" its own sinking fund; the accounts become confused; the sinking fund doesn't produce the interest expected. In short, the sinking fund doesn't pay off the bonds.

But under the better serial plan one-thirtieth of the bonds fall due each year. The tax levy of that year pays them off and that is an end of them. There is no chance for borrowings and confusion of the accounts. So bond houses, in buying municipal issues, will usually give the serial bond a shade the better price. This is a small detail, of course; but it illustrates that, wherever it is possible to get a shade the better bargain, this municipal coöperation proposes to get it.

The association has eleven standing committees, composed of members of the several town governments. It has also an advisory committee, which is not to be overlooked. This consists of three unofficial citizens of each town—or thirty-three in all—its members being selected with a view to their probable usefulness as advisers upon the many phases of municipal affairs. This committee will be called into consultation when any especially important affair comes up. The corporation wants its advice. It also wants its sense of responsibility for the government of its towns.

No municipal government can be so good that good citizens will not, from time to time, discover defects in it. In a general way it is the intention of the North Shore coöperation that good citizens shall not only trot out their discoveries of that sort but personally lend a hand to see what can be done about them.

An excellent citizen of Highland Park complained to the mayor that railroad locomotives were making too much smoke. He thought it was the duty of the city government to do something about it. The mayor asked just what he thought the government ought to do. The good citizen was decidedly vague as to the precise measure that should be adopted, but he was sure the government ought to do something.

Next day he received notification that he had been appointed chairman of a citizens' committee to investigate the smoke and recommend remedial measures.

After a period of sheer astonishment, and after learning that the city government really expected him to do what its notice implied, he accepted the appointment in good faith.

Substantially the same plan has been applied in various like instances. Without having made personal complaints, other citizens have been drafted into the public service by being appointed on committees to investigate or deliberate. In the course of a year the city government has levied upon the services of some sixty private citizens for that sort of public work. It has been pleased to find that when it pressed the matter home nobody has refused to serve. Of course a busy man would rather not have a public office and rather not bother with public affairs; but he can be induced to do it. And when one does it the next one comes all the easier.

The Line of Natural Expansion

The aim is to get all citizens into thinking that town business is their business—not thinking of it as a remote abstraction, but as an immediate, practical fact. Of course, wherever that can be accomplished the form of the government—whether it is the government of a village or of a nation—is comparatively unimportant. Highland Park adopted the commission form of government; but this coöperation involves no change in form. Being wholly voluntary and advisory, it could be carried out even without the formal organization of a corporation under state law. If the governments simply agreed to act together, that would answer; but the agreement would have to be put in some sort of form, and a state charter is as simple, easy and cheap as any other.

Not long ago a number of widely experienced men of affairs met at a dinner. One man at the table knew about this municipal coöperation and explained it to the others. The way they reacted to it was highly flattering to the author of the idea. They soon had the whole United States involved; first, with local associations, each comprising a dozen or so towns in the same neighborhood and having the same general conditions—say, the towns in an agricultural county in Illinois or Iowa; then there would be a regional association, to act as a clearing house for the local associations, so that if one local association was especially successful in dealing with a certain problem the others would know about it and benefit by its experience—just as all the towns in a local association benefited by the experience of the other towns; finally, a national association.

They talked of associations of cities in the same class—say, those having from one hundred thousand to five hundred thousand inhabitants, and from five hundred thousand to a million; then New York, Chicago and Philadelphia. By this sort of coöperation, they argued, the best methods of managing municipal government would be discovered and applied.

That is an object of considerable importance nowadays. Formerly it was not so important. At the first census less than one per cent of the population lived in cities of thirty thousand or more inhabitants. Now thirty-one per cent of the population lives in such cities. At the last census fifty-five per cent of the total population lived in cities, towns and villages—more than half; and the proportion is steadily growing. And the expenditures of cities, towns and villages are growing even faster than their population.

The net government cost of operating cities having thirty thousand or more inhabitants in 1910, according to the census, was thirty dollars and thirty-three cents for each inhabitant, or a little over eight hundred million dollars, all told. Say we assume arbitrarily that government cost in cities, towns and villages having less than thirty thousand inhabitants—which are not included in the census report—was only two-thirds as great a head as in the larger cities. That assumption would put the total cost of municipal government in 1910 at one billion three hundred million dollars, in round figures.

An Idea That Should Spread

But by 1915 the net government cost in cities having thirty thousand or more inhabitants had risen to one billion fifty-seven million-and-odd dollars, or a little over thirty-four and a half dollars for each person. So we seem pretty safe in assuming that municipal government this year costs at least one and a half billions. For cities of thirty thousand and upward it was under twenty-five dollars a head in 1903, while in 1915 it was over thirty-four and a half dollars.

In short, not only are municipalities increasing rapidly in population but government cost is increasing even faster than population, which obviously makes the subject of municipal costs one of considerable importance.

There is another item that must not be overlooked: Out of two hundred and four cities having thirty thousand or more inhabitants the census had complete and comparable fiscal data for one hundred and forty-six. From 1903 to 1915 the net indebtedness of these cities increased from under one billion dollars to nearly two and a quarter billions, or from less than forty-five dollars a head to more than seventy-seven.

It isn't only the money, by any means. To any man who isn't holding a state or Federal job, local government is far more important than state or Federal government. His police protection and his fire protection; his means of getting about; what he shall pay for such household necessities as water, gas, electric light, and what kind of service he shall get, depend upon the local government.

But, though municipal government has been growing more important—not only because it includes more people but because it touches their pocketbooks and their interests in more ways—there has never been any teamwork in it. Every municipality has struggled or muddled with its own affairs on its own hook. One might say without great exaggeration that no two cities have handled the same problem in the same way.

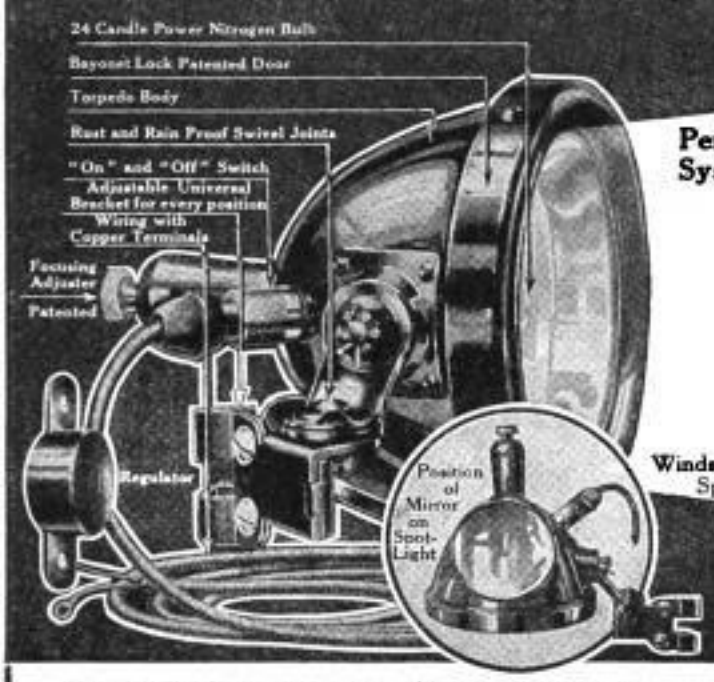
In any line of business an improvement introduced at any given point will spread, competition forcing others in that line to adopt it; but there is no competition in government. Coöperation among municipalities would have the effect of introducing it.

This North Shore Association gives a simple, inexpensive and practical method of coöperating. The idea ought to spread.

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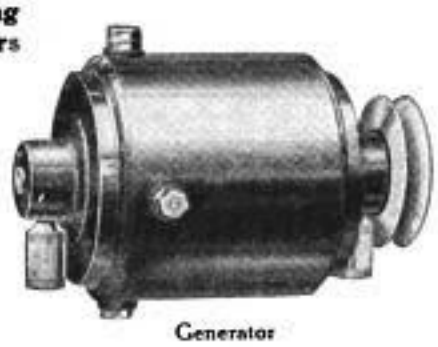
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Genolite [Type C] also includes a generator, and a storage battery which it charges without cost. With the beautiful electric side lamps and tail lamp, also bulbs, wiring and all attachments complete as described and ready for application (no extras needed) Genolite is an efficient and complete Lighting System for five electric lamps for Ford Cars.

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In the unique Genolite [Type D] equipment Ford Owners are given an exclusive combination Electric Lighting System that includes a powerful windshield Spotlight with many patented features.

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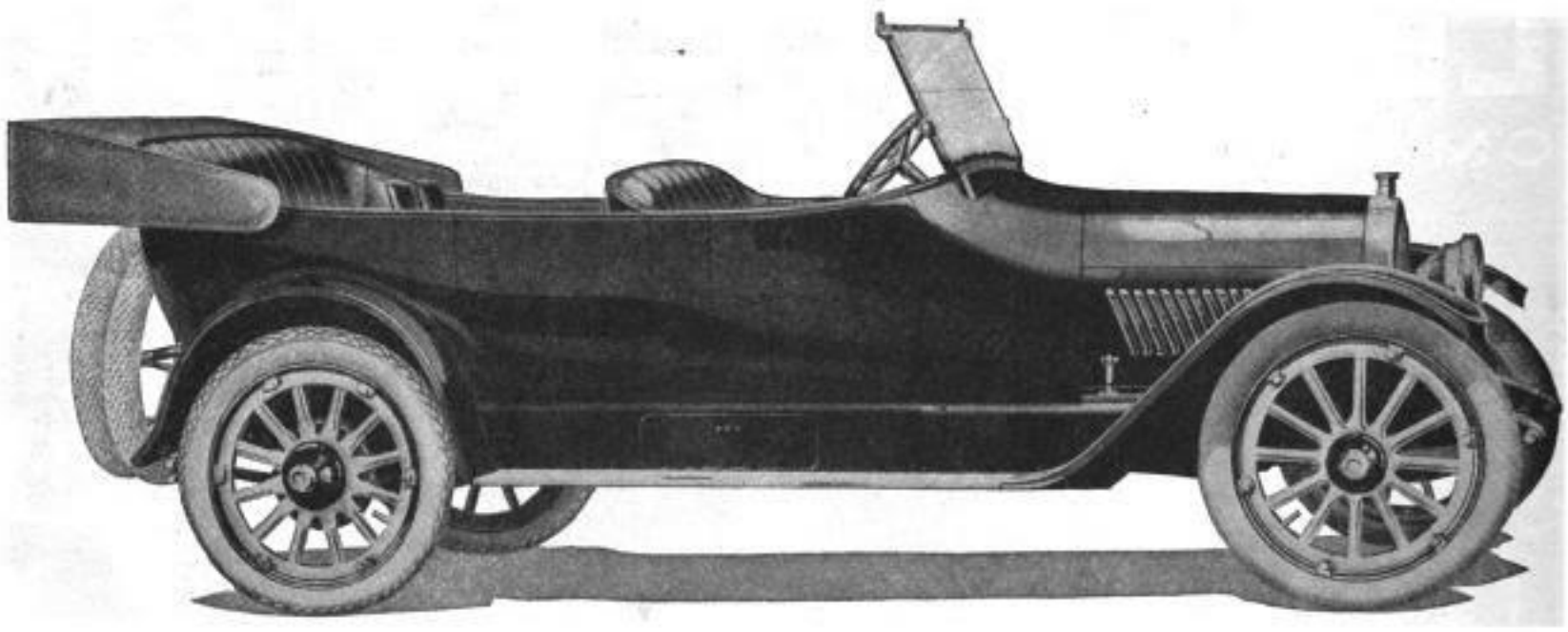
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THIS light weight, eight-cylinder car combines power, acceleration, speed, economy, comfort, beauty, and luxury in a measure hitherto undreamed of in a light car. The eight-cylinder motor, developing 58-horse power at 2,600 r. p. m., with the light weight of the car—3,000 pounds—presents a proportion of power to total car weight of approximately one horse power to every 51 pounds—an unusually favorable ratio.

This relation of weight to power, together with the high frequency of the power impulses—one to every five inches of car travel—is the reason for the wonderful hill climbing ability of the car—for its dependability on all sorts of roads—and for control so responsive that gear changing is seldom necessary.

Careful refinement of mechanism insures almost absolute quiet, while the counterbalanced crankshaft, light weight, balanced, connecting rods, and aluminum alloy pistons reduce internal resistance, bearing pressures and vibration to a minimum.

The comfort of the car is beyond description. Long, flat, flexible springs and perfect balance of chassis insure easy riding under any kind of going. The seats, upholstered with fine, long grain French leather, stuffed with pliant springs encased in linen sacks, increase comfort to the point of luxury.

Economy results from light weight and motor efficiency—economy both of fuel and tires. The new Oldsmobile is now on display by Distributors throughout the United States. Illustrated catalog on request.

Details of the Car

Wheel Base—120 inches.
Weight—3,000 pounds.
Motor—Eight-cylinder, V-type, high speed motor, with counterweighted crankshaft, developing 58-horse power at 2,600 r. p. m.
Cooling—By centrifugal pump.
Radiator—Honeycomb, with solid German silver jacket.
Lubrication—Force feed.
Electric System—Delco—In three units, starter, generator, and distributer, each unit independent.
Spark Control—Automatic, with hand lever for extreme ranges.
Carburetor—Automatic compensating type.
Gasoline System—Vacuum feed, with gas tank in rear.
Transmission—Unit with motor.
Gear Ratio—4 11-12 to 1.
Clutch—Cone type, leather faced.
Drive—Hotchkiss type.
Frame—Cold pressed steel, deep channel.
Front Axle—I-beam, with Timken tapered roller bearings.
Rear Axle—Full floating, spiral bevel type. Timken bearings.
Brakes—Foot, external contracting, emergency, internal expanding.
Wheels—Selected hickory, natural wood finish.
Springs—Front, semi-elliptic; rear, three-quarter elliptic, long and flat.
Steering—Left hand, semi-irreversible, worm and half-nut type.
Fenders—Crowned type.
Doors—Twenty-three inches wide.
Upholstery—Finest French leather, stuffed with springs encased in linen sacks.
Dash—Circassian walnut, with silver finished instruments.
Finish—Paint and varnish, applied by hand.
Equipment—In addition to regular items, includes double bulb headlights, dash light, tonneau light, double tire carrier, and side curtains, opening with doors.

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Dr. L. Emmett Holt, the famous authority, writes as follows in his book, "The Care and Feeding of Children":

> "Some fruit should be given to most healthy children every day . . . Oranges, baked apples and stewed prunes are most to be depended upon . . . The best fruit juice is that of the Orange, which should be fresh and sweet."

Thus an eminent man, who is quoted on child feeding by practically every physician, tells mothers what is best.

Remember these facts; for no other subject today is more important than proper food. Don't let *anyone in your family* who carries a lunch from home go without a fruit that authorities deem so needful.

Nature has made Oranges doubly attractive in flavor, perhaps to win people to their benefits.

For these reasons, adults as well as little folks need Oranges every day.

The principal nutritive value of Oranges lies in their fruit-sugar. And Oranges contain organic salts and acids that aid in the digestion of other foods.

These facts are stated by Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, well known for his campaign for "pure foods."

Decide for yourself, from the standpoints of flavor, healthfulness and *economy*, if another fruit so well merits a daily and conspicuous place in your home.

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A valuable illustrated book containing 200 tested Orange and Lemon recipes by the authors of the famous Boston Cook Book, will be sent *without charge* to housewives who answer this advertisement, giving their dealer's name and address. Send for your copy now.

Sunkist

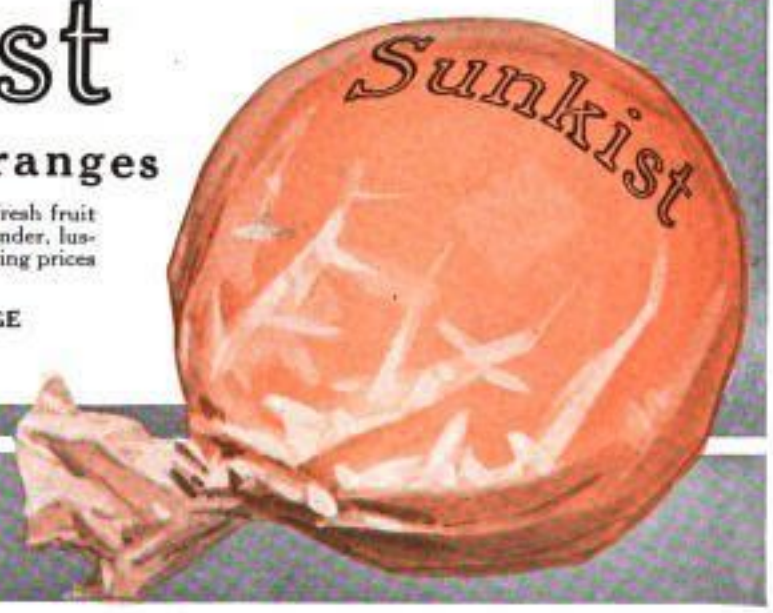
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Sunkist are *uniformly good* oranges—a year 'round fresh fruit for everybody's table. They are practically seedless, tender, luscious, juicy, sweet—and are sold in varying sizes at varying prices so every family can afford them.

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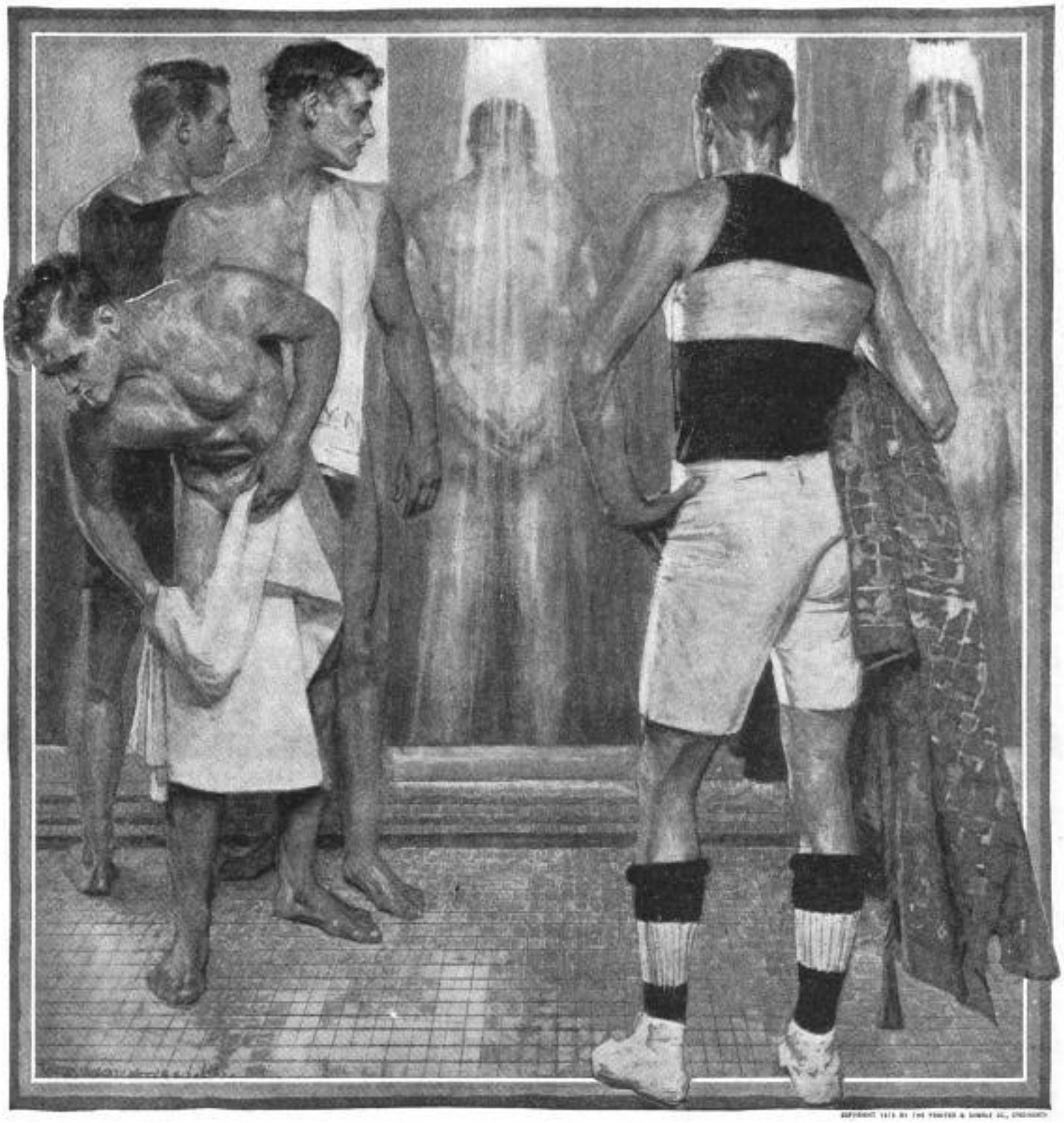
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It is this ability to cleanse thoroughly without irritation to the skin that makes Ivory Soap so popular with all athletes. In it quality and purity combine to produce cleanliness pleasantly and perfectly under every conceivable condition.

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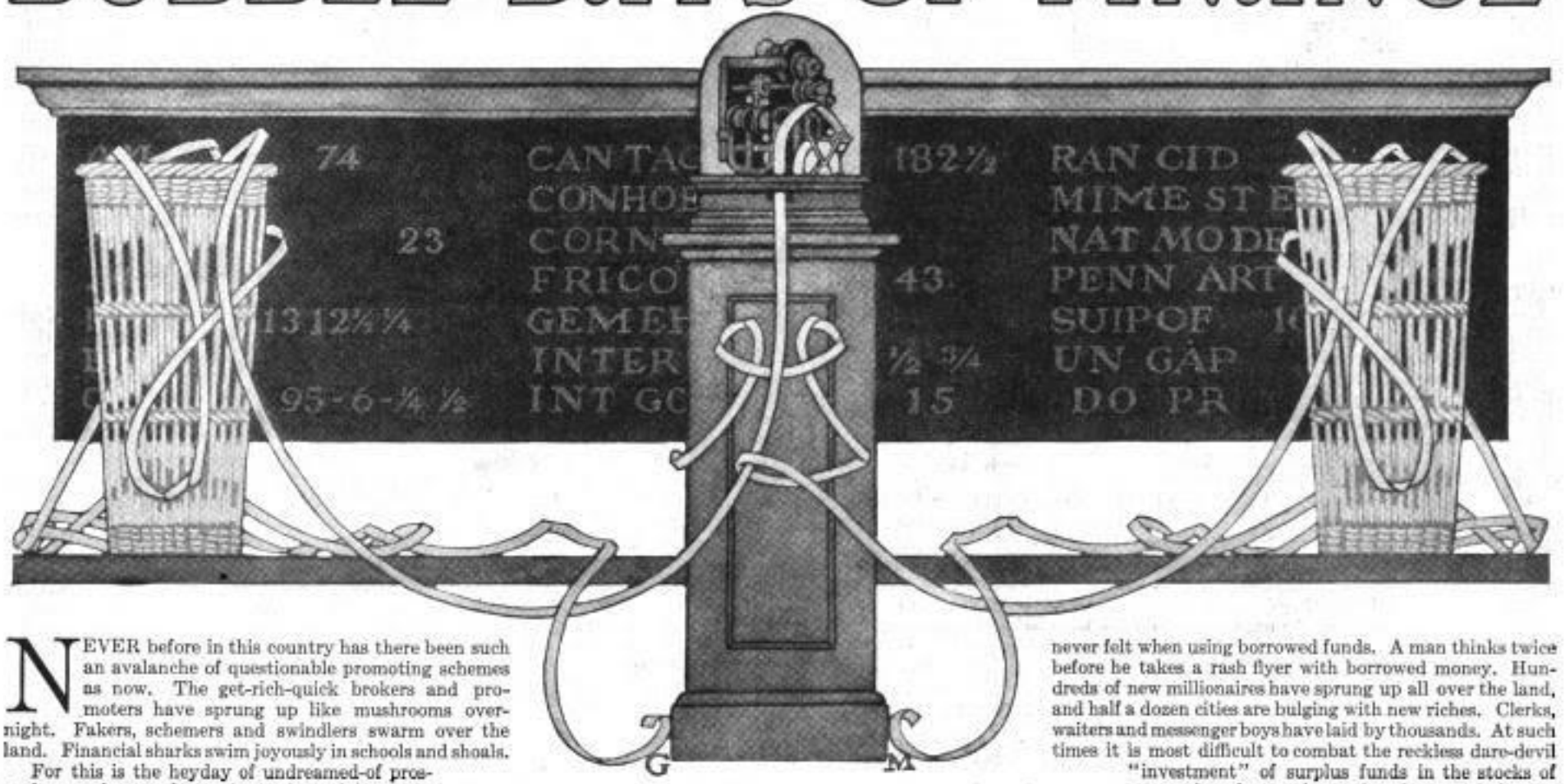
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BUBBLE DAYS OF FINANCE



By Albert W. Atwood

NEVER before in this country has there been such an avalanche of questionable promoting schemes as now. The get-rich-quick brokers and promoters have sprung up like mushrooms overnight. Fakers, schemers and swindlers swarm over the land. Financial sharks swim joyously in schools and shoals.

For this is the heyday of undreamed-of prosperity; and every boom in trade and in stocks brings to the surface a multitude from the underworld of finance, glad to seize upon the possibly brief wave of fortune and take advantage of a feverish mania for speculation while it lasts. Thus, the tremendous revival in frauds and semifrauds by mail and by advertising, along with its marvelously sudden fungous growth of upstart brokers and promoters, only serves to emphasize the prodigal, almost recklessly abrupt increase in national wealth.

There is a spirit of double-or-quits in the land. Quick and prodigal riches have made men reckless. Luxury, extravagance and waste are at their height. So is the heedless "investment" of money.

"It's nobody's business. I am going to do what I d——d well please with my own money!"

The present boom in questionable and probably worthless stocks is not unique. They have come in waves or periods or cycles for several hundred years. As insane as any was the Tulip Craze in Holland. John Law, in France, and a long series of foolish bubbles in England separated the credulous from their money long years ago. Ever since the modern world existed men have been afflicted by this strange disease, whether the promise of untold wealth dangled before their eyes was located in South African mines, the broad pampas of South America or the islands of the South Seas.

But the get-rich-quick delirium of to-day differs from and exceeds previous speculative excitements—in this country at least—by the more ample means of those who are seized by it. The greatest previous period of American speculation was that which began in 1899 and came to an end in 1907. People woke up to the fact that there had been too much lost motion. So they started trusts and combinations. The crossroads blacksmith, with his thousand-dollar business, capitalized it for a hundred-thousand-dollar stock company. Inflation was rampant; and what went up ultimately came down.

All this was very instructive and interesting; but the speculator of that period operated largely on borrowed money. To-day conditions are very different. Money has been distributed and filtered out over the country everywhere. Farmers have had huge prices for their crops. A man with a few acres of potatoes has thereby become almost rich. Mechanics have had wages and bonuses beyond anything previously known. And investors have received larger dividends than the most optimistic had dared hope for. These conditions are, in the first place, the result of enormous profits, which the nations at war have been obliged to pay us. War business has always been hazardous, and therefore has commanded large profits. Secondly, the result of our having repaid to Europeans on our own terms practically all the debts that were entered into on their terms.

So the speculator of to-day, whether he operates in recognized and established securities or in the fly-by-night, get-rich-quick variety, claims a measure of independence he has never felt when using borrowed funds. A man thinks twice before he takes a rash flyer with borrowed money. Hundreds of new millionaires have sprung up all over the land, and half a dozen cities are bulging with new riches. Clerks, waiters and messenger boys have laid by thousands. At such times it is most difficult to combat the reckless dare-devil "investment" of surplus funds in the stocks of companies whose only product is tons of alluring and flamboyant literature.

But the world has not changed overnight. Thousands who think they have found Aladdin's Lamp or the Philosophers' Stone are building on false premises. They will find that the rules of business conduct which held true a few years ago still have an application. The forms of the get-rich-quick game change, but the principles never. Yesterday it was the bucket shop; to-day it is stock in new oil, mining and manufacturing companies; to-morrow it will be something we cannot foresee. But the results are always the same. The denizen of the underworld of finance never changes his ethics, though he is a broad-minded opportunist as to the nature of the proposition he handles. He holds himself in readiness to take advantage of whatever comes along; and he is both mentally and physically about the nimblest creature on earth.

For the first time in a great stock-market boom the old-fashioned bucket shop was absent. That was the place, as almost everybody knows, where one could bet on the prices of stocks made on the New York Stock Exchange, or the prices of wheat, corn and oats made on the Chicago Board of Trade. Ten years ago there were perhaps five thousand of these places in the United States. To-day there are practically none. There is a great difference of opinion regarding stock speculation; but there is no difference of opinion concerning its parasite, the bucket shop.

The bucket shop was a place where proprietor or customer must lose. It was mechanically and physically impossible for both to win. Whatever the morals, or lack of them, in stock speculation, it is at least possible for both the regular broker and the customer to win. But the bucket-shop keeper makes his living out of his customers' losses. He ran a gambling joint, mechanically, legally and technically, as well as morally.

Ever since telegraphic quotations for stock and produce prices had first been known the bucket shop had flourished. It commanded the most talented practitioners of low finance, and its leaders became millionaires. Always the bucket shop pretended to have a connection with the New York Stock Exchange or the Chicago Board of Trade. Or if "pretend" be too strong a word for every case, there was always the seeming, simulated—or at least implied—connection.

Twenty years ago John Hill, then a director of the Board of Trade and member of a committee to investigate and prosecute frauds, examined more than fifteen hundred such schemes, and said: "Though the schemes are limited in variety only by the number of subjects upon which it is possible to found a swindle, the vast majority of them are based on an active speculative or investment market, such as the Chicago Board of Trade or New York Stock Exchange.

"The reason is apparent. Most persons are aware of the fluctuations and opportunities in these two great markets and very frequently read of large sums of money being made by

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shrewd speculators. . . . Hence unscrupulous knaves, bent on preying upon the unwary and inexperienced, paint for them a rosy word picture of the great fortunes which can be made in grain and stocks by an easy and safe—absolutely safe—method of speculating, according to 'their system,' which is the 'result of years of experience and study' on the part of these rogues who, having perfected their system, are anxious to take in the dear public in any sum from ten dollars up."

The bucket shop has gone, for many reasons. It became too notorious and laws were passed against it. The slow-moving processes of law are sure to reach any particular form of financial swindle, provided it remains in the open long enough. The big exchanges in New York and Chicago fought it bitterly. Most important of all, the telegraph and telephone companies began, within very recent years, to stop giving wire service to the bucket shops.

Deprived of wire service, there are to-day few if any concerns of a patently fraudulent nature conducting business on the basis of Stock Exchange or Board of Trade quotations. Nor is this the day of the "discretionary pool," or even of the professional stock-market tipster, who flourished so generally about ten years ago, and whose claims were so absurd that it is difficult to see how even the merest babe could have been deceived by them. Nor do we appear to be in a period of cotton swindles. Absent, too, is the flood of fake fruit-grove, banana-plantation, nut-orchard and other land schemes. Gullible mankind will always bite at new inventions and "secret processes"; but these are not especially numerous now. Irrigation projects had their day a few years ago, and fake insurance and publishing schemes are pretty well in the discard.

The Swarm of Doubtful Stocks

THE characteristics of the recent boom are numerous and intensely instructive. Of course some of the swarm of fake motor stocks are brand-new, with the varnish still on. Not so with the oil and mining shares. Beginning with '49, we have had them at regular intervals ever since. But the present crops of promoters have shown unusual cleverness in taking advantage of that human desire to get something for nothing, to expect that riches are concealed under the ground. Even the most uninformed know that in other industries there are definite limits and margins of profit; but they feel that no one can tell what may be hidden in the bowels of the earth. As for the fake motor stocks, the promoters have merely taken advantage of the enormous profits made by legitimate properties, to sell shares in certain new companies that exist almost solely on paper.

One of the most interesting discoveries of the fly-by-nighters is the existence of the open market on the New York Curb. It has always been there; but the discovery of the advantages of doing business in connection with it is relatively new—a matter of ten years at the very most. And this revelation, which first dawned upon them only a few years ago, has recently come to have the cumulative effect of a great and blazing truth.

Just as the vaguely implied connection with the Stock Exchange that came from having some form of ticker—or even a blackboard—used to be of service to the bucket shop, so their lineal descendants find an advantage in doing business on the Curb. Respectable brokers on the Curb have no more to do with these mushroom promoters than the honest Stock Exchange firm had to do with the bucket shop; but a definite impression of connection with a great public market is conveyed to the unwary, and the name of the Curb is being taken in vain to further a most gigantic and nefarious game.

There are really two ends to the present flotation of new mining and industrial stocks of dubious worth: There are the brokerage and the promotion. So many wildcatters have rushed into the business that even the detective agencies and the secret investigators of great financial institutions cannot name or even count them all. I asked the head of one of the leading reporting detective bureaus, which attempts to follow the crooked trail of every financial swindler, what he thought of a certain firm that had been advertising extensively.

Ordinarily this prince of financial sleuths is one of the coolest and most self-confident specimens of mankind. He gave me a look that was half angry and half bewildered. He seemed on the edge of a nervous breakdown.

"You are the fiftieth man who has asked me that question this morning!" he said. "If these people don't stop their advertising campaign I'll be driven out of business from having too much work to do."

But all these gentry—ranging from the lone adventurer with desk room in another man's office, and one stenographer, up to the great houses with their two to three hundred employees, private wire systems and salesmen on the road—work along the same general principles. The main idea is to get people in, keep them in, and keep their money. The exact machinery for doing this is what most interests us.

There is one concern that always buys stock for its customers, but immediately sells them out again. It runs perhaps a hundred dummy accounts, and the moment a customer buys stock the same amount is sold for one of the dummy accounts.

Some of these brokers never buy at all, except in a few cases where they are compelled to make delivery. When they get an order, though no actual purchase has been made, they report back to the customer that the stock has been bought "at the market"; which means at the prevailing price. Usually the report is delayed as long as possible so as to get the customer on their books at the highest price of the day. The reason for this will appear shortly.

Now, though speculators are richer than ever before, a large part of the buying of these stocks is still being done on margin. But the significant fact is that even if these brokers wanted to buy new stocks of questionable merit for their customers on margin they probably could not do so, because it is practically impossible to borrow money on such collateral.

The whole theory of margin trading rests on the existence of lenders. Brokers must borrow the bulk of the cost price of a stock—usually about eighty per cent—from a bank. The New York Stock Exchange would dwindle to a tiny rivulet of trade if it were not for this system of bank loans upon stocks. Only a few of the very richest millionaire brokers have resources enough of their own to buy stocks for all their customers. It is the banks that really make the whole business of stock speculation possible.

But the banks do not loan upon wildcat stocks. Here and there a few institutions conduct such a business; but they make the brokers "pay through the nose," as the saying goes. There are a few money-lenders in Wall Street of the pawnbroker type who will lend to brokers on the thousands of newly floated shares; but they charge at least one per cent a month when the ordinary bank is charging two or three per cent a year for loans on legitimate securities. Thus it is very difficult for the mushroom stockbrokers to buy stocks for their customers, even if they want to do so. They couldn't afford to do it and stay in business.

Heads I Win, Tails You Lose

THE central idea is to induce customers to invest, as they think, in stocks on a rising market, and to encourage them to increase and pyramid their commitments so that the margin of safety gets narrower and narrower. Then, when the proper time arrives, either directly or through representatives, the broker goes into the market and pounds down the price of the stock to a point where he can wipe out his customers. Thus, he keeps the money where it has always been—in his own pocket; for he has never bought the stock at all. Naturally the higher the price at which the stock was "bought," the sooner is the customer wiped off the books.

A curious side light upon this now extensive business is the fact that most of these brokers will never take an order to sell stock short. The reason is obvious to anyone at all familiar with the technic of the stock markets. A short sale requires immediate delivery—that is, within twenty-four hours; because the broker on the other side of the deal, who has bought the stock, insists upon having it. Consequently brokers who make a regular business of selling short must constantly have large quantities of stock in their possession which they can deliver to the buyers, or else have the resources and credit to borrow stocks. Thus it has always been that bucket shops, and every other form of imitation or parasite stockbroker, have gone broke on declining markets, because their customers began to sell stocks instead of buy them. As soon as the prices of stocks throughout the country generally begin to drop the swarm of fake brokers will again disappear overnight.

Already there are signs of retribution. Even since this article was started some brokers with small resources, but of tremendous profit to certain newspapers during their brief heyday of advertising prosperity, have been arrested. But for the larger firms the harvest of gold is still bounteous. It is true that several of the big concerns had a narrow escape not long ago. They at least suffered a premonitory chill of the fatal disease that always attacks this too-easy game sooner or later.

A mining stock, to which we shall give the purely imaginary name of Little Mary Consolidated, was boosted from the humble price of a few cents a share to several dollars. Its value was unknown; and its promoter and his associates had at all times actual control of the company.

As the stock continued to rise month after month the outside public, fairly maddened by the fortunes made in Bethlehem Steel and other war brides, rushed into Little Mary. Seeing their chance, the mushroom brokers "touted" the stock for a further rise and, with suspicious uniformity, filled their market letters and "house organs" with puffs of the stock. Some brokers did not execute the orders to buy the stock for their customers on margins, expecting that the promotion would collapse and they could with safety pocket the money.

The Skyrocket Career of Little Mary

BUT Little Mary kept on soaring and the brokers found themselves in a bad situation, with customers clamoring for stock that had not been bought. Then came anonymous broadside attacks upon the stock; reports from alleged mining inspectors to the effect that the mine was of no value were circulated. Still the stock did not fall; and as a last resort a powerful combination of brokers sold it short on an enormous scale. But they had no stock to deliver and, as the saying goes, sold into a bag. They were badly "whipsawed" and suffered big losses.

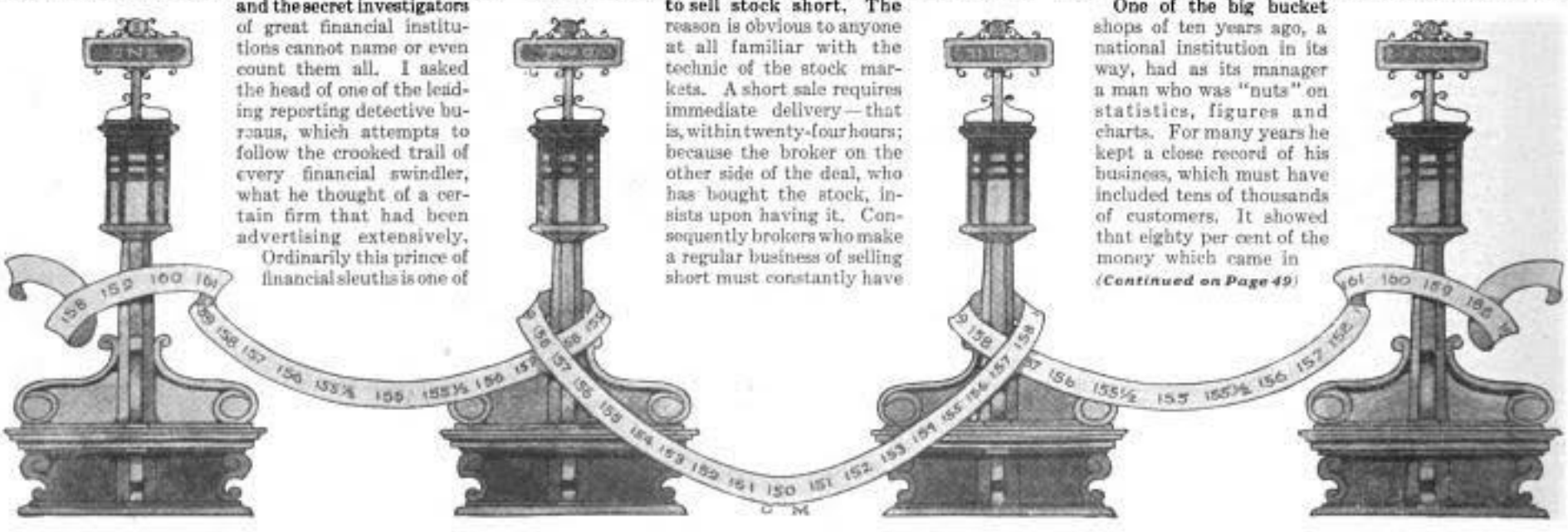
A quiet investigation at the time of this incident showed an extraordinary degree of coöperation upon the part of leaders in the underworld of finance. They not only constitute a gang—they form a perfect web. It is a dark, mysterious underground system, which is only brought to light now and then by the failure of one of its members or the occasional interruption of its activities at a single point by the police or post-office authorities.

The real principals in many firms are notorious characters in the back yards of finance. The nominal heads are often men of real or supposed respectability—even, in a few cases, persons who have held minor public offices, or at least have been candidates for such offices. The real backers or leaders are almost always ex-bucket-shop men or relatives of bucket-shop keepers who made millions in their time. Scores—perhaps a hundred concerns nominally independent and with no conceivable resemblance—are interwoven in this sinister web. Most commonly, however, it is found that the real head or backer of some concern with a high-sounding name, conducting a vast advertising and circular campaign, was formerly a manager for a now defunct bucket shop.

It is said that many of the now prosperous fly-by-nighters started with a stolen sucker list. Of course when a bucket shop or other fake brokerage office is raided by the police the wise employee, thoughtful of his family's future comfort, steals the customers' list as a last service to his fleeing employer.

One of the big bucket shops of ten years ago, a national institution in its way, had as its manager a man who was "nuts" on statistics, figures and charts. For many years he kept a close record of his business, which must have included tens of thousands of customers. It showed that eighty per cent of the money which came in

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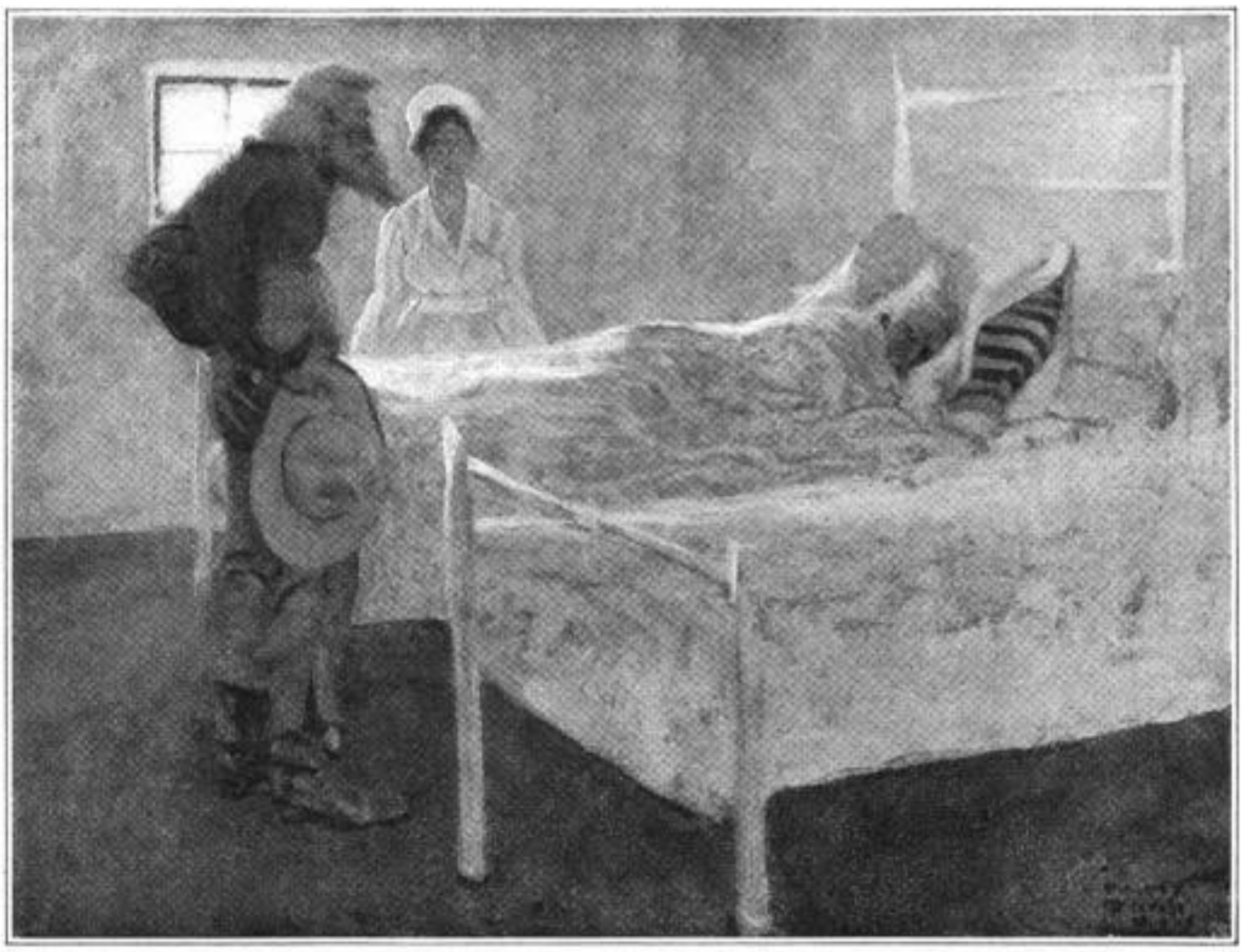
SALT OF THE EARTH

By Peter B. Kyne

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

ALL this happened a long time ago, when Sinful John, Snowshoe Sam and their joint property, a yellow dog named Toby, roamed the desert country of the Far Western States and found life sweet and wholesome, though a trifle uncertain. All three partners have long since reached the end of the rainbow and will come no more to Kelcey's Wells in the fall of the year for "a time"; nevertheless, their memory is still fresh and green among the survivors of the old boom camps. And it was from such a one I had this tale of a crime accomplished in the name of charity, fraternity and elemental justice—a crime the record of which surely must have been erased from the Book of Life when the Recording Angel dropped a mirthful tear upon the entry and neutralized the ink.

Sinful John and Snowshoe Sam, as has been explained elsewhere in the chronicles of their wanderings, were prospectors who had followed the lure too long, with the result that, though they did not know it, the gold they sought became a secondary consideration. What they really wanted—what they had to have—was the silence of the desert; sunrise and sunset; saw-toothed mountain and lava scarp; the scent of the sage at dawn; and wood smoke and the odor of frying bacon in their eager nostrils at eventide.



"You Old, White-Whiskered, Toothless, Chatterin' Child o' Misfortune, Where'd You Git That There Nightgown?"

With no false convention to respect; with defeat behind them, and victory ever in front beckoning them on; possessed of immunity from the competition of life and calm in their knowledge that Mother Earth would yield from her treasures sufficient for their modest needs—Sinful John and Snowshoe Sam journeyed blithely on to the finish; for theirs was a simple code, embraced in three commandments, partly orthodox and partly natural, to wit: Thou shalt not kill—unnecessarily. Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not be small of heart and mean of soul. Thus fortified spiritually, they found in their primitive life an elemental peace that can be understood by those only who have walked through the purple haze into the silence.

In the beginning, of course, Sinful and Snow had regular names, like other folk, but lost them early in life; and, finding them of no particular value, never insisted on replacing them. As Snowshoe once remarked, his name was only useful when attached to a location notice; and, inasmuch as he and Sinful were in the habit of posting such notices in singularly out-of-the-way places, the opportunities for advertising their identity were negligible, to say the least—a condition which Mr. Brandon P. Hyde, of Wall Street, New York City, found furiously disconcerting when, following the expenditure of nearly ten thousand dollars in an effort to discover and apprehend the scoundrels who had sold him the Sweepstake Mine, the national detective agency he employed reported the trail irrevocably lost.

However, if Mr. Hyde will go to Weeping Water, on the trail to the old forgotten camp of Paradise, he will find one of the culprits. Sinful John and Toby sleep in the sage there under the same blanket, and a wooden cross marks their last dry camp. To the cross is nailed the end of a cracker box, and carved thereon with a jackknife is the legend:

HERE LIE SINFUL JOHN AND HIS
CUR DOG TOBY
THEIR BARK WAS WORSE THAN THEIR BITE

Here the record of Sinful John ends. As for Snowshoe Sam, he died in the Prospectors' Home down Inyo way, and lies in the local cemetery, disgraced for aye by a neat tombstone bearing the devilish announcement that here lie the mortal remains of Elmer Sampson Postelwaithe. It is to be feared that Snowshoe was forced to reveal his disgrace, when he bought his living in the Home, in order that the demands of red tape might be complied with.

Nobody ever knew why Snowshoe Sam was so called, unless it be that the nickname was meant to convey a tribute to his extremely large feet. No such mystery attached to Sinful John, however. He was called Sinful because he was sinful—that is, if one judged him by his language, which for picturesque profanity was beyond comparison. Snowshoe was in the habit of explaining to horrified strangers that Sinful, in his impressionable youth, had been a bullwhacker and later a mule skinner; and hence had come by the awful habit legitimately, as it were. Sustained by this comforting information and an intimate acquaintance with Sinful John, one presently forgot the latter's deficiency in the matter of verbal convention, and loved him for a clean-minded, simple-hearted, whimsical, gallant old soldier of fortune, or misfortune, depending on how the pay dirt ran.

For more than two years prior to the beginning of our story Sinful John, Snowshoe Sam and Toby had been attending strictly to business, dry-washing gold in some surface placer claims in that choice bit of second-class Purgatory known as Big Smoky Valley. During that period they had not been once to civilization together, Sinful John having abruptly sickened of the shams and foibles of society and declared his weariness of Snowshoe's habit of helling round and getting nowhere. Sinful was all for saving the firm's capital until a sufficient stake had been gathered, whereupon they would "take in" the Paris Exposition. He had heard tales of the delightful wickedness of gay Paree, but was desirous of ocular evidence before believing.

Nevertheless, such a picture of joy unconfined did he paint that Snowshoe's alert imagination was roused, and they had set forth with Toby and the jacks, and plenty of grub and powder, to seek a healthy road stake wherever fortune might be lurking in the mineralized sections of North America. In Big Smoky they located the dry diggings; with a dry-washing apparatus of their own invention and construction, plus the high hopes that had always sustained them, they had spent two years dry-washing the gravel down to the bedrock, and at the time our story opens the partners were possessed of eighteen thousand dollars in coarse gold dust and a tremendous yearning for the fleshpots.

Came a day when Snowshoe Sam straightened up from his task of shoveling the gravel into the dry-washer. Ostensibly he was about to spit on his hands. Instead, he tilted back his hat, ran the toil-worn fingers of his right hand through his thick gray foretop, and sighed. Sinful John heard the sigh, caught the yearning look in Snowshoe's eyes—and understood perfectly. In the desert men do not speak unless they have to, for speech shatters the silence, which is like a benediction.

Moreover, after one has adjusted oneself to the silence, speech is not vitally necessary; and this was so with Sinful John and Snowshoe Sam. After twenty years of partnership, mental telepathy had taken the place of the spoken word; so now Sinful looked sternly at Snowshoe and shook his head negatively. Resignedly Snowshoe replaced his hat, spat on his hands, took a fresh firm grasp of the shovel handle, thrust the lip of the implement into the face of the gravel, changed his mind, and faced round on Sinful, who swore dreadfully at him.

"How many times have I got to tell you, Snowshoe, that I ain't a-goin' to leave these diggin's until the scales tells us we've got twenty thousand in the poke? I'm tellin' you, you"—here Sinful essayed a flight of the language peculiarly his own, returning, after thirty seconds, to the original subject—"that a trip to the Paree Exposition is danged expensive, an' I don't aim to go there an' miss a lot o' fun just because I didn't come properly heeled. Now you quit this vain repinin' an' git to shovelin' gravel, or the first thing we know the Exposition'll be over before we've dry-washed our limit."

"Oh, to hell with the Paree Exposition!" Snowshoe shrilled in sudden, unreasonable rage. "I'm sick an' tired talkin' about it; an' I'm layin' you five to one Paree ain't what she's cracked up to be, nohow. Me—I can have a pretty good time over to Kelcey's Wells."

"That's becuz you're just plumb low an' ordinary by nature," Sinful growled. "Snowshoe, you ain't got a speck o' art in that rabbit soul o' yourn. You ain't got no more culture than a sage hen. Don't you never figger there's somethin' else in life besides goin' to town to git drunk?"

"Don't you never figger there's somethin' else in life besides meltin' away in the middle o' Big Smoky, dry-washing this hell-fired gravel?" Snowshoe retorted.

"We got a good thing, you parasite!"

"A feller can git tired o' too much of a good thing."

There was profound philosophy in this latter statement, and Sinful knew it. He was silent, pondering; whereat Snowshoe pursued his advantage:

"We're about out of matches an' plumb out of airtights, an' it does seem as if Toby'd ought to have a can o' flea powder."

Sinful John banged his fist on the dry-washer.

"Dang you, Snowshoe," he protested, "you are a-gittin' town-hungry."

Snowshoe admitted it.

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"'All work an' no play makes a dull boy o' Jack,' they say," he quoted.

"It's my turn to go out," Sinful John reminded him with considerable asperity and profanity.

"I thought mebbe me an' Toby might fix up to go 'long with you," Snowshoe suggested mildly.

This was rank heresy, for Snowshoe knew their weakness quite as well as did Sinful. According to their code, neither could "go on a bender" without the company of the other. That would have been unspeakable. Consequently, following the principle of "safety first," for the past two years they had taken turns at going out for supplies; and, as a result of this precaution, the gilded palaces of sin in Kelcey's Wells had not fattened on the toil of the partners.

Sinful John, figuratively speaking, went up in the air. When he came down again he knew that Snowshoe was unimpressed. He could tell that from the dogged manner in which Snowshoe looked at him. So Sinful surrendered.

"All right!" he announced. "I ain't aimin' to make a dull boy o' you, Snowshoe, because I ain't anxious to tackle the impossible. Nature give you a head like a porcelain doorknob long before I met up with you. Now listen, you ornery, quittin', no-good son of a horse thief: I've took a vow not to tread the primrose path, as the feller says, until me an' you've got twenty thousand dollars to tread it with. I ain't longin' none for sassiety—not even your'n. From now until the day me an' you lights in Paree an' starts hikin' up the Rue de la Pakes or the Champs Ulysses—take it from me, Snowshoe—I'm pure. I know you're ——"

"I been a he-angel for two year'!" Snowshoe complained bitterly.

"Seein' which, it sorter looks as if you might stick it out three months longer," Sinful reminded him.

"But we got to have grub."

"Well, you go out to-morrow mornin' an' git it. I'll give you dust enough to buy everything we need—an' you see that you buy it. Tend to all your business first—an' then take a week off an' do your hell-raisin'. Five hundred ought to give you all the joy a man o' your age can stand."

"There ain't no fun if I go alone," the prodigal protested.

"You go alone an' you have your little spash an' git it over with," Sinful thundered. "I'm excusin' you this time. I won't be jealous, nohow. All your life, Snowshoe, you've been a weak vessel; so I reckon the time has come when you've just got to let off steam or bust. I'm plumb weary listenin' to your protests an' whinin'; an' if I got to look forward to three months more o' bellyachin' I might as well set on a stick o' dynamite, light the fuse an' go to glory. At least I'll have peace then—an' peace is my long suit. To-morrow mornin' ——"

"But Sinful ——"

"Don't interrupt me. I'm talkin'. You'll leave here light, takin' two jacks an' ridin' t'other. I'll give you four days to git to Kelcey's Wells; one day to rest up; one day to tend to business; six days to raise hell; one to take a brace on yourself; an' five days to git back to camp. That's eighteen days."

"I'll bring you back a coupler quarts o' liquor?" Snowshoe suggested.

"Wa-al, I suppose we ought to have some round—in case o' snake bite," Sinful admitted grudgingly. "Not that I'm a-hankerin' for the danged stuff."

Snowshoe nodded his comprehension and once more the gravel commenced to drop into the dry-washer. Early the following morning he took the jacks, bade Sinful a perfunctory "So long!" and headed out across Big Smoky. Sinful watched him until he disappeared in the sea of sage; then he sat down, while Toby came and laid his cool muzzle in his master's hand. "Toby," quoth Sinful John presently, "this here dog-goned Snowshoe would sure have been a fizzle as a Christian martyr, wouldn't he?"

Toby made a queer yawning little noise in his throat, wagged his stubby tail, licked Sinful's hand, looked understandingly at him, and thence out into the sage that had swallowed Snowshoe Sam. Sinful John nodded.

"I reckon you'd better go along too, Toby, an' sorter look after him," he suggested.

Toby trotted away on Snowshoe's trail.

II

LATE in the afternoon of the sixth day following Snowshoe Sam's departure for Kelcey's Wells, Sinful John, gazing out across Big Smoky, was aware of a tiny cloud of alkali dust coming rapidly toward him. While he was still wondering whether the dust was stirred up by a jack rabbit or a coyote, Toby burst from the sage and trotted, panting, to his other master. His tongue was hot and dry, and hung sideways out of his open mouth, round the fringes of which the slaver had long since dried. As he caught sight of Sinful he tried to bark his joy at the meeting, but made a dismal failure of it; he could only lean up against Sinful's shins and make queer rattling noises in his throat. He quivered with weakness.

"Well, Toby-boy, you just did make it, didn't you?" Sinful John greeted the dog. "The desert a'mos' got you this time, didn't it? Toby, where's Snowshoe?"

He carried Toby into the tent and poured some water for him. In about five minutes he gave the parched dog some more, after which he bathed him and plastered Toby's sore pads with a healing unguent that was always kept in the kyacks in case the packsaddles should gall the jacks. Utterly exhausted, Toby fell asleep, while Sinful prepared a meal for him. After Toby had eaten he fell asleep again. At midnight Sinful John woke him up.

"Come, Toby-boy," he said, "we've got to get out an' shake a leg; an' it's up to you to lead me to Snowshoe. You've had your rest, Toby. If you hadn't been plumb beat out when you got here I'd 'a' started then. I've got two canteens an' some grub, Toby. Let's hit the trail an' hit it fast."

As they passed out into the moonlight Sinful John was weeping, for he knew Snowshoe was in trouble. The jacks had stampeded, doubtless; the water had given out; and even now Snowshoe was dying—perhaps dead—on the trail. Toby would not have deserted him except as a last resort. It was terrible!

"Oh, partner!" murmured Sinful John—and this time he did not swear.

Toby trotted on ahead, paused, and looked back expectantly; whereat, to test him, Sinful John turned and pretended to go back to camp. Toby barked protestingly, ran after him, circled round him, and once, in desperation, pretended to bite Sinful's ankle. "I guess I can trust you, Toby," Sinful addressed the dog affectionately. "Lead on, pup!"

And Toby led on. Thus, in time they came to Kelcey's Wells, and at the very first saloon on the fringe of the camp Sinful John paused; a procedure Toby took small stock in apparently, for he trotted on, paused, looked back, barked once briefly and sharply, saw that he was making no impression on Sinful John, and forthwith sat down on his hunkers to scratch fleas and think it over. He did not know that Sinful, being wise in his day and generation, would have bet anybody a twenty-dollar sombrero to a chew of tobacco that in this first saloon he would glean news of the missing Snowshoe. And he was not disappointed.

"Snowshoe?" the barkeeper repeated. "Why, yes; I reckon I can tell you about him, Sinful. What's your pleasure?" And he set out a bottle and a glass.

"Then tell me about him; an' be quick about it," Sinful answered with deadly calm, and shoved the temptation away from him. "Where's my pardner?"

"Why, Snowshoe's in the Railroad Hospital."

"Who put him there?"

Unconsciously Sinful John's hand strayed to the old blue forty-five at his hip. Snowshoe's quarrels were his quarrels too; the enemy of one must needs kill both if he would survive.

"Old Man Pneumony, Sinful. Snowshoe just did make the camp, I guess. One o' the boys found him wanderin' up Main Street, drier'n a covered bridge an' talkin' to himself; somebody called Doc Bleeker, an' the doc took his pulse an' temperature, an' had him sent down to the Railroad Hospital. Word come up that Snowshoe had pneumony o' the lungs, an' Doc Bleeker says he ain't got a chance."

"Why ain't he got a chance?" Sinful demanded fiercely.

"Well, principally on account o' all the liquor he's drunk in his day—so Doc Bleeker says."

"He'll pull through," Sinful declared with conviction. "I know Snowshoe from soul to guts. Besides, he ain't had a drink o' liquor in two years."

"That there dog followed him to the hospital," the barkeeper continued. "But they wouldn't let him in; so he hung round all o' one day an' night, an' then lit out."

"He come for me." The door banged and Sinful John was gone.

The instant Sinful John emerged from the saloon Toby rose and trotted confidently ahead; nor did he pause once until he came to the Railroad Hospital, which the T. & G. maintained at this terminus of its line. It was a small frame shack, presided over by a superannuated doctor and two trained nurses. Arrived before the half-screen door, Toby promptly reared himself on his hind legs and looked in; then he scratched the screen vigorously with his forepaws and uttered a propitiatory bark; which peremptory summons had the effect of bringing to the door the nurse on duty. She was a sweet-faced girl of twenty-two or twenty-three, and to weary, alkali-laden old Sinful John she appeared, in her freshly starched uniform, as sweet as a royal flush.

"Oh, I'm glad you've come!" she declared. "You're Sinful, aren't you?"

Sinful removed his hat, held it to his breast and looked at her. There was fright in the fine old eyes. He bowed low.

"I be," he said huskily.



"I Guess I Can Trust You, Toby," Sinful Addressed the Dog Affectionately. "Lead On, Pup!"

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"Sinful, I'm Tellin' You That if It Wasn't for That There Nurse You'd Be Goin' to Paree Alone"

"Snowshoe said you'd come. He said Toby would go back alone, and then you'd know something had happened and come looking for him."

"Is he—dead, young lady?"

"No; he isn't even going to die. The crisis is past now. He'll be himself in a couple of weeks."

Sinful John's chin ceased to quiver; his mouth set in hard lines.

"Might I see the wuthless cuss?" he queried.

The nurse nodded smilingly and led Sinful John into the tiny ward where Snowshoe, with a clean white nightgown on him, lay with his eyes closed. At the sound of the door opening his eyes opened also; he gazed severely at Sinful John.

"Well," he piped thinly, "what in blue blazes did you come here for, Sinful?"

"To be handed the disapp'intment o' my life when I find you're alive," Sinful roared angrily. "You old, white-whiskered, toothless, chatterin' child o' misfortune, where'd you git that there nightgown?"

"It tickles me," Snowshoe complained.

Doubtless it did; for Snowshoe had been sleeping in his shirt, or fully dressed, the greater portion of his life.

"I hope it kills you, you—you ——"

"Ladies present," cried Snowshoe warningly.

The door was pressed gently open again and a fuzzy nose was poked into the room; a bright eye appraised the vision in the bed and a short bark from Toby greeted the lost partner e'er the proprietor of that bark dashed madly into the room, leaped up on the bed and licked Snowshoe's face. The nurse, being a discreet young woman, knew Sinful John had things to say to Snowshoe; so she withdrew, leaving the partners together.

At eight o'clock that night, when she came in to announce to Sinful John that he must terminate his visit in accordance with the rules of the hospital, she found the light turned out. So she lit it again, and beheld at the foot of Snowshoe's bed a pair of miner's boots, and hanging to Snowshoe's bedpost a cartridge belt and a long gun in a holster. On the floor, beside the bed, Sinful John lay stretched, sound asleep; on the bed with Snowshoe, filling it with fleas, Toby lay, with his muzzle in Snowshoe's hand. The nurse, who had been on the desert long enough to know its children, covered Sinful John with a spare blanket and left the partners alone together.

III

"SINFUL," Snowshoe Sam declared solemnly, the day the former called to take him away from the hospital, "I've had a durned narrer squeak. I'm tellin' you that if it wasn't for that there nurse you'd be goin' to Paree alone."

"So?" said Sinful John.

Fell a silence, broken presently by Snowshoe.

"No," he declared emphatically; "she ain't that kind. She's a lady. We can't give her no new dress or bunnit, same as we would a Washoe squaw."

"How d'ye know she wouldn't like a new dress or a bunnit? Besides, I was thinkin' of a silk dress."

"Sinful, there's times when you don't show good sense. If she wears a silk dress in a camp like this, right off folks'll think she's a dance-hall gal."

"Wa-al, then, seein' as how you're so danged up on etiquette, suppose you suggest somethin'."

"What do you suggest, Sinful?"

"I don't suggest nothin'. I'm askin' you to suggest it; an' I don't give a durn what it is—provided it's right. We've just nacherly got to show our appreciation, an' there ain't a thing I hate worse than bein' a short sport when it comes to showin' appreciation. Of course we pay the railroad people for your hospital expenses an' they pay that gal what they think she's worth; but then—hell's bells!—the railroad company never gits sick with pneumony o' the lungs, so how can they know what that gal's really entitled to draw down?"

"Them's my sentiments, Sinful. I'm tellin' you that young woman ain't content with doin' what the doctor tells her to do; she goes further. Sinful, I'm tellin' you! I can't grunt at night without she's up an' awake, an' wantin' to know how about me. I can't even think I'm thirsty but she knows it before I do. Just about the time them bedsheets an' the nightgown has me driven to distraction, she's givin' me an alcohol rub to cool me off. She puts ice on my head; she curries my hair an' whiskers; she feeds Toby; she frisks me an' finds my poke an' puts it away in the safe; she goes uptown an' gets a feller to care for the jacks until you come. Sinful, every which way you figger her, that girl is allers up an' doin'. She reads to me. When I'm out o' my head an' cussin' somethin' scandalous, she ain't scandalized none. An', on top of it all, she makes me up a lot of fancy grub an' cooks it herself. An' if that ain't a hand hard to beat I'm a Chinaman!"

"Them's the things money can't pay for," Sinful John declared with conviction. "Whatever makes her take such an interest in you, Snowshoe?"

"That's what I says to her myself, Sinful. Which she 'lows as how her daddy was a prospector; in consequence of which she takes a special interest in the breed. Her name's Kincaid—Marjorie Kincaid. We both knowed her old man thirty year ago—Pyrites Kincaid. He was a big, dark-complected man; an' me an' him had an argyment once in Ballarat."

"Which it's just the mercy o' hell you don't kill Pyrites that time," Sinful declared. "He pulls first an' cuts down on you—an' his gun's emptier'n a banker's heart! I ain't never forgot the look that come in his eyes then; an' I ain't never forgot how you takes off your hat an' bows to him. 'Pyrites,' you says to him, 'I'm a-goin' to make you my debtor the longest day you live. Permit me to present you with your wuthless life.' An' then you shoves back your gun an' invites all hands to step up an' liquidate."

"We was young an' generous in them days," sighed Snowshoe.

"Which it's well we was, pardner. An', seein' as how Pyrites lived to father this here nuss, I'm a-layin' you ten to one he's paid his debt."

Snowshoe nodded and Sinful went on:

"Whatever become o' Pyrites Kincaid? Did the gal tell you, Snowshoe?"

"Why, yes. He hits the pay in Panamint, drops his roll, an' finds it again in Cinnabar. Then a swindling, sneakin' son of a hoss thief, by the name o' Brandon P. Hyde, relieves him of his million in a placer proposition down in Mexico; an' after that Pyrites don't seem quite able to come back. He loses his sperrit after he discovers there ain't no more pay in that ground than there be in Toby's whiskers."

"Salt?" queried Sinful John.

"Salt a-plenty."

"I don't rightly see how this man Hyde managed to salt the property on an old-timer like Pyrites. He ought to have guarded agin saltin'."

"Which he did; but Hyde was too slick for him. Him an' Pyrites went down to the property together; an', of course, Pyrites being worth a million dollars, it stands to reason he don't do the pannin' himself. An' he's too confident of his own judgment to hire an engineer. So Hyde has a passel o' Mexicans doin' the pannin'; an' all the time they're doin' it they're smokin' cigarettes, which the same cigarettes contain mebbe a dollar's worth of gold dust, run in with the tobacco. Nacherly when the ashes falls off the end o' the cigarette they falls into the pan, an' Pyrites finds

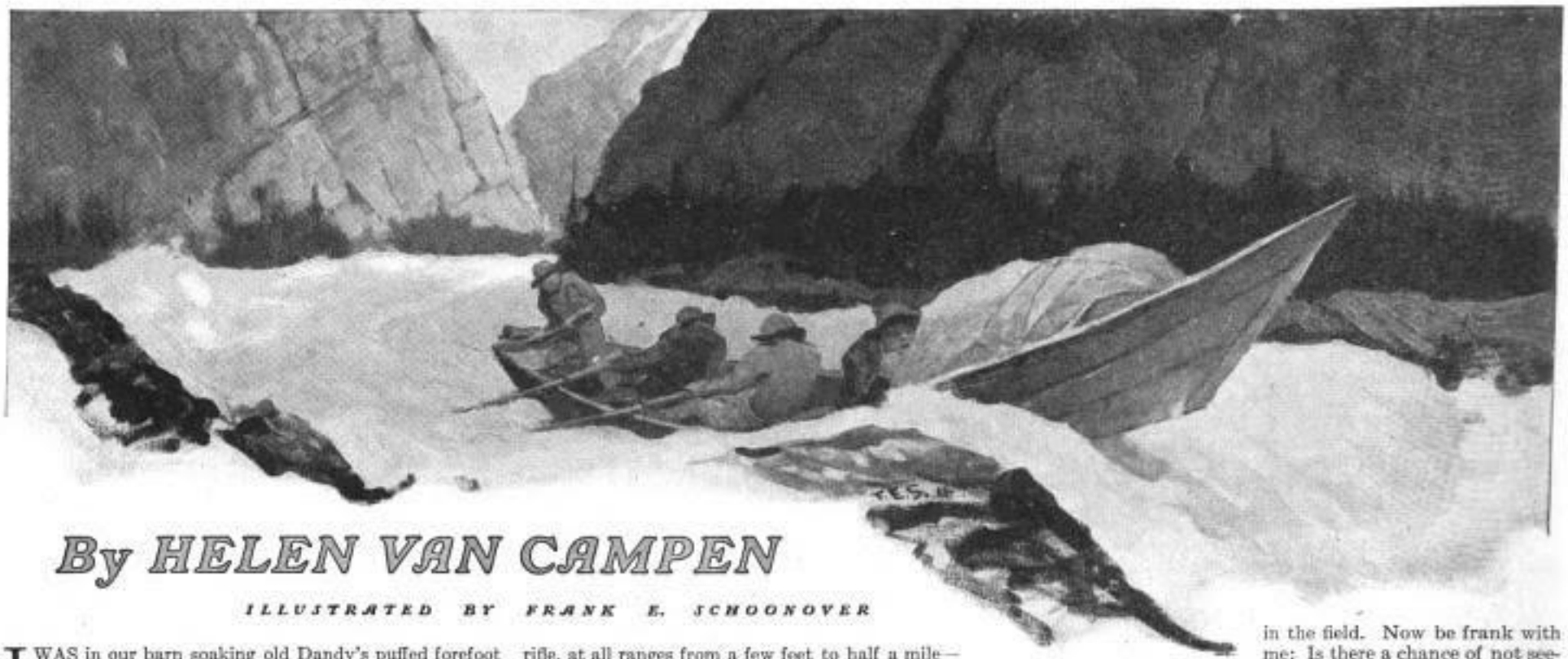
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They Drifted Away Through the Purple Haze Into the Silence, to the Scent of the Sage at Dawn, and Wood Smoke and the Odor of Frying Bacon at Eventide

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The Big-Game Hunt on Kenai



By HELEN VAN CAMPEN

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

I WAS in our barn soaking old Dandy's puffed forefoot in a bucket of leg wash—we are the Northern Transfer, Freighting by Horse, Dog and Launch—when Ike Bell hollered from the office that my Uncle Dan had come at last to take that hunt. And Pa and Mac—they are partners and brought me up, and Mac had to make my little dresses when we were way up at the head of the Kobuk, while Pa tended the trap line—had gone Inside to bring out a shipment of Iditarod gold over the first snow.

I streaked into the dog-harness room and switched from work overalls into my good, red tailored suit I had hung there, and fuzzed up my hair, which is black and curlyish like Pa's, though my high cheekbones are from mamma, who was Russian. Next minute I rushed out and kissed a man who was as big as Pa but not so handsome; and he had a mustache—I wouldn't allow either Mac or Pa to have one; they are germy. And he said:

"Well, well, Betsy—you have not the Kelly look, my love! And here's a gift from Aunt Nora—a dress, I think; a little—uh—quieter than that one possibly."

I said I knew it would be bully—his wife is the one who marks things "Hold for the opening of navigation," though forty times I wrote we have no ice on the Seward Run, and ships come all winter, and the gowns never have the least zip to them, and I give them to natives.

There was a Mr. Devlin with Uncle Dan, a golfy-faced, short, fattish man, in a thick green suit and a cloth hat with a green feather, though otherwise he seemed sensible. He stared up at our moose heads, telling Ike Bell he would give an ear to shoot one of that size.

All He Wanted Was to Rough It

"NOW, Uncle, Pa said if you ever came while he was away to take you on a fine hunt; and I've the first guide's license for Kenai Peninsula ever issued to a female—a nonresident, under Alaska law, must have a licensed guide at ten dollars a day down there; so we will take Ike, here, too."

"Ten a day! What rapacity!" said Uncle Dan, looking grave.

Pa had told me he was rich and careful; so I hustled to explain he needn't pay anything, nor his friend; and Ike said, why sure, this hunt was on us, and we would just get some swell heads!

"But has that little Ike chap stamina?" Uncle Dan whispered. "We'd want to travel fast and high, my love."

Why, Ike can keep up with Pa! So Uncle said then that was settled, and everybody could cook some of the time; and was it always this warm the twentieth of September? He is from Bangor, Maine.

I was going to hire a couple of packers, but they wanted to pack their own stuff, as that would be more fun; so I hurried and made a grub list, and Ike and I took them up Broadway and introduced them to everybody. They went to the butcher's with me, and Mayor Myers shook hands and cut off lamb chops and said he only wished he was going. And Uncle Dan said:

"Well, I am pretty quick of eye; and this summer Dev and I practiced, and I fired more than thirty-seven hundred rounds from my .280 caliber, high-velocity Bass rifle, at all ranges from a few feet to half a mile—the close shots offhand, others from standing, kneeling and prone positions, always using the military sling."

"I guess you're sure fit. Your brother is some shot, himself," said the mayor.

"As boys I could beat him," said Uncle Dan. "You got a fine town here."

"You like the Bass for a big gun, eh?" said Ike, and my Uncle nodded gravely; his had been specially made and cost eighty bucks.

"I took it this way, my love," he explained: "Dibbs' Hardware people knew I was coming, and I tried to get 'em to put up the gun free for the advertising my Alaska trip would give it; but they are very close people, though if I take it back unnicked and well kept Dibbs is to let me turn it in for seventy-two."

"Oh, you will meet somebody here you'll want to give it to," I said, and he looked amazed, and Ike snickered.

Mr. Devlin had begun to breathe way into himself, and then let out, saying he meant to keep it up, and asking me if I took exercises daily, as his daughter bent down a hundred times every morning, and it had made a new girl out of her.

"This is a beautiful country, Miss Betsy," he said. "Ah, I dote on mountains; and those white peaks across that bay, cleaving the blue sky—delightful; delightful!"

He would say "not necessarily" or "comparatively speaking" about everything, and had brought some specially prepared rations, and said not to put in anything extra in the food line for him; but, just the same, I did, for whether the Germans marched on it as he claimed, or not, that truck is foolish. Uncle Dan had a sack of special pellets that he told me to guard, as they were valuable.

"But, child, you won't be able to keep pace with hardy men like us," he said uneasily. "Dev walks miles golfing, and in thirty years I have not missed going on my own feet to business, no matter if I have been up; and your aunt would feel very badly if I returned without trophies. Yet I won't be able to leave you alone in a wild country—I can't do any loitering."

"He does not necessarily mean that you are not welcome, Miss Betsy," said Mr. Devlin between breathings. "But I know what my own daughter could endure."

"The kid'll be right along—put a bet on that," said Ike, and finally we all laughed; and Uncle Dan said on with the dance then; all he wanted was to rough it and be sure of moose and sheep.

By noon next day we were in Pa's big high-nosed river boat, a sled cover over the outfit, which was piled everywhere except on seats for two who must row in bad places, and room for me in the stern to run the overboard engine, and were halfway down Kenai Lake. Uncle and Ike were to row, and Mr. Devlin sprawled on top of the cargo, smoking and breathing noisily, and taking pictures.

"By my soul—delicious!" he said, beaming at the hills bright with yellowing poplar and reddened blueberry scrub. "I'll bring the wife next year."

Uncle was already looking, with Pa's best glasses, for game above the timber line of the peaks; and he told Ike:

"Oh, that Bass is a wonderful weapon! Starting at the five-hundred-yard station I would run ahead, stopping to fire from all stations to improve my wind for quick shots in the field. Now be frank with me: Is there a chance of not seeing moose?"

"Why, they'll run over you if you don't side-step!" said Ike; and Mr. Devlin cried:

"Glorious! By George, I am ready for them! I have a Bass too."

The lake was like satin, and even with a ton in the boat we made fair time; and they ate a cold lunch I had made; and when we rounded an island and a chill wind hit us Uncle exulted because he had on double-kneed Mackinaw pants, made special, like the gun, though Ike had warned him to ditch them for some light drills that would not rustle in the brush. Mr. Devlin was all bundled up in heavy wool clothes and a coat that was leather on one side and corduroy on the other, though I told him he would roast in it, and to get a stag shirt, like Ike and I wore; but you can never advise a chechako—they get talking to a clerk who once went after ducks, and it is all over.

Mr. Devlin's Busy Day

SOON the lake narrowed, and I yelled to Ike would we take the river without stopping at the Landing to say hello to the boys? And he said might as well; then we would be able to camp before it was very dark. Uncle Dan smiled when Ike stripped to his undershirt, which, with drill pants, is all he wears in the hills unless it is snow weather; and Mr. Devlin made a burrow in the grub sacks, so as to lie on his back and smoke.

"If you are nervous, maybe you ought to scrooch down more," I said, and Mr. Devlin waved a lazy hand at me. "It takes two hours through the river, and we don't stop."

"Not unless we git stopped unexpected," said Ike. "'Member last fall, Betsy, when the Murphy party spilled on Schooner Bend?—a-course they didn't savvy the channel. The water's two foot higher than it ought to be this year 'cause of the hot summer."

"Why did they spill?" asked Uncle Dan; I had stopped the engine to look it over, and a current was taking us into a narrowing stream.

"Rocks," I said. "Of course, being high, it's better for us to-day."

Then I cranked and couldn't hear anyone; but when we shot the first rapids, and Mr. Devlin abruptly got to his knees and looked ahead, Ike motioned for him to get down so I could see to steer. The Kenai River was in flood, water covering places that are usually bare, and the twelve-mile current making whirly places everywhere. I saw Mr. Devlin clutch the sled cover—he was a very pale green, matching his suit—as we rushed at a barricade of white foam.

"Row!" yelled Ike, and Uncle Dan's face set like wolves were after him, as they jerked the boat round a rock.

Then we hit—a grind and a whang-bang, which was the hinged shaft of the engine; but Mr. Devlin didn't know and he sat up and shouted:

"We're sinking! Sinking!"

"Set down, you rummy!" Ike roared, and he slammed him with an oar; and I stood for a second to be certain of the course. "Channel's changed again, Betsy; keep her dead ahead, or we—row!"

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They rowed desperately, and we slewed about, rose again, grated, and came down, shipping water, into the racing flood. There was a nasty box cañon coming, where the white water frothed and sprayed high. The engine halted under the impact of a cross wave, but it went on, though the water alone could take us fast enough, and I steered for the middle, where it was deepest, and they all yelled, Mr. Devlin lying flat on his stomach and rolling his eyes and panting—the ninny! We slid off another rock getting out of the cañon, and the river widened, Ike yelling:

"Devlin, jump down under our feet and bail; we're standin' in a foot of it!"

Mr. Devlin fell into their space, and every time he would throw out a bucketful I had to laugh at his greeny face. "'S all right—don't be scared!" said Ike; and he winked at me and bailed, too, for a little.

It was certainly a lovely day, and a person with time to look back could see the white spires of mountains closing in on us; and the sun made a glistening silvery streak of the river until the next box cañon shut out everything but high dark walls of rock. Ike got his oar ready, bobbing up to look over the big bow.

"Sta'bo'd, kid—no chance; we can't make it—row!" he hollered.

Mr. Devlin Makes Himself Useful

THE shaft went bumpty-bump on a bowlder that the high water hid, and the boat tipped until water was nearly to the top of my shoepacs. I saw Ike give his oar to Uncle Dan, who had his mouth open and some of his mustache in it, and was glaring and sweating, and quite pale. Ike and Mr. Devlin both bailed, and I sent her between two pointed rocks I remembered from other trips, and just scraped one. Golly, it was fun! Uncle Dan did pretty well rowing alone, though it is a very wide boat; but he has a long reach, and when Ike would roar Uncle rowed, and I jumped her round them, until suddenly we were through the last cañon and the river split into two streams, and beyond was Skilak Lake. I ran the bow up to a gravel bar and got a can from the tool shelf and bailed; but Mr. Devlin scrambled to land and sat right down in a mudhole, sinking his face into his hands.

"You done swell, kid," Ike said, bailing fast so as to keep the bedrolls and grub from much of a wetting.

Uncle Dan was wheezing and stripping off his Mackinaw coat; and he said between heaves:

"Well, Elizabeth, my brother Al can thank his stars that I was along to-day to save your life!"

"To what?" I was plumb amazed!

Mr. Devlin looked up and tragically nodded.

"Why—lovely dove!—Uncle Dan," I said, "Pa and Sandy Cotter once came down the Kenai on two logs lashed together, and they had me and a sack of flour with' em!"

"Ain't no danger when you got a good boat," said Ike, laughing. "Had you goin', did it?"

"Not at all," said Uncle Dan stiffly.

Mr. Devlin was busy being sick.

"Why, Uncle, you looked ready to have a fit!" I said, and he just looked without replying.

Ike would glance at Mr. Devlin and wink at me, while Uncle Dan tried to find out if the bumping had loosened any seams in the boat; but it hadn't. Pa and Mac run right into anything if they are busy arguing, and we just throw her on the shore, springs, and calk with half a bedquilt.

"Look, Mr. Devlin—speaking of scenery," I said kindly. "See the long glacier to the left? That's an awful thing to get over. We walked up one year and Pa himself got tired! These are nice high mountains too—why don't you take a picture?"

He gave a dull look down the lake, muttering, and he shivered as his eye caught the river; and I got his camera and opened it, and he held it any which way and pressed the bulb—I know it wasn't a regular picture.

Pretty soon Ike said she was all skookum now, and we better be on our way as it was a head wind. Mr. Devlin got down in the bottom, pretending soon that he was asleep; but he would open his eyes and look anxiously forth every minute or so. Skilak is a long narrow lake, and the peaks on each side give the wind quite a sweep, and it would catch our bow; and, meeting the waves, we would slap, and Mr. Devlin's green hat would rise up and sink down—he ought to be in her in such a sea when she is empty!

There was no need to row now, and Uncle Dan just sat quiet, seeming to be reflecting, and not bothering to look with the glass for game. Ike smoked and grinned at me; and I would nod and think over what to get him for Christmas. Out from the lee of some little rocky islands we pounded harder, and Mr. Devlin weakly got up, and he and Uncle Dan seemed to be excited; so I stopped the engine, which slowed us, though the wind turned her right round in a minute, and I heard:

"It's not us; it's taking that young girl into peril!"

"Right, Dev—better to get ashore anywhere here," said Uncle Dan. "I am responsible to my brother for her safety, and ——"

"Uncle Dan, you are just plain scared—of nothing!" I said indignantly. "Safety, indeed! You stick with Ike and me, and we will take care of you. Now sit down!"

After a little, as we plowed along, I could hear bits of talk, Ike saying how he shot a bear on that hill once, and that would have been a bully shot for the Bass, and trying to make Uncle Dan shoot at a tree; but the latter only smiled wanly and would not. It got gray and cold as the sun slipped back of a peak, and no one said anything until when it was nearly dark I stopped the engine and called:

"Row!"

"Oh, heaven, what has happened?" said Mr. Devlin from the gloom; but Ike had grabbed his oar, and Uncle with that same glary look took his—I had merely shut off the gas so they could quarter us in to shore slowly.

And in five minutes we were all on the beach and dragging the outfit through ragged spruces to a camp site in the thicker forest. Ike started up a fire first thing, and I got water for tea and dumped cold cooked beans into a pail, cut up bread and set out a can of butter, milk, and fried a big pan of ham and made milk gravy. From under a bedroll he was carrying Mr. Devlin exclaimed:

"Dan'l, I wouldn't make that journey again for a million! It may be a long way round over the glacier, but a man's hide is worth something to him."

"Cheer up, Dev!" said Ike from where he was getting up a tent. "Or you could mush nine miles to the foot of the lake, and go down river to Kenai Town, on Cook Inlet—river runs out of this lake, y'see. But you'll lose that feelin'. Now, goin' back like we come, we got to line the boat up the rapids—two hours to ride 'em, comin', and three hard days, with the hull mob pullin' on the towline, to git up."



Ike Was Saying How He Shot a Bear on That Hill Once

"Holy Moses!" said Uncle Dan, letting his end of the tent fall.

"A man could foot it to this Kenai place, then?" asked Mr. Devlin, bringing a duffel bag, and a stick of driftwood for the fire, though I told him it was no good, and he could take the ax and find a dry standing dead tree.

"Well, if he took a shaller-draft boat down he couldn't go to sea in it from there, an' no vessels come in so he could ship it by freight round to Seward; an', again, he'd want the boat on these lakes for next year an' then wouldn't have it," said Ike, eating a flake of dried beef. "If he mushed he'd be leavin' his trophies behind. Now then, Kelly, raise your end again an' hold it!"

After we had sat round the fire and chowed, though it was windy, Uncle Dan and Mr. Devlin felt better, though once Uncle said, in a sniffy way, it was lucky he had brains enough to keep on his thick trousers in spite of advice, or where would he have been? Mr. Devlin drank a lot of tea, and remembered to breathe long some more, and after his second go of beans and ham and gravy he was telling jokes.

Uncle Dan Wants Statistics

SUDDENLY Ike touched his arm, and we all listened, for a moose cow was mooing in the swamp back of camp. I could have got her right up to us if I had spotted a birch while it was lighter, so as to make a horn. Uncle grabbed his rifle, and Mr. Devlin took his, and Ike had to tell them they couldn't hit anything in the dark—and you mustn't shoot cows, anyway; but they kept listening, and the mooing grew fainter as the cow moved away from her drinking spot at the lake. Uncle Dan told again about his running shots, and said:

"There must be a record kept of all shots on the trip, Dev, with distances accurately measured, and notations of the effects of shots on animals; for we shall want it to write up that piece for Trapper and Trader's Friend. The editor of it is a great pal of mine, Betsy. Who's got a pencil? I forgot mine."

"I never seen the paper," said Ike, who is a great reader; and Uncle asked me to make a note to send Ike a copy of their article on Alaskan game conditions.

By the fire we got the outfit fixed up, though some was wet, and my wolf robe just soaked; and Uncle's bag of pellets was damp too. Ike ate a handful, and Mr. Devlin said:

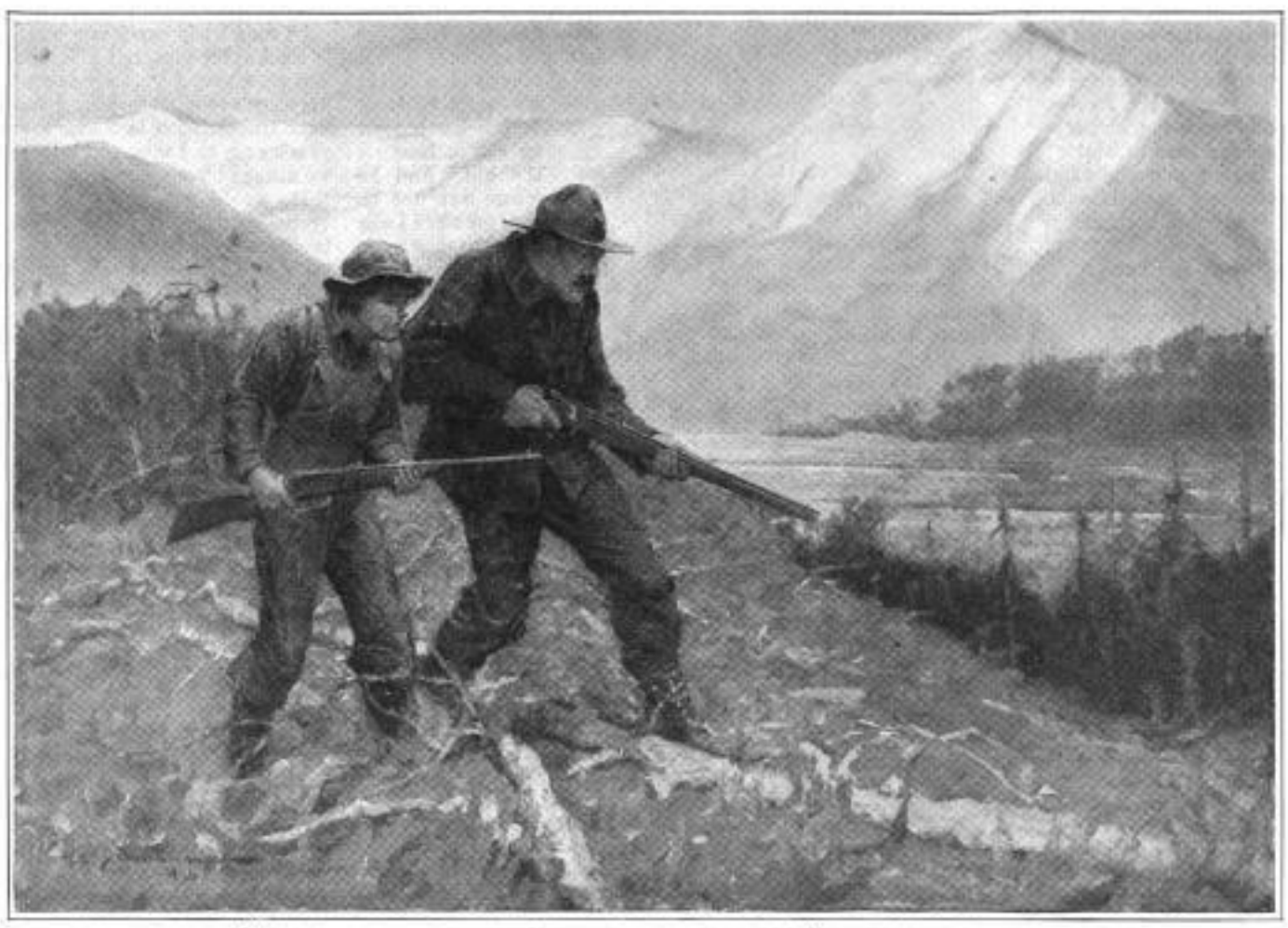
"Careful, man! Each is a full meal in itself!"

Shucks! I ate a bunch too. They are not bad for a relish, though Uncle Dan said:

"Betsy, do you know they cost me fifty cents apiece?"

"They ain't worth it," said Ike, and he put some in his stag-shirt pocket.

Ike and I each had a little duffel sack and our beds and stag shirts, and everyone was to pack his personal stuff and either grub, tents, stove and guns. When Ike had spread a week's grub on the sled cover, and explained how the



"The Sheep are in Those High Peaks, Uak," I Whispered. "Scrooch Down—Quick!"

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Yukon stove, with the cooking stuff, except fry pans and nested buckets, and the big tent, was a one-man pack, so someone must take that man's bed, Uncle Dan and Mr. Devlin sat on the edge of things a while, and then rooted out their duffel, and said first they must have enough towels. And I said one towel each was enough—Aunt Nora had put in a dozen and Mrs. Devlin ten—and one handkerchief, and just the boots they had on, and moccasins for round camp. Uncle Dan had a rubber poncho and a big tarp, and a medicine case weighing ten pounds and full of fancy-topped bottles—why, we take only some iodine and bandages, and bichloride tablets, which are the thing for a soak for blood poisoning, and some fly-dope.

"No; I got to have the case, my love," said Uncle Dan. "Now these two whetstones and five hunting knives go—gifts, Ike, from my friend, that editor, and others who knew I was coming North—and the fishing rod; we shall want fish; also, the shotgun for birds—lay that over there. Ever use these little folding axes, Ike?"

"Naw; I never use 'em," said Ike. "We got a real double-bitted one along. See that burlap is tied round it good, Betsy."

"This compass is a need," said Mr. Devlin; and he also put out a folding saw and a toilet set in a silk case, and lots of heavy shirts, some hats, and a folding chair he meant to use in camp. "I can carry them."

Ike was to take the tent and stove and bacon, and Uncle was bound to carry grub, his own bed and duffel, and Ike's robe. The two were then to return for another load, while Mr. Devlin and I set a camp on Cottonwood Creek, which is in the middle of the moose country.

"Clever stunt, Ike," said Uncle Dan. "I'll take Betsy's things as well."

Mr. Devlin suggested taking just his prepared rations, which were done up one for a meal, as that would reduce grub weight, the very reason for bringing them; so he brought a big box up and used the folding ax, to show it was handy. The contents seemed soggy, and it was full of paper candy boxes; and he read from a label:

"Two thin slices bacon; four prunes; tablespoon ground nut meat; one disk sweet chocolate; five macaroons; one hard-tack; square Swiss cheese; spoonful seedless raisins; five caramels—eliminating all cooking."

"You tore into them beans lively for a starter," said Ike. "Why not a ration?"

"They are for the march, my dear fellow," said Mr. Devlin. "There you have the sweet to give you fuel—comparatively speaking, a man wants no more than is listed."

"We got it out of Trapper and Trader's Friend," said Uncle Dan. "There's no bunk about it; the fats, sugars and acids are all there. Let's all use 'em."

Uncle Dan Has a Square Meal

HE GOT mad when I wouldn't agree. Ike woke everyone at five so we could get away, and Mr. Devlin cut some green wood. And, as Uncle Dan was bound to breakfast on a ration, he said never mind him; but then he smelled the coffee and ham and mush, and said it might be easier this time to have that and save untying a box; so he did, and called Mr. Devlin, who was standing round and shivering, and crying what must it be like down here in winter? And wasn't I freezing in those thin overalls and light flannel shirt? Of course a person is some cold, hunting in the fall; but you keep going, and if thin clothes are wet they will dry quick.

Pretty soon he made his pack and had some left over, and went into the brush and put that on, and a lot of shells in his pockets, and a cartridge belt too. Uncle Dan wore a big .45 and had shells cached all over himself, and Pa's glasses, and offered to take my rifle; but I hid it, and Ike told him to forget trying to lug my bed, he had too much right then. But he is like Pa and stubborn, and he said he guessed he knew himself; that it would be merely pleasure, and he was a trifle too stout as it was.

I saw, when he started, his pack-straps were too wide and cutting his shoulders in two. Mr. Devlin was going to use a tumpline. When he got set, with the band over his forehead, the pack sagging far down, and his gun and a camera in one hand and the buckets in the other, though Ike wanted to tie them to his own packboard, with the stove, he saw there was lots of dew, and began all over, first putting on some slicker pants.

I slid under my pack sack, got it high on my back, and made my little silk hat loose on my head, and went up the trail after Ike. Pretty soon Mr. Devlin hollered—and he was sogged in a water hole and could not get up; so I pulled at him, and after another half mile he excused himself and swore. And I snickered and said that would be some picture, and he gritted at me, his face purple, and staggered on until he swore again and fell flat, crying could I find his knife and cut off the slicker pants? I got a bully picture of him, first.

"Lord, I am baking alive!" he said, and could breathe hard without remembering.

After another quarter mile he said to please go on and he would catch up; and later he burst out through some alders and said:

"That is twelve-dollar underwear, but it can go, for all of me—I took off my two extra suits. Also, maybe in Ontario they lug a hundred pounds from a tumpline that's cutting into their brains; but I believe it is a lie! Are you hot?"

I took his rifle, then, and a few odds that would go on my packboard; and we overtook Uncle Dan and Ike resting under a big spruce.

"Why, where's your big coat, Uncle?" I called, because he was in his undershirt like Ike.

He said very briefly he had put it on a branch and would pick it up with the second load; and when I asked was he enjoying the outing, he sighed and rose—but Mr. Devlin got snagged again, not having learned to hunt a stump or bank to rest his pack on, and then walk under it when starting.

"Well, sir, you sayin' yesterday about how you carried a hundred an' fifty pounds in the lumber country got me," Ike said, giving me his gun while he made a cigarette. "Put eighty on me, an' I got a load; but then big guys like you an' your brother Al kin make it—what you're packin' to-day feels like a feather, don't it?"

"How—how much I got now?" Uncle said in grunts, shifting his packboard, and Ike figured a second and I said:

"Only seventy, Uncle. I weighed it all on the scales last night, so I could tell Pa if you are stronger than he is. He carries a hundred and twenty-five, and has his gun, too, you know; but he said not to overload you if you ever came while he was away."

"I wouldn't know I had anything on me," Uncle Dan said, and he walked very fast; and when he saw I was right along with him he looked back and said I was a great girl, and wasn't I tired yet?

Then I wanted him to race; and he agreed and ran a little way, but stopped suddenly with a long grunt and said where was that glass?—he thought he saw a bear on the hill. And he made out not to hear me when I was ready to race some more.

Ike was delayed, pulling Mr. Devlin out of a creek, as he had tripped on a root and gone backward through some bushes into the water. Ike picked up fifty of Uncle's shells, the compass and folding ax, thinking they had been lost; but Uncle scowled and was not very polite when he took them back. I asked where was his .45?

"Betsy, I have it; it is mine anyway, is it not?" he said quite coldly.

Just the same we never saw it again during the trip! He was all scratched from willows flying back into his face. Mr. Devlin kept worrying about poisonous growths and being far from medical aid; and he was scratched too. I told him twice there is no poisonous vegetation in Alaska, and he would sigh and eat full-meal pellets, and look hungry.

"There's camp in them big cottonwoods!" said Ike after three hours, and I wanted Uncle to race; but he shook his head, though smiling a very little. Not much like Pa, who larks along the trail and hides, coming in ahead of you, and doing birdcalls until he has to laugh and gets found!

Well, I built a small hot smudge while the rest straightened up and drank from the creek; and Mr. Devlin lay flat, feebly pawing at his pack to get out a candy-box ration. I nearly spilled the coffee bucket when he gave a throaty, queer cry and found the boxes had got full of Skilak Lake; and as there had been some gasoline and lubricating oil with the water in the boat it made the melted chocolate, nuts, cheese and caramels stick round the bacon; and it smelled awful! With another moan he scrabbled them all together and staggered with them to the creek.

"Never mind, pal; we got plenty grub along," said Ike, smoking.

"Never mind? Ninety cents each! And I suffered under them eight miles!" said Mr. Devlin bitterly. "Thirty pounds—about a hundred in all, upon me!"

"Oh my, no, Mr. Devlin; we only let you take fifty-six—it was every smidge weighed," I said. A chechako always thinks he is packing more than he is.



Mr. Devlin Got Set, With the Band Over His Forehead, the Pack Sagging Far Down

The Size of a Kadiak Bear

PRETTY soon I gave him a plate of rice and raisins, and a can of cocoa and a bacon sandwich, and he came to life. Uncle just ate and was silent, except once he asked Ike who said it was only eight miles back to the lake? Ike said if he would rather omit the extra trip, forget it, and I mentioned how Pa and Mac last year made three round trips in a day; and after a sigh Uncle said:

"Not at all; not at all, Ike. I am feeling grand!"

"He can pack fifty pounds of sugar and fifty of flour," I suggested. "That makes just a nice load, and not knobby, like canned stuff."

When they were gone Mr. Devlin kept going to sleep by the last of the fire; but I shook him and made him do the heavy work, getting up the big tent. He had busted the feather half off his hat, lying flat so much. I said wasn't this a pretty place? And he answered oh, glorious indeed!—but he seemed rather absent.

We were in the only big trees in the narrow little valley, as beyond there were only a few small spruces on the steep hillsides, the rest all alders and fireweed and Hudson Bay tea scrub, and willows which were broken and chewed by moose. Ahead there showed one snowy peak. You go toward it to reach the sheep country. About every minute a rabbit would dart through camp and Mr. Devlin would grab at his gun, thinking it was a bear.

"My child, you must be mistaken as to the size of the Kadiak species of brown bear that inhabits this locality—ten-feet hides! Do you realize what that would be?"

"I didn't say every one was. Eight is a big bear if he is coming for you, but nine and ten are down here if we find them; and Pa once saw a twelve-footer, though the fur wasn't over an inch long and no good. And a mamma bear travels with last year's cubs, sometimes, and this year's also, and they will help her, of course; that is why we always have a gun along down here—you have to."

He would not move a step, then, without his Bass. Well, it is true. And they will go for a man; they do it all the time. Why, Bill Kaiser had to stay on the roof of his cabin three days once. A brownie can't climb, though it will reach for you if you don't keep going. When we had the small cooktent up—the one I would sleep in—and were setting the Yukon stove on some rocks, Mr. Devlin suddenly got pale and peered out, with his rifle ready; but it was only a wolverine and it flashed away in a hurry. There is an animal that hardly ever lets itself be seen.

"I wonder if they will be much longer?" Mr. Devlin kept saying when it was dusk; so I said I would chase down the trail a couple of miles, and he could watch the big bannock I had in the oven, and stoke the stove with some more of that green wood he had cut, and square the top of a log for us to sit on at meals.

We had brought in some boughs for the beds. He seemed to want me to stay there, and sighed. It was about dark when Ike's voice came, offering to spell Uncle with the big pack, and crying that it wasn't but another half mile.

"Hello, Unk, how are you making it?" I hollered, and he said gruffly:

"I am all right."

"Lemme spell you with it, Kel; you been slowin' for the last mile," Ike said.

"I tell you I am all right!" said my uncle hoarsely; he had cut some off the ends of his heavy pants and was in his undershirt, with no hat, and heaved like fury.

Mr. Devlin acted half hysterical when we got there, and he had burned a hand turning the bannock over, and made some terrible muck for coffee. He said a person

(Continued on Page 74)

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HALF A MAN

By GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

CARLITOS sat on the back steps of the manager's house, brooding darkly on the ways of women. Though he munched steadily on molasses candy, there was a frown on his brow. He and Rosie had quarreled.

"No, I won't!" he called over his shoulder. "Get as mad as you like. It ain't a man's work."

Her retort was swift. The contents of the wash-pan caught him squarely in the middle of the back, and with a wail of dismay and anguish he ducked beyond reach of more.

"You did that on purpose!" he yelled.

Rosie came to the door and surveyed the dripping boy with soft contrition.

"Oh, I'm so sorry! But how could I know you'd be there? Are you mad at me, honey?"

Carlitos said he was; he was perfectly honest about it.

"Well, why wouldn't you help me wash up, then?" she demanded.

That insult again! Carlitos took a long breath and started in afresh to tell her precisely what sort of devil she was. What he said would have scorched a sensitive nature to a crisp; but Rosie was not sensitive and she smiled kindly as she wiped her hands.

Now a smile may propitiate or it may be one to madden. The girl's stung Carlitos to frenzy. He gulped down the tears and advanced to chastise her. Yes; he would show Rosie a woman's place in the scheme of things; he would beat her up.

Forgetting that she was twice his size and could wallop the everlasting daylights out of him in a fair field, Carlitos grabbed her by the wrist and tried to apply the boot. Rosie cuffed his ears vigorously and backed him against the wall, her intent being to pin his arms above his head and then torment him at leisure, but the boy bit her on the forearm and she screamed. The noise of their struggle drew the manager's wife to the kitchen.

"For heaven's sake, what's the matter now?" she exclaimed. "Rosie, turn that boy loose! The idea of a big girl like you picking on a little fellow like Carlitos!"

The dishwasher let go by flinging Carlitos to a safe distance, and cried in her own defense:

"Pick on him? Why, he jumped on me, Miz Witherspoon! The brat's got a knife out too. Look! Oh, you mean li'l' devil!"

Mrs. Witherspoon cast one glance at Carlitos and perceived that it was so.

"Scat!" she snapped, with a stamp of her foot. "Scat, you!" And Carlitos fled.

He headed toward the corrals for sanctuary. There were three of them, with high, thick adobe walls. The feed barns formed one side of the largest; next to them stood the stables, where the thoroughbred stallions and the jack were kept. As he passed the latter's stall the beast came raving to the foot of the door. He had torn a hole in it close to the ground with his teeth, and through this aperture he now stuck his nose, snapping his jaws hopefully. The boy paused to watch the performance. A pitchfork lay on the ground. Carlitos picked it up and shoved the handle into the opening. Instantly the jack's teeth crunched on it and the boy lunged viciously.

"Cut that out!" ordered a voice, and he whirled to face the manager. "Where you been?" continued Witherspoon. "Just lazin' round as usual? Now you come alive and get busy. Take the stallions out and water 'em."

The boy proceeded to do as bidden. The brown pacer he led down to the tank because of an antipathy the animal harbored against anything astride his bare back, but the black Percheron, which weighed two thousand and fifty pounds, was a special chum. Carlitos clucked at the monster and stroked his glossy shoulder, then scrambled up by the aid of a wagon wheel and rode him to water.

He looked like a monkey atop an elephant. General Prosperity's back was about three feet across and the boy's short legs stuck straight out, but the stallion moved with an easy gait, his glistening neck arched, and Carlitos swelled like a toy balloon with pride. It was a source of annoyance to him, however, that Rosie could not witness this triumph of horsemanship.

I have recited this chapter of a morning for the sole purpose of showing from what humble beginnings a great soldier may spring. Who would ever have suspected that Carlitos would become a hero and have his deeds lauded in camp-fire song? Who, watching him suck candy on the back steps, or playing the mouth organ in the shade, while others toiled afield—who the Sam Hill would have guessed that he'd lay it all over every rival of his years in martial doings?

But he did. It's the tarnation truth.

Haven't you often noticed how that sort of thing works out? Did you never have occasion to observe that the very fellows at school whose excuse for existence seemed hardest to find got monuments erected to them in the town square?

Well, that was the way with Carlitos. All unknowing of the splendid future, he dwelt in the house of his mother at the Tumbling K Ranch, and took the stallions to water, and stole sugar from the commissary, and worried Rosie by loafing in the kitchen.

Not that the girl disliked him. No woman on earth could look at Carlitos without a warming of the heart. But there were flaws in his character—it seemed probable that Carlitos would make a poor provider. He was fond of idling in the heat of the day, and in the cool he preferred rolling dice to any form of labor. Besides all that, Rosie was seventeen and Carlitos only ten, which is really a too great disparity of age for anything serious.

Sometimes she would grab Carlitos and kiss him in the presence of the entire outfit. It made the boy see red and plan murder in his heart. He would have appreciated a little loving in the gloom of the kitchen at the going-down of the sun, when nobody was about, but with a crowd of ribald cowboys to witness the spectacle it made his flesh creep. The strange part was that Rosie swiftly slapped him when he attempted a private rehearsal on his own account. Perhaps her caresses of Carlitos were directed at Joe Rinehart, anyway. If not, what made Joe so wild, and why did he sneer so bitterly?



"You Have Heard Me Say That the First Duty of a Soldier Was Loyalty and Obedience? Yet You Have Been a Traitor"

As I have said, Carlitos dwelt in the house of his mother at Number 15, Perfume Alley. At least, it would have been Number 15 if the dwellings at the Tumbling K had been numbered. There were seventeen of the adobe huts for the native employees and they straggled along one side of a broad, grassy highway that divided them from the barns and corrals. The boys called the thoroughfare Perfume Alley because the natives lived there.

Though his name was Carlos Aviles—Carlitos is merely a diminutive of endearment—his mother's name was Elias. She had married again, so she said, and her husband was horse wrangler for the outfit. As for the father of Carlitos, his identity was always a matter of vague and disquieting speculation.

One day the boy lay on his back in the Willows, a league below headquarters, his hat over his eyes to protect them from a shaft of sunlight that pierced the low-hanging boughs—it was too much trouble to move to a spot where no light penetrated. He was musing on Rosie and her treatment of him. That very morning she had flouted him. With Joe Rinehart and another there to see, she had looped a soggy dishrag round his neck while the uncouth pair applauded.

Carlitos gritted his teeth as he recalled the scene. Did you ever love a girl so hard that you hated her? Well, he was in that case exactly.

But she would pay for it all some day! An hour of reckoning would come, and then she should see with what manner of man she had trifled. Carlitos pictured the whole thing and gloated.

Chief of a daring band whose only law was their leader's word, he would swoop down from his mountain aerie upon the helpless Tumbling K and bear the maiden off, carrying her lightly in front of him at a gallop. Arrived by tireless riding at the cave, he would put her down. Oh, the ecstasy of that moment! He could see the proud beauty nosing the dirt as she pleaded for life, the while he stood sternly over her and smiled—aye, smiled!—with disdain. Perhaps she would realize then what she had missed by spurning him; and he would lift her up and, turning to his hardy outlaws ——

Clack! It was a hoof against stone, and Carlitos came rudely out of his dreams to peer through the trees.

Three Mexicans were watering their ponies in the stream about a hundred yards off. While he watched, others joined them. They came flitting like phantoms through the grove, in couples, apparently careless of concealment. Carlitos counted twelve and got no further, for the reason that he couldn't count above that number—but he was positive there were half a million.

They were weather-beaten, ragged, covered with dust; and all carried rifles slung at the saddle. The scrawny horses seemed exhausted. They buried their hot muzzles in the creek and drank eagerly, and each moment the cavalcade on the bank was swelled by new arrivals.

Soldiers! He thrilled at the spectacle. But suddenly he asked himself what such a force was doing in the Willows—and then he thought of those at the ranch. Instantly he turned and fled out of the grove, moving soundlessly in his bare feet.

They were just sitting down to dinner at the manager's house when Carlitos burst in with the news. The boss sent his chair flying in a wild jump for the door.

"Fanny," he shouted back as he sped toward the corrals, "take the baby and Rosie, and hide. Joe, you and Lon run off the horses. Drop out a few of the condemned ones. If they don't find something it's like they'll burn the place. Carlitos, help me with the thoroughbreds."

At last he was getting his due—the boss was treating him like a man.

Carlitos sprang eagerly toward the stables.

In the main corral were sixty horses, brought there at noon in order that the few men remaining at headquarters might catch fresh mounts. Rinehart locked up a dozen of the oldest and poorest, threw wide the gate and drove the others forth. They went streaming down a draw leading eastward, the two cowboys urging them with cracking ropes, and the draw hid them from sight of anyone approaching from the Willows.

Carlitos, perched on the mighty back of General Prosperity, cantered clumsily in their wake. The boss was in front, on the brown stallion.

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Prosperity was not built for speed, and he began to pant before half a mile had been covered. Witherspoon groaned as he beheld his labored efforts.

"It's no use," he said. "Take him back, Carlitos. He'll die if he goes another mile. Perhaps they won't want him, account of his size."

Glad of the order, the boy turned back. He had just reached the stables when he heard the distant crack of rifles and perceived Witherspoon returning.

"They saw me and cut across the mesa," he explained ruefully. "Gee, we're up against it hard, boy! Mind you keep your mouth shut and don't breathe a word. Understand? If you tell 'em a thing I'll flay you alive!"

He led the stallion to his stall and slammed the door, then hurried back to the house, with a view to concealing whatever valuables Mrs. Witherspoon might have overlooked in her flight. The boy kept at his heels.

The place was deserted; the dinner stood, half eaten, on the table. Mrs. Witherspoon and Rosie were safely hidden in the underground room the boss had built, after the style of a cyclone cellar, just for this purpose, and with them were two native women and the baby.

"Clear away the extra places, Carlitos," said the boss, "and me and you'll be eatin' our food peaceful when they find us."

It was done in two winks. Presently they heard a bugle, then a jangle of bits, and the patter of hoofs on hard ground.

"It's Murga and his crowd," announced Witherspoon, peeping through the window. "And he's got close to a hundred men, it looks like."

In a minute, eight or ten Mexicans approached the open back door, with rifles held at the waist, and one of them cried sharply to Witherspoon to surrender. The boss smiled genially and shoved back his chair.

"Come in, *amigos!*" he replied with hospitable warmth. "Had your dinner, yet? We was just finishing."

They looked hungrily at the food, but made no move to enter.

"Where's the general?" asked Witherspoon. "I want to pay my respects."

For answer they drew up in two lines from the door to present arms, and Black Murga strode in. He was a thickset man, with negroid lips and somber, suspicious eyes. His official killer was at his elbow, and half a dozen lesser chiefs trailed behind.

"Are you the *administrador?*" he inquired.

"Yes, sir."

"Where is everybody? What have you done with your people?"

"Ain't they outside?" asked the boss. "I left two of the boys in the corral, general. All the others are out on the round-up, forty miles southeast. The farm hands are here, though."

"But the Americans in your employ—the señora—your family—your servants—where are they?"

"My wife is visiting her kinfolks in Nogales, General," was the answer. "And the only help I keep round the house is Carlitos, here. Bow to the general, Carlitos."

Carlitos did so and the chief gave another grunt, stroking the knob of his nose.

"That's a lie," he said calmly, "but never mind. They're in the storm cellar." The boss started a feeble denial, but Murga flew into a rage.

"Don't lie to me," he cried furiously, "else I'll give you a pill of my making. Why did you hide her from us? Hey? Why do you show distrust? Do you think we are common bandits? Answer me, I say!"

"No, general. But ——"

"But you treat us as such," he fumed.

He glared at the boss. Just behind him the killer waited alertly. "Well, it doesn't matter," he continued, mastering himself by an effort that left him pale. "We will show better manners than you. All Americans are alike. What can you expect from a pig but a grunt?"

He waved to his escort to withdraw, and added as they filed out:

"I want to talk to you. And while we talk I will eat—with your kind permission. Boy, bring me a plate."

The interview lasted the better part of an hour and ended in an agreement on the following terms:

Witherspoon was to make a war loan of three thousand pesos to the cause, on behalf of the Cattle Company, for which General Murga consented to accept his check on a Douglas bank. In addition he was to provide twenty head of cattle, the saddle horses left in the corral, fifty sacks of flour, five hundred pounds of salt, thirty sacks of sugar, whatever bacon he had in the commissary, and three days' grain for the force Murga had with him.

In return, the chief pledged his word that all other property and the lives of the ranch employees should be respected, and the Tumbling K Company should be favored with his friendship.

He also consented to accept the bay stallion, worth a thousand in gold, as a personal gift, but sold the huge Percheron to the boss for a trifle of a hundred pesos, cash in hand.

Long before this happy arrangement had been arrived at, Carlitos had stolen out. Somehow he didn't like the General's restless glance, and he was not interested a bit in the ownership of the stock or flour on the place. Therefore, it happened that when Black Murga and the boss emerged—the former completely restored to good humor and slapping the glum Witherspoon on the back—they found Carlitos mingling with the soldiers.

"Colonel Moreno," said Murga to an officer, "ring the bell and summon the people."

In a moment the tiny belfry above the mess house was rocking to the clangor, and every native on the place trooped toward the sound. The majority of them had consorted freely with the raiders from their entry; the more cautious, who had something to lose, perhaps, and therefore kept indoors, now sallied out as though obeying a command, and all congregated in front of the manager's house.

Like the astute stage director he was, Black Murga kept them waiting until a trooper had brought his horse. Then he mounted and moved into their midst.

"Hear me!" he said in a deep, vibrant voice. "I come from the mountains. You are listening to the words of one who dwells in everlasting touch with the clouds. My bed is where the eagle builds his nest; my eyes rest where the eagle soars.

"Here is Erasmo Murga, the avenger of the helpless. Here is the man, my children, who has been chosen by Justice to hold its sword against oppressors. Let Justice guide us."

Frantic "Vivas!" and hysterical feminine cries greeted the speech. There was a compelling magnetism about Murga that set heartstrings throbbing. They surged forward, those humble peons, to kiss his hand and pat his horse, tears streaming down the faces of the old and the women. Seven men enlisted on the spot.

First of all to offer his services was Carlitos.

"No, no, *muchachito,*" said the chief, not unkindly. "Stay here and be the comfort of your good mother."

Abashed and crestfallen, the boy slunk away. An hour later Black Murga and his band departed from the Tumbling K, after looting the commissary to the last tin of sardines. He might be a man of the mountains, but Erasmo certainly possessed excellent business acumen, for he dispatched a trusted officer to Douglas to cash the check before Witherspoon could stop payment on it.



"They Come So Quick We Didn't Have Time to Run," Wailed Mrs. Witherspoon

Carlitos could not sleep that night. His stepfather returned home shortly after sundown, and he was in an ill humor. He gave Carlitos a beating because the boy seemed sulky, and when his mother protested he beat her too. Elias was always impartial in this respect.

Stiff and sore, Carlitos crawled under his blanket on the earth floor and pretended to sleep, but he remained wide awake, burning as with fever. Why had they not taken him? He was old enough and he could ride like a *vaquero.* Often he had heard of boys no older than himself who were fighting in the ranks. Why, that very day he had conversed with a patronizing trooper named Tomas, who was certainly not a day over fourteen years of age!

Hour after hour he tossed and turned, debating the question. He was on fire to join the rebels. The bravado of their bearing had stirred his envy; their arms and military discipline seemed magnificent to Carlitos. And Black Murga —— Was ever such a leader? The boy would have followed him cheerfully to the death.

Abruptly he came to a decision. His stepfather's rasping snore and the shriller nasal note of his mother apprised him that they were dead to the world, and he tiptoed out of the hut, carrying the blanket with him. There had been no need to dress; Carlitos usually slept in his clothes.

He went straight to Prosperity's stall. It had flashed into his mind that if he could present the Percheron to the chief as a peace offering, he would be made welcome to the army.

The gentle stallion permitted him to climb up. He clucked at him, and they ambled out of the ranch.

Drawn by huzzas and laughter, Black Murga forsook his breakfast and came out to the steps of the house wherein he made his headquarters in Sauceda. A motley procession was moving up the main street of the village, composed of citizens and troopers and camp followers and children; but the core of it was a tiny figure on a great black horse. On it came, Carlitos sitting dejectedly on Prosperity's rump, yet keeping serious and intent on his mission, while the crowd surged and eddied and jostled round him, crying greetings and jests.

"Wow, what a bigness!"

"Hi, *muchacho!* The flea and the elephant!"

"Dios, what a beast! He must eat the stuff that makes the bread swell up—hey, *compañeros?*"

The boy was wan and half famished, and the Percheron appeared to be in even worse plight. He had lost his noble rotundity, his proud head drooped, a thick layer of

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congealed dirt hid his silky coat, and he scarcely bothered to lift his feet.

"What's this?" demanded Murga sternly.

Carlitos halted, raising a tired arm in salute.

"I have come to serve you, general. As for the horse, he is yours."

More laughter, in which the chief joined. Yet he looked at Carlitos with favor; it is precisely from such blind loyalty that leaders build their power.

"Welcome, *niñito!*" he answered gayly. "You have taken terrible risks; but the greater shall be your reward. Colonel Moreno, see that he gets a suitable outfit and attach him to your company. It may be he will make a fine bugler—he has the mouth and wind for one."

When the anticipated applause that greeted this sally had subsided, he went on:

"As for this mountain of flesh, my child, he would prove an encumbrance to us. Therefore, we shall eat him."

"Eat him?"

"To be sure. We are short of beef and my boys will enjoy so fine a feast."

The boy let out a wail; but there was no help for it. Black Murga had spoken, and they led him and Prosperity away.

In such fashion did he become a soldier. And to such ignominious end came the Percheron. The boy wept over his demise; but there were so many things to distract him that his grief was assuaged before nightfall, and he partook with gusto of a portion of steak from his favorite's fore quarter.

They gave Carlitos a pair of whole shoes, a new shirt and felt hat; also a rifle, and a belt with fifty-five cartridges in it. After that he got his pick of one of the commandeered horses from the ranch and became the owner of a saddle that almost held together when mended with wire.

"Now," said the sergeant to whose care he had been assigned, "take this bugle and let's hear you blow."

Carlitos put the mouthpiece to his lips and blew until his eyes popped. Not a sound could he get out of it except a hoarse gurgle.

"That is not the way. The lips should be thus. Watch me."

After that Carlitos tooted for hours at a stretch and before he went to bed had learned to extract a single long, plaintive note.

There were six hundred and thirty men in Murga's force and more than half that many women. Children swarmed all over the place. When a Mexican goes to war he takes his family along, lest he should have none on his return, and also for the reason that the wife may take care of him. He is willing to attend to the battles and parades personally, but permits the light of his life to do the camp drudgery and carry the load on the march.

About the first person Carlitos met at Sauceda was his ranch acquaintance, Tomas. There was no mistaking Tomas, once you had seen him; for he was stunted and had a cast in the left eye. Upon learning that Carlitos was now one of them, he volunteered to initiate him into their life, and as a first step thereto conducted him to his comrade, Juan, aged twelve, who figured on the roster as Trooper Juarequi. The introduction passed off very well until Carlitos, the ignorant country boy, began to stare at a six-shooter Juan wore in his belt. Now, Juan was sensitive concerning this weapon, purloined from Witherspoon's desk, and an exchange of repartee led to a fight.

Fortunately the six-shooter contained no cartridge. Still, it made a useful ally when grasped by the barrel, and Carlitos was obliged to have recourse to a stone, placed to his hand by Providence.

"You've killed him!" said Tomas, awed as much by the catlike ferocity with which Carlitos fought as by the limp form of his friend.

"That couldn't kill a flea," asserted Carlitos. "I only hit him once—like that."

He ran to the stream that flowed through the outskirts of the camp, filled his hat with water, and dashed it into Juan's face. The shock brought a shiver of horror from Trooper Juarequi; he gasped and sat up. And, of course, from that moment they were firm friends.

To our eyes the village of Sauceda and the army of General Murga, and the camp followers of that army, would have looked hopelessly unkempt, ill-equipped and ragged. There was no apparent system in anything. The whole camp seemed to be in utter disorder. Refuse, odds and ends, lay in the open street, and dogs prowled the place the livelong day. Yet there was rough method in it all.

And that was injected by the women. They prepared the meals over the little fires in the open, and quarreled fiercely about such matters as the ownership of an old lard bucket or a handful of beans. And in the long afternoons they cleaned clothes by pummeling and rolling them on the flat rocks in the creek.

"Wow!" cried one at first sight of Carlitos in all his grandeur. "Look at the pretty boy! Are we taking them from the cradle now?"

Carlitos, who was naturally quick, told the lady to go to hades and himself went on about his business, which was to accompany Colonel Moreno's command on a foray for fodder.

Ah, it was a fine, carefree, noble career! Carlitos took to it like a duck to water. He would join a group at a camp fire and revel in the tales of fights and deeds of valor, and the prodigies of Black Murga. His mouth open and his body twitching with eagerness, he missed no word. This was life! Now he was a man and a soldier.

They had cockfights every day, too, and horse races, not only among themselves but against the *saqueros* from a neighboring ranch. And sometimes Carlitos and Trooper Juarequi held wrestling matches, which proved a popular feature.

Once, when entertaining a visiting chief, the general sent for the boy to stand behind his chair and wait on him. The attention pleased the guest—he felt a lot safer with Carlitos behind him in place of one of Murga's cutthroats. And Carlitos acquitted himself so deftly that the general often had him in after that.

He was thus engaged one noon when the chief's meal was disturbed by the entrance of an aide with a report.

"Drunk, hey?" said Murga, with his mouth full. "Shoot him! It'll teach the others discipline. They need it."

And he went calmly on with his meal. From time to time he glanced at Carlitos, perhaps to see what effect the sentence produced.

"Listen, *muchachito*," he began: "You heard the order I gave. Reflect on it and profit thereby. Always keep in mind that a soldier's first duty is obedience."

"Yes, general," stammered Carlitos.

Well satisfied, the general rose from the table and Carlitos hurried off to see the execution.

The prisoner's name was Hernandez and he enjoyed a reputation among the bandits for dauntless courage; but he had got drunk while on outpost duty and was caught sound asleep under a tree by the patrol. He appeared very unconcerned as he marched in the midst of the squad to the place of execution, smoking a cigarette and joking with the captain who was to deliver the death stroke.

Carlitos stuck close to the procession. What manner of man was this that could march to his doom without flinching? He watched intently for a sign of fear, but could not detect a flicker. And on a sudden impulse he sidled near enough to thrust a fresh cigarette into the prisoner's hand. Hernandez darted a glance of surprise at him and smiled.

"Ah! Thanks, *compañero!*" he said cordially, patting him on the shoulder. Carlitos gulped and moved away.

Everybody in camp who could leave duty followed to witness the spectacle. Soldiers, women and children trooped behind the escort, which presently stopped at the wall of a ruined house. The officer in command stepped to the front and, having called for silence, made a speech.

"His Excellency desires that this should be a warning to you," he ended sonorously.

There was absolute silence during this harangue—absolute silence when he had finished. The prisoner continued to smoke the cigarette Carlitos had given him.

"Ready?" demanded the captain.

"Yes."

They stood him up against the wall and the officer advanced to blindfold him, but Hernandez repulsed the bandage.

"Let me see it done," he cried gayly. "And do me a favor, captain—permit me to give the word."

"Certainly."

The prisoner drew a couple of deep puffs while the squad took positions a few paces in front. Then his glance roved over the crowd and he smiled bitterly. Among them were scores and scores of women.

"So you come to see me die?" he said, and laid a curse on them.

Carlitos shivered as he listened. Some of the women began to whimper; a few sneaked off; the majority just stared, seemingly unmoved.

"All right!" the prisoner announced, briskly flipping the cigarette into the air. "There's just one thing more I ask—don't spoil my face, *compañeros*. Tell Lolita my last thoughts were of her—and my soul to the Unknown. Shoot, boys!"

Five rifles blazed and he dropped.

Carlitos, who had watched to the end—watched with bated breath and taut muscles—turned swiftly and ran. Stumbling and falling, he ran and ran until far beyond the camp of Sauceda. Then he cast himself down behind a bush and burst into tears.

"So she is a beauty?" inquired Murga smilingly as he puffed on an after-dinner cigar.

The boy, pausing in his task of clearing the table, launched into a eulogy of Rosie's charms. Encouraged by the stimulating applause and laughter of the staff, he talked as no little boy ought to talk. They poked fun at Carlitos, egged him on, chaffed him. The more they bantered, the more eloquent he grew. Black Murga was amused for a while and then became thoughtful.

"She is, then, such a wonder?" he asked.

(Continued on Page 33)



They Followed Him Soundlessly Down the Slopes

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THE STUDY OF FOOTPRINTS

The Bare Foot—By Melville Davisson Post

IN THE effort of the detective writers to create an infallible sleuth Mark Twain took the wind out of everybody's sails. Neither Dupin, Holmes, Lecoq, nor any of the celebrities of Nicholas Carter, could approach Archy Stillman.

He was a modest, unassuming person. He made no pretensions and, what is incredible in a sleuth, he offered no explanations. But his method was unequaled. If he were shown a footprint that had been left behind by a criminal in his exit he would examine it very closely, like a person with exaggerated myopia. He would get down over the footprint, with his face nearly touching it. He would stare at it motionless for a few moments. Then he would get up and follow the trail of that unfortunate criminal through wood and field, over hill and dale, street and alley, cellar and housetop, where there was no sign, mark, or any visible physical evidence of a track; until finally he cornered him and turned him over to the amazed minions of the law. And he could do it in the dark!

The marvelous skill of Archy Stillman was an amazing mystery until the inimitable humorist gave his charming explanation:

The detective had been marked by a prenatal influence. His mother had been pursued by bloodhounds. Her son, though giving no physical evidence of a wonderful gift, had inherited the keen sense of smell that belonged to the bloodhounds which had put his mother in terror. It was by means of this naïve device that Mark Twain ridiculed what he believed to be the exaggerated deductions of Dupin, Lecoq and Holmes.

One wonders what he would have thought of the deductions of the modern scientific criminologists.

Even the gift of the bloodhound's nose hardly puts Mark Twain's sleuth in advance of these experts. If young Mr. Stillman were shown a footprint, he could trail down the assassin who had made it; but he could tell you nothing about him. But the modern scientific criminologist can tell you all about the assassin from his footprint, so that the police have only to go out and find him.

A Real Holmes and His Watsons

WHEN the Baron von R—— was murdered in a city of Southeastern Europe, the police found on the floor beside the dead man a single track in a splash of blood. The body of the Baron, after his murder, had been placed in a chair, perhaps with the intention of creating the impression of suicide. But in going about his work the assassin had made the single footprint. The police at once sent to the university for the celebrated professor of criminology.

He came, with a group of his students, to examine the footprint.

He was a little, obese, bald man, with a military bearing, for he had been an officer in the Bohemian wars. He had a fine, acute face, with heavy, straight eyebrows—like lines of ebony set into the craggy brow—a large bony nose, and a grizzled mustache that bristled in the military fashion.

He sat down on the floor beside the single footprint, with a small metal tape and a magnifying glass, not unlike the big reading glasses to be seen in this country.

"This," he said, "is an imprint of a right bare foot, and therefore could not be that of the Baron, whose shoes have not been removed. It has a very high arch, and was made three hours ago. The man who made it was not standing still. He was walking when this imprint was made—probably leaving the room."

Then he paused, measured the print very carefully with his tape, took out a pencil and made a calculation on a blank page of a notebook, and continued:

"He is a thin man—very slender—six feet and one inch in height. He is a soldier and has been injured in the knee."

Then he looked up at the police officials.

"You can write down that description," he said, "and go out and find this assassin while I finish here, with this illustration, my lecture on scientific criminal investigation."

The police went out, with what the French call a *portrait parlé* of the assassin—a slender soldier, six feet and one inch in height, with an injury to his right knee—while the professor of criminology, assembling his students, began his lecture on how he had arrived at these precise conclusions from the single footprint before him.

SKETCHES BY W. D. I. ARNOLD



Figures A and B

He explained, first, that, where one was able to examine an imprint of any sort in blood before that medium had entirely dried, one ought to be able, by an accurate knowledge of the process of coagulation, to say with some degree of precision what time had elapsed since the formation of the imprint. In the case before him he was able to say that this imprint had been made three hours before his arrival.

Anyone could see that it was the print of a right foot. He knew the foot had a high arch—that is to say, it was unusually cambered—because the interior line of the print made a deep curve, cutting out a great segment of the print.

He explained that a flat foot would leave the whole print of the foot, but as the foot was arched the print would lessen.

Thus, in a foot with an excessive arch—highly cambered—not more than half of the surface of the foot would appear in the print. This was the case with the print before him. Consequently it was evident that the person who had made the print possessed a foot with an exceedingly high arch. See Figures A and B.

He knew that the assassin was walking at the time he made this track on the floor, because the print of the great toe was lengthened and ended in a sort of point. That was because one pressed the toe down in walking. If the track had been made by the assassin when standing still the print of the great toe would be round, because only the ball of the toe, in that case, would rest on the floor. See Figures C and D.

He went on to point out that it was always possible by the examination of a print to tell whether the person who had made it was, at the time, walking or standing still, since the track lengthened when one was in motion. Moreover, the print of the foot of one who is standing still is shorter and wider than the print of the same foot in motion. Thus, in following a track one is able to say where the person making it stopped and where he went on. This was sometimes exceedingly useful and could always be determined.

He knew that the man who had made this print had been a private in the German Army, because in walking he used the conventional goose step, which caused the foot to strike the earth in a certain manner and gave a peculiar indentation to the heel.

He knew this soldier had been injured in the knee, because in lifting the foot he had given the ball a twist to the right. This twist could only be caused by a knee injury; a certain weakening of the knee joint that one so injured invariably endeavors to assist by twisting the foot. Such an injury would perhaps not cause a decided limp; but the twist of the foot in walking would be easily perceptible.

He went on to explain that a novice in the study of footprints might be easily mistaken with respect to this feature of a print, because everybody twists the sole of the foot somewhat when he walks.

Gross, at the University of Graz, had first determined this by a series of experiments in which he caused a barefoot man to walk up a stepladder of which the steps were glass. By photographing the foot from below as it rested on the glass step he was able to determine the extent and peculiarities of this invariable twist. The experiments of Gross had been greatly advanced and improved by causing the barefoot person to walk on a flat roof laid in glass plates. This method gave more natural results, because the foot in this case was not under the unusual necessity of lifting the body up from one step to another as in the Gross experiments.

Bertillon's Laws of Proportions

THE students wished to know how the professor arrived at the conclusion that the assassin was of the exact height of six feet and one inch, and thin.

He replied that M. Alphonse Bertillon, chief of the Service de l'Identité Judiciaire, of Paris, after a vast number of experiments, had laid down a table of rules by which, if one knew the exact measurement of a certain portion of the body of an individual, he could work out precisely the dimensions of other portions of his body.

This exact table was known to everybody. One had only to measure the foot and multiply that length by its proper coefficient in this table in order to arrive at the height of the individual making the print. Relatively speaking, the height of a man was from six to seven times the length of his foot. Feet short in proportion to width took a larger multiple than those relatively long in proportion to width. But the table was approximately correct and one had now only to measure the print and apply it. Thus, if an imprint were 225 millimeters, the coefficient of reconstruction would be 6.840; and consequently the subject would be 1539 m. in height.

He was, therefore, able to say that the individual in this case was approximately six feet and one inch in height. He knew also that he was slender, because, with that height, any other than an unusually thin person would have made a wider track. Even the weight of an ordinary person of that height would have forced the foot to expand more than it was expanded in this print. He therefore felt justified in the belief that the assassin was unusually slender.

So full, precise and accurate was the description given by the professor of criminology, that he had scarcely concluded his lecture before the police were able to lay their hands on the assassin. He was a slender German, over six feet in height; his right knee had been injured by a tubercular infection, which caused him to twist his foot as he walked. And it



Figure A

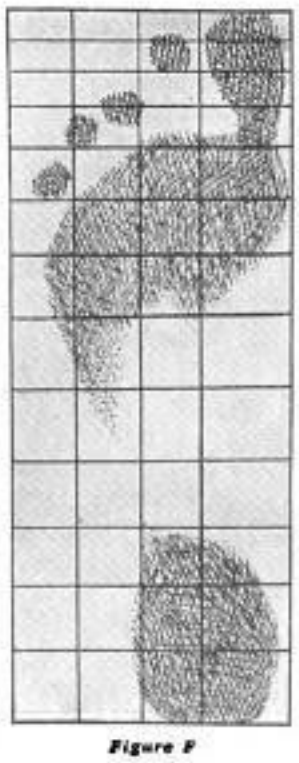


Figure F

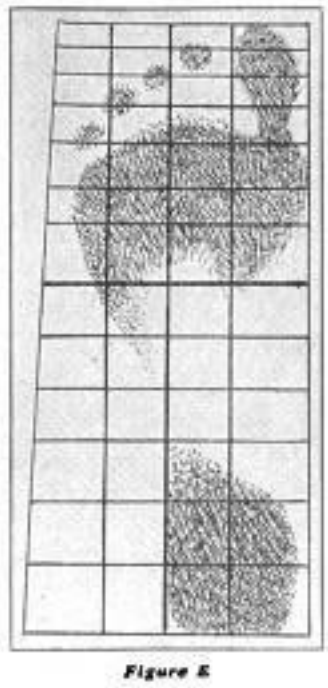


Figure E

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was afterward shown that he was a deserter from a division of the German Army in Munich.

One may believe that the incidents of several experiments are assembled in the foregoing case, but one cannot believe the facts included in these details to be exaggerated or in doubt. A communicated case, especially at this time, is apt to reach us with contractions and elaborations, to gain or to lose by transmission when it is not a matter of legal or official record. But there is no observation or deduction in it that does not rest upon unquestioned scientific authority. They are established by an abundance of painstaking experiments.

The layman might believe the reading of this print to be an exaggerated deduction. But learned criminologists, like Niceforo, at Naples; Gross, at Graz; Reiss, at Lausanne; Ottolenghi or Lacassagne, know that such deductions are only the evident conclusions of the scientific examination of a footprint.



Figure D

One should remember with what skill scientists are able to reproduce a prehistoric animal by the mere study of its footprint preserved in some geological formation. The pictures and casts of strange beasts, which one regards with wonder in the museums, are often built up from the slightest data—one or two bones or imprints. By assembling all available facts, and with a comprehensive knowledge of anatomical structure, it finally happens that the savant is able to get a pretty accurate idea of the size, structure and habits of a prehistoric animal from no other data than a footprint.

Bertillon, in Paris, devoted a lifetime to working out his system of anthropometrics. Finally, as the professor said in the foregoing case, he was able to formulate a table by which, if one were given the size of any organ of the human body, he could reconstruct the individual precisely as the scientists are able to reconstruct the prehistoric animal. His table for obtaining the height of an individual from the length of his foot has been accepted after verification by the leading criminologists:

BERTILLON'S TABLE

LENGTH OF FOOT BY GROUPS OF TEN TO TEN MILLIMETERS	COEFFICIENT OF RECONSTRUCTION FOR HEIGHT
2 to 219	7.170
220 to 229	6.840
230 to 239	6.610
240 to 249	6.505
250 to 259	6.407
260 to 269	6.328
270 to 279	6.254
280 to 289	6.120
290 to w	6.080

Mascard, in 1848, read a bulletin on this subject before the Academy of Medicine, in Belgium. And in 1889, De Parville, in the Revue Scientifique, published a formula showing the relation between the length of the foot and the height of the individual: $\text{Foot} = \frac{8.6}{30} \frac{(\text{Height} + 0.05)}{2}$

This formula De Parville verified upon hundreds of individuals of all ages and proved it to be correct within the maximum of two centimeters.

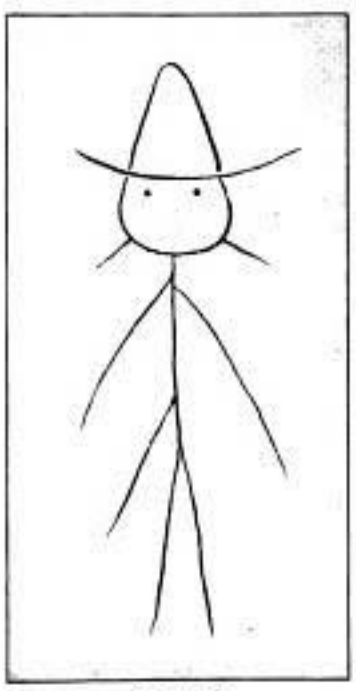


Figure 9

But a criminal investigator cannot remain content with the mere reading of a print. He must be able to preserve that print so that its peculiarities may be visible to a trial court or an examining magistrate. Moreover, it does not by any means always happen that a print exhibits the distinguishing characteristics set out in the foregoing case.

It is always possible for anybody with but slight skill in such matters to preserve the distinguishing characteristics of a print. The commonest method is to place a few pieces of pasteboard on the floor round the print and then lay a pane of glass over it—the pasteboard is merely to keep the glass from touching the print. Then one takes a sheet of paper, made transparent with oil, grease or turpentine, places this on the pane of glass and traces the print with a pencil or in ink. If no paper is available the print may be traced on the glass in ink.

A better method, suggested by Professor Florence, is to dip a bit of cotton in white lead and frost the glass. This frosting does not render the glass opaque. One may trace the footprint very easily on this frosted glass. Then, if one places a piece of black paper under the glass he obtains a very clear black print; or if he puts the glass in a solution of a certain potassium salt the lead frosting will turn black, and the result will be a first-class stereotype of the print, which one is able to take off on paper by the usual method. Niceforo, in discussing this



Figure C

method, advises one to varnish the glass in order to preserve the print.

The pantograph is also used. But one must be careful not to injure the print by this method. An optical device by which pictures or objects are reflected on paper is also sometimes used. But nowadays all criminal investigators agree that the best method of preserving an imprint is to photograph it.

Bertillon, Londe, Burais, Paul, Popp, Reiss, and others, have elevated scientific photography, in the subject of criminal investigation, to an elaborate art. However, the photograph of an imprint is no very difficult undertaking. It is only necessary to be absolutely sure that the photographic plate is precisely parallel to the plane of the print.

When Photographs Lie

FIGURES E and F show a false and a correct photograph. Niceforo, in discussing these figures, taken from Coutagne and Florence, points out that an inaccurate photograph is the most dangerous, misleading thing in the world; and that all photographs of prints are worthless unless, as has been said, the photographic plate is precisely parallel to the plane of the print when the picture is taken.

It should be remembered that a footprint does not always require a conspicuous medium in order to make it intelligible. Sweat or the natural moisture of the foot will often make a print hardly distinguishable to the eye, but capable of being developed. Mercury or chalk is used if the footprint is on a surface of a dark nature, and graphite or lampblack if the imprint is on a white surface.

A fine distinguishing footprint might be of no value whatever if one were not able to preserve it by some of these methods.

In the notorious assassination at Carmaux, on the night of the eighth of August, Causse found on a balcony the print of a naked foot. It was outside and would presently have been effaced by the rain if he had not immediately preserved it. As the case turned out, the whole solution of the mystery hung on this print. Eight persons were suspected of the crime. Causse was able to demonstrate that not one of these persons had anything to do with the affair. And it was afterward shown that one wholly unsuspected by the police was the author of the crime. It thus happened that by the preservation of the imprint eight innocent persons were cleared of the charge of murder.

A similar method was followed in the Courvoisier case, in England, and the MacPherson case, in Glasgow. In the latter the authorities found on a plank three imprints of a naked foot. They observed that it was a right foot, small, and with an exaggerated arch. This gave them a precise clew. They were able to discover all the persons who had been about the house or in the neighborhood. And it was finally shown that MacPherson was the only person whose foot could have possibly made the imprint, since it was small and with an unusual arch.



Figure 10

Some remarkable cases have resulted from the scientific observation of imprints.

The Gazette des Tribunaux gives the case of the Arab, Seliman ben Barbi, who had broken into a closed country house. The police in the morning found in the wet earth the print of a naked foot. This print indicated that the foot making it lacked several toes. The print was traced and careful reproductions were made by the police according to the scientific methods already explained in this paper. These reproductions were also accompanied by an exact, accurate description of the print.

This evidence was preserved, but it did not lead to the arrest of Seliman ben Barbi.

Other evidences connected with the affair, however, indicated that this Arab was the criminal and he was finally taken into custody. His foot showed no peculiarities and the police were not able to advance in the matter until the *juge d'instruction* forced the Arab to walk barefoot on a plank covered with mud. The tracks made by the man in this medium demonstrated conclusively that he was the person who had made the track in the garden. It proved that the peculiar position of the toes in walking caused the track of the Arab to give the impression of a foot curiously deformed by the loss of its toes.

This case conspicuously illustrates the great cardinal rule in the scientific study of footprints—namely, that a foot must never be compared with an imprint.

An inspector once came to the leading criminologist at a Germanic university and told him that he had discovered the person who had left behind a footprint.

"How do you know that?" said the criminologist.

"I know it," replied the inspector, "because the man's foot fits into the track."

The criminologist laughed in the inspector's face.

"You have fitted a foot into a track? *Mein Gott!*"

Every authority on the subject points out that one must never compare the foot with a print or undertake to fit a foot into a print. One must compare the imprint found at the scene of the crime with a like imprint of the foot of the accused taken in a similar medium, and never with the foot itself.

In many American cases, courts and examining inspectors have ignorantly gone forward with the comparison of the foot of the accused with the imprint found at the place of the crime—a thing that no competent foreign inspector would ever think of doing. The foot at rest is always shorter and wider than the foot when walking. And the most distinguishing peculiarities of a footprint are given by the way in which the subject puts his foot down and removes it when he walks. There is always a twist to a print, which the foot in repose does not show. The proper method is to take the imprints of the accused's foot under conditions as nearly resembling those of the imprint in question as possible. Thus, if the imprint is that of a man walking, the imprint of the accused must be taken walking.

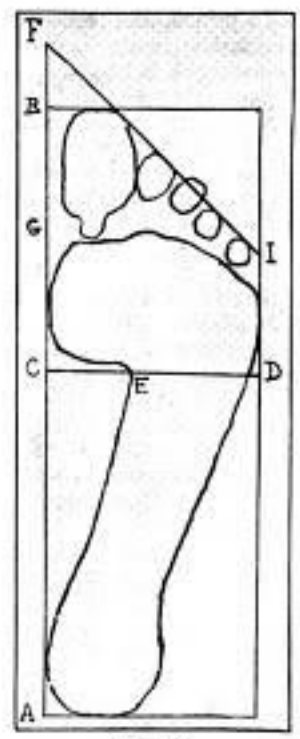


Figure 7

Niceforo, Florence and Frecon suggest a number of methods by which the imprint of the accused may be

(Concluded on Page 73)

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EPHEIMER

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY M. LEONE BRACKER

THE glass doors of the great hall of the Conifer Arms were open to the soft purple night. A bland Southern air, spiced by the undulating miles of pines, stirred, insidious and relaxing. The Northern papers spoke of driving snow and ever-dropping mercury; but here such conditions seemed mythical—to belong to another world. The women, coming from dinner, wore sheer, simple gowns; the men, in smoking jackets, gathered over their cigarettes in the open doorways.

The latter, sun-bronzed in winter—that sign of comfortable leisure—discussed exclusively one topic—golf. They were very much of a kind—smooth-faced, youngish-looking men, given to confident pronouncements, an imperturbable arrogance of self-assurance. Though they said little about their actual scores over the near-by golf course, they radiated a certain satisfaction with their game.

One, a tall, ungainly Scotchman with unruly red hair, pale blue eyes and thick features, was briefly describing a well-timed putt.

"I lost two hundred on that green this morning," a listener added.

He was a small, thin man with a prominent nose and a level gray gaze. There were no comments on this statement; when a man, notable principally because of his fine pearls, studied the last speaker. Finally he said:

"Carter, how many will you start me up in thirty-six holes?"

Carter answered immediately:

"Three, for what you like a hole."

"Not a chance!" Arnold Sears replied. "You're handicapped at five, and I haven't even a national rating."

"You're a clever fellow, Sears," Kettel, the Scotchman, told him. "You have no rating, and yet you play one of the most useful games I know. I'll bet you are farther to the good than any other here. I'll bet, too, if you'd show an honest card it would read close to eighty-five."

"Nonsense!" Sears declared irritably. "I'm erratic, and consistency's the only other name for golf. I might bring in a good score to-day; but to-morrow —— The train must be in; there's the bus."

The conversation was dropped while the group swung about in their chairs to study what new arrivals might appear. There was an appreciable delay and then Arnold Sears ejaculated a surprised phrase. A small, exactly rotund man, with pronounced Semitic features and a cheerfully mild and inviting gaze, confidently led a companion figure, and evidently their two wives, to the registry desk.

Sears' interest faded, and he turned away. Kettel, his long legs stretched out, lamented the local necessity of hunting the privacy of a room for a drink. But Carter, lounging to the desk for mail, took a brief glance at the signatures. He returned, dropped into his chair and reported:

"Epheimer, the Mrs., and the Solly Benjamins."

II

SHORTLY after the newcomers had mounted from the hall, the uniformed house boys literally staggered into sight under mounds of opulently black-and-gold-stamped hand bags, rolls and wraps; and one dragged, in addition, a large, heavy bag of golf clubs. At this last object the expression on Arnold Sears' face changed; a carefully masked interest drew his gaze after the long, leather strapped and hooded white bag. He thought: "One look at the clubs and I can get the fellow's game to a hole. . . . To-morrow!"

Sears was midway through an excellent cigar; Carter was explaining a recondite and useful point at auction bridge—in other words, Sears was thoroughly comfortable—when a small woman in beautiful lace and with the manner of a naval commander at sea stopped at the edge of the group.

"Arnold!" she pronounced. The content instantly left the man's face; a momentary annoyance was apparent, which he hastily concealed.



"He said: 'Epheimer, keep your head down and do like I say'"

"Coming right away!" he exclaimed, crushing his cigar into the glass tray at his elbow. He rose, nodding to the others. "See you at the clubhouse to-morrow," he announced.

When Sears left, Kettel winked heavily at the men who remained.

"Good husband, and all that!" he ejaculated. "Doesn't waste the lady's money. What have you had out of him, Carter?"

"Nothing much—a trifle at bridge; a little less at golf. He's an accomplished match-maker and can putt with any."

"He's got over four hundred of mine at the Ancient and Honorable," Kettel declared; "and I don't just see where. I have thirty yards on him."

"He is careful," Carter insisted, "and he can concentrate. Sears doesn't take a chance with ten dollars on the roll. He sinks it; you have got to hand it to him. His bridge is good too—years of the best French clubs; and his poker is well above par. I don't believe he handles any sums over his winnings; the old girl keeps him flat; and that is why he is so keen and so efficient."

"I'll get it back from him," Kettel declared, rising. "I can no let a sum like that rest away from me. The old family burying ground would look like a plowed field from the twistings and cursings of earlier Kettels. If it rains in the night I'll catch him on a heavy turf."

As he moved away Carter followed him with a slightly narrowed gaze; eyebrows were raised, but nothing more said in that connection.

It did rain liberally until morning, when a steaming sunlight gleamed on the bronze boles of the pines and the sparse gray-green grass of the golf course. Kettel, in baggy rough knickerbockers and gaiters, overtook Sears as the latter was going out on the bricked veranda of the inn.

"How are you for a match this morning?" the Scotchman demanded. "You've got me so badly that I will have to double the stakes or move out entirely."

"Not this morning," Sears promptly replied. "The course will be soaked; besides, I want to look over some mail."

As he spoke, Epheimer, followed by "the Mrs. and the Solly Benjamins," stepped out into the morning. Epheimer's cheerful benevolence included every object and condition visible; he smiled at the universe, at the pines, at Arnold Sears and Kettel. "We must have our game, Solly," he told his companion. "I'll give you a stroke a hole, and then take all your credit away from you."

"I wish, Isadore, you could get a game with one of these regular players," the other returned. "It doesn't make you anything to go round with me. You have the club gold cup twice already now ——"

The conveyance from hotel to golf course drew up and Kettel climbed to a seat.

"Perhaps you'll play this afternoon?" he called back to Arnold Sears.

"I'd like to," that individual loudly replied; "but my game's so rotten now—hardly better than a hundred. You can make a match with the professional."

Epheimer turned and surveyed Sears with a personal and inviting cordiality. "But, Solly"—he turned again to his friend—"I couldn't think of giving you a stroke a hole."

The exclusive Mr. Sears drew nearer, exposing an open and friendly interest in the discussion.

III

"I HAVEN'T seen him since breakfast," Carter replied to a query, comfortably settled in a leathern chair after dinner.

"He stayed in to look over some mail this morning," Kettel continued. "I went out in a cheap foursome, got in late, hardly made my caddie fee, and he was still out of sight. There he is now."

The familiar group turned and saw Sears leisurely making his way across the hall. The latter nodded, clipped the end from a cigar and continued on his way.

"That's extraordinary," the Scotchman complained; "it's the first evening he hasn't stopped with us. I wonder what's up? Sears surely wouldn't drop out because he's ahead!"

"Oh, no," Carter replied defensively. "Sears looks closely at a bet; but he is a good fellow underneath. And, after all, he doesn't pinch a gold piece so tight as you do, you careful Scot."

"It hurts me to see a shilling misdirected," Kettel admitted. "It's an honest Highland trait. Could we have some bridge this night, do you think?"

Their eyes followed the sally of Isadore Epheimer and his companions from the dining room. Isadore, oblivious of the public's gaze, clasped his wife's hand in a frankly affectionate and sentimental manner, and the second couple followed with intertwined arms.

"Very pastoral," Kettel commented in his harsh voice. "Look; there's Epheimer speaking to Arnold Sears, and introducing him to his women."

The former was radiating sociability and satisfaction.

"My wife, Mr. Sears," he pronounced with a palpable pleasure at that conjunction; "and my good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Solly Benjamin. Mr. Sears," he continued, "is the gentleman I was telling you about who ——"

His voice was lost to the interested group across the hall. The group passed amiably down the long vista and disappeared in the direction of the evening dancing. Kettel wondered fretfully what it was all about.

The morning following he left a solid breakfast only in time to see Sears departing for the golf club in the first hack. That evening, too, the latter was absent from his customary seat, and missing to his familiars the next day. They saw him only for a hasty word, an evaded query or invitation, when he would vanish with the gait and finality of a man bent on exclusive and important affairs. It was Carter who broke the leisurely flow of the evening discourse with the first authentic news of Arnold Sears.

"I've got it now," he announced, flinging himself into a comfortable chair. "Sears had to open up to me this afternoon. . . . He's been playing golf with Epheimer." He paused, gazing at his surprised audience. "Sears let me know, because he wanted to arrange a little foursome—or, rather, because Epheimer insisted on it. Sears would have kept quiet until the end of time. It seems," said Carter impressively, "that Epheimer is worth something between two and three hundred dollars a day to Arnold."

Kettel whistled long and enviously.

"The miser!" he exclaimed—"to keep all that to himself! He should have split it up with his friends; let some of the rest of us in on it."

As Kettel contemplated the sums involved, a parsimonious greed was clear on his weather-beaten face. "How much would you have split up, Kettel?" someone gibed.

"Arnold wanted to play with me against Epheimer and the club professional," Carter proceeded. "Willie Bangs

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has been teaching so much that his game has gone way off; and Sears says Epheimer, who thinks he is Braid and Vardon rolled into one, can be beaten by any fair woman. Epheimer, it seems, playing with the professional, will back his side for any amount. . . . Arnold and myself really have a very pretty chance."

"When is this holocaust to come off?"

"To-morrow—thirty-six holes; and we don't want any ribald gallery."

A marked discontent settled over Kettel; he muttered, more Scotch than usual, and consumed an inordinate number of villainous black cigars.

"Well," he shot out at Carter at the end of the next day, "did you bring it away in sacks?"

"It's never really safe to gamble against a professional," Carter replied evasively. "Willie hit some very pretty shots."

And that was all the group could get from him about the day's proceedings. Later, in spite of Sears' obvious efforts to steer Epheimer safely past the danger of his old associates, Epheimer insisted on stopping and being introduced. He was received with enthusiasm, an effusive welcome, in the warmth of which his eager cheerfulness of being glowed. This, Arnold Sears attended with a growing frown.

"My game is pretty good now," Epheimer declared confidently; "easier swing."

Kettel applauded.

"I would like to take you on, Mr. Epheimer; but, from what you just said, you would have to give me something."

"I've got a series yet with my friend here, Sears. Then I would be delighted. I might be able to give you a little if it goes as well as it did to-day. But," he added, "it seems we're wasting time right now. Couldn't a little game be arranged?"

"Can't be done," Arnold Sears put in—"that is, I can't. Promised my wife to be back in an hour." He glanced at the gold dial on his wrist.

"Well," Epheimer agreed immediately, "another time. But an hour—that's something. We could have a couple of rounds of red dog. Of course all you gentlemen know red dog."

"Never heard of it on the other side," Kettel pronounced without interest.

"Haven't played it in a club," Sears added.

"It is very simple," Epheimer told them. "We might go into that side room ——"

Kettel and Sears rose indifferently, and accompanied by Carter and two others they moved to a more secluded spot.

"The dealer doesn't play," Epheimer explained, presiding benevolently over a pack of cards. "Everyone else is dealt five, in two and three, and the pack is put, face down, on the table. But, first, we must have a bank, something to play for—five or perhaps ten cents each to start."

"Wouldn't have left my chair for five cents," Arnold Sears declared.

"And only for an hour," Kettel continued; "make it twenty-five."

Epheimer made an eloquent gesture.

"Just as you say," he agreed cheerfully. "But red dog is a treacherous game, gentlemen. I learned it from a party of Pennsylvania State Senators. Well, the pack is placed face down; then each man bets or not, as he wishes, that he has a higher card in his hand, of the same suit, than the one the dealer turns up on the top of the deck. That's all; very simple. And you can bet the whole pot or any fraction of it, taking out what you chance if you win, or losing if you fail."

A thoughtful expression crossed Carter's face. He muttered:

"Mathematical progression."

Sears said tersely:

"Shoot!"

Epheimer dealt the cards in a manner radiating eager friendliness and good will. His round face flushed with pleasure; his mild gaze seemed, beside the cool calculation of Carter, Sears' arrogant self-possession, Kettel's frowning concentration, that of an awkward youth before a trial board of vindictive seniors. Three men bet, failed to hold a winning card, and the pot contained ten dollars.

The following hand Epheimer won a deprecating risk; Carter won; but, in spite of that, Kettel plunged, lost, and the sum on the table was doubled. In a surprisingly short time the pot held ninety dollars. Kettel's expression had intensified. Sears had discarded his aloofness; he won, and then lost twice. Others won; but the pot slowly and steadily mounted, doubled and redoubled.

"Why," Carter finally exclaimed, "at a quarter we might easily have ten thousand dollars on the table in an hour!" Epheimer, studying his hand, reiterated:

"It's a treacherous game."

The bank now held two hundred and sixty dollars. A long, lean individual in shell glasses had dealt. Carter and an unremarkable example of the "tired business man" had dropped out. Kettel, after long hesitation, decided to hazard ten dollars. Sears said equably:

"I'll go the pot; now it's five hundred and forty dollars."

Epheimer added, in a rush of good fellowship:

"I tell you"—he beamed—"it's my game. I'll give you all a chance; here's the pot again. Now it is ten hundred and eighty dollars."

Kettel exposed his hand before the top card was faced, and the others followed his example. The Scotchman had four suits, but with exceptionally low diamonds and hearts. Arnold Sears had three aces—hearts, clubs and spades—and a second club and heart. Epheimer's hand was unremarkable; all suits were represented—a queen his highest card; an eight the lowest. The dealer leisurely turned the top card of the deck. It was the five of diamonds. Kettel had only the three; Sears' aces lay impotently before him; Epheimer reached out an apologetic hand. He had the eight of diamonds.

"Why," Sears burst out, after a swift calculation, "I've lost nearly seven hundred dollars at this confounded nursery pastime!"

He glared at Epheimer.

"It's treacherous," said Epheimer; "but if we start another pot perhaps you'll get it back."

"I'm off," Sears declared, rising; "hour's nearly up. I'll see you, Epheimer, at the club to-morrow."

"Not till Thursday," the other replied; "I've got to go away two days on business."

IV

ON THURSDAY morning Arnold Sears was the first player to call a caddie from the nondescript collection of colored boys, betting their two bits over a contracted course of one hole. He waited impatiently for nearly an hour, when, almost with an exclamation of relief, he saw Epheimer descend from the club motor.

"Business successful?" he asked in a decent impulse.

"I don't know yet," Epheimer replied; "maybe it will be something or perhaps it's no good. What shall we play for to-day? The last was twenty dollars a hole."

"You got well into me at red dog," Sears reminded him. "What do you think about doubling it?"

Epheimer whistled his admiration.

"You are a genuine platinum sport! But I'm no stopper; play it for forty."

Epheimer had not been constructed for the physical niceties of golf; the "follow through" was abruptly arrested by his short rotund bulk; the "top of his swing" was only achieved by a straining, a facial contortion, that made ease and accuracy difficult if not impossible. Nevertheless, he addressed each shot with the shining confidence that lures the most impotent golfers constantly forward in a rosy and immaterial hope. He teed his ball and swung with a swift, snapping jerk.

"I can never drive the first hole," he complained; "I'm all stiff yet."

Sears played his shot in irreproachable form. It was a short drive but true, and came to rest on the most advantageous part of the fairway. Epheimer had to play out of the rough; he swung a heavy mashie; an avalanche of sand rose and the ball rolled a few inches, into a more difficult position. Again a cloud of débris floated out; but the ball appeared in the course. There Epheimer, swinging himself from his feet, managed, nevertheless, to land fairly on the ball, and it flew a most amazing distance, and beyond the green. Arnold Sears holed out in five and Epheimer required eight.

But at the next hole Sears got into difficulty; his ball fell into a hoofprint and he wasted two shots. Epheimer won and grew instantly jubilant.

"It's only the first hole that gets me," he declared; "after that I am as good as anybody. The match is all square."

"With sixteen holes to go," Sears reminded him irritably.

The fellow's confounded optimism got on his nerves. Sears played with minute care, putted with precision, and won. But he again had bad luck—a longer shot than he usually played dropped his ball into water. Epheimer, who had had a lengthy but erratic second shot, addressed his next effort with elaborate caution. As he teetered over his ball, the two caddies, away at the edge of the fairgreen and at least ten yards distant from Epheimer, moved. He straightened up in a flash of indignation.

"Don't you know anything about it?" he cried. "Can you move like that when I am playing important forty-dollar shots?"

His indignation fed itself and he swore. When he was at last comparatively composed he played and hit the ball on the top. It rolled swiftly toward the green and ditch into which Sears had blundered, but at the edge of the water struck a mound and jumped safely to the green.

"How's that?" Epheimer demanded, delighted. "Rolled it right up to the flag! A four on a par five hole!"

"You were shot in the eye with luck," Sears told him brutally.

Sears was seriously annoyed; already mishaps had cost him eighty dollars. He put the past holes out of his mind and settled solidly to the winning of what remained. As Carter said, Sears' game was not strong but accurate; he rarely needed seven for a hole, though he seldom got a three. Epheimer, contrarily, often took seven—even eight; but on a short hole he required only two. He occasionally drove a long ball, putted sometimes in luck, but went to pieces completely when approaching the green.

They were now on the fifteenth green and Arnold Sears was six up—two hundred and forty dollars ahead. Epheimer studied his bag. *(Continued on Page 65)*



"My Wife, Mr. Sears; and My Good Friends, Mr. and Mrs. Jolly Benjamin"

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How Much and Who Gets It

By WILL PAYNE

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

THE other day my friend Penfield was reading the annual-review section of his daily newspaper. It was like rereading the story of Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp. It said the foreign trade of the United States had nearly doubled in two years and a half, rising to eight billion dollars, which is much more foreign trade than any other nation ever had. It said bank deposits had climbed well over the twenty-billion-dollar line, which is miles above high-water mark for any other country. It said our factories, mines and railroads were doing much more business than ever before, and far more than any other country ever did. It said labor was more fully employed than ever, and at decidedly the highest wages ever known. It gave a long table of wage increases during the last two years that footed up into the hundreds of millions; and it pointed out that farmers, whether they raised wheat in Minnesota, cotton in Texas, potatoes in Maine or beans in Michigan, were getting the highest gold prices on record for their products.

That review was a regular orgy of wealth. It looked like the jewel scene in a musical spectacle, where everything is gold except what is diamonds, pearls and rubies.



An Old-Fashioned Family to Support

Having read it Penfield went downtown in an amazed and admiring frame of mind. On the first corner a person without an overcoat touched his arm with a blue hand and asked him whether he would give a hungry man a dime. Down a cross street he saw a large sign, affixed to the Elevated Railroad structure. It said that, though Christmas was over, poverty was not; cold weather brought much suffering to the poor, and the United Charities would gratefully receive his contribution. In his evening newspaper he read that forty thousand men and women had gone on strike, alleging that they couldn't live decently on their wages.

All of which set him to thinking. Penfield is fifty years old. His salary is considered quite handsome by those who get less and quite magnificent by those who pay it—though any one of the latter would be appalled by the prospect of having to live on it himself. Penfield and family consider it rather pindling; but, with good management, it suffices and leaves a bit over for the stocking every year.

Those Untouched by Boom or Panic

HE REMEMBERS, as a boy, having received vague impressions of terrible doings down-east, with machine guns on top of freight cars and some strikers shot. Later on he connected those vague impressions with the panic of 1873 and the hard times ensuing. He remembers distinctly long queues of somewhat shabby persons at the doors of savings banks—reaching down the street a full block and vigilantly kept in line by policemen—during the panic year 1893, and in the next three years other queues of still shabbier persons at the doors of free soup kitchens; also, in those years, the phenomenon of Coxey's Army of the Unemployed, from which the newspapers derived much amusement.

He remembers a panic in 1907, with much unemployment and industrial depression for some time thereafter; and he remembers various boom periods, like 1900, 1906, 1912 and 1916. Penfield himself has never been either panic-stricken or boomed. So far as he can see, it has never made five cents' difference to him whether the country was floundering in the deepest trough of depression or riding the topmost wave of prosperity. His business requires him to travel a great deal, and he has the usual assortment of acquaintances.

Among those he knows well enough to have any definite idea of their material circumstances he cannot recall one who was ever personally hit by panic and depression. He knows a few who, through lucky investments or speculations, or a swift expansion in business, have got a piece of boom; but much the greater number of his personal acquaintances, like himself, have gone on just about the same in good times and bad times. If here and there one has got moderately rich it has been through a continuous stable process—the steady growth of the enterprise he was connected with or a steady application of ability and judgment—and not because of a boom. If here and there one has got very poor it was plainly because he was foolish or dissipated, and not because of hard times.

If he had to rely upon his own personal touch with the world he would say that good times and bad times are mostly mere figures of speech. But he feels bound to admit that his immediate personal experience isn't adequate, for he belongs to that class which those less fortunate call well-to-do, and much the greater part of his personal acquaintances belong to that class. He knows that to the shabby persons at the free soup kitchens hard times are no mere figure of speech. As he is out in the country more or less every year, he knows that boom is a very solid reality to the farmer who gets twenty cents a pound for his cotton instead of ten, or a dollar and ninety cents a bushel for his wheat instead of ninety.

Admitting that boom and panic are not mere figures of speech, then, and reading that for two years this country had experienced such a boom as never before fell to the lot of any country, he was possessed by a curiosity to find out as nearly as possible what a great boom really came to; how much wealth it tangibly meant to anybody; and who got it.

Like most men with sufficient curiosity to read at all outside the realm of fiction, he had read some of the popular writings on economics—that is, John Stuart Mill, Karl Marx—at second hand—and Henry George. From reading them he had formed an opinion that wealth is not only distributed with monstrous inequality but that its inequality is progressive, the rich ever becoming richer and the poor poorer.

When he took up the subject again, on a somewhat more extensive scale, he was shocked to learn that in the judgment of those who profess to speak with authority the deductions of Mill, Marx and George as to the distribution of wealth are no more scientific than is Thomas Hood's celebrated poem, The Song of the Shirt. Mill, these authorities said, had no adequate data for a scientific study of the subject; Marx was not much better off; and to Henry George it was all so obviously a question of land monopoly that it hardly needed argument in detail.

They saw a monstrous inequality—a few men, relatively speaking, who were very rich and obviously getting richer, along with an increasing number of men who were very poor; so their writings tended to inspire an easy, impressionistic deduction that as the rich got richer the poor got poorer; that a few hogged nearly all the wealth; and that it was precisely the very rich who kept the very poor in their calamitous state.

But it occurred to Penfield that this deduction, drawn from the two extremes, took no account of a large social territory in between; and so could by no means be regarded as an adequate study of the distribution of wealth. He was not rich or poor; nobody whom he personally knew was very rich or very poor. In the course of a year he saw a great lot of people who were neither rolling in affluence nor pinched by poverty.

Turning to the census reports, he found that the wealth of the United States in 1910 was about a hundred and sixty billion dollars, and by far the biggest item in it which could be definitely allotted with regard to ownership was farm wealth, consisting of farm lands, buildings, tools, machinery and livestock. This came to over forty billion dollars, or, roughly, one-quarter of the total.

There were over six million farms. Nearly four million of them were worked by their owners. He knew from his own observation that ownership of the remaining farms, which were worked by tenants, was widely distributed. He concluded there must be five million farm-owning families in the United States; and, as the census said there were twenty million families altogether, that would be one-quarter of the total. One-quarter of the families owning one-quarter of the wealth were, therefore, in just the ideal position.

The Wealth in the Hands of the Few

MOREOVER, census reports showed that this farm wealth had increased as rapidly as total wealth. The census said that over nine million families out of the twenty millions owned the homes in which they lived. Nearly one-third of these homes were mortgaged, and no value was stated; but even a humble home with a mortgage on it is that much rescued from plutocracy.

In the economics department of the Public Library Penfield found a dozen or more volumes dealing at large with this subject of the distribution of wealth. He also invariably found that if the volume was written in a sober spirit, and by a person well qualified to deal with the subject, it began by explaining that data were not in existence from which anybody could compile a really satisfactory statement; all the most competent and best intentioned investigator could do was to make a more or less shrewd guess, based on inconclusive information. He discovered further that, though the best qualified writers approached the subject in that modest and apologetic spirit, some writers who were not very well qualified handed out cocksure conclusions.

A somewhat elaborate study of the subject ten years ago resulted in the guess that one per cent of the population owned over half the wealth—more wealth, that is, than the other ninety-nine per cent of the population owned. By a few graceful transformations this presently flowered into a bald declaration that one per cent of the population owned ninety-nine per cent of the wealth. Penfield remembered having encountered that declaration more than once.

But he cared less about wealth than about income. It was income that his family lived on—and every other family. Give him a guaranty of a satisfactory salary for the remainder of his life, and he would care little about owning anything. He knew quite a lot of men who occupied rented houses and owned nothing worth mentioning, yet who lived decidedly better on their salaries than most property-owning farmers did.

So far as he could see, there would be only a sentimental objection to letting Mr. Rockefeller own all the wealth in

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the country provided the people could manage it to suit themselves and enjoy the income from it. If there were poor people, what they needed was not wealth, but income. Clearly distribution of income was much more important than distribution of wealth.

With that idea in mind he turned to the income-tax returns. The surtax, he found, begins with an income of twenty thousand dollars a year, which at five per cent would be the yield on a fortune of four hundred thousand dollars—or, at four per cent, on five hundred thousand. Certainly nowadays nobody who hasn't a fortune of half a million or an income of twenty thousand can hope to be considered very rich. Even a man with a million dollars is not considered very rich now. In popular writing those who are untowardly and obnoxiously rich—and so presumed to be hogging most of the goods—are always referred to as multi-millionaires. Surely, then, any income of less than twenty thousand dollars might be regarded as in a state of innocence.

In 1915 surtax was paid on a little less than one billion dollars of income, from twenty thousand a year upward. But the professional economists whose writings Penfield consulted warned him that he mustn't lean very heavily on income-tax returns. They pointed out that the manner in which the tax is levied made the returns valuable as indications, but hard-and-fast conclusions could not be drawn from them—though there was a reasonable presumption that big incomes were more fully reported than comparatively small incomes, because a big income is almost always conspicuous.

What Foreign Income Taxes Show

HE FOUND that recently Prof. W. I. King, of the University of Wisconsin, published the most comprehensive study of the distribution of income which has yet been made, the investigation including an examination of all previous publications on the subject. From all information available Professor King constructed a table—admittedly made up in large part of more or less arbitrary estimates—from which it appeared that in 1910 incomes in excess of twenty thousand dollars a year came, all told, to a little less than three billion dollars. As the total income of all the people of the United States came to thirty billion dollars, this would be somewhat under ten per cent of the total.

For more than seventy years—not counting the first experiment a century ago—England has had an income tax. It is far more inclusive than ours, because it begins with incomes of eight hundred dollars a year. There is an elaborate system for catching incomes at their source. Long experience and careful study have made the British Government very expert in unearthing incomes.

Thus, while the total income of all the people is estimated at twelve billion dollars a year, more than five billions, or forty per cent of the total, is covered by the income-tax returns. Those returns, therefore, are far more valuable for studying the distribution of income than any figures applicable to the United States are. And England is an industrial country, organized about like the United States and with income distributed in about the same way. The British income-tax returns show that incomes in excess of twenty-five thousand dollars a year amount to about six per cent of the total.

Germany also has a pretty fine-webbed income tax, which it enforces with the ruthless thoroughness for which that country is famous. Its returns show that incomes in excess of twenty-five thousand dollars a year amount to about six per cent of the total; and Germany is an industrial country, organized much like the United States. Available information from all three countries would put the income of the "rich" at not over ten per cent.

That involves, of course, a gross inequality in distribution of income, for the persons who enjoy this ten per cent of the total income amount to only a small fraction of the population.

Suppose—Penfield thought—some delectable scheme of social reformation succeeded in taking away the income of the rich and distributing it pro rata among those who were not rich. The income of the latter obviously would be increased somewhat less than ten per cent—and their problem of paying the rent, the grocer and the doctor would be substantially just what it had been before. An increase of ten per cent in his income, he knew, wouldn't change his problems in any material way. But he was already considered comfortably off.

Suppose people in his class got no share in the distribution. Say the income of those who got twenty thousand dollars a year and upward was distributed pro rata among the families that got less than two thousand dollars a year. The income of the latter, comprising by far the greater part of the population, would be increased less than fourteen per cent and their economic problems would remain pretty much what they had been before.

As, by these calculations, ninety per cent of the income was distributed among those who were not rich, it struck Penfield that there had been too much bothering about the rich, and for practical purposes they might almost as well be left out of the account altogether. Evidently the rich were very far from hogging most of the goods—however much they might like to.

Suppose all the income was divided equally among all the people. The census said there were twenty million-and-odd families averaging four and a half persons each. That didn't exactly satisfy Penfield, because he knew that, for income purposes, a lot of unmarried self-supporting men and women belong to no family group. He found a calculation that divided the population into nearly twenty-eight million income-receiving units. A total income of thirty billions divided equally among twenty million families would, of course, give fifteen hundred dollars a year to each. Divided among nearly twenty-eight million income-receiving units, it would give each of them about eleven hundred dollars a year.

That reminded him of his nephew, Ben, a young man employed in a clerical capacity in a big bank, at a salary of a hundred and twenty-five dollars a month—or just the fifteen hundred dollars a year an exact division among the census families would give. Ben's family consists of himself, a wife and a year-old baby. They occupy a four-room apartment far out in the northwest section of the city. Ben's wife takes care of the baby and does the housework herself, except when a woman comes in once a week to wash, and another woman comes in every Thursday afternoon to catch up with some arrears of heavier housework and to mind the baby. That is the only time Ben's wife has to run downtown or call on a friend. The young pair can very seldom go out evenings, for there is the baby.

Penfield, with very well-settled notions about thrift, couldn't see that they were extravagant in any respect; yet every month it was nip and tuck between the pay check and the living expenses.

True, they paid thirty-three dollars a month rent. But when Penfield looked over some of the habitations they could get for less—which were stove-heated, or in dingy buildings in dingy neighborhoods, or very inconvenient with regard to transportation—he couldn't blame them. Their clothing cost more than was necessary to protect them from the weather; but, remembering that he felt uncomfortable in conspicuously shabby clothes, he couldn't blame them for that. They ate very simple food, prepared in simple fashion. Their expenditures for amusements, including car fare for social calls, were not over five dollars a month. There was only one child, requiring nothing, as yet, for education.

When Penfield expanded Ben's family to the average four and a half, with a couple of well-grown children going to school and wearing out shoes at an appalling rate, then wanting to go to college—and looked over his own family budget, with a daughter in high school and a son at college—he concluded that fifteen hundred a year for a city family nowadays was just thinly veneered poverty.

Not Enough Wealth to Go Round

OF COURSE he found a good many careful calculations as to what a family of four and a half could live on; they mostly agreed that, on a basis of prices somewhat lower than now prevails, such a family in a big city could live decently on somewhere from eight to nine hundred dollars a year. But when he looked over the items of this "decent" living he saw it meant mere subsistence. For that a family could get a tight roof over its head, enough clothing and fuel to keep it warm, enough food to nourish it—and so be as well off as a cave man; except that the cave man had a lot of exciting sport and much leisure to contemplate life.

Penfield knew well enough, without asking them, how absolutely indecent and utterly impossible his own wife and children, to say nothing of himself, would regard such living.

The trouble, he concluded, was not at all that relatively few rich men hogged nearly all the goods; but that there were too few goods. With all the income equally divided the country would still be poor, and no one could live in a way that he or anybody he knew would regard as adequate. What was needed, he opined, was greater production of wealth—greater income.

He went at it, then, from a different angle. There was the census report on manufactures, showing a little more than seven million wage-earners employed—that being the average number during the year—and total wages somewhat above four billion dollars. That would give an average wage of five hundred and eighty dollars a year, or less than fifty dollars a month, and evidently too low. But, taking the total gross income of manufactures—that is, the value of all the products turned out during the year—and boiling that down to a single dollar, he found that fifty-nine cents of it went for raw materials consumed in the factories; nine cents went for miscellaneous expenses, including taxes; five cents plus went for salaries—divided among nearly a million salaried employees—and about seventeen cents for wages. Taking the fractions into account, practically ten cents remained. Out of that should come a charge for depreciation of plant. The remainder should be regarded as going to capital—for rent, interest, dividends and surplus.

On any reasonable calculation for depreciation, then, if the total share that went to capital in

(Concluded on Page 61)



Nobody Loves a Rich Man

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WITH CANADA AT THE SOMME

By WILL IRWIN

SOME of the Canadian divisions were resting in the peace trenches when we saw them in November, and some were still in the fiery muck of the Somme. "Resting," as they use the word, is only a comparative term. In November last there were two great areas of blazing action along the great line—the Somme and Verdun. Elsewhere proceeded the same old winter trench warfare. The very intensity of the Somme and Verdun actions had drawn much of the vim from this fighting; it proceeded perfunctorily, especially in the sectors defended by the Saxons, whose motto is "Live and let live." A Canadian captain, just back from his turn in these front trenches, came one night into a headquarters where we were visiting. He had been through the mill with Canada since the first—the gas attack of Second Ypres, the long five months of passive endurance under concentrated fire on the Ypres Salient, and finally the indescribable battling at the Somme. "Well, thank God for peace!" he exclaimed as he threw off his pack.

And one afternoon, when a glimpse of sun gave a chance for observation, we climbed to a ridge from which we could view the bloodiest sector of the old line—Notre Dame de Lorette Ridge, all one great graveyard, where skeletons lie unburied in the shell holes; the curve—like a light surf on the beaches—of Loos, where Britain got at cost her education in trench warfare; the battered, deserted mining villages that fringe Lens.

While we watched the British were bombarding desultorily; and presently seven great, wide-spreading British aëroplanes, back from a raid, came coursing out of the clouds and crossed the line. The Germans, of course, fired on them—fired high-explosive shell, which bursts sharply, trails black smoke instead of white, and seems more sinister than the puffy shrapnel burst. They sent exactly five shots at this squadrilla. You could imagine the gunners remarking as they loaded and let go: "Well, it has to be done." The casualty clearing stations reported as many cases of ordinary small accidents as injuries by enemy fire. Which would have been pleasant and comfortable, as war goes, but for the mud. I have heard of tropical rains. If they can pour any more violently than those of Northern France, take me to the Arctic. When we crossed the Channel the rain was coming down in sheets that seemed to beat flat even the Channel chop.

A Land of Mud and Muddy Men

THE road from the coast base is one of those perfect highways first laid by the Romans and improved by centuries of intelligent care. It seemed the only dry thing in the landscape; but even then our wheels were always stirring up dirty spray. The brooks were rivers; the hollows in the pastures, ponds.

Up by the front, engineer companies were mucking and growing profane in sharp, crackling North American speech over communication trenches which slid now and then like the Culebra Cut. The men waded to position in hip-high gum boots. And an apocryphal legend grew up and passed on from brigade to brigade, so that we heard it at every headquarters where we stopped for dinner or tea or a bed. When—so the tale goes—the Canadians took over a certain section of trench they found an English lieutenant stuck in the mud. And the English commissary sergeant, an imperturbable soldier of the old army, turned him over to the Canadians in the list of "trench stores." The men relieved from the trenches staggered back to the rest stations with gunny-sack coverings over the locks of their muskets; and as they marched the caking crust over their uniforms crackled like thorns in a fire.

The very mules, sometimes, looked as though they had been painted for protective coloration.

"We'll have to get a bath," panted a chatty sergeant from Saskatchewan as he got his breath against a pile of sandbags, "before we can tell whether a Fritz has mixed hisself among us!"

There were three days of these wanderings among a comparatively resting army before we began to see that field of action which has made all the other battles of the world appear insignificant, and they were interesting days enough. Whisked from brigade to brigade, we heard more tales of old action, consorted with more interesting characters, than the human memory can carry. Even the places which serve as division, brigade and corps headquarters have become confused in my mind, picturesque though they be in their present condition.

One morning we drove up to a very pretentious structure grown ripe with age. The entrance ran through a conservatory built on to a kind of morning room where the family had their noon breakfasts, I judge. The palms and tropic orchids, though drooping from lack of care, stood as the family left them. Up against their fronds was a soiled burlap screen pinned and repinned with military maps. The floor was tracked deep with mud left by soldiers too much in a hurry to clean their feet. Tables knocked together from plain boards filled all the floor space; they were littered with the papers and paraphernalia of an army at work. The family had taken away the paintings, and the wall space so cleared was covered with reports, notices, blank forms pinned by thumbtacks into the wall paper; but above the wainscot ran a very good collection of old Dutch china, which the owner had doubtless preferred to leave with the soldiers rather than trust to the transport of these days.

Again, keeping our car to a route which hid us from enemy observation, we dropped into a brigade headquarters one afternoon to find a rather over-prettified modern French château, furnished with much heavy carved wood. The family had taken away the lighter objects, but the great dressers, sideboards and wardrobes stood in place, storerooms for military papers. The owner had evidently been a huntsman. His trophies, such as wild-boars' heads, stuffed foxes and stag horns, rimmed all the walls. He had left behind, too, a big stereoscopic apparatus, with many pictures, and as we entered a Canadian Highlander officer, his kilts all mudcaked, sat looking at pictures with the delight of a boy. Finally, there was a beautiful building with a still more beautiful park. This the owner still uses, along with his military guests. A fine set of family paintings, dating back into the Middle Ages, and a collection of Renaissance Art of great merit, still hold the walls, though all the elegant furnishings have given place to objects of military use. These are the remote headquarters. Near the line, where the guns are ever shaking the window glasses and rattling the thatch, headquarters are more primitive—only things of military necessity.

Also, we have met forceful and engaging characters too numerous for mention or memory. Officers of all nations are likable fellows, and yet, after reconciling one's native ways to Frenchmen, to Italians and to Little Englanders, it is like homecoming to fall among men who speak your native tongue with all its dialectic peculiarities, who joke as you do, who know Broadway. The professional officers among them might have been our own West Pointers, the others might have been trained from our militia. The major general, for example, is all of the Western Continent. He it was who commanded the Canadians at the immortal affair of Second Ypres, where, when the line broke before the new peril of poisoned gas, these men of the West plugged the gap and saved Calais. He commanded, too, during those trying months on the Ypres Salient, a dreary memory to Canada. He is tall, with a stalwart figure growing a little portly. He has a fine forehead, a face all intelligence and determination, and a direct eye. He talks entertainingly, without undue amount either of optimism or of pessimism, concerning the present condition and future prospects of the operations up there—a mind which keeps its balance and observes, whatever the personal interests in the game.

Some Fine Canadian Types

MAJOR GENERAL TURNER is as different physically as may be. Little, dark, quiet, spectacled, he looks somewhat like the modern type of American college professor. He talked little, while we were about, and listened much. Possessed of nerve in the absolute—he is with his men at the fighting front almost every day—he gives in time the impression of vast reserve power. A grave man, he has the kind of solid popularity in all ranks which goes with merit. Major General Dave Watson, who came to war from a newspaper desk, represents a type different from either of these others. They might have been born on either side of the Great Lakes, so purely do they represent the universal English-speaking breed of North America; but Watson is from Quebec. In a keen face, deeply lined, he has a steady gray-blue eye; and he, too, possesses nerve in the absolute.

We had a long smoke talk one evening with Brigadier General Elmsley. Quite common among the Canadians, both officers and men, is that type of Colonial who has kept his roots in the Motherland. Elmsley speaks with an English accent; it is impossible to tell him—save by the maple-leaf insignia on his collar—from the regular English officer of the Imperial Force; quiet, cool, pleasant-spoken, always performing more than the easy, smooth exterior promises. These are some of the higher commanders. Among the officers of the line recur again and again types so much like the men I have known in the States all my life that I grew homesick with old memories. A certain major walked down a road with us, through a twilight heightened by gun lightnings. "I'm one of those stock-exchange privates," he said, laughing, as he passed some comments on the financial situation. And indeed, he might, except for the clothes, have stepped off Wall Street, though he had been "through it" for fifteen weary, perilous months, and had been wounded.

One night, too, we waded kneedeep through mud to an advanced headquarters in a board shack where a young

(Continued on Page 42)

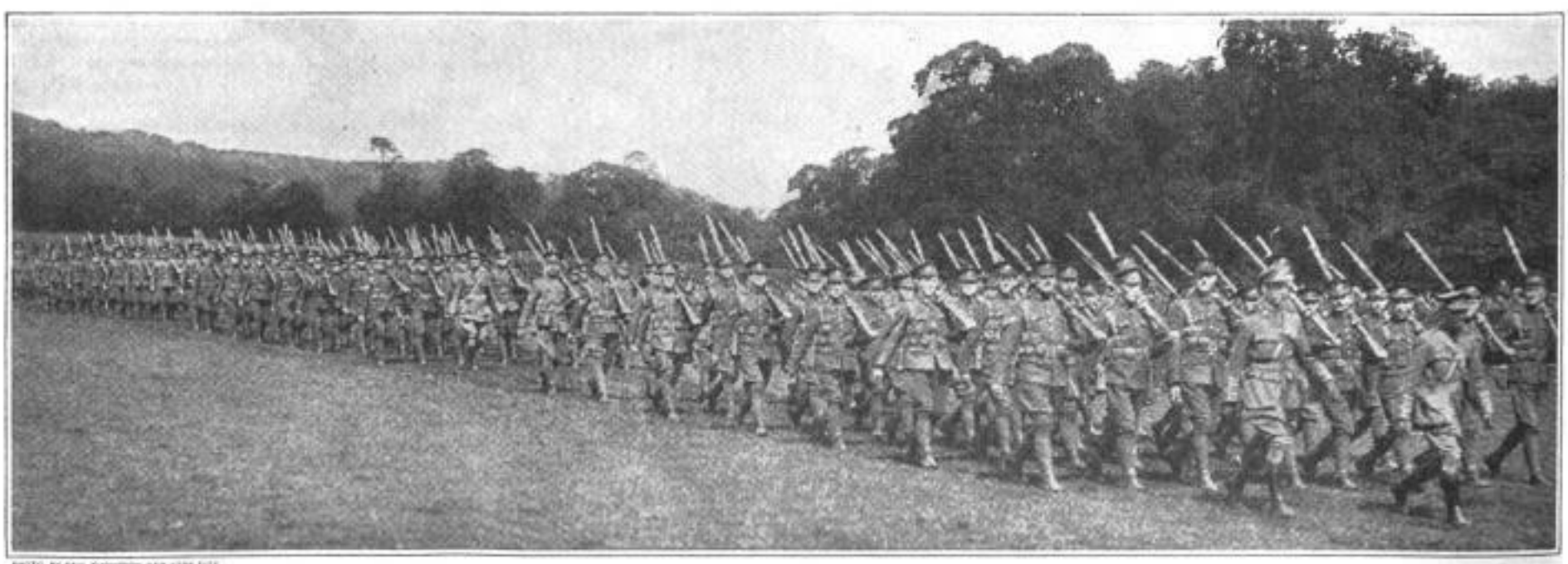


PHOTO BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

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ONE EVERY MINUTE

XII

By Edwin Lefèvre

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THE one thought uppermost in Wilberforce Shadd's mind as he went home that night was that, even if Undersea Craft sold at a thousand dollars a share, he wouldn't make enough to enable him to afford the pleasure of having multimillionaires for boon companions. The fact that at the close the price was 276 gave him a feeling of intense irritation. Why did this measly stock advance so coyly when it knew it had to go a good deal higher, and that he proposed to hold on? It was enough to make a saint swear!

It was after supper that the damage was done. Mrs. Shadd announced that she would not go to the movies owing to an aching corn. Wilberforce, who felt nervous and excited, wished to escape from the monotony, and urged her to be a sport and put on her oldest shoes.

"If you had a corn one-tenth as sore as mine you'd be moaning and groaning, and wanting to be operated on or massaged or something!"

"And you are not saying a word!" said the bold bad Shadd.

As he realized what he said, he looked frightened. Fortunately she was in too great pain.

"I'm staying home so I can soak my feet in hot water. Where's the papers?"

"Here they are," said Shadd, and handed a bundle to her.

There were five; for he wished to read all the versions of the sensation of the day in the outside market—the rise in Undersea Craft common.

"Wha'd'd you buy all the papers for?" she queried complainingly.

Wilberforce Shadd could not tell her the truth; so he told her a lie in order to mollify her:

"I picked them up in the car where they had been left. They didn't cost me anything."

She groaned. The pain made her forget to encourage thrift in her husband. She said:

"I should think you'd have more pride than to go round picking up old newspapers after people."

Shaking her head hopelessly she sat on four of the papers and read the fifth. Wilberforce, who had not read anything but the Curb Market report, several times observed—gently, mindful of her corn:

"Would you mind letting me see one of them, dear?"

She rose, picked up the four upon which she had been sitting, read all the headlines on each front page, and then, after a little hesitation, gave her husband the Evening Sun.

"Save it," she admonished. "I want to see the pictures."

In order not to have to squeeze pennies, but to live like a gentleman, such as those he had met in Wall Street, he must make money. To do that he must not hold for five hundred dollars a share, which would give him just one hundred thousand dollars, but, say, for eight hundred. With one hundred and sixty thousand dollars invested at six per cent, he could get ninety-six hundred dollars a year, or eight hundred a month; in fact, it ought to be an even two hundred dollars a week. To yield that interest the principal must be one hundred and seventy-four thousand dollars. To make one hundred and seventy-four thousand dollars the stock must sell at eight hundred and seventy dollars a share.

These calculations absorbed him. Next to putting money into the bank, there is nothing like figuring your profits in advance, with a lead pencil, on the margin of the newspaper in which you have read the closing prices.

Of course from 276 to 870 was nearly six hundred points. This was what the newspapers would delight in calling an "unprecedented rise." But then, so was the war unprecedented. On the other hand, a man with two hundred dollars a week could do anything, because then he would not be afraid of losing his job; in fact, there was no need to keep any job.

"It wouldn't be our luck!" Mrs. Shadd exclaimed bitterly.

"Did you cut yourself?" he answered, without looking up from his golden statistics.

They had been married ten years. He naturally assumed she was working on her corn.

"No; I didn't. I'm sorry to disappoint you."

He laid down his paper and said mildly:

"You didn't disappoint me." He wondered at her peevishness.

"I was reading about a waiter who bought some stock in Wall Street when it was a few cents, and now it is selling for hundreds of dollars. He is a rich man, and only the other day he was taking five-cent tips in the restaurant of a family hotel uptown. I wonder what hotel it was?"

"I don't know," answered Shadd, putting on the infuriating smile of a man who knows something else and won't tell.

She picked up the newspaper, read another paragraph, and said:

"This waiter bought one hundred shares of U. C. common at 14, when nobody knew it was valuable. Oh, Wilberforce, if we'd had the gumption to look for a chance like this and ——"

Shadd couldn't stand it any longer.

"Look for a chance?" he echoed. "Why, I looked for one for years—day in and day out. Kept my eyes open."

He paused so that she might ask him: "With what success?" Instead, she said soothingly:

"Yes, dear. I'm not blaming you. I was only saying that this ignorant foreigner, who bought one hundred shares at fourteen dollars a share ——"

"And I," shouted Shadd, "bought two hundred shares at 9!"

For corroboration he waved the newspaper at her, on the margin of which he had figured at what price he should sell out the same two hundred shares in order to have an income of two hundred dollars a week. She stared at him in doubt, which gradually turned into terror. She voiced it by telling herself aloud:

"He's crazy!"

"I am not crazy," Shadd denied, knowing both whom she meant and to whom she was speaking.

She stared dazedly at him. She could see it was a different Shadd who spoke, but she did not know it was a Shadd who had tasted success and inhaled the incense of flattery. At all events her husband was not her husband. She couldn't keep the tears back, but she managed to steady her voice.

"That's all right, dearie," she said softly.

"No; it isn't," he contradicted loudly, meaning she need not assume that he was still insane. "I just bought two hundred U. C. common."

"What is that?"

"Undersea Craft common stock."

And Shadd, Wall Street veteran expert, smiled. He went on, modest as all great men are: "I paid 9 for 200 shares."

"Nine what?"

"Dollars."

"For the two hundred shares?" She gazed on him admiringly.

"No," he confessed; "for each share—eighteen hundred dollars for the lot."

"Oh-h-h! Then you took it from the bank! From—the—bank!"

"Yep!" replied Shadd, trying to look brave. He went on hastily: "So I bought the stock and held on like grim death when everybody was advising me to ——"

"From the bank!" repeated Mrs. Shadd.

"Of course" affirmed Shadd, feigning playfulness; even then he was marveling at his own courage.

"And that was the reason you didn't bring the bank book home!"

She shuddered violently at the thought of her weeks of ignorance. Her tragedy showed so plainly on her face that he hastened to inform her:

"Well, just because I had the pluck to take the money I've made fifty thousand dollars."

"Where is it?" she almost shrieked; then she shook her head, denying it to herself.

"In the office of F. T. Woodcock & ——"

"Who?" she asked, and without waiting for the answer walked toward a table where she had left her hat.

"My broker," replied Wilberforce Shadd in the voice in which the Kaiser says "My troops." He went on kindly: "You can't go there now."

She, nevertheless, put on her hat. Then she sat down on the edge of a chair and said:

"Tell me all about it."

"Well," he said, trying to decide on the jump which details to skip and which to play up, "it began with Hen Wilkins' spiel about submarine boats ——"

"Oh, I knew it wasn't your idea," she interjected forgivingly.



"Three Thousand a Year is Good Enough for Any White Person"

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For ten years he had been an honest man. She still believed in him.

"Well, I knew Hen's yarn was crazy in some things; but I also saw where he was right. So I thought about it until I was sure I had sized up the situation correctly."

"And where is the money you say you've made?"

"I told you. In my broker's office."

"But why don't you bring it home—if you've got it?"

"The fifty-thousand-dollar profit is still on paper! There is no cash yet."

"Then you didn't make fifty thousand dollars?"

"Oh, yes; I have—on paper. It closed at 276 ——"

"What are you talking about?" she interrupted. She shook her head twice.

He knew what she was denying to herself, and smiled. He explained:

"The last sale was at 276; which means that if I had sold out just before three o'clock my two hundred shares would have brought me fifty-five thousand two hundred dollars in cash. But I didn't ——"

"Why didn't you?" she asked, recognizing the finality of the tragedy.

"Because," he said very deliberately, in order to drive the dagger in up to the hilt, "because I thought that I would wait to make one hundred thousand dollars, or possibly even two hundred thousand, instead of fifty-five thousand two hundred dollars at closing prices."

But he was mistaken. When she heard him talk of one hundred thousand dollars and of two hundred thousand she knew she was hearing fairy tales—lovely to read about, but mighty slim diet for everyday use. So she said:

"And you can get fifty-five thousand two hundred dollars now?"

"I could have gotten it to-day."

"'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.' The first thing you do to-morrow ——"

"To-morrow," he interrupted, "I may get more—or I may get less."

"I just knew it would have to be less!" she asserted. "There was Raymond Porter, with those Long Island lots he could have sold for eighteen thousand dollars and didn't; and when he did sell he lost three hundred dollars instead of making anything."

"But this isn't Long Island lots."

"Well, I was reading the other day how the people who always lose the most money are the men who want to grab everything in sight; and ——"

"But I tell you Undersea Craft will surely go higher."

"What will happen"—and she looked her husband straight in the eye—"what will happen if, instead of going higher, it goes lower? Answer me that!"

He thought of his own abdication, of the descent from the Napoleonship of Woodcock's office, and almost shuddered. Then he said judicially:

"Well, we'd still be ahead of the game ——"

"Would we still be ahead of the game fifty-five thousand two hundred dollars?"

"No. But, even if we were only thirty or forty thousand to the good ——"

"Thirty or forty! The way you sling tens of thousands round! Your luck has gone to your head."

"Oh, no."

"Oh, yes. And you took the money out of the bank ——"

"But I have made ——"

"Yes; and now you want to lose it! Fifty-five thousand dollars is a fortune!"

Wilberforce Shadd had not thought it a fortune in Wall Street. Hearing his wife say it uptown made him think it was.

"It's fair pickings," he admitted grudgingly.

"What I can't understand is why, after having fifty-five thousand two hundred dollars in your grasp, you run the risk of losing it all ——"

"Not all!"

"Well, didn't you take it all out of the bank?"

"Yes; but ——"

"Oh, Wilberforce, how could you? It was all we had for a rainy day. Suppose you had—suppose you—suppose ——"

But she didn't dare suppose such a thing, though she closed her eyes.

"But I didn't lose it. I made more than I could have saved up in three hundred years."

"And you want to lose it!"

"No."

"Then bring the cash home, Wilberforce darling. Bring it to-morrow. That's enough."

"But we can double it ——"

"I don't want to double it. It's more than we ever thought we'd have."

"Not more than I thought I'd have if I was let alone."

He looked at her accusingly, remembering how her fears had bred cowardice in him.

"I'll let you alone if you bring home the fifty-five thousand two hundred dollars to-morrow. Honest, I will, Wilberforce! When I think of what that money will mean ——"

She began to weep softly, with a drip as of a small fountain.

"Don't, my dear!" he said uncomfortably. "Don't! The idea of crying because I've made money!"

"I'll never ask you again to save money."

"You won't?" he said, knowing what the promise must have cost her.

"No—provided you bring the fifty-five thousand two hundred dollars home to-morrow. When I think of my poor mother ——"

"I promise! I promise!" said Shadd. "I'll sell out. But when you see that stock selling where we could have got out at a hundred thousand dollars profit, don't talk to me."

She looked frightened and hesitated. Then she thought it might never happen. And if it did—if it did, which it wouldn't—he could talk as he pleased.

"Very well; blame me!" she told him.



"Went Down! Down!" Muttered a Man Named Shively. "Down! Down! Down!"

That night, before he fell asleep, he did not blame his wife—only Fate. He thought:

"I ought to have held out for a hundred thousand dollars," as though he already had sold out for fifty-five thousand two hundred dollars. "Confound it!"

Then it occurred to him that he was still a failure. To stop thinking of that he thought of the fifty-five thousand two hundred dollars and fell asleep, smiling.

The next morning after breakfast, just as he was putting on his hat to leave the house, she said abruptly:

"Wilberforce!"

"Yes?"

"Do you think you—you can ge-get that much to-day?"

She looked at him so anxiously that he forgot his grievances and his remonstrances—everything but the profit. Had he not, after all, made a mistake in not selling out at fifty-five thousand two hundred dollars the day before, after he had convinced himself that fifty thousand dollars was enough for any Christian?

Six per cent on fifty-five thousand two hundred dollars meant $3312. That was much more than he was getting from the office for working.

"I hope so, darling," he said, so tenderly that she began to cry.

He did not comfort her. He could think only that he wished to sell that stock at once. Anything lower than 276 would be tragedy. After you have opened your mouth to insert therein a spoonful of raspberry jam with your own hand, you resent Fate's thrusting in a chunk of boiled cabbage.

"Damn!" he said.

"Oh, Wi-Wil-ber-berforce!" she moaned.

"Don't worry—yet!" he said. Then: "You will have to telephone to Mr. Lipps that I cannot be down to-day."

"He might not like it," she ventured. "Will it take all day?"

"Nobody can tell just how long it will take," he said importantly. "It may take one minute or it may take two hours. All I can say is that I will be back here as soon as I can."

"I'll telephone to Mr. Lipps that you are not well," she said cheerfully.

"No. Say I'm doing something for you."

"I don't like to," she protested.

"It's the truth," he said sternly. "I don't want to sell."

"I'll tell him," she promised hastily.

XIII

WILBERFORCE SHADD arrived at Woodcock's office before the opening. The general staff welcomed him with effusive cordiality.

Naturally they talked about the stock; and, to show him how completely they believed in him, thereby inflicting great pleasure upon themselves, they no longer asked him to tell them what further beneficences U. C. common was going to work. Instead, they told him what the future held in store for them all.

At nine-fifty-seven A. M., Henry Rumney, who was looking at the news ticker, shouted:

"Hey! Here's a whole lot about U. C.!"

And he began to read, snapping his fingers impatiently because the news ticker didn't print faster.

Trying to guess what words are going to be printed about a stock you're long of is bad for the nerves.

"Read it aloud!" cried Ben Meiggs.

They all listened while Henry read an official statement from the president of the company announcing the booking of contracts aggregating several million dollars. This was followed by an unofficial statement from an unnamed "insider," who declared that the book value of the stock at that moment, based not on prospective business, which was expected to be huge, but on what contracts were actually signed and the money deposited with New York bankers, was "several" times what the stock was then selling for.

Henry read this, one word at a time. When he finished all eyes turned toward Wilberforce Shadd, who, thinking of his wife's injunctions, looked acutely uncomfortable.

"That means at least two thousand dollars a share," said Henry Rumney positively to everybody.

Ben Meiggs, alias "Careful Mike," looked directly at Wilberforce Shadd and asked respectfully:

"Do you think so, sir?"

Since he himself could not hold for two thousand dollars, Shadd did not wish the stock ever to sell at two thousand. He, therefore, replied angrily:

"No; I don't!"

Consternation appeared on the faces of the customers, promptly to be succeeded by a puzzled look. If it didn't sell at two thousand dollars, at what price would it sell?

"Mr. Wilberforce Shadd," said Henry Rumney sternly, "you know damned well that stock is going higher."

"I do, do I?" said Shadd bitterly, thinking of his own abject promise to the woman who kept him from becoming a rich man.

"Yes, you do!" asserted Rumney; then, as one who adduces proof, he said: "Let's see what the opening is."

Willie, the subsidized office boy, had not yet appeared. Henry Rumney sought Dave Caldwell, the office manager, and said:

"Get a quotation on U. C. common as soon as possible, will you?"

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"I Should Think You'd Have More Pride Than to Go Round Picking Up Old Newspapers After People"

"Sure thing!" The polite manager was so accustomed to nervous customers that he overlooked the peremptory tone. The entire office tensely awaited the bulletin from the Curb. Three, four, five, six, seven, eight minutes went by—minutes that ran at least three hundred seconds each. Then Willie came in, breathless.

"Well?" snarled Henry Rumney.

Willie looked dubiously at him. He was paid for whispering, but he could not whisper at such long range. Henry Rumney couldn't stand the suspense and cried sharply:

"Spit it out!"

"They can't tell what it's selling for. They've gone crazy. I heard Wright & Bonner's man say that the opening sales were all the way from 280 to 300."

"Two-eighty to three hundred?" asked Wilberforce Shadd.

That was more than 276. He'd better hurry up—if he wanted any peace at home.

"I say 2000 within sixty days," said Henry Rumney, looking at Shadd challengingly. "Don't you?"

"Two thousand what?" asked Francis T. Woodcock, approaching the group.

"Being a conservative man," said Rumney to the broker, "I was just remarking that U. C. common was on its way to 2000. Watch it!"

Woodcock smiled the smile of a father at his baby's Commencement.

"How about it, Shadd?"

"I am going to sell," answered Shadd miserably.

"What?" shrieked Henry Rumney.

"Honest?" asked Careful Mike Meiggs, looking incredulous.

"Not all?" from Woodcock.

Wilberforce Shadd forced himself to nod. His lips were tightly compressed. This was in order that his groans might not escape. The broker looked at Shadd, and somehow felt that his luckiest customer was not in his usual luck. He said:

"You know how I've felt about that stock of yours, Shadd; but I've come to the conclusion that this is the wildest boom in history. Nothing like it was ever seen. There isn't any top to them! I used to think the bull movement couldn't keep up and that an awful day of reckoning was coming; but, with accounts margined from fifty to two hundred points, what's the use of talking about healthy reactions, hey? I don't want to butt in; but it seems to me I'd take a chance and keep at least half. Of course a profit's profit; but if you sell all your stock ——"

"Yes, all!" cried Wilberforce Shadd, bent on committing suicide. "Every damned share I've got in this office!" He saw his wife—all in red!

F. T. Woodcock pushed a pad and a lead pencil toward Wilberforce Shadd.

"Write your order—and sign it," said Woodcock.

Every man in the room, including Wilberforce Shadd, heard the words and realized that what Woodcock really was saying was "Put it down in black and white, so you can't blame me—afterward." And all the customers who were long of the stock further translated the broker's unspoken "afterward" into "When it sells at two thousand dollars a share!"

Wilberforce Shadd wrote the order savagely and signed it desperately—watched by thirty-two lynx eyes.

Henry Rumney, having gazed long and bitterly at Wilberforce Shadd, suddenly ceased to frown and beckoned to Ben Meiggs.

"It didn't work, did it, Ben?" And Henry Rumney smiled.

"What didn't?"

"If he really was selling all his stock would he be doing it at the top of his voice, in front of everybody?"

"No," answered Meiggs; "but ——"

"But nothing! If he had told me or you, on the q. t., I might possibly have believed it. That stock is going to one thousand dollars a share, I tell you. And that's certain."

"I don't know about selling at 1000," said Meiggs; "but I do know that these insiders get left as badly as any sucker; in their own stock too. There's Patent Process Steel, for instance. I heard that Paterson, the treasurer, went short ten thousand shares at 90, and had to cover at 125. Lost all he'd made on the rise from 46."

Henry Rumney smiled broadly.

"Right-o, old top! We didn't bite that time—what?"

"No!"

Meantime Wilberforce Shadd was staring gloomily through the window at the passers-by, a picture of utter dejection—and foiled villainy!

"Not a bite! Look at him!" said Henry Rumney to Ben Meiggs. The sure-thing Mr. Meiggs nodded. For once he agreed with his reckless friend.

Wilberforce Shadd merely looked as he felt. All he could see in the sky was a stupendous bulletin board, on which he read: U. C. 5000. Then he began to figure. At 300 all he could get was sixty thousand dollars. At 1000, not waiting for 2000 or 5000, he would have taken out of Wall Street two hundred thousand dollars!—twelve thousand a year—one thousand a month—something a man could do something with!

"Look at him! Mad as blazes because no suckers bit in this office!" whispered Henry Rumney to Meiggs.

The others, seeing Henry whispering, instantly desired to know what he had said that was important enough to whisper. Henry cheerfully repeated his remarks, whereupon they nodded.

Really it was too transparent.

"I don't mind that skunk trying to get more stock," said Henry; "but why should he want our few shares when he could go outside ——"

"Oh, those people want it all! They'd swipe a blind man's pennies as eagerly as they'd steal a million out of a bank." Their glances were venomous. But Wilberforce Shadd was calling himself an ass. Doomed not only to be married and a coward all his life, but to die poor!

Woodcock came up to Shadd and whispered:

"We sold a hundred at 300 and a hundred at 301."

Sixty thousand dollars—that is to say, nothing!

"All right!" said Shadd huskily to the broker, and walked out of the office.

After the door closed on him the comments of the customers became audible to the clerks in the farthest offices.

"Three-two for U. C.!" triumphantly shouted Henry Rumney.

Ben Meiggs, who had twenty shares that showed him more than two hundred points profit, began to clap his hands. The others imitated him. Henry Rumney, as though the applause was intended for him, bowed to right and left, murmuring "I thank you! I thank you!" He was so happy with his two hundred and fifteen points profit that he wasn't sorry he didn't have a hundred shares. Then he thought of the man who advised him to buy the stock that had made him fourteen thousand dollars richer in a few weeks.

"The skunk!" said Henry Rumney.

When Wilberforce Shadd left the office he did not know whither to go; and so, as a man always will when he walks aimlessly, he walked toward the south. Presently he found himself in Battery Park. On the park benches he beheld not hobos, or clerks out of work, or homesick immigrants, or stenographers getting a breath of fresh air, but specters who grimaced mockingly at him. He didn't hear them, but he knew they were saying: "Only three hundred a share! Oh, you boob!"

He came upon the Aquarium; and, unable to bear his own thoughts, walked in for the first time in his life. Forty seconds later the bitterness went out of his mind and he forgot his troubles while looking at the fish.

Two hours later, tired and hungry, he was surprised to find that he craved to sit down in a comfortable chair before a good luncheon. He had sixty thousand dollars. No—he had more; he had sixty thousand and seventy-one dollars. He would take the seventy-one dollars and buy lunch.

He had forgotten to bring with him more than his usual fifty cents—the fifty cents that he had taken to the office every day for fifteen years. He smiled. He, Wilberforce Shadd, with only fifty cents in his pocket! It really was so funny that it put him in good humor, and he decided to go back to Woodcock's office and get some money.

He entered the customers' room and was shocked by what he saw. Gloom brooded over the office. There was a threat of ruin in the air. Pale-faced, anxious-eyed men, no longer debonair admirers of the great Wilberforce Shadd, clustered about the ticker, frankly despondent, visibly unnerved. And the voice of the tape reader by the ticker was the voice of a judge pronouncing death sentences, one after another—one for each man in the room.

Henry Rumney saw Shadd.

"Why couldn't you tell us?" he inquired hotly.

"Tell you what?" asked Shadd.

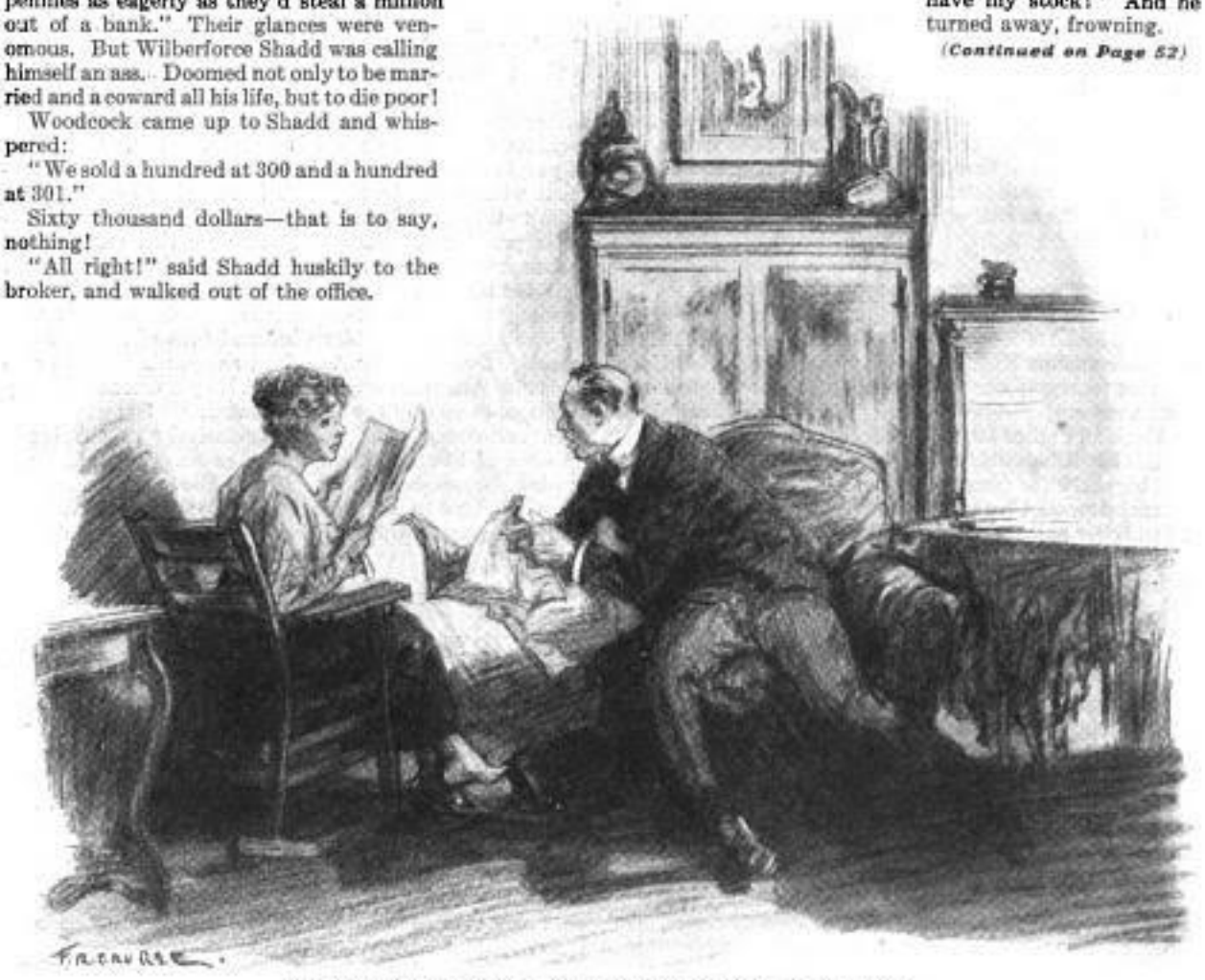
"You know damned well!"

Shadd didn't know; so he asked:

"What's U. C.?"

"Two seventy-one, and going down fast," said Henry Rumney, more loudly than was necessary. "But you can't have my stock!" And he turned away, frowning.

(Continued on Page 52)



"And I," Shouted Shadd, "Bought Two Hundred Shares at 9!"

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 3, 1917

Give the Packers a Rest

ONE Chicago packing company did a business last year of five hundred and seventy-five million dollars. Six of them must have done a business of two billions.

This means that a handful of private corporations bought a great part of all the meat animals sold in the United States, and sold a great part of the meat and by-products the population consumed.

Many good people view that fact with suspicion and disfavor. But no business in the United States has been more copiously investigated than this packing business; no business is more closely watched. The books have been searched repeatedly. The men who conduct the business know their books are sure to be scrutinized in the future.

The methods of buying, manufacturing and selling have been overhauled and exposed. Whenever there is pronounced discontent on the side either of sellers of animals or of buyers of meat, a public investigation is pretty sure to follow. Investigation has shown there is no waste. Whatever else may be said, the packers certainly do their business with high efficiency and at a very small margin of profit for each pound of product turned out.

This Big Business has been thoroughly studied. Meantime an endless multiplicity of small businesses, each contributing in one way or another to the cost of living, get comparatively little broad investigation and study. Broad investigation and constructive study of small business, we believe, is quite as well worth while as destructive study of Big Business.

That British Shell Bid

NATURALLY American steel men were shocked to learn that an English concern had underbid them for a contract to supply our navy with big shells. English concerns were supposed to have their hands full making shells for England and to be handicapped by war-bonus wages; yet this English concern offered to make seventy-five hundred big shells for our navy at a price more than a million dollars below the best American bid, and to deliver the shells in little over half the time required by American bidders.

Naturally, also, this bid was heralded as conclusive proof of our need of "an impregnable tariff wall round the United States to prevent the flooding of our markets with cheap foreign goods and the impoverishment of our labor"—as one contemporary emphatically put it. For if England could so signally underbid us, both as to price and time, when at war, what could she not do when at peace?

But perhaps there is an alternative to that impregnable tariff wall. The English concern explained that it was able to make a low bid because at the time it had no work on hand in that particular line for the British Government; because its plant had been brought to a state of extreme efficiency; and because it had perfected an improved process for making shells of that sort. Now plants exposed to competition are more likely to be brought to a state of extreme efficiency and to discover improved processes than plants sheltered behind impregnable tariff walls.

We now have a Tariff Board to investigate just such phenomena as this shell bid in a disinterested, scientific spirit and to find out whether they mean that we need more protection or only closer figuring. The country is not going to become excited about any developments in that line until it hears from the board.

Opportunity in Prison

ABOUT two years ago the Mutual Welfare League was organized in Sing Sing Prison. It is composed exclusively of prisoners and every inmate is a member. Its first object was to inspire the saving sense of self-respect and social responsibility. The league soon addressed itself to education, starting a school, virtually managed by inmates, which any inmate might attend after completing the day's labor required of him by the state. Identification cards were issued to pupils by use of which they could leave their cells and go to the classroom where the elements of public-school education were taught.

Vocational training presently developed. Appeals by letter brought tools and books; telegraph instruments; wireless apparatus; automobile parts and appliances, so that a complete car could be taken apart and reassembled, and all its mechanism studied. Now everyone who is committed to the prison receives a statement from the league, explaining its purposes, offering its advantages, urging hearty coöperation with it. The league is permitted, of course, by the state; but its educational work is carried on without state aid.

The chairman of the Educational Department of the league writes: "Most of the inmates of prisons are there because they could not compete successfully with others. They did not know how to meet the conditions of free life. While in prison they should be made better able to maintain themselves in freedom. Our Educational Department is striving to do that. Generous friends outside have given books and equipment; but we are still much short of what we should have to give a fair opportunity for self-betterment to all who would take it.

"At present, for example, we are trying to start classes in carpentry, bricklaying and plumbing, but have too few tools. Secondhand tools would be very acceptable; in fact, any equipment that we can use in vocational training. If the need were more widely known, and the great good such helps to self-help can do in a place like this generally appreciated, good people would respond."

The Shipping Board

CERTAIN appointees to the new Shipping Board, it seems at this writing, are objects of senatorial suspicion and must be carefully investigated. They have been engaged in shipping in a rather large way, and successfully. Hence, naturally, the suspicions. A man who has conspicuously failed in his own undertakings will be readily acceptable to the Senate as a director of the business of the United States; but if he has been decidedly successful on his own account he will not be readily acceptable. We could cite various illustrations, but forbear out of consideration for personal feelings.

The new Shipping Board has a job both very difficult and very important. Already a vigorous exercise of its theoretically broad but practically dubious powers to regulate rates, and so on, is urged upon it. A number of people apparently view it chiefly as a tempting instrument with which to play hob in shipping affairs. They seem to think its highest usefulness will consist in disrupting, repressing, retaliating. The notion of a constructive instrument of the Government is not very familiar to them.

In the last calendar year of unprecedented freight rates and huge ship earnings, our merchant marine was increased by two hundred and fifty thousand tons of metal steam vessels, turned out by American shipyards on both seacoasts for American owners. That is by no means a heavy addition, in view of the circumstances.

In addressing itself pretty exclusively to the broad problem of how best to upbuild the American merchant marine the new board will find abundant occupation. It can well afford to let its other functions wait until it has a thorough grasp of the situation.

American Barbarism

THERE is now a more powerful reaction against lynching—that abominable disgrace to the United States—than ever before. It is more generally realized that lynchers, whatever positions they may hold in society, are essentially stupid barbarians, whose anarchism brings into question all social security and order. It is plain enough that no man's life can really be safe in a community given to lynching. There will probably be, at first, the extreme provocation of an assault upon a woman. The record shows that, having yielded to that provocation, yielding to lesser ones becomes increasingly easy; and finally a mob will as readily slake its bloodthirst by murdering a white man as a colored one. There is no real security for anybody.

Because lynching has been more common in the South, the South is especially interested in discouraging it. The intelligent Southern opinion, which must finally prevail, is insisting upon the only remedy—conviction and punishment of mob murderers. When dominant opinion recognizes lynching for what it is—a detestable crime against society far more dangerous socially than any individual murder—lynching will disappear. Only the criminal sanction or tolerance of misguided opinion keeps it alive. Mobs never lynch except when they think it perfectly safe. As soon as they have to expect not sanction or tolerance, but genuine prosecution, they will leave the repression of crime to orderly processes of law.

It is altogether a question of public opinion. To strengthen the right opinion is a plain duty for everyone who wants that opinion to prevail.

A National Pastime

WALL STREET has as irresistible a fascination for Congress as the insides of a clock have for a normal infant. No exigency of public business could ever make it forgo the childish delight of poking round in the works of the Street on any pretext.

This is a short session. There is much urgent business to be done. Somebody—presumably an office boy—starts a rumor. Somebody else—probably a wag—writes a letter to an innocent and excitable congressman. Without the least tangible evidence to go upon, Congress begins investigating. Men who doubtless could devote their time to some useful ends if permitted to do so are summoned from far and near to testify about something that there is no reason to suppose they have any knowledge of.

When engaged in serious business Congress is mostly ignored. The newspapers dismiss its sober proceedings with scant paragraphs or say nothing at all about them. But if Congress wants to put on a cabaret show entitled Wall Street the newspapers will give it whole pages. The silliest incidents and the emptiest chatter are reported in column after column. Utterly irresponsible and pointless vaporings on this subject will get more front-page space than the greatest debate on the weightiest affair of state.

After the War

IN AFTER-THE-WAR speculation one factor, which may be the most important of all, is overlooked. Europe is doing wonders now—keeping millions of men under arms, supplying them with prodigious quantities of munitions, raising billions of capital, and at the same time subsisting its civil population and carrying forward many lines of industry at a high pitch. Speculation runs as to the effect upon this country when all that highly organized, coördinated, intensively applied energy is turned to peaceful competition.

But Europe is working now under a tremendous stimulant. The mass of its people feel that what they hold dearest is at stake. The war fever is in their veins.

Peace will bring a reaction. The end of any prolonged intense effort always does. There will be a pretty dismal taking of stock everywhere. The dead will be counted with disillusioned eyes; there will be the dull burden of taxes. Millions will be asking themselves: "Why should it have happened?"

The business situation is always in good part a state of mind. The greatest fact in Europe's business situation after the war may not be any of the material things, such as the supply of capital and the rate of wages, with which speculation now concerns itself, but exactly Europe's state of mind. If it is a heavy, bitter, discouraged state of mind, that may well mean more in terms of industrial output than the supply of capital or the rate of wages.

Buying Stocks

A CORRESPONDENT, whose letterhead shows that he is a physician, says he is often invited by circular or newspaper advertisement to buy stock in some revolutionary invention. Usually the invitations point out that early investors in inventions, such as electric light, telephony, adding machines, typesetting machines, automobiles, moving pictures, made great profits.

"Isn't it true," he asks, "that if the invention proves successful, some way will be found, through reorganization, and so on, to freeze out the small investor?"

That is not the danger which confronts recipients of such invitations.

There is no reason why a competent physician should not advertise himself through bright-colored circulars and newspaper spreads—except that the highest class of good, responsible physicians do not advertise themselves in that manner.

Selling stock in new enterprises by means of flamboyant newspaper advertisements and circulars, promising big returns on the investment, is distinctly the method of the quack. One is warranted in judging the stock, like the physician, by the manner in which it presents itself. If it comes in like a quack, promising cures in all cases—or big profits and no losses—prudent people will have nothing to do with it.

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Very Temporary Captain McLean

By PHILIP E. HUBBARD

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. SOULEN

MR. GAVIN McLEAN, expert cracksman, mechanic, motor driver and past master in the art of disguising everything about his engaging personality except his Scots tongue, was confronted with what he himself would have described as a "serious deeficu'ty."

Business with Mr. McLean had been extremely brisk during the early summer of 1914; and the trade he had recently developed in stolen automobiles—which he contrived to convey to his workshop, where by the many arts known to him he converted their appearance through a process of exchange of bodies, repainting, renumbering, combined with a trifle of judicious alteration of water-piping, type of magneto, carburetor, or any other part that could readily be altered—had brought him to the high-water mark of illicit prosperity.

Once the stolen automobile had passed through his shop and his expert handling, disposal of the prize was a simple matter; for certain secondhand auto emporiums in the region of Euston Road are never particular as to the goods included in their auction-sale catalogues. And, though the genuine owners of cars who dispose of their property by this means find much cause for discontent at the low prices realized, Mr. Gavin McLean not only never grumbled at the prices fetched by his entries, but, acting on the principle of never looking a gift car in the radiator, took his check for the amount—less commission—and added it to his growing bank account with a self-satisfied smile, whether the figures on the check ran into two or three.

And then, in the early days of August, his hopes of realizing a fortune and starting a comparatively honest automobile business, on which he might live in comfort and security for the rest of his life, were dashed to the ground by the coming of war and all its consequent horrors.

Mr. McLean was no patriot. To begin with, his hand was against that of all law and order; and, to continue, he was a comparatively young man. And it is apparent to the meanest intelligence that fervent patriotism is a distinctive mark of those whose age, infirmities or social position render them ineligible for military service.

It will be remembered—even in these days, when everything, from a pledge to a deed of heroism, is forgotten with the issue of a fresh morning paper—that in those early days of the war, when "voluntary compulsion" was the fashion, there were some people in this country who agitated for national service. Some of them even had the bad taste to suggest that rich manufacturers should be compelled to nationalize their businesses for the duration of the war, and thus be saved the humiliation of making sordid profits out of their country's disaster, and Mr. McLean, being a Scot, was keen enough to appreciate the fact that the safest and least noticeable costume for the humble citizen at that time was that known as khaki.

To enlist as a private soldier was entirely distasteful to Mr. McLean; and, as he unfortunately had no military experience and no friends either at court or in the War Office, he did not see his way to applying for a commission. However, there are more ways of winning a game of poker than by keeping a king up one's sleeve; and, after some consideration and a careful scrutiny of the various types of "temporary gentlemen and ossifers" who were then to be seen swarming in the streets of the metropolis, Mr. McLean came to the conclusion that the easiest and safest method of joining the army, without bringing himself into too close touch with the authorities, would be to grant himself an unofficial commission in the Army Service Corps.

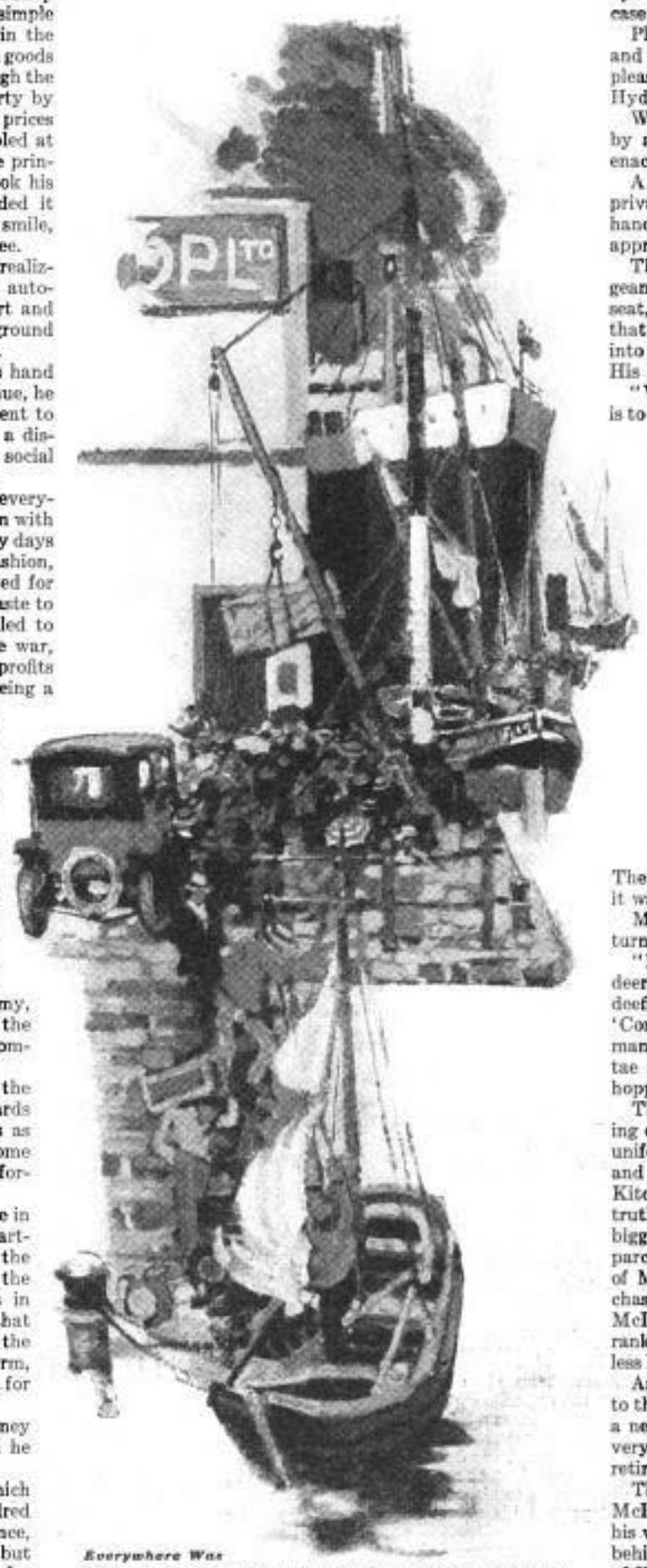
He selected that corps because at that time the Gazette, though naturally of large proportions as regards the fighting units, was enormous beyond all others as regards the A. S. C.; and, also, because he had become aware that a large proportion of these were for the formation of Mechanical Transport Units.

After earnest study of the columns of the Gazette in the Morning Advertiser, and of the advertisements artfully displayed alongside the Gazette, informing the newly fledged officers that Messrs. Moses & Aaron, the celebrated tailors, could supply field service kits in twenty-four hours, Mr. McLean betook himself to that eminent firm's showrooms. Announcing to one of the shopmen that he wished to be fitted with a uniform, he was taken to the basement and there measured for an outfit.

He had already provided himself with sufficient money to cover the cost of the modest outfit with which he proposed to provide himself.

Being unwilling to advertise his own address, which was over the workshop by the riverside, not a hundred miles from Kew Bridge, he paid for his outfit in advance, gave his address as the Grand Central Hotel, but arranged to have his uniform retained until called for on the afternoon of the following day. Mr. McLean thereupon betook himself to the lounge of a certain large hotel in Piccadilly, where he contrived to get into conversation with a newly fledged second lieutenant of the corps to which Mr. McLean was planning to attach himself in a purely honorary capacity.

His native charm of manner and his enthusiastic praise of the patriotism of his new-found acquaintance quite captivated the heart of that guileless individual; and, after a few minutes' conversation and the absorption of sundry drinks, he allowed Mr. McLean to pump him dry of the information of which that craftsman was in search.



Everywhere Was
Bustle and Orderly Disorder, Loading the Great Steamer

Now Mr. McLean was extremely quick-witted, and it did not take him long to find out from this fledgling the salient points of the duties of an officer of the Army Service Corps as regards deportment and dress, school of instruction and probable destination, which were the sole points of interest to Mr. McLean at that period.

From his informant he gathered that, in the general muddle which followed upon the entry of Britain into the war, a young officer, provided he was careful to salute staff officers and all others who bore the rank of field officer—he was careful to extract the necessary information as to badges of rank—and provided he did not obtrude himself upon his superiors, was unlikely to attract any special attention. And it became obvious to Mr. McLean that, if this was the case with an officer regularly commissioned by his king, it was still more likely to be the result in the case of an entirely unofficial appointment.

Pleading an engagement, he escaped from his informant and returned to his workshop; and, as the afternoon was a pleasant one, he elected to walk along Piccadilly as far as Hyde Park Corner before taking a bus for Kew Bridge.

When he came to Green Park his attention was attracted by a little scene which was at that time in process of enaction in many of the busier thoroughfares of London.

A sergeant of the A. S. C., accompanied by a couple of private soldiers, stepped into the road and held up his hand to the driver of a smart touring car, which was approaching from Hyde Park Corner.

The driver of the car stopped his vehicle; and the sergeant, with a smart salute to the occupants of the back seat, produced a written order from his pocket and requested that the occupants of the car would be good enough to step into the road and hand the car over to him for the use of His Majesty's forces. The owner expostulated.

"Very sorry, madam!" replied the sergeant. "My orders is to commandeer every car of this type and hand it over to the War Office. I'll give you a receipt for the car now, and if you take that to Whitehall to-morrow, to the office of the Inspector of Mechanical Transport, you can make a claim for the price of the car; and you'll get your money at once. We've got to have every car that's suitable."

"But," explained the owner, "I only bought the car last week. I cannot part with it like this."

"Very sorry, lady—'fraid you ain't got no choice. This country's at war and we've got to 'ave cars."

"I call it disgraceful! I quite understand that we are at war—I think the Kaiser has behaved abominably—but I really cannot spare my car."

The sergeant motioned to his two men, one of whom ordered the chauffeur to get down from the driving seat—whereupon his place was taken by one of the men—and again addressed himself to the owner of the car, who, with very bad grace, at last got out and, taking the official receipt as though it had been a noisome reptile offered to her, surrendered the car and angrily ordered her driver to find her a taxi.

The sergeant, with the second man, got into the car; and it was driven rapidly away toward Piccadilly Circus.

Mr. Gavin McLean watched it out of sight and then turned westward with a scheme forming in his brain.

"If a sergeant and yon two swaddy-men can commandeer a car in yon fashion, Ah'm verra sure there'll be nae deeficu'ty for an officer tae hae a smack at the same notion. 'Commandeered' Ah heear-red yon sergeant say—an' commandeered some mair car-rs wull be before yon war's come tae a finish," said Mr. Gavin McLean to himself as he hopped on a bus bound for Kew Bridge.

The next day Mr. McLean, in a taxi, called at the tailoring establishment of Messrs. Moses & Aaron, tried on his uniform, which fitted quite respectably in several places, and was assured by the cutter that it was fit for Lord Kitchener—a statement that had a certain amount of truth in it, since it was obviously intended for a much bigger man than Mr. Gavin McLean. Depositing the parcels in his taxi, he drove to the opposition establishment of Messrs. Levi & Harris, in the Strand, and there purchased some braid and two pairs of additional stars. Mr. McLean had determined on an early promotion to the rank of captain, as he wisely inferred that, as such, he was less liable to interference than as a second lieutenant.

Arrived at his den, he set about the necessary alterations to the cuffs of his service jacket; and, being as handy with a needle and thread as he was with most other tools, he very soon completed the alteration to his satisfaction and retired to bed.

The next morning Very Temporary Captain Gavin McLean, A. S. C., stepped into the quiet street in which his workshop was situated and, locking the door carefully behind him, strode off, with an easy swing, in the direction of Kew Bridge.

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In his pocket was an official-looking blue paper, bearing unreadable hieroglyphics, and alongside it were a number of neatly cut yellow slips of paper, as much like the receipt form he had seen the sergeant give to the car owner as the local stationery shop in Back Lane could supply.

The policeman on point duty near the bridge drew his heels together smartly as Mr. McLean approached and, to the latter's extreme pleasure, saluted.

Carelessly acknowledging the salute, Mr. McLean passed his natural enemy with an air of conscious superiority and strode away across Kew Bridge. Selecting a quiet spot on Richmond Road, some little distance from the entrance to Kew Gardens, he waited for what he knew must sooner or later come to him.

Two motor busses passed him, and then in the distance he saw a smart car, with an open touring body, approaching from the direction of Richmond. The driver was the only person in the car, and he drew up, with a grinding of brakes, as Mr. McLean, in the glory of his new uniform, stepped into the road and held up his hand.

"Ah must tr-rouble ye tae hand o'er yon car-r," said Mr. McLean.

"What the 'ell—" began the chauffeur.

"Ye can say a' that tae your maister-r—yon car-r's required by His Majesty for the use o' the for-rces. Get ye down fra' yon seat."

The driver paused, bewildered.

"Hump yeself, ma mannie! An' if ye'll tak' ma advice ye'll gang awa' tae the near-rest recr-ruitin' office an' enlist—a gr-reat gowk that ye are! Ye are jist the mon we hae need o' the noo."

The driver, who happened to have witnessed the requisitioning of a car on the previous day, got slowly down from his seat.

"There'll be 'ell to pay over this!" he remarked. "D'you know 'oo's car this is?"

"Ah dae no'; but if Ah deed, an' if it was the king's own car-r, 'twould be a' the same tae mae," said Mr. McLean as he scribbled a receipt with the number of the car.

"But this 'ere's Sir 'Enry Lupton's car," said the chauffeur feebly.

"Mon," said Mr. McLean, mounting to the driver's seat, "Ah'm no' carin' if it were Sir-r Thomas Lipton's car-r—'tis needed for-r the airmy. Tak' yon receipt to Whitehall tae-morrow mor-rnin'—tae the office o' the Inspector-r o' Mechanical Transport—an', nae doot, he'll gie ye a fair-r pr-rice for yon car-r. Guid mor-rnin'!"

With which piece of advice, Mr. McLean slid the gears into engagement, let in the clutch, and drove away toward Kew Bridge, leaving the bewildered driver standing in the road.

Driving with great care, but at a fair speed, Mr. McLean crossed the bridge, continued his way into Chiswick Highroad, and after going half a mile turned sharply to his right. He dodged about for a short distance among the side turnings and finally reached Back Lane without seeing a policeman, or, indeed, anybody with whom he had even a nodding acquaintance.

Halting the car at the door of his workshop, he got down from the seat, unlocked the gate, and drove the car inside. As soon as he had safely bestowed it, Mr. McLean washed his hands and face, straightened up his belt, cocked his service cap a trifle more over his right eye, and went forth by devious ways in search of a second victim.

This time he got on to a street car going toward Hounslow and traveled on it until he had passed the unsavory suburbs of Brentford. At the corner where the car lines divide he alighted and, taking the turning leading to Twickenham, walked briskly in the direction of that place. Before he had gone a hundred yards he heard a car behind him; and, facing about, he held up his hand for the driver to stop.

It was a closed car, with a landaulet body; and, to Mr. McLean's horror, the window was slammed down and a white-mustached, red-faced old gentleman in khaki, with the scarlet band of the Staff round his hat, looked out.

Mr. McLean drew his heels together and saluted.

"What the devil d'you mean by stopping my driver?" questioned the old gentleman in angry tones.



Driving With Great Care, But at a Fair Speed, Mr. McLean Continued His Way Into Chiswick Highroad

"Ah'm verra sorry, sir-r," apologized Mr. McLean. "Ah'd no idea that this would be your car-r."

"Well, supposing it wasn't—what did you stop me for?"

"Ah was aboot tae ask ye tae gie me a luft."

"I'll give you a court-martial, sir, if you're not very careful! I suppose you're one of these ragtag and bobtail of the Army Service Corps from Hounslow?"

"Yes, sir-r," replied Mr. McLean untruthfully.

"Well, consider yourself under arrest. Go back to Hounslow and report yourself to your commanding officer. What's your name?"

"Angus McTavish," replied Mr. McLean.

"Very well, Captain Angus McTavish, you'll hear more of this, I can assure you," said the angry general; and, calling to his driver to go on, he received Mr. McLean's salute without acknowledgment, and his car sped away into the distance.

"Ah'm thinkin' per-rhaps ye're mebbe mistaken aboot ma heer-rin' mair o't," said Mr. McLean to the back of the retreating car. "However, Ah'll hae tae be mair carefu' i' the future."

At that moment an open touring car appeared from the opposite direction. Seeing that the occupant was a lady, Mr. McLean repeated his maneuver and, leaving the indignant owner and her driver to continue their journey on foot or return by the street car, drove away to his workshop and successfully deposited his newly acquired touring car alongside the other.

Doffing his uniform he assumed the greasy overalls he affected when at work and, with the aid of a most ingenious overhead traveling crane, which he had some time since fitted up, he changed over the bodies of the two cars, and during the course of the next two days so altered them in appearance that there was small chance of their respective owners recognizing them.

Intending to transfer the two cars for sale to Quiswell's Auction Rooms the next day, in order to make room for further "commandeerings," Mr. McLean, weary, paint-stained and disheveled, stood within the precincts of his shop regarding his handiwork and plunder.

"It's an ill wind that daes no' blaw guid tae somebody," he reflected. "Ah'm no' in love wi' war as war, sae tae speak; but gin Ah can gae on requeeseetioning twa guid car'rs a week, Ah'm no' sayin' Ah'll be fashed if yon war bides wi' us for ten year-rs."

Now undoubtedly the presentation of any of the bogus receipts would have made the authorities aware of the fact that some unauthorized person was commandeering cars which were not finding their way to the official destination; but the muddle of those early days of war was so intense that the authorities resolutely refused to see anybody on any business connected with paying out cash in any form until they had had time to consider how the necessary cash was to be raised.

Counting upon this, Mr. McLean continued his work until his garage was full to the bursting point. And, having effected certain exchanges of body work and made various minor alterations in detail, he proceeded to effect a salvage sale by the simple process of delivering the cars to sundry motor-auction salesrooms that are to be found in the neighborhood of Euston Road.

He was in some doubt, at first, as to whether to deliver the cars himself, and, if so, whether to array himself in his newly acquired uniform or not; but finally, concluding that to trust anybody else with the delivery would be to court disaster, he decided to undertake the job himself.

He also decided that, in view of the possibility of a car being officially commandeered en route to the salesroom, his presence on the driver's seat in uniform was a necessity.

Selecting the sacred dinner hour of England as being that in which he was least likely to be interfered with, he successfully delivered three of the cars to three separate salesrooms, representing them in each case to be his own property, and in two cases out of the three asking for and receiving an immediate settlement at a specially low price, on account of being under orders for the Front and having no use for a car.

The third car, which was a nearly new and very expensive one, was not so easily disposed of, because its value was such that any great reduction might have roused suspicion. However, he left it in the care of the salesroom and received an advance of two hundred pounds on it, pending its sale by auction or private treaty. The two other cars he had disposed of outright for one hundred and fifty pounds and one hundred and twenty pounds respectively.

Therefore, when Mr. McLean returned to his workshop, intending to drive the fourth car to a fourth salesroom, he had in his pocketbook in notes, mostly of the larger denominations, the respectable sum of four hundred and seventy pounds.

He was of two minds whether to cache this board or not before starting out on his last trip, but eventually decided to keep the notes in his pocket—a decision for which he had good cause to be devoutly thankful later on.

Mr. McLean, neatly attired as a captain of A. S. C., drove the auto into the road, got down from the driver's seat, locked the shed, pocketed the key and, remounting the seat, drove away.

He had avoided the crowded main thoroughfares as far as possible in delivering the three other autos; and this time, to be certain that he should attract no attention, he avoided the Middlesex side of the river altogether and, crossing Kew Bridge, made his way to town via Richmond and Upper Richmond Road.

He made his way in through Wandsworth and Batterses, and continued his drive over Albert Bridge and turned east along the Embankment, intending to run down to Westminster and from thence to retrace his road through the West End to Euston.

As he approached Grosvenor Road Railroad Bridge he became conscious of a small crowd of civilians surrounding the wreck of a touring car and a taxi, which had obviously been in recent collision with disastrous results.

Mopping blood from a gash on his cheek with a khaki handkerchief, and swearing in most strident tones, was an officer in the uniform and badges of the Staff, the crossed sword and baton on his shoulder straps proclaiming him to be of the rank of a general officer.

Seeing Very Temporary Captain McLean approaching with his recently acquired touring car, the general stepped deliberately into the track of the approaching auto and held up his hand.

Mr. McLean applied both foot and hand brakes and halted the car not a foot from the general.

"Where are you bound for?" inquired that officer.

With ready untruthfulness, Mr. McLean answered:

"Tae the War Office, sir-r."

"On any special duty?"

"No, sir-r—only tae hand over this car-r."

"Who does it belong to?"

"Yon's a government car-r, sir-r—jist ta'en ower fra' a civeelian owner-r."

"Commandeered?"

"Aye, sir-r."

"Then—damme!" exclaimed the general—"I'll commandeer it myself."

"An' wheer wad ye be needin' tae gae, sir-r?" *(Continued on Page 29)*

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WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF DISSOLVED ACETYLENE

(Continued from Page 26)

"Southampton," snapped the general sharply. "I'm General Ferguson, commanding the —nth Division. What's your name?"

"Ma name? Ma name's Captain Angus McTavish," replied Mr. McLean, with more readiness than truth.

"Are you a regular?" demanded General Ferguson.

Mr. McLean was nonplused for the moment; however, he compromised.

"Aye," he replied; "Ah'm a' that an' mair—though Ah winna say Ah haven't been a trifle irregular sometimes."

General Ferguson glared at Mr. McLean for a moment.

"Special Reserve of Officers?" he queried.

"Aye; ye micht ca' me that."

"I see," said the general, jumping to wrong conclusions. "Just joined up again for the war?"

"Aye," replied Mr. McLean guardedly.

"Well, anyhow," snapped the general, "I've got to get to Southampton to catch my boat. That fool of a taxi came swinging round the corner, knocked my car into matchwood, knocked the driver and young Webster, my A. D. C., out of time, and played hell generally. I've got to get on. You'll have to take me. It will be quite all right—I can give you a note to your chief that will put you all square. There's no desperate hurry for this car of yours to go anywhere in particular, I suppose?"

"Nae," said Mr. McLean; "there's nae mor-rtal haste for her. Jump in, sir-r; Ah'll tak' ye tae Southampton an' chance it."

"Good!" snapped the general, opening the side door and stepping into the car.

A corporal of the R. E. detached himself from the crowd round the wreck of the two cars, stepped smartly up to the general and saluted.

"They've taken Mr. Webster and your driver to Millbank Hospital, sir," he said.

"Right!" said General Ferguson.

"Am I to stay here till the wrecking gang arrives, sir?"

"You'll stay here till the war's over," said the general with a smile, "if you wait for that. You'd better get back to Whitehall and report the accident. Stop! I'll give you a note to take—that will explain the whole thing."

The general scribbled a few lines in his notebook, tore out the leaf and handed it to the corporal, who received it, saluted and stood strictly to attention.

"Now, Captain—Captain—what's your name again?" said the general.

"McWhirter," volunteered Mr. McLean with more readiness than accuracy.

"McWhirter?" said the general. "McWhirter!—I'm sure that's not what you said just now."

Mr. McLean pulled himself together. "Nae, sir-r," he replied; "Ah but gied ye the half o' it—it's a double name. Ah'm the McTavish-McWhirter—but yon's too much for maist folk tae remember; sae Ah sometimes ca' meself the one and sometimes the ither."

"I see," said the general. "Well now, Captain McWhirter, we'll get on, please."

Mr. McLean, wondering in his mind how he could contrive to rid himself of his distinguished passenger, engaged the gears, let in the clutch, and turned the car westward.

Away they sped through Chelsea to Putney, and out over Barnes Common to Richmond, and so through Kingston and Hampton Court to The South-Western Road, the general ever urging Mr. McLean to keep the car at speed. Through Staines and Bagshot they dashed, keeping a steady average of thirty miles an hour; and the car purred over the smooth road like a live thing.

At Camberley they halted to pick up more petrol, and while the tank was being refilled the general took Mr. McLean into the hotel and bought him a drink.

"That's a fine little car you've got there," he remarked.

"Ah've driven worse," admitted Mr. McLean.

"Yes," said the general; "and it seems to me I might easily get a worse one allotted to me on the other side. I've a dashed good mind to take her over with me. Would you like to come?"

Mr. McLean hesitated, his natural caution struggling with the love of adventure that is in every Scot.

"Aye, sir-r," he said; "Ah'd just like it verra weel."

"Then—damme!—you shall. We'll get the car stowed on the boat and you shall drive me."

"Wull I no get into trouble at the War Office?" asked Mr. McLean.

"The War Office be damned!" replied General Ferguson. "If a divisional commander can't choose his own car and his own driver, what's the use of going to war? I'll put that all straight. Between you and me, the War Office is in such a state of mess and muddle at the moment that they'll take no notice of anything. It'll take them months to settle down to any kind of routine. You've done me a good turn, my boy—I'm going to stick to you. Come along!"

Mr. McLean absorbed the remainder of his whisky and the pair returned to the car. Away they sped through Frimley and Basingstoke, and in the gathering dusk purred up hill and down until it grew too dark to go on without the lights.

"Better stop and light up," suggested the general.

"Nae need, sir-r!" shouted Mr. McLean. "Jist click down yon switch, if ye plesse," he added, pointing to the little switchboard that faced him on the dash.

The general complied, and the dazzling beams of the electric headlights pierced the shadows and turned night into day.

"Electric headlights, by Gad!" said the general, delighted. "This is a jewel of a car! I'll see I don't part with her if I can help it."

Away they sped through the New Forest and out to the south, until the lights of Southampton twinkled before them. And under the general's direction Mr. McLean sought and found the South-Western Hotel.

"We've taken it over as headquarters for the Naval Transport people," explained the general. "Wait here for me—I must go in and find out how we get across. My division crossed last night, but I had to wait for special orders."

The general disappeared into the hotel and Mr. McLean considered his position. A trifle of thinking brought him to the conclusion that flight at this stage of the proceedings would be attended by grave danger of detection; so he concluded to stay with his general and see it through. His deliberations were cut short by the return of General Ferguson, attended by a lieutenant commander of the Naval Transport Staff.

The latter officer mounted the front seat beside Mr. McLean, while General Ferguson entered the back of the car; and, under pilotage of the naval officer, Mr. McLean drove the car through the dock gates and down the road leading to the loading sheds on the quay.

"Here you are!" said the naval man as a long shed loomed up ahead of them. "Keep round to the water side—just under the crane there."

Mr. McLean halted the car between the wall of the shed and the crane, and looked about him. Everywhere was bustle and orderly disorder; hurrying men and anxious officers were bustling round and seeing to the loading of the great tramp steamer that lay alongside the quay.

Mr. McLean had gathered during the journey that the reason General Ferguson had not crossed with his division was that he—the general—had been appointed to the command at less than twelve hours' notice, owing to a sudden change in one of the higher commands. It appeared, also, that General Ferguson was a "dugout," having been living in comparative obscurity for some years.

General Ferguson was a man of about Mr. McLean's height and build, though some twenty years older; but, except for the fact that he was clean-shaved—an unusual state of the lip for a general—he was not in any way remarkable-looking.

After seeing the general installed in his quarters, Mr. McLean saluted and withdrew to his own cabin. After a delay of an hour the warps were cast off and the big steamer made her way slowly down Southampton Water to pick up her escort, and Mr. McLean, stretched on a very hard bunk, tried to get to sleep.

General Ferguson's cabin was next to his own, and cut off only by a thin partition, and he could hear the general snoring above the rumblings of the propeller shafting below in the bowels of the ship.

Just as Mr. McLean was beginning to feel sleepy he heard a startled cry from the other side of the partition, and sat up in his bunk to listen. The general's snores had ceased and he could hear no sound from the next cabin.

Very quietly Mr. McLean got out of his bunk and, opening the cabin door softly,



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again listened. He could distinguish no sound from the general's quarters. Softly Mr. McLean turned the handle of the door and looked inside.

The electric light was full on, and the general, who had divested himself of his service jacket, was lying at full length in his bunk.

"Is there anything wrong, sir-r?" inquired Mr. McLean. No answer.

Mr. McLean stepped closer to the bunk. The general lay white and still, and to Mr. McLean's eye appeared to be too still. Mr. McLean bent over and touched the general's arm. Still, the general gave no sign of life, and Mr. McLean, taking him boldly by the shoulder, shook him.

The general remained entirely inert, and further examination convinced Mr. McLean that General Ferguson was dead.

"Puir fellow!" he mused. "Hair-rt disease, Ah mak' nae doot. Ablins there's a doctor-r aboar-rd. Ah'd better see."

Just as he was about to leave the cabin in search of assistance, an idea struck him. With General Ferguson dead, how was he to explain his presence on the boat and his unofficial appointment? Mr. McLean hesitated, and it became obvious to him that he was in a position where he stood in considerable danger of making the acquaintance of a wall and a firing party at no far distant date. Then came inspiration—and Mr. McLean picked up the dead man's service jacket and slipped it on.

Mr. McLean tiptoed from the cabin and looked out of the doorway at the end of the alleyway. The deck outside was deserted, the night black, and the rail at the ship's side not five feet from the door.

Quickly Mr. McLean returned to his own cabin, picked up his service jacket and, with it in his hand, made his way to the dead general's side. He did not try to dress up the corpse, but, merely wrapping the khaki jacket round it, lifted the body and, staggering under the weight, made for the deck. Cautiously he looked back and forth; and then, when he was certain that there were no prying eyes to see his action, he crossed the deck to the rail and committed the body of the late General Ferguson to the deep.

There was a sounding splash, and the officer on the bridge heard a cry from the deck below.

"Man owerboar-rd!" cried the voice in a strong Scotch accent.

The watch, attracted by the cry, came running, and found an officer, in the uniform of a British general, leaning over the rail and gesticulating wildly.

"What's up, sir?" inquired a boatswain's mate.

"Naething!" replied the general. "Naething's up—it's ma young friend, Captain McWhirter—he's down—he's owerboar-rd! Canna ye no' save him?"

"Better come up on the bridge, sir," said the sailor.

And to the bridge they went, where General McLean-Ferguson reported to the astonished naval officer that Captain McWhirter, who had driven him from London and was to have accompanied him to join the Division, had fallen overboard.

"Can't help it, sir," said the naval officer. "I daren't stop. There may be submarines about, and we can't risk a shipful of men for one captain of the A. S. C. I hope somebody'll pick the poor chap up; but I doubt it."

"Aye; I doot too," replied General McLean-Ferguson; "but we'll hope for-r the best. Verra sad—a nice young fellow! Verra sad!"

With which obituary notice Mr. McLean, in the garb of a general in command of a division, returned to his cabin to investigate the contents of the dispatch case, in which he hoped to find information that would enable him to take over his command without exciting suspicion.

To his delight, he found what he required; and after a few minutes' perusal of the papers in the case he composed himself to sleep on the bunk in which General Ferguson had lain half an hour before.

"Eh, weel!" said Mr. McLean to himself as he lay down. "I dinna doot he was a verra guid general—but Ah'm nae sae sure that Ah'll no' mak' a better. It's no' as though Ah'd tae run the campaign. If Ah keep ma mouth shut, an' dinna gie ower mony or-rder-rs, Ah can get maist o' the worr-k done by adoptin' the navy's word o' command. All they'll get fra' me'll be just two wor-rds—'Carry on!'"

And the new British general fell sound asleep.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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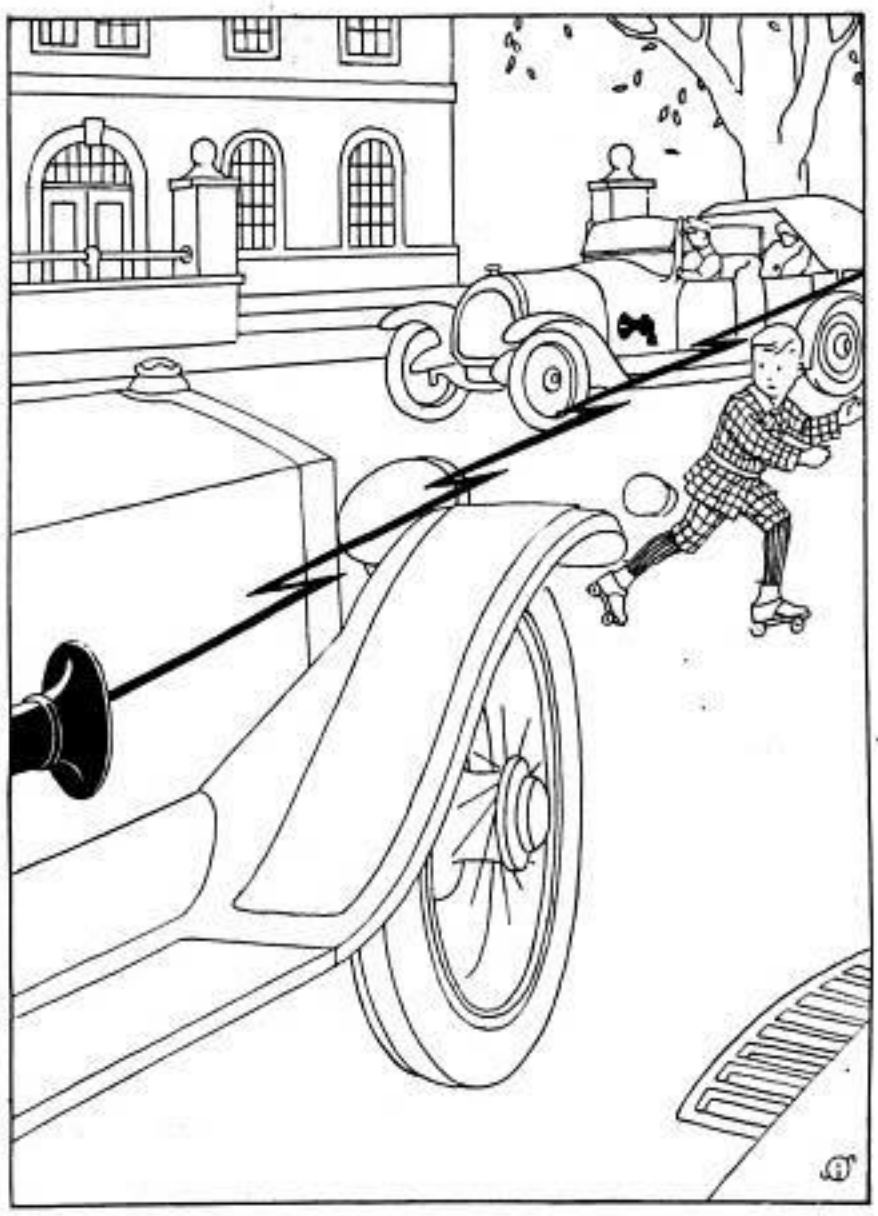
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STRONGER THAN NAILS

HALF A MAN

(Continued from Page 13)

The boy vowed that there was not another such among womankind. The General nodded and stroked the knob of his nose.

Carlitos thought no more of the incident after the first flush of elation subsided. He thought no more of it for two whole days; and then, on the evening of the second, as he was engaged in rolling dice against Juan Juarequi and Tomas down by the stream, he looked up to see a cavalcade enter camp. In their midst, on led horses, were Mrs. Witherspoon and Rosie.

He paused in the middle of play to gape. They passed without seeing him and dismounted at one of a group of empty huts near Staff Headquarters.

"What's the matter, Carlitos? You are pale."

"Nothing!" he replied shortly. But in a short while he abandoned his comrades and strolled up to the house. It was guarded by a sentry. Carlitos knew the fellow, and they exchanged some remarks concerning the prisoners.

"Let me see them."

"My orders spoke only of men, not of children," observed the sentry with a guffaw; "so you may go in."

Mrs. Witherspoon looked up quickly when he entered, and Carlitos quailed.

"So it was you, after all?" she said. "I thought so."

"I didn't know anything about it, ma'am," he protested in a whine. "Honest, I didn't! How could I know that they'd play such a trick? All I did was to say something about how pretty she was—and so she is pretty."

"I'd like to scratch your eyes out!" snapped the girl. Her plump, tanned face was streaked with tears and she was sadly disheveled.

"How did they catch you, ma'am?"

"They come so quick we didn't have time to run; and Jim was away," wailed Mrs. Witherspoon. "There was only ol' Miguel on the place, and he never so much as lifted a hand. Oh, my baby, my baby—he'll die—I know he will! And it'll be your fault."

"Where is he?"

"They done left him with your ma; but you know as well as I do he can't get on without me. And they mean to kill us! I can tell that."

"Oh, no. It ain't as bad as that, Miz Witherspoon."

"Perhaps not," she cried fiercely. "It's like it'll be worse!"

The boy did not comprehend that at all; but he realized that they held him to blame, and he was abjectly miserable. So the next time the sentry went by the door he used him as a pretext to escape.

"Go and tell 'em some more!" Mrs. Witherspoon flung after him.

Carlitos pretended not to hear, and inquired of the soldier where General Murga was.

"He went out this morning to meet Colonel Servin and will not be back until late."

The boy reëntered the hut to impart this information.

"That's good," said Mrs. Witherspoon, who was lying on the floor. "I hope something happens so he never gets back! What're you going to do about it, Carlitos? You got us into this fix—can't you get us out?"

When he did not answer she added scathingly:

"After all I've done for you too! Here, we fed you and gave you clothes ——"

"Yes; and I've stuffed him with candy till he popped!" exclaimed Rosie.

"And now you go and do us like this! Can't you fix it so we could get away, Carlitos?" Mrs. Witherspoon's manner became eager. "Just give me a gun," she went on in an unsteady whisper, "and me and Rosie'll manage the rest. Please, Carlitos! Think of all we've done for you—oh, don't stand there like ——"

"S-sh!" the boy warned as the sentry reappeared; then he said aloud, in brusque tones: "Well, you women'd better quit crying and make yourselves pretty."

The soldier heard him and chuckled. Shortly afterward Carlitos left them.

They expected that he would return soon, but he did not. He went down to the creek and squatted on the bank, chucking stones into the water while he thought out the problem.

The fate of Mrs. Witherspoon did not occasion him the concern it ought, and he even dwelt on the baby's predicament with a measure of composure. Their case merely roused in Carlitos a certain irritation that he should be vexed with their troubles.

But Rosie was an entirely different proposition. The longer he pondered over what might happen to her, the bluer he felt. He fidgeted and fumed. At one moment he savagely denounced his own garrulity, which he knew intuitively had brought her to this plight; the next, he wanted to murder the general, hero though he was. He stood up and flung stone after stone into the stream with all his might.

About five o'clock he answered roll call, but returned immediately to the creek. And there he stayed, though the bugle sounded for supper, wrestling with his problem. He was still wrestling with it when darkness fell; but he was quieter now.

Something was crying his duty in ears that strove to be deaf. The white half of him was working strongly.

At last he seemed to reach a decision, and made his way by a circuitous route to the horse lines. An hour later he sauntered back to the village past the hut where the women were held. The sentry was talking to a young girl at a fire about ten yards off. It seemed to Carlitos that he was having too good a time to be watchful, and after a few minutes he stole to the back window and tossed a pebble inside.

Why Mrs. Witherspoon and Rosie did not scream when it rattled on the floor they could never afterward decide, nor why they permitted in silence a figure to climb through into the room. Perhaps the size of the intruder was reassuring, for even in the dim light, and under the strain of fear, he looked very small to them.

"Don't move!" breathed Carlitos in the girl's ear, and she clutched his thin little arm convulsively. "There's a couple of horses tied below the bend. Come on!"

They tucked up their skirts and followed him soundlessly out of the window and down the slopes.

"Here they are," whispered the boy. "Be mighty careful how you get on; and go slow. I've wrapped sacks round their feet."

"Ain't you coming, too, Carlitos?" asked Rosie in surprise.

"No-o-o. I got to stay."

"But they might find out; and then you'd get it!"

"I'll be all right. You go along. I—I just got to stay."

With a prospect of escape at hand, Mrs. Witherspoon was seized with a fever of energy.

"Hurry, Rosie. I'll help you up first. If we can make it to the ranch before they catch up, Jim'll take us to the Border; and then ——"

But Rosie was of softer stuff. She did not realize any more than the older woman the sacrifice the boy was making. She never suspected for an instant that he was doing it in the full expectation of paying with his life; but, all the same, it was a fine, manly thing for Carlitos to do, and she was touched to the heart. She reached out in the dark and took him in her arms and kissed him. Carlitos clung to her; and suddenly he began to cry.

"So," Black Murga rasped, with the culprit erect on the mat before him, "you helped them—and admit it?"

"Yes, general."

"Why? You knew what to expect, didn't you?"

Carlitos answered humbly that he did.

"Then"—the general bent his heavy brows on him—"what made you go and do it?"

"They'd—they'd been good to me!" was his only defense.

Murga considered him a while, his features set and stern.

"You have heard me say that the first duty of a soldier was loyalty and obedience? Yet you have been a traitor."

When he paused, Carlitos deemed it incumbent upon him to say something.

"Yes, general."

"What I don't understand," continued the chief irritably, "is why you didn't go with them. You come back here and sneak into bed, and next morning have the nerve to own up that you helped them get away!"

(Concluded on Page 35)



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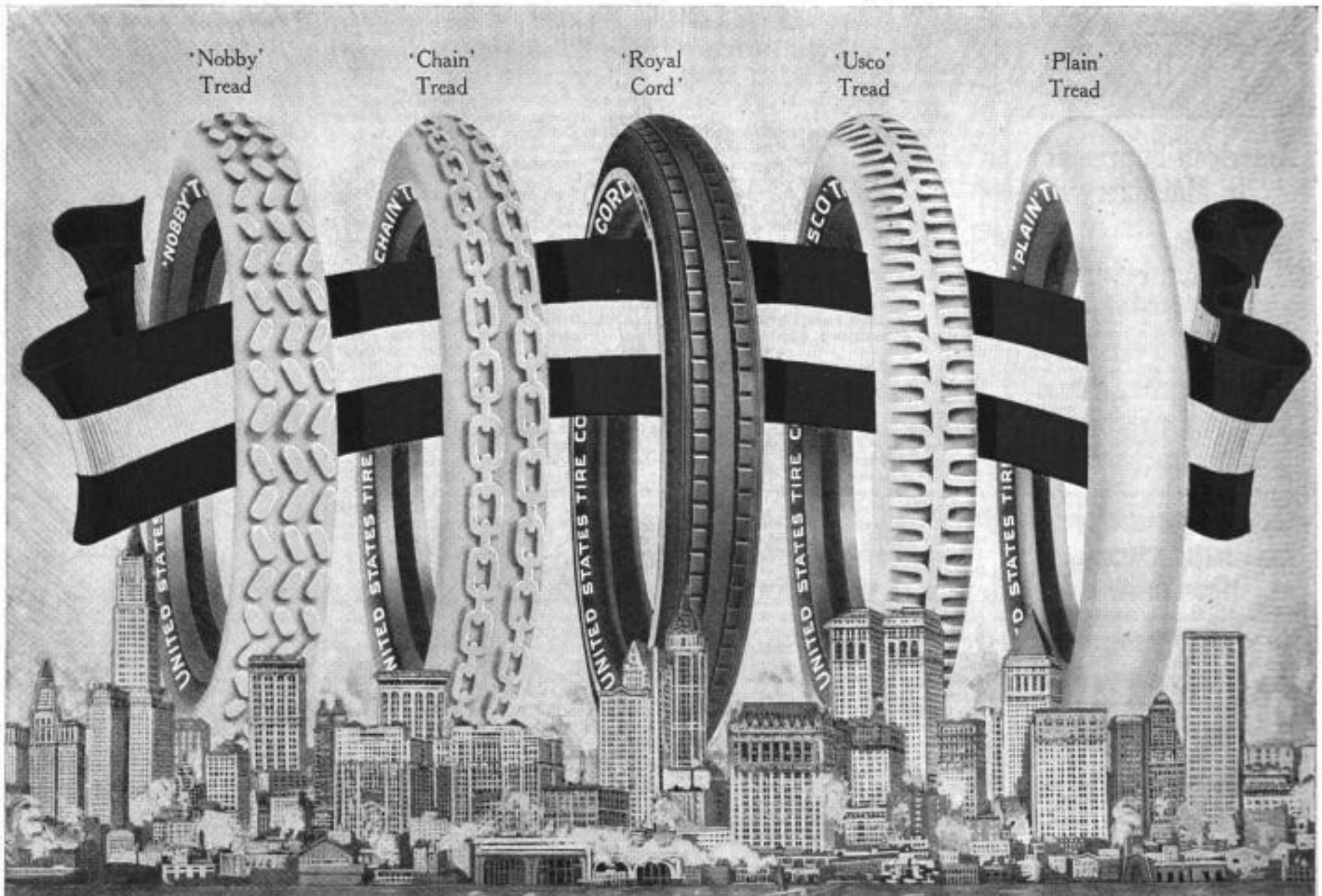
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(Concluded from Page 33)

It was plain that the performance struck him as sheer effrontery.

"I—I had to come back. I'm a soldier! Besides, you'd have found out it was me and got me, anyhow."

The rebel chief scrutinized him fixedly. Carlitos was pale round the lips and ears, and the pupils of his eyes flinched slightly, but he stood up straight and did not tremble.

"I see," said the general with ominous calm. "You figured that I might let you off because you're so young. Well, you were wrong." He paused, made a sign to Colonel Moreno, and added: "I'm going to have you shot. Take him away, colonel. And finish the job at once. You understand me."

It was only what Carlitos had expected, but from the group about the chief broke exclamations of horror and amazement. There was a simultaneous movement forward of all but Moreno, and a young aide cried:

"*Por Dios*, my general! Think—he is only a child!"

"Be quiet, you!" roared Murga, his face twitching with rage. "Just one word more and it will be twenty blows with a saber. Do you hear? Take him away, Moreno! There's a pill of my making."

They fell back, and the colonel conducted the boy outside. Before going, Carlitos saluted punctiliously, and as they passed out into the sunshine he could hear Black Murga scolding his staff.

A priest confessed Carlitos and a squad of five marched him to the adobe wall against which Hernandez had perished. On the way the boy kept that hero in mind and strove to walk as nonchalantly. The result was a pathetic swagger; and when he tried to smoke, it got into his lungs and set him coughing. Yet he contrived a joke to the sergeant of the squad, and the big Yaqui grinned.

The whole camp trailed behind. Carlitos did not resent their curiosity. Instead, he accepted it as a tribute and was glad that so many people should see how fearlessly he could conduct himself.

How was it Hernandez had done? Ah, yes—he had smoked a cigarette; he had flung it from him and made a speech; and he had thrust aside the bandage. Well, he would do the same; he, Carlitos, would show the entire army the stuff that was in him. A sort of ecstasy submerged the inner voices that prompted him to beg for mercy—to run for it—to fall down and refuse to go farther.

Consequently, when they placed him against the wall Carlitos selected a spot with nice care, as though the choice were a matter of moment. Murmurs of pity reached him from the crowd, but he did not interpret them. An officer attempted to bind his arms, but Carlitos pleaded that it was unnecessary, for he would not run or dodge, or fight back.

Next he pushed aside the handkerchief that Colonel Moreno would have tied over his eyes, squared his shoulders, gazed straight at the firing squad, and announced in a childish treble:

"I'm ready!"

The colonel stepped to one side. His sword was lifted.

"Wait a minute!" exclaimed Carlitos.

They waited. The boy took another pull on his cigarette—he had nearly forgotten that. Blowing a smoke ring above his head, he tossed the stub away.

"Tell Rosie," he cried, "that my last thoughts were of her—and my soul to the Unknown! *Preparen armas!*"

Up came the rifles.

"*Sobre el reo apunten!*"

They leveled them at his breast.

"*Fuego!*" he shrilled.

The rifles barked. The dust spurted from the adobe wall. Yet Carlitos stood upright. He was quivering, but he did not fall.

"You'll have to shoot again," he quavered. "I'm not dead yet. I think you missed me."

And, dadgum, if they hadn't! What do you think of that? The whole army gave a yell and surged toward the prisoner. The colonel advanced to look; and Black Murga appeared abruptly from the crowd to make sure for himself. It was surely a miracle.

"*Ah qué pelado;* it is the truth!" exclaimed the general, turning the boy round and round, and feeling him all over. "Not a hole in him—not so much as a scratch! What sort of shooting is this? I've half a mind to stand all five of you up in his place."

"Shall we shoot him again, general?" inquired Moreno gravely.

"I should say not! If five of my best shots can't hit him the first time, you don't get another chance. How about it, *muchachito?* Had enough? Then be off before somebody of surer aim tries it."

The advice seemed good to Carlitos. Jubilant, but feeling far from secure as yet, he darted into the press of spectators and was carried triumphantly back to camp. They felt so relieved and happy that they not only yelled for Carlitos but even cheered Black Murga. And Carlitos made eleven speeches.

He was well started on the twelfth, the center of a throng of troopers; he was relating it all over again—how five full-grown men had fired pointblank at him from a distance of five yards without so much as inflicting a mark, because of God's grace as a reward for devotion and courage—he was telling it for the twelfth time when a messenger arrived to summon him to headquarters. Carlitos did not notice him at first. He was in fine fettle. As he warmed up, he colored the tale, dividing the credit between Divine intervention and his own astuteness in making certain muscular contortions by which he had evaded the whizzing bullets.

The messenger thrust forward.

"Yes, Carlitos," he said; "you ought to be thankful for your small stature. That alone saved you. But hurry up and come with me. The general wishes to speak to you."

"What's the matter now?" demanded the boy in some apprehension.

"I don't know."

Very uneasy, Carlitos accompanied him to the chief's house. Nor were his fears allayed when he glimpsed Murga's expression, which was black and lowering. Half a dozen officers were in the room, and they gazed at Carlitos without a sign of friendliness.

He began to fear the worst.

The general waited until Carlitos had brought his heels together and saluted. A secretary sat beside him, with pen and paper.

"What is your name?" he began with much formality.

"Carlos Aviles, excellency."

"Your age?"

"Ten years—going on eleven." The secretary jotted it down.

"Have you any children?" Murga continued.

"No, general—not yet."

"Ah! Then you are not married?"

"No, general."

"So much the better. You can serve me with undivided mind. Carlos Aviles, you are promoted in the orders of the day to a captaincy; and you will be attached to my personal staff. . . . And now," he cried, rising from his chair, "come and embrace me, *hombrecito!* Give me ten thousand like you, and I would laugh at my enemies."

Later that day Black Murga was disturbed in his siesta by wrangling voices and sounds of strife, punctuated by yelps of pain. He sent his military secretary to learn the trouble. That officer returned in short order.

"It is one of your aides, excellency."

"What? That row? Who? Which one?"

"Captain Aviles, general."

"Ah, indeed! And what is the captain doing now, Dario?"

"He is trying to beat up two of your soldiers."

"Good for him! Why?"

"It seems, general, that he ordered Troopers Juan Juarequi and Tomas Fraustro to salute him each time he went by."

"Well?"

"They told him to go to hell!"



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SALT OF THE EARTH

(Continued from Page 7)

dirt that runs from four bits to a dollar a pan. So he buys the property for a million dollars, puts in his machinery an' ditches, washes for a month, an' shuts down to make his first clean-up. Sinful, that gal tells me he don't git gold enough to fill a tooth!

"Hyde is in Yurrup by this time; so Pyrites can't git close enough to the skunk to kill him. Also, Pyrites don't squeal none—part from pride an' part because he's a dead-game sport. He just packs his jacks an' heads up into the Harqua Halas, lookin' for another stake, which he never finds; an' finally somethin' goes wrong with his innards an' he sets back from the game. His widder runs a miners' boardin' house an' manages to give this here gal Marjorie her schoolin' an' make a trained nuss out o' her; after which maw cashes in too—an' the gal's an orphan."

Sinful John was silent a long time, pondering this tragic tale. Finally he asked:

"An' this feller Hyde? Is he still in Yurrup? Because if he is we'll just nacherly look that varmint up an' argy the case with him when we go to the Paree Exposition."

"No," replied Snowshoe, "he ain't. He's a-livin' in New York, an' he's what you-all call a banker and broker. That million he took from Pyrites Kincaid give him his start; an' Marjorie tells me as how she read all about him in the papers. I reckon mebbe that skunk's worth twenty million dollars by now."

Again Sinful John lapsed into silence. After a long time Snowshoe Sam queried:

"I'm agreeable, Sinful. . . . How d'ye propose takin' that million away from him?"

Not a word had been spoken; yet Snowshoe read his partner's thoughts as accurately as if Sinful had shouted them.

"To-morrer mornin'," Sinful declared calmly, "I'm a-goin' to take two o' the jacks an' go back to the dry diggin's, dig up that eighteen thousand dollars in dust we got buried there, an' light out for Battle Mountain, to connect with the overland train. When I git there I'll cash in enough dust to keep us both goin' for the next three months, an' the rest o' the poke I'll put in the safe-deposit vault in the bank there, in both our names. Then I'm a-goin' to dust for New York; an' as soon as you're able to stagger round, Snowshoe, you light out for Mono County. D'ye remember that big cement-gravel deposit we looked over twenty years ago—about nine hundred acres of it, up near Benton?"

Snowshoe nodded.

"You're goin' to sell him that conglomerate, eh?" he queried.

"I'm a-goin' to try, Snowshoe."

"Salt?"

"You bet!"

"How?"

"Nothin' so coarse as Mexicans with gold-filled cigarettes. No, siree! It'll require art to sell this swindler nine hundred acres o' gravel without a streak of color in it! So we'll be artists, Snowshoe. We'll just tell him where the claims lie, lead him out to 'em, then walk away an' let him or his engineer sample every dog-goned acre of it, if they want to. They'll get an assay that'll drive 'em crazy, no matter where they take the sample."

"Sinful," Snowshoe Sam reminded his partner gently, "we ain't got dust enough to salt nine hundred acres o' that wuthless gravel deposit. An' though I don't never aim to be a short sport, an'll go as far as any man, still, as your pardner, I've got to remind you that this proposition's goin' to knock spots out o' our trip to Paree. An' you been settin' a heap o' stock by that journey."

"To hell with Paree!" roared Sinful John with splendid nonchalance. "I been readin' up on Paree lately, an', come to think of it, I'm afraid I've been overestimatin' that camp. In the first place, the john-damns, which is what they call the city marshals, won't let you wear a gun; an' if you hit a Frenchman a swipe in the snoot for insultin' of you, you git six months in the county jail. The only thing that's left for a feller to do, then, is to cuss the short-horn. An', Snowshoe, them Frenchmen don't know what cussin' is like! Snowshoe, they wouldn't understand us. If I was to call one of 'em the name that was sudden death in Ballarat an' Eureka an' Virginia City when we was young fellers, he'd think I was complimentin' him."

"Well, I'll be shot!"

"Yes, sir; it's a fact. Snowshoe, whenever you want to cuss a Frenchman just call him a camel; if you want to git him goin' for fair, call him a camel with two humps; an' if you want to see him tie knots in himself, 'low as how he appears to you to be a kind of cabbage, badly cooked! That'll always stampede him."

Snowshoe expressed proper amazement.

"Wa-al," he concluded finally. "Let's hope we'll save enough out o' the wreck for a trip to Frisco. We ain't been there since sixty-eight; an' they do say folks in Frisco has quit burnin' kerosene in lamps an' uses 'lectricity. I sure would like to see one o' them bottles with a light in it an' no wick. Speakin' personal, Sinful, I ain't never been very strong for Paree myself."

"Then you wouldn't enjoy the trip, Snowshoe. However, to git back to business: As soon as you're able to toddle round you cross over into Mono County, California, an' stake every acre of that gravel deposit. You can use the names of all our friends here in Kelcey's Wells; then, after filing the location notices, come back here, give each of the fellers whose names you've used one silver dollar an' git a quit-claim deed from them for the claims. Then git a lawyer an' incorporate 'em all in a company, an' put a couple o' fellers to doin' the assessment work, until I come back from New York with this Hyde person or his engineer."

"What'll we call the mine, Sinful?"

"Call it the Sweepstakes Minin' Company; an' don't use your own name in connection with the deal at any time. Have the locators deed direct to the company, an' put all the capital stock in my name, with two dummies, holdin' a share each, to make up the board of directors. I'll be president an' treasurer."

"High fi-nance, eh?" piped Snowshoe.

"You bet!" said Sinful John. "Minin'—how to do it an' how not to do it—is one game you an' me savvy all the way. High fi-nance! I should tell a man!"

IV

THE cool young man on guard in the general office of Mr. Brandon P. Hyde, banker and broker, of Wall Street, New York City, looked up as the door opened cautiously halfway. An individual, alien to New York, stood in the aperture. Mr. Hyde's young man gazed upon Sinful John—for the visitor was none other—but said nothing, though his gaze plainly indicated that he wished to be shown—something; no matter what. On his part, Sinful John hesitated, awaiting a cheerful summons to enter and make himself at home. Thus, ten painful seconds passed.

"Well?" queried the cool young man.

"Son," Sinful asked mildly, "be the boss in?"

"Have you an appointment with him?"

"No."

"Then he isn't in—to you, I'm afraid."

"Suppose you tell him I'm out here an' ask him if he can spare me ten minutes o' his attention."

"Whom shall I say wishes to call? Have you a card?"

"Quit joshin' me, young feller! Have I a card? Of course I ain't. Just tell the boss John R. Harkness, of Kelcey's Wells, Nevada, has called to sell him a mine."

"It would be as much as my job is worth. Mr. Hyde has mining propositions put up to him every day of his life, and just at present he isn't considering any further investments."

"He'll consider my proposition. He can't afford not to."

"Mr. Hyde's time is very valuable ——"

"How valuable?"

"Well, I've known days when it was worth a hundred dollars a minute."

Sinful John stepped into the room, reached into his breast pocket, and brought forth a roll of greenbacks held together by a rubber band. Quite coolly he counted out a thousand dollars and shoved it across the counter toward Brandon P. Hyde's astounded outpost.

"I'm no piker when it comes to gittin' what I want," he informed the latter. "You tote that wad in to the boss an' tell him I'm not asking him to give me a second of his time. I'm prepared to buy it an' pay his price for it."

Mr. Hyde was a very human sort of bandit; consequently when his private

(Continued on Page 39)

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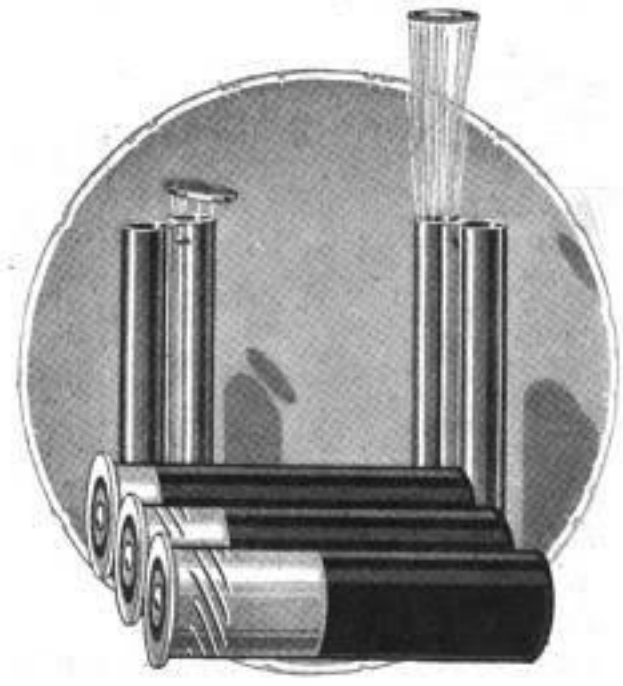
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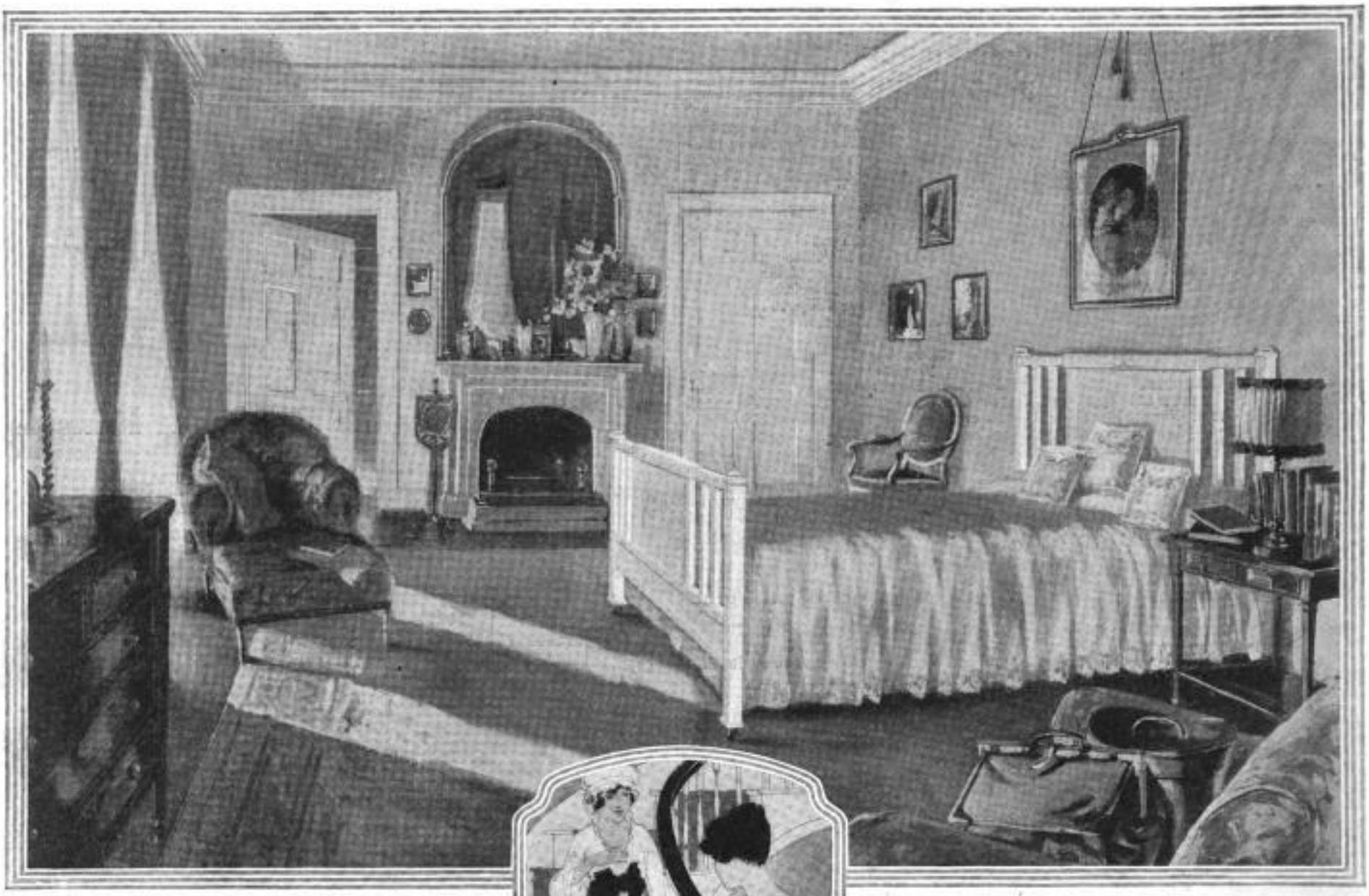
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SIMMONS COMPANY TRADE MARK

SIMMONS *Beds*

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(Continued from Page 37)

secretary carried him Sinful John's message, together with the latter's cash, name and address, the financier forgot his customary taciturnity long enough to laugh.

"Money talks, Dawson," he declared. "Show him in."

Sinful John entered—a picturesque sight. A Battle Mountain tailor had built him a Prince Albert suit of a cut that, in those days, was strictly vogue. The horseshoe-cut vest showed a "b'iled" shirt, with three small red studs therein. They looked like rubies, but were not. A low turndown collar, with a black string tie, a wide black felt hat, and a pair of twenty-five-dollar boots, the beauty of which even Sinful's trousers, drawn over the boot tops, could not conceal, completed his attire. His thick white hair hung in wavy masses to his coat collar, but his cheeks were clean-shaved and his tobacco-stained beard and mustache had received the careful attention of a barber that very morning. He looked dignified, patriarchal; the compelling glance of his keen, fearless blue eyes won the respect of his victim before a word had been spoken.

"Sit down, Mr. Harkness," said Hyde cordially. "My secretary tells me you want ten minutes of my time. I am very busy, but I can grant you ten minutes. Meantime there will be no charge." And he shoved the thousand dollars toward Sinful John, who pocketed it with a smile.

"Pretty able chap—the young feller," he declared with a nod toward the general office; "I just nacherly had to outgame him." He sat down. "Yes, sir, I wanted to see you," he continued; "but not for ten minutes. I can tell you my business in five minutes. I own all the stock in the Sweepstakes Minin' Company, of California. The Sweepstakes consists of nine hundred acres, more or less, of a cement-gravel deposit, an' I guarantee to deliver it with a clear title an' the assessment work all done.

"I'm offerin' it to you for a million dollars, cash money—an' you're a-goin' to buy it, because that deposit is from ten to twenty feet deep; an' I defy you to put a round o' shots anywhere in the face an' break down stuff that won't assay as low as three dollars a ton an' as high, in spots, as ten. I'm tellin' you, Mr. Hyde.

"Remember, however, I ain't wastin' your time. I'm an old man, an' I ain't got the million dollars necessary to put in machinery an' build ten mile o' flume to lead the water to this ground for sluicin'; so I'm sellin' out, an' I've picked on you to buy me out. The young feller outside told me you have minin' propositions put up to you every day of your life. I don't doubt it; but—you'll never have another proposition like mine put up to you! An' this is how I'm goin' to put it up to you: I'm a-goin' to leave five thousand dollars with you here an' now to pay the expenses of sendin' your engineers out to the Sweepstakes Mine to make an examination. If them engineers reports that the ground ain't as I represent, then the deal is off—an' it ain't cost you a cent to find it out.

"It's a hydraulic proposition, Mr. Hyde. I guarantee the water, provided you build ditches to bring it to the property; an' I'm tellin' you that when them engineers o' your'n reports back to you you'll see a hundred million in sight, an' you'll just about bust a leg runnin' to me with a certified check for a million dollars. Of course, if you buy the property you reimburse me for the expense money I've put up. That's fair, ain't it?"

Brandon P. Hyde chuckled pleasurably.

"You're right, Mr. Harkness," he declared. "I'll never have another proposition like this put up to me, for men of your caliber are too scarce. You are really willing now to put up the cash to guarantee me against loss if I'll take a chance and merely investigate your property?"

"That's the bet! She goes as she lies. My name is John R. Harkness; an' when you git the contract ready, an' signed, send the young feller over to the Astor House for my signature an' the cash. Much obliged for your time, sir. Good afternoon." And Sinful John picked his hat from the floor beside his chair and started for the door.

"Here; wait a few minutes!" Hyde called. "We'll fix this thing up here and now. If you have such a gravel deposit as you describe and it will assay one dollar a ton all through—and if, as you say, a million dollars expended on machinery and waterways will put the mine in operation—I'll buy it."

"You've bought the Sweepstakes Minin' Company," said Sinful John; and he sat down again, while Hyde sent for his attorney to come over and draw up a memorandum of agreement between him and his strange visitor.

When it was signed Sinful John paid over five thousand dollars, took a receipt for the same, and departed, after having made an agreement to meet Brandon P. Hyde's engineer ten days hence at Hornbrook, Siskiyou County, California, guide him into the gravel deposit, and leave him there to sample the mine according to his nature and inclinations.

"Which there won't be nobody but your men on the ground," Sinful declared. "I'm tellin' you that cement-gravel assays so high, anywhere you put in a shot round a couple o' miles o' face to git your sample, that if me or my representative was standin' round you'd be inclined to think we'd salted the ground on you."

"Salting nine hundred acres of ground would be prohibitive as to price," Hyde suggested, out of the depths of his early experience in salting placer ground on the late Pyrites Kincaid.

"Well, I ain't takin' chances on rousin' suspicion," Sinful declared. "I can't afford to queer a million-dollar deal—not at my p'int in life. I'll lead your men in an' leave them there to investigate as they durned please."

V

WHEN he left Hyde's office Sinful went to his hotel and sent the following telegram:

NEW YORK, June 27, 18—.

E. S. POSTELWAITHE,
Hornbrook, Siskiyou County, Calif.

Sold. Engineer due Hornbrook morning July seventh. SINFUL.

Immediately upon receipt of this telegram Snowshoe Sam went over to the general store in Hornbrook and bought two cases of seven-eighths-inch forty-per-cent gelatine dynamite, packed them on a burro, and disappeared into the hills. When he was satisfied he was far from prying eyes he carefully pried off the lids of the cases and removed the dynamite; then, from his kyacks, he produced a polished-steel rod about ten inches long and a quarter of an inch in diameter; also, a bag of gold dust and a tiny funnel.

His nefarious preparations now being completed, Snowshoe Sam took up a stick of dynamite, drew back the folds of the heavy, greasy, brown-paper cylinder at one end and drove his steel rod down through the center of the stick for one-third of the distance, wiggled it round gingerly, and then withdrew it, leaving a well-defined hole. Into this hole he placed his tiny funnel and from the buckskin poke poured about ten dollars' worth of gold dust into the funnel. Then he stamped the gold down into the heart of the dynamite, covered over the tiny hole, folded the paper back over the end of the stick, reversed it and performed a similar operation in the other end. When the task was finished that stick of dynamite contained between eighteen and twenty dollars' worth of gold dust, and there was no sign to indicate that the stick had been tampered with.

Wise in the ways of the miner handling powder, Snowshoe knew that an engineer, when breaking down rock for ore samples, is never foolish enough to use a full stick of dynamite. He cuts it in half. Hence Snowshoe craftily salted his dynamite from both ends, planting each deposit at about the center of a half stick. Hence, when a full stick was cut in twain the point of separation would be approximately at the center of the stick and the knife would cut through dynamite only, thus rendering discovery of the gold practically impossible. Snowshoe loaded all the dynamite, repacked it in the boxes and nailed down the lids again, after which he dug a hole and buried the deadly stuff to keep his inquisitive jacks from investigating it to the detriment of all concerned.

Then he went fishing over on the Klamath River; and when fishing palled on him he took his old double-barreled, muzzle-loading shotgun and went hunting rabbits for Toby. Thus did he disport himself until the fifth day of July. On that day he journeyed back to Hornbrook, arriving late at night; and on the morning of the sixth he again visited the general store and bought the last two cases of dynamite in Hornbrook. The excess supply usually kept on hand had been used up by patriotic citizens

(Continued on Page 42)



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Four Touring	$1285	Four Sedan	$1950
Four Coupé	$1650	Four Limousine	$1950

Eight Touring . $1950

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(Concluded from Page 39)

during the Fourth-of-July celebration two days previously, and a new consignment would not be delivered for several days.

Snowshoe packed his two cases on his jack and trudged back to his camp in the hills, where he worked until far into the night, salting both cases liberally.

Thus it came to pass that when Sinful John, accompanied by Hyde's engineer and two husky assistants the latter could trust, dropped off the train at Hornbrook on the morning of the seventh, and the engineer went over to the general store to purchase dynamite at the source of supply closest to Sinful John's deposit of cement-gravel, or conglomerate, he was courteously informed by the proprietor that he had no dynamite in stock, having sold the last two cases the previous night.

Sinful John, having gone to take over the pack outfit and saddle horses he had ordered by wire, appeared at the general store a few minutes later, and to him the engineer explained the embarrassment resulting from the scarcity of dynamite. They would have to mark time in Hornbrook until the storekeeper should receive the lot just ordered.

To this unwelcome news the storekeeper further added, volubly, that he was plumb sorry; that he wished he had known sooner, because he'd sold the last two cases only the day before.

"Who'd you sell it to?" Sinful demanded.

"To a prospector name o' Postelwaithe. He's peggin' away at a claim back yonder in the hills."

"Oh, I know Postelwaithe!" Sinful declared, vastly relieved. "You say he bought two boxes?" The storekeeper nodded. "Then," quoth Sinful John, "he'll give us one of them if we agree to send him out a case from this here lot you've got comin' next week. One case each will keep us both going until more dynamite gets into this country. Come, boys! Climb aboard your horses an' let's crack along. We pass the claim o' this person Postelwaithe on our road out to the Sweepstakes. He's an obligin', neighborly sort o' cuss; in fact, you'll find that folks in this country is generally willin' to give a feller in need about half o' whatever they've got."

So Sinful John led his victims out to the camp of Elmer Sampson Postelwaithe, who sympathized deeply with them in their predicament and cursed the mining game up hill and down dale. It appeared Mr. Postelwaithe had just come to the conclusion that quartz mining was a delusion and a snare, and was about ready to go back to his old love—placering. Consequently he would be glad to sell them three cases of dynamite, if they wanted it, and take back any part they found themselves unable to use.

Brandon P. Hyde's engineer was delighted with Snowshoe's liberality and neighborly spirit, and hastened to take advantage of it. Snowshoe pointed disgustedly to three cases of dynamite.

"Help yourself. All I ask is that you don't let it drop," he declared; he was not at all concerned, for all three cases were salted.

"Much obliged," Sinful John told him. "Have a cigar, Mr. Postelwaithe?"

"Don't mind if I do, Mr. Harkness," said Snowshoe Sam.

VI

BRANDON P. HYDE'S engineer in the course of time rendered his formal report on the property of the Sweepstakes Mining Company. He had put in shots and taken samples all over the property, which, when washed and rockered out, showed an average assay of $4.61 a ton, with so many million tons of gravel in sight that Brandon P. Hyde actually blinked at the enormity of the paper profits. Everything was as the whimsical Mr. John R. Harkness had represented and the engineer recommended the immediate purchase of the mine.

So Brandon P. Hyde promptly transferred a million dollars by telegraph to a San Francisco bank, and wired John R. Harkness to call upon his attorney there and close up the deal; which, being done to the entire satisfaction of the attorney, a certified check for a million and five thousand dollars was handed Sinful John, who, to the great amazement of the paying teller, insisted on receiving the entire amount in bills of large denomination.

With the million in a satchel, he then went to Los Angeles, where he purchased ten cashier's checks from ten banks, each check drawn for one hundred thousand dollars in favor of Marjorie Kincaid. These checks he inclosed in an envelope, together with a scrap of paper, upon which was written:

"I can't die a thief! I stole this from your father before you was born. Please forgive me."

Then he returned to San Francisco. At the What Cheer House he met Snowshoe Sam, who reported Toby in the basement of the hotel and everything lovely in his department; whereupon they sent that million dollars by registered mail to Marjorie Kincaid, at Kelcey's Wells, Nevada. When the return registry receipt gave ocular proof that Pyrites Kincaid's daughter had at last come into her father's fortune, Sinful John and Snowshoe Sam went blithely forth to the enjoyment of those worldly things they had set their hearts upon. It was a wonderful vacation; certainly Gay Paree was not a deprivation.

And when the poke was down to five hundred dollars Sinful John and Snowshoe Sam and Toby went back to Kelcey's Wells, bought a new pack outfit and drifted away through the purple haze into the silence, to sunrise and sunset, to the scent of the sage at dawn, and wood smoke and the odor of frying bacon in their eager nostrils at eventide.

When at last they came to their abandoned dry diggings, in the hot, cruel heart of Big Smoky, with the shimmering heat waves stretching away to the distant blue Toquina Range and the desolation of death round them, Snowshoe Sam heaved a sigh of relief.

"Thank God, Sinful," he murmured, "we're home again!"

As for Brandon P. Hyde, he spent another million installing machinery and building a dam up in the hills, and miles of ditches to lead the water to his vast cement-gravel deposit. The Sweepstakes Mine ran a month and then shut down for the first clean-up, which netted nothing—neither more nor less.

Simultaneously with the receipt by Hyde of this horrible report, however, the latter's mail brought him a communication that, though disconcerting otherwise, at least brought to Brandon P. Hyde the meager comfort of an explanation. It was undated and unsigned, and read as follows:

"Do not blame your engineer that made the examination. I slipped him a couple of cases of salted dynamite. The Sweepstakes Mine wasn't a mine at all—just a big deposit of conglomerate, which is a formation that often contains a lot of gold. The only gold the Sweepstakes contained was the gold that was put into the sticks of dynamite. After your men had drilled holes in the face of the deposit they tamped the salted dynamite into the holes; when the dynamite exploded it blew the salt into the deposit, an' when your engineer rockered his samples he found stuff that ran $4.61 to the ton.

"Now you know how Pyrites Kincaid felt when you salted that Mexican ground on him fifteen years ago. Pyrites is dead; but his heir will enjoy your million. The other million you spent on the ground is for exemplary damages.

"It's a long lane that hasn't got a saloon at the end of it!"

And when Brandon P. Hyde's detective came to Kelcey's Wells seeking information anent one Elmer S. Postelwaithe and one John R. Harkness, nobody could give him any information. If he had only asked for Sinful John and Snowshoe Sam!

And yet some people ask: "What's in a name?"

WITH CANADA AT THE SOMME

(Continued from Page 20)

major waited to receive us. Of the college-athlete type, he was just a big, cordial boy, glad and lucky to be alive. Tale after tale he spun of brushes with the Germans in the hot days when Canada took Courcelette up the Somme; and he ended with these remarks: "So you are with THE SATURDAY EVENING POST! Your paper has hurt me deeply. I was up in a dug-out on the Somme. As I'm too tall for the regular funk hole where I used to sleep, my head and legs were always hanging out. I hadn't had a bath for ten days. My batman, poor kid, had been hit; and my trench coat went with him. My clothes had been soaked and dried on to my skin. Then someone brought up the mail and I drew a POST. I opened it to a collar ad—you get me? A collar ad! I looked at that neat son-of-a-gun, slapped him and said: 'Take that, Willie! Take that!'"

There was, too, a paymaster officer, with one of those crinkled faces which in the North American type go with shrewdness. He might have been a small city judge or banker of the Middle West; and he was wise, very wise. The Canadian-Irishman who escorted us past the stinking shell holes of an old battle to a set of reserve trenches and an observation post, might have been in high affairs in Boston, that Puritan city grown Hibernian.

Dinner Before the Attack

He whom they call the "Papoose" is of the Western Continent, too, but with a difference. He gets his nickname from a play on his real name; but as much, too, for his wide-eyed, childish interest in this world and his boyish spirits. For the Papoose is of the French element, and shows it in his sprightliness. Yet he has seen enough to sadden a man for life—a proof that characters are not changed by war. Twice he has come back from action the only unwounded officer of the company. On the last night before our all-American party moved on to the Somme, there was a dinner at a certain headquarters. A crack military band, come to cheer up the men at the rest stations, serenaded us outside. After God Save the King they played The Star-Spangled Banner, which I considered right handsome of them. That called for speeches. The Papoose rose and delivered himself of real eloquence—another proof that he is French. That was a singular dinner, there behind the guns, a pleasant affair, with much joshing about the board. Yet these men were only a few weeks from the slaughter pen of the Somme; and one and all they had been through hell. It broke queerly into the conversation now and then. In the midst of some quaint or funny story about Smith or Brown or Jones the narrator would pull himself up and say: "Poor fellow, he's gone!" or "Killed at Courcelette!" and then, after a momentary shift of expression, go on with the conversation.

With the rank and file we had communed less than I might have wished. The Canadian is not marked off from the "Imperial" forces, like his brethren of Australia and New Zealand, by a distinctive hat. He wears the trench cap; his designation is merely the bronze maple leaf at the collar and the brass tag "CANADA" on the shoulder-strap. Yet as the columns crawled down the muddy roads you could usually pick the Canadians by their stalwart frames and the freedom of their stride; and when they came near enough, the hard stress of their American accents would pierce the babble of softer English speech. Now and then a stop at a crossroads would afford a chance for a talk or an exchange of cigarettes, and the soldier so accosted, upon finding that we were not officers, as our khaki seemed to prove, but only correspondents from the States, would open up with the friendliness of our Continent and tell about themselves. We talked so with a wheat farmer of the Saskatchewan, a mechanic from Ottawa, a clerk from Toronto, a miner—he was using his skill now in driving military galleries—from the far North.

I found, too, that the excellent Canadian morale, of which the British correspondents write in these days, was no myth. Why soldiers prefer dangerous activities to less dangerous passivity, I do not know; but the fact remains; and these Canadians proved it to me. They vastly preferred the Somme, with its terrible hardships and losses, to the pounding at the Ypres Salient. This rest in the peace trenches hardly resembled warfare as they had known it in their heroic fifteen months of battle for the Empire; and it came most gratefully after the Somme.

Now we had shifted through Amiens, toward the scene of action where a part of the Canadians, wedged among their Imperial comrades, were blasting their way toward Germany. A bad set of tires and a damaged rear wheel held us back that day, and we came to the devastation of the Somme and to an advanced headquarters in a twilight sprinkled with the firefly spots of bursting shrapnel, lit by the sudden, vicious bursts of guns. Headquarters was a dug-out to which a plank walk led across a muddy ridge. The general was having tea, and an Imperial colonel—"Imperial" among the Canadians means about the same thing as "English"—had dropped in for a visit, a noble specimen of a cream-colored English bulldog following at his heels. While we drank our tea the animal slept under the table, snoring even more wheezily than is the habit of his kind.

"He's been through it with me from the first," remarked the colonel. "He was gassed at Ypres, and I was afraid I was going to lose him, poor old chap—his voice has never recovered!"

Soldiers at the front, I find, do not care greatly to discuss the war. Visitors bring a breath of outer air, a relief from a topic so all-absorbing that it amounts to torture. So we spoke of many things, such as the presidential election and the reason for the American accent. Only when we rose to go did the staff remark quite casually that there was going to be an attack during the night. A certain strong and famous German trench had been half taken a week before. The mud had been drying during the day, and Canada was going after the remainder. They spoke of this quite casually as part of the day's work; but when we left the general was hurrying back to his map room. We had scarcely started our car down the road, when the guns, which had been booming all the afternoon, broke into a tattoo, as a snare drummer, out of the "Tum, Tum, Tum-Tum-Tum" of his marching beat, will break into a long roll.

We flashed, on our way back, through the ruined city of Albert. Who does not know of the Albert Virgin? The fame of that curious statue has spread over the world; yet to get the impression it gives, bizarre, sinister, pathetic and all-impressive, one must see it not in photographs, but in the setting of battle. The Albert Cathedral was one of the most pretentious modern churches of France, though a little loud in effect, what with much mosaic and gingerbread work. Now at its highest steeple stood a gigantic gilded Virgin, holding up before her the Child with His arms outstretched. This figure, seen in the distance, was the cross of the church.

The Colonel's Dog Fritz

No church tower I have seen in the war is so badly battered, while still standing. Shells have bitten great chunks from this side and that, until in profile it looks like a corkscrew. The copula supporting the figure was burned, and the iron girders bent so that the statue dipped over horizontally. There it rests; it seems a mother keeping her child from falling; and the outstretched arms of the infant give him an appearance of terror. We saw it in flashes of the guns, in star sparkles of the shrapnel; the crazy structure and the figures which topped it were shaking with the reverberations of the guns. I could even imagine an expression of horror on the sculptured face of the Child.

We were quartered in a city perhaps twenty miles behind the line. There the colonel was to meet us. Since he is a character in the events of that night, I pause to describe him. He is a Briton of the old army; among the prismatic row of service ribbons on his left breast is the Victoria Cross, which he won at Spion Kop. The colonel is tall and rangy, calm and witty, opinionated and kindly. Wherever he goes behind the front he takes along Fritz, his little dog. When the Canadians stormed a certain bastion at Courcelette they found only one living thing—this tiny mongrel fox-terrier with an undershot jaw, who stood on the body of his dead master barking furiously. The officer who captured Fritz is dead; the colonel got him by inheritance. And now the little traitor is as fond of the colonel and his mess as though he had been barking for England all his days.

(Concluded on Page 46)

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REMY

STARTING LIGHTING IGNITION SYSTEMS

LEADERSHIP

IF you are the owner of a car which is Remy equipped, we have every reason to believe that the name is associated in your mind with satisfactory service.

And it is human nature, when a man approves of any product, to derive satisfaction from the fact that its merit is generally recognized by others.

We want to intensify your good opinion of Remy products—and therefore we want you to know how high they stand in general esteem.

In Ignition, Remy is firmly entrenched in first place.

It is preferred and specified in a larger and more substantial percentage by those motor car manufacturers who build a thousand cars or more per year.

Remy Starting and Lighting came later in Remy history than Remy Ignition, but they are destined to the same absolute degree of leadership.

The fact that a car is Remy equipped does not, of course, represent a sufficient reason, in and of itself, for buying that car.

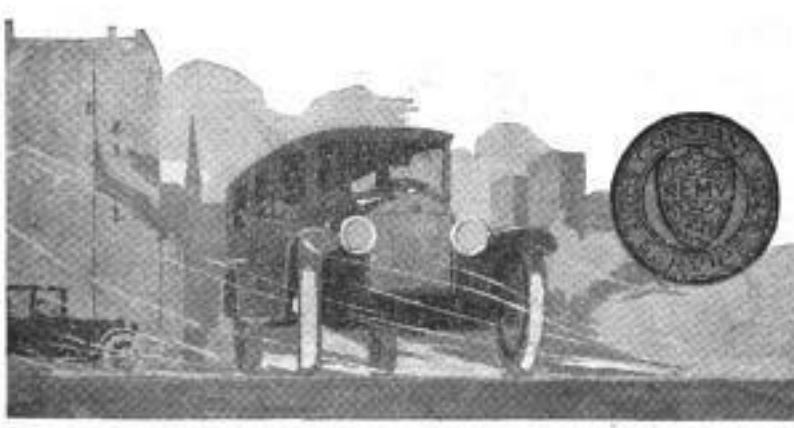
But insofar as Starting, Lighting and Ignition are concerned, you can be sure that any car is a better car because it is equipped with Remy systems.

That is the one thought we want to convey to you in this advertising—that you can accept it as a fact that, on cars equipped with Remy Starting, Lighting, or Ignition, these features are beyond betterment.

For the user's satisfaction, electrical devices on a motor car must be dependable for the life of the car.

We want you to remember that the name Remy stands for constant, deliberate intention to build for the user's satisfaction.

We do not speak of Remy leadership among motor car manufacturers in a spirit of boasting. We give you the facts as a matter of information.

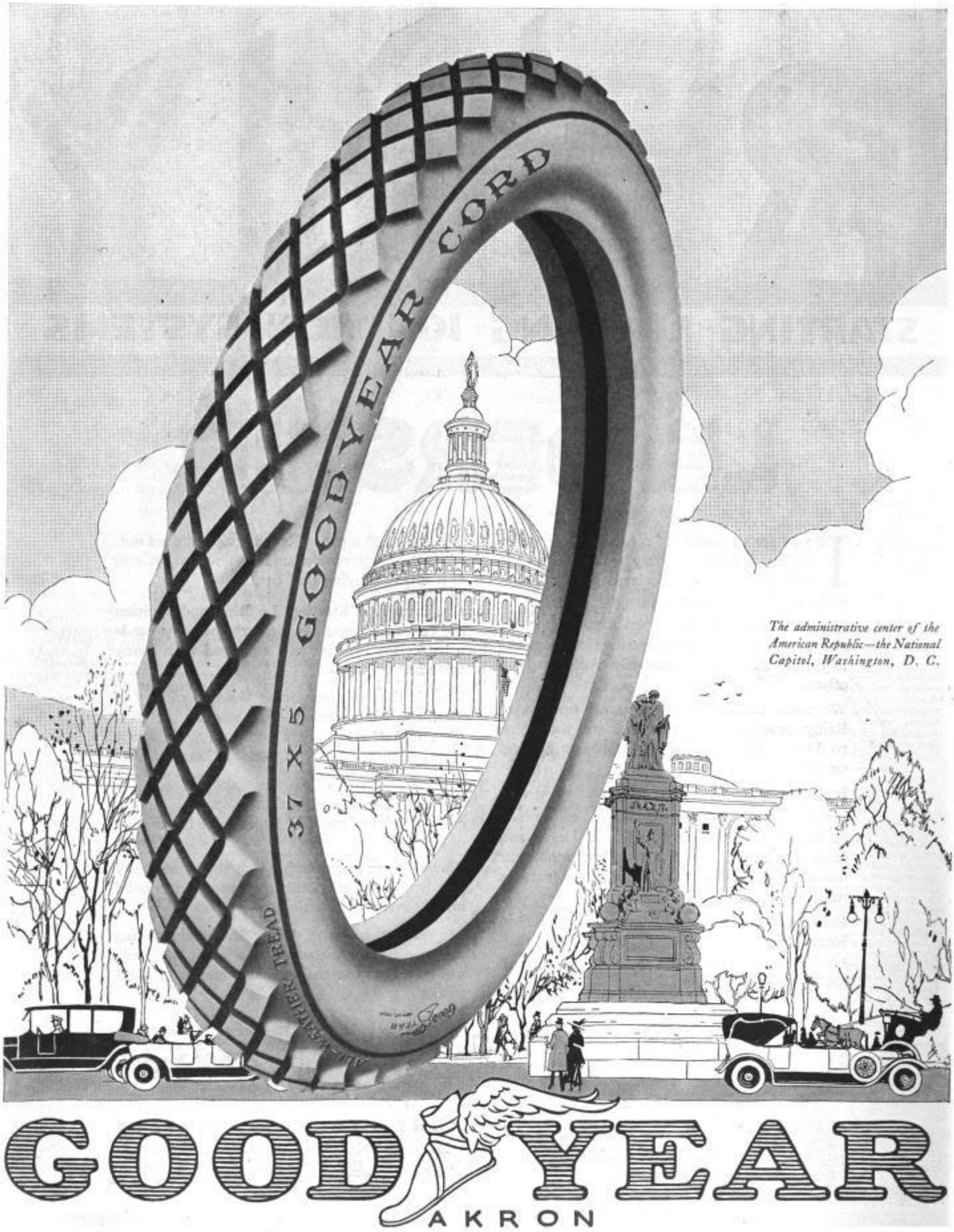


The new patented Thermostat Control of Remy generators provides more current to the battery just when it is most needed, in both winter and summer, with slow, average and fast driving.

REMY ELECTRIC COMPANY

Sales and Engineering Offices, Detroit, Michigan
Factories and General Offices, Anderson, Indiana

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The administrative center of the American Republic—the National Capitol, Washington, D. C.

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Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

THE GUARANTEE BEHIND GOODYEAR CORDS

The guarantee behind Goodyear Cord Tires is not a scrap of paper.

It bears no signatures, no seals, none of the meaningless appurtenances of official habit.

It is written rather in performance than in phrases.

It is simply the clear and steadfast purpose of this Company never to send into the world a product unworthy of the Goodyear name.

A strange guarantee, perhaps, in these days of definite mileage warranties.

Yet is it strange?

Why should you trust a tire-maker's signature if you cannot trust his product?

And why, if you can trust his product, should you ask his signature to a mileage guarantee?

No man can *write* miles into a tire —he must *build* them there.

And to build them there in Goodyear measure he must be stirred by such a purpose as the Goodyear purpose.

He must ally this purpose with the highest manufacturing proficiency to make it consistently effective.

High aim and high ability must work hand in hand—and such an alliance is the real guarantee behind Goodyear Cord Tires.

This, and the fact that you—the tire-buyer—*must* be satisfied.

Their capacity for long and satisfactory service is not on paper, remember—it is *in the tires*.

Their longer mileage is insured not by a phrase or a figure—but by the best materials put together in the best possible way.

Their positive economy rests not upon a promise, but upon definite structural Goodyear features.

Their greater comfort, their lasting strength, their surer security, their uniform quality, their downright *goodness*—these are guaranteed by Goodyear integrity of manufacture, by the character of the product itself.

In the ordinary sense, the guarantee behind Goodyear Cord Tires is not a guarantee at all.

But to those who have dealt with Goodyear it is a warranty beyond all formal compact.

They know the Goodyear declaration of principles is to be found in the Goodyear product, and they require further assurance no more than they require a trusted friend to swear his loyalty before a notary.

They know the miles they pay for in a Goodyear Cord Tire will be paid back to them upon the road.

And that there is more satisfaction in collecting them there, than over the adjustment counter.

You will find it so, when you buy Goodyear Cord Tires.

Their quality makes them higher-priced—and *better*.

They come in No-Hook and Q. D. Clincher types, in both All-Weather and Ribbed treads, for gasoline and electric cars.



The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio



CORD TIRES

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(Concluded from Page 42)

The weather had broken into a beautiful night with a full November moon. The British hold the air above the Somme; it is the best thing they do. Yet on a night like this it is very hard to prevent air raids. Extinguish lights as you may, the target lies stretched below the enemy, while the aëroplane rises invisible against the silvery-slate background. We were not surprised, therefore, to have the lights of the hotel suddenly fade out. The hotel help, making a brave effort to be calm, lighted candles. Just as we were washing for dinner the sharp crack of anti-aircraft guns opened outside. We ran out. White puffs of shrapnel sprinkled the silver-slate sky like clouds in a Japanese print. They burst faster and faster, the flock moving always toward the zenith; there came a loud "bang" not far away, showing that the bomb-dropping had begun. With all that shrapnel falling it was imprudent to stay outside. We withdrew indoors and finished our toilet. There were more crashes; then the guns died out.

Scarcely had we begun dinner when the firing recommenced—the raiders, evidently, were on their way back. Madame the cashier, counting change at the desk, smiled gravely; but she stopped every now and then on the bang of a bomb, a five-franc note raised in a hand which shook only a little. Our slim, pretty little waitress paused once, laid her hands on a door and her head on her hands; then she continued serving. Two other waitresses, more frankly frightened, stood together in a corner; I saw their shoulders jerk with each of the big explosions. Our officers calmly ate their *hors-d'œuvre*, making now a comment on the raid, throwing now a word of joking reassurance at the waitress. Then silence again.

After dinner I visited friends at a château a few streets away. Conversation was going merrily when it came again. We went into the backyard to witness the show. The shrapnel clouds were climbing to the zenith and we were planning a retirement when the backyard of a house two doors away went up like a blast in a quarry; we had a vision of a black cloud shot with angry red sparks. When, toward midnight, I grew sleepy, one of my hosts offered to show me my way home. Just as we neared the hotel the firing, the bomb explosions, recommenced; it seemed no time until the clouds of aërial warfare were breaking exactly overhead. We ran to the big night door of the hotel. It was closed. We rang the porter's bell. Evidently he was in the cellar. I had a picture as I rang of a group of French soldiers—convalescents from a hospital, it turned out—passing up the street.

A Very Close Shave

I had given up ringing for the porter, had turned back into the street, when two bombs struck almost together, one the hotel next door, one a shop four doors away. The first I did not notice at all; it was the other which produced the spectacular effect. A cloud of dust and débris burst fanshaped across the street, broken glass rattled, the French soldiers with proper prudence scurried toward cover. I had leisure to wonder, as I crammed myself into one corner of the doorway, why I saw no dead out there in the street, why I myself had escaped, and why I had felt no wind from the explosion. In reality the bomb had exploded inside the shop, and what I saw was only glass and débris blown out through the window.

The French scurried to cover, and then, plainly in the moonlight, I saw a tall British officer striding with easy dignity toward a refuge in the doorway of the adjoining hotel. Though I learned it only the next morning, this was the colonel; and he had a close shave. He had been calling on a friend at the hotel next door. On the way out he entered into conversation with the porter. On some impulse they walked as they talked out onto the street. Five seconds after they passed the door the lobby in which they had been standing went up in splinters. No one was hurt in this building, but people were killed in the town that night—as usual, civilians. These bomb raids on open towns strike the observer as fairly senseless. Five minutes after this episode a German raider was brought down in flames, a spectacle which we missed. That stopped the performance for the night.

Yet twice I was wakened by firing, and realized only when I struggled out of sleep that it was not a raid but the noise of the great, eternal battle twenty miles away. I realized also that while I lay warm between linen sheets, Canada, heroic Canada, was staggering through mud and cold and pain and death for the prize of a ditch. I had heard Verdun going full blast, but never such intense fire as this. The burst of curtain fire would last ten minutes or so, a roar which rose to a tremendous crescendo, die down to a roar, rise again. Once I looked out; a faint light like dawn rimmed the patch of horizon above the city roofs.

When we burst into the map room of advanced headquarters next morning the adjutant announced quietly: "We got the trench; our casualties are small; fifty prisoners or so." Yet the action evidently was not quite over as yet; these modern battles do not end until the enemy has made his last counterattack. The adjutant, as he spoke, wore a telephone head-receiver; suddenly he began talking in cryptic letters and numerals. A staff captain stood at the map, taking measures with a divider. The general, busy over some papers, found leisure for a moment to explain the action. They had not slept since we bade them good night at teatime. Their faces were drawn, lined, dark with fatigue toxins. I noticed, after a time, that we were all talking under our breaths, as men do in times of stress. And all this, I take it, is a fairly typical picture of a headquarters during a modern battle. The gold lace has gone, all gone, from war.

The Great Spectacle of the War

The strain relaxed a little. Probably something among those cryptic messages over the wire had convinced the staff that counterattacks were finished. The general strolled out into a sickly sunlight over a sick land, and laid out our route with due regard to prudence and possible curtain fire. So we started forward. There were Simms and I, correspondents; a pleasant Irish captain, who had come with us all the way; a Canadian major, whose name is written large in American letters; and a staff captain. The last is worth mention. He was in high school when he enlisted for the Empire; he has been through the hottest of it all; and he serves on the staff by virtue of ability.

The hinterland of the world's greatest battle lay some way behind us. At the beginning of the war I saw a whole German army march through Louvain, and I have said often that it was to me the great spectacle of the war. I revised that opinion on the spot. Nothing that I may see again in life can impress me like this. Imagine a rolling country, falling here and there into wide, shallow hill bowls. Imagine a terrain, on which grows neither tree nor shrub, but only at best stumps. Imagine that grass, hedges, roads, houses, are all gone, blotted out; a land underfoot of sticky mud which seems to exhale poisonous odors. Imagine next a new city, greater in extent than Manhattan, sprung up suddenly on this strange ground—a city without women, without real houses, without rapid transportation lines, without the slightest ordinary grace or convenience of life. As far as the eye swept in any direction were the tents or bivouacs of men, interspersed with military dunnage of every size and kind. I can compare it to only one thing I ever saw before—one of the old Western boom camps, only on a gigantic scale. Here was a battalion in bivouac, circling in lines while the men were issued rations or clothing. Here was a great corral of artillery horses. Down all the roads—old ones rebuilt after the smashing of battle, new ones thrust across the mud—crawled a procession which ran forever, as though on an endless chain: artillery with bright, burnished muzzles, polished harness and curried horses, going up; artillery with muzzles covered by khaki-brown caked mud, rope-patched harness, incredibly bedraggled harness, coming out; camp kitchens with smoking stacks; motor omnibuses moving troops; motor caravans carrying shells and supplies; motorcyclists curving expertly through the traffic; empty ambulances hurrying forward for the wreckage of the attack; loaded ambulances coming slowly back; mule trains; the touring cars of officers. And, adding somehow to this impression of a city, were the graveyards, with little white crosses rising thick as wheat stalks.

The guns were increasing their fire as we went forward—the regular morning hate. Never was there a pause in the regular "boom-boom-boom" which sounded now near, now far. Also there were screaming shells, and occasionally the lighter sound of their bursting punctuated the noise of our guns. The Germans, their "eye put out" by the British supremacy in the air, were shelling blindly by the map, aiming generally at some feature of the landscape, like a crossroads, which they had known in their time of occupation.

We pushed on past towns whose hitherto obscure names were flashed to the four corners of the world by the communiques last summer—La Boiselle, Pozières, Martinpuich. Towns! They are geographical locations only. The foundation of one heavy stone house stands with a sliver of wall; there is nothing more, not even a visible site. They say that when the army first came one could trace in the débris the course of streets; but even that has passed, what with the use of a working army. On the edge of one of these towns a crater, like the true crater of a volcano, gapes open to the sky; here the British exploded a giant mine. "Want to see a German dug-out?" asked the staff captain. "Those fellows dig in their sleep."

We splashed and floundered, weaving through a maze of military work and supplies to a hole like a cellar door. An officer, walking ahead with a lantern, led the way down precipitous stairs of cement; the same material incased the walls. We turned; we were traveling downward between boards, deep into the earth.

"There are still German grenades lying about," cautioned the officer; "don't kick any of them!" He stopped by a section of the plank wall. "Graveyard," he said briefly. "We boarded up the German dead in there!" Again there was a door. "Used to be an officer's funk hole, but we've nailed it up because of what's inside." We were glad to climb up into open air.

Near by was a barbed-wire entanglement, forming a small corral, where a group of men, so soaked in the universal brownish-yellow mud that their uniforms had lost distinctive color, stood huddled together, their hands in their pockets, their backs turned against the cutting November wind.

"Our Fritzes, the ones we caught last night," laughed the staff captain. Someone among them had cracked a joke, it seemed, for as we came up they were all laughing. I say, as a neutral who tries to be fair-minded, that they seemed to be relieved and to enjoy captivity. We looked them over carefully, as they smoked cigarettes and exchanged cheerful conversation, to see where the German quality was deteriorating; and we drew no conclusions. Four or five looked like pretty poor specimens physically; but four or five others were stout little men and young. Down the road came an artillery caisson on which rode a Canadian officer with a German officer-captive beside him, their uniforms of the same color by virtue of caked mud. As they passed, everyone ran out from dug-outs, cook-shacks and barricade to have a look. The German saluted; the Canadian grinned a broad North American grin.

The Irish Sergeant's Tale

On the advanced edge of this new-sprung city was a field dressing station, just a hut of sandbags. As we approached a group of walking cases came in from the other direction, showing utter exhaustion in every stiff movement. The wreckage of the night's work was beginning to arrive. Two stretcher cases were lying at the door, tucked up in gray army blankets, awaiting their turn. The nearest lay with his eyes closed, his face the color of soiled putty; I could not tell if he was alive or dead. Beside him a fine, stalwart blond boy was chewing his lip to control himself until the needle should bring surcease. A third man, not so heavily wounded, had called for a drink, and a German prisoner, his head bound up in a field dressing station, was lifting him by the shoulders, while a British Red-Cross man tilted a water bottle to his lips.

We walked on; we were in the belt behind the actual fighting front, where there were no motor vehicles, no field supplies. The men we passed were equipped for business only, and bent on business; neither officers nor rankers troubled about salutes. We had reached, too, the place of unmitigated devastation. Farther back there had been a few touches of green. Fields which the traffic spared had put out a little grass in the shell holes. Here nothing lived. The trees were ragged stumps. The shell-torn trees beyond Verdun, when I saw them in July, showed a little ragged verdure. These showed nothing; and it was not the effect of November. You saw that they were dead, drying and rotting. We reached a plateau. As the mists limited vision, you saw nothing but broken, battered, muddy ground. Near by shell hole blended with shell hole. In the distance it all resembled a muddy road which has been trampled by cattle. A tank rose somewhere in the distance. Two wrecked aëroplanes lay like dead birds in the other direction. Then, as the eye grew accustomed to the black muck, I began to pick details. What had been a German gun rose, a twisted piece of scrap iron, from the muck. "Dead," said the officer briefly, and pointed. With eye and glasses I began to make out the new-buried, newly unearthed by shell fire.

We pressed on toward the probable line of curtain fire, beyond which it was not prudent to go. And up the road came slowly but sturdily a little man, unarmed, with a new sheepskin coat over his uniform. Behind him walked another, slighter and darker, with the Red-Cross brassard on his arm. We stopped the little man; he wore a sergeant's chevrons. Without preliminary salute he addressed us in a ripe Irish accent:

"Well," he said, "I got mine!" He pointed to his battle hat. A bullet had struck it, had turned the steel back in little curling splinters. "Put me out for a few minutes," he said: "then I got it in the shoulder. It's the lucky one, I am—see what happened that last time I went over." He fumbled under the sheepskin. Out came a package of chewing gum, an old knife, and finally the broken remains of a gold watch. "They can't get me," he added, smiling on us with a pair of merry blue eyes. "I'm Irish!"

Touches of Nature

Over there in the ground mist lay what was Courcelette, a name which will be blazoned forever on Canadian banners, graven forever on Canadian memorials. Here the French Canadians and the men of the East—Nova Scotia and New Brunswick—won one of the hardest and most brilliant tactical actions of the war on the Western Front. But it was nothing to see—only something to imagine. That hump which marked the site was quite indistinguishable from other military works in the mud, and resembled anything but a town. A ridge, black below, crested by gray mist above, ended the line of vision. Somewhere in there lay the Canadians, victorious but last night, and now digging feverishly against another possible counterattack. The German fire, indicated by the scream of shells ending with a fire-cracker burst, had somewhat changed its direction. There was a chance, I learned, that another shift might cut us off for the time being from retreat. The Irish captain asked pleasantly how I liked to be under fire. Another officer remarked that the principle of scouting was not only to get the information, but to get back with it; he presumed the same principle applied to journalism. So we retired, clumping along corduroy roads, wallowing in mud.

The wounded were coming in faster as we approached the dressing station. And somewhere along the route we caught up with our friend the sergeant strolling back, a little feebly now, but with the air of a man who has all the time in the world.

He walked with us, talking of the Regina Trench and Vancouver politics, until we reached the automobile, where the major invited him to come aboard. We had a full load already; so the sergeant rode in the front seat, while the staff captain—lately promoted from the high-school cadets—stood up on the dashboard.

That would not happen in every army!

Those touches of home in a foreign land! Poignant at any time, they are doubly poignant in war. I intended to sail home to New York as soon as ever I could finish with the Somme and get these lines through the censor.

Now we made a stop, on our way back, in a town which is shelled every day. The window-panes of the nearest house were gone, blown out by the back kick of a shell. Someone had covered the gap with a newspaper. It was a sporting page, a real one. In a corner of a seven-column head was the standing photograph of Our Great Expert. Below beamed the benevolent countenance of Grover Alexander, premier pitcher of the National League. Hal Chase, who led the League in batting, stared at us from mid-page; in the lower corner George Stallings, the world's great hunch player, glowered from beneath his roached hair cut.

Did a sporting page, I wonder, ever bring tears to human eyes before?

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The Maxwell Service plant at Newcastle, Ind. This is the parent of the Maxwell branch service stations shown below. The greatest stock of automobile parts in the industry is housed in this building.



A record of every part is kept



Maxwell Service is built on system

SERVICE

IN preceding advertisements, we have explained various measures adopted in manufacturing processes to insure a surpassing serviceability from Maxwell Cars.

But there is still to be considered the after-service—the speedy replacement of parts worn out or accidentally damaged.

To dispose of this problem, we have a highly systematized and nation-wide Service Department which operates sixteen big Service Branches, advantageously located from coast to coast.

These branches serve our distributors, dealers and our own retail stores and replenish the supply of parts that all such distributors, dealers and retail stores are compelled to carry.

We have defined carefully each territory and require each Service Branch to maintain an adequate stock of all parts of every Maxwell Car ever built. Thus can we guarantee delivery of any Maxwell part in from one to twelve hours, irrespective of where the car owner may be located.

From a desire to perfect Maxwell Service still further, we constantly keep a crew of expert traveling mechanics who conduct a campaign of education among Maxwell dealers and their service men.

We believe Maxwell Service is superior to that of any other motor car builder. And we are keeping it on this high plane because *continuous owner satisfaction* is our biggest asset and is responsible for the great, the unprecedented success of The Maxwell Institution.

Roadster, $620; Touring Car, $635; Cabriolet, $865; Town Car, $915; Sedan, $985. All prices f. o. b. Detroit. All cars completely equipped, including electric starter and lights. Canadian prices: Roadster, $870; Touring Car, $890, f. o. b. Windsor, Ontario.

Maxwell
MOTOR COMPANY INC.
DETROIT, MICH.



Detroit, Mich.



Boston, Mass.



Chicago, Ill.



Windsor, Ont.



Long Island City, N. Y.



Minneapolis, Minn.



Pittsburgh, Pa.



Portland, Ore.



Kansas City, Mo.



Omaha, Neb.



San Francisco, Cal.

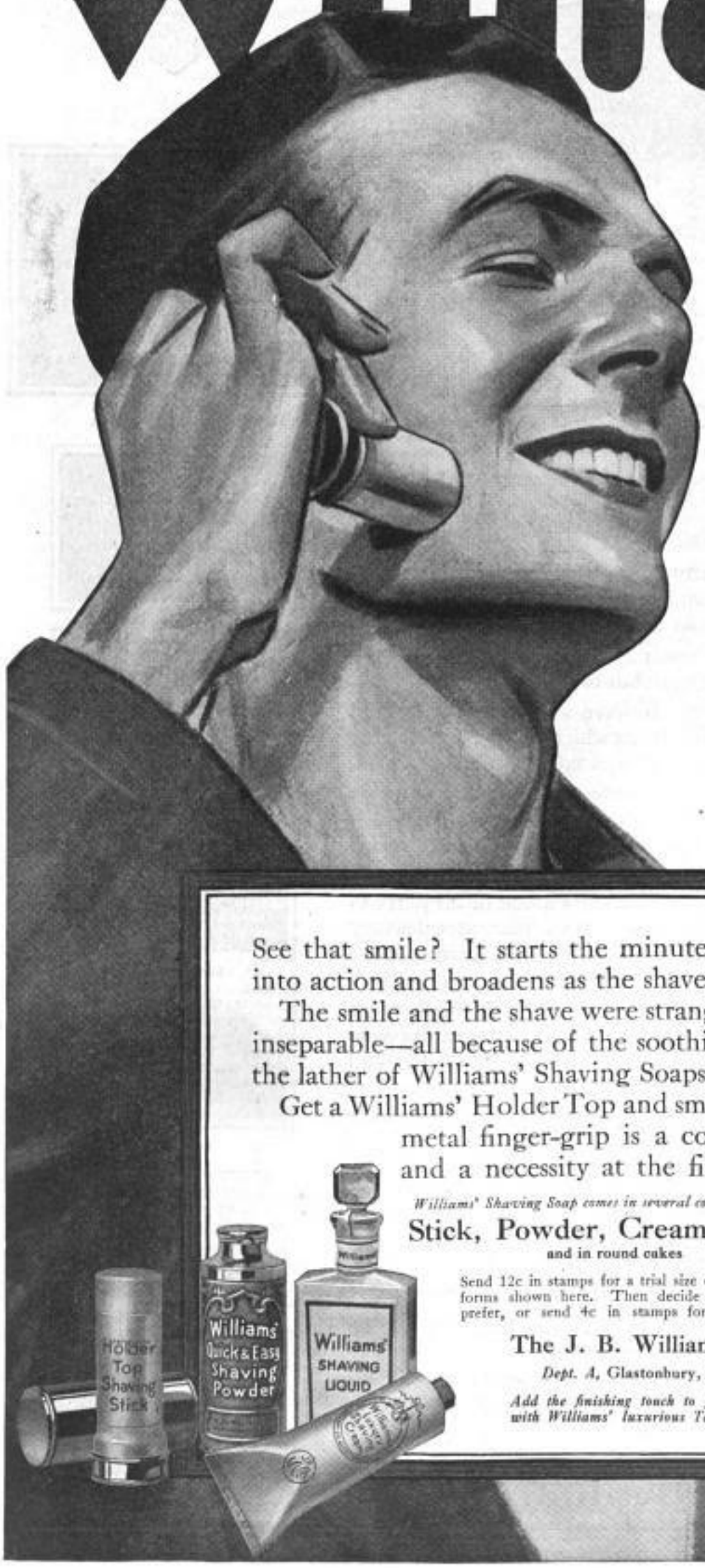


Denver, Col.

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Williams' Shaving soaps

stick
powder
cream
liquid



See that smile? It starts the minute the Big Stick is brought into action and broadens as the shave proceeds.

The smile and the shave were strangers once, but now they're inseparable—all because of the soothing, softening influence of the lather of Williams' Shaving Soaps.

Get a Williams' Holder Top and smile with the majority. The metal finger-grip is a convenience from the start and a necessity at the finish.

Williams' Shaving Soap comes in several convenient forms:

Stick, Powder, Cream, Liquid

and in round cakes

Send 12c in stamps for a trial size of the four forms shown here. Then decide which you prefer, or send 4c in stamps for any one.

The J. B. Williams Co.

Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

Add the finishing touch to your shave with Williams' luxurious Talc Powder



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BUBBLE DAYS OF FINANCE

(Continued from Page 4)

stayed there; that customers were wrong four times out of five, and that rarely did one sell stock short.

The same theories, principles and spirit are manifest in this latest revival or reincarnation of the game. It is figured that the present customer lasts about four months, on the average; and, as the broker pretty well makes his own prices and is thus able the sooner to close the customer out, the game will be as profitable while it lasts as was the old bucket-shop business.

But it is difficult to estimate the size of these reëmbodiments of bucket shops, for much of the present business is conducted by mail, whereas nearly all the trading in the older type of gambling joint was carried on in the offices themselves.

One man now engaged in this business has a genius for organization. Except a very few close lieutenants, none of his employees knows the whole business.

This concern sends out thousands of letters a week. Its office and general expenses are enormous. The chief rival of this concern, besides all these expenses, had at one time a large corps of salesmen on the road. Both concerns have a great number of expensive branch offices. But there is nothing new about all this. John Hill, writing fifteen years ago, said:

"Of the vast sum wrung from the thrifty by false pretenses, about twenty million dollars is spent for newspaper advertising, about an equal amount for postage stamps, and vast sums for attorneys' fees, circulars, booklets, stenographers, clerks, telegraphing, and for furnishing suites of offices. The swindler is usually a reckless spender and squanders his ill-gotten gains."

Impudent Selling Methods

One curious feature is that with each new wave of doubtful promotions many of the notorious gentry more or less voluntarily announce that they have reformed, turned over a new leaf, and will thenceforth "be good." They visit the offices of detective agencies, reporting bureaus, lawyers employed by big financial institutions, the post-office authorities, the district attorney—sometimes the police.

"I've been in jail three times," one swindler told one investigator not long ago, "and I'm not going again."

He was serious about it too. Perhaps he really intended to play on the square for a change; but one fundamental principle upon which all the detectives and investigators in the world of low finance operate is to take it for granted that unless proved to the contrary the fly-by-nighter has something in his blood that will not disappear but, even when he intends to reform, sooner or later will force him to put over another raw deal. They are like habitual drunkards.

One of the most baffling of the newer features that the various enemies of get-rich-quickdom have had to combat in the last two years has been the use of assumed names. Of course an alias is nothing new, but its employment is now far more common and skillful than formerly. Well-known criminals have come into Wall Street and organized fictitious firms, with dignified-sounding names not unlike those of members of the Stock Exchange. When things get hot for the slick imitator he quickly forms a new firm with a different name.

One method employed on a more extensive scale than ever before to dispose of stocks has been the use of telegrams. This has really become such an abuse that the telegraph companies ought to find some way of restricting their use to properly urgent matters. The use of telegrams instead of letters is to get the attention of the person addressed. Busy and experienced men won't read stock-jobbing circulars. As yet, they will still read a telegram; but even these will soon lose their novelty.

Recently a concern sent out night letters offering stock in a new industrial company. Estimates as to the number of telegrams sent range from five thousand to one hundred and twenty thousand. Many persons received them who had never heard of the firm.

A new practice is the use to which several get-rich-quick artists have put the ordinary broker's confirmation slip. These are the slips brokers send their customers upon receiving an order. At the head of the slip appear the broker's name and address and the date, and at the bottom a long printed notice to the effect that all securities bought or sold or "carried" for customers are subject to the rules and regulations of the Stock Exchange, and several other provisos commonly employed in regular brokerage transactions. In the middle of the sheet appear the words "We have this day —— for your account and risk ——." The blank spaces are left, of course, for the word "bought" or "sold," as the case may be, and for the name, quantity and price of the stock involved.

Though not members of any stock exchange, the fly-by-nighters have had printed precisely similar slips; but in place of the word "bought" or "sold" they insert "reserved," and send the slips to total strangers, who have never even heard the name of the firm. Still other gullible persons feel they are under some obligation and send on the money to pay for the stock.

A favorite means of advertising is by means of the "house organ," or alleged magazine. Of course reputable brokers do the same thing; but those in the dark alleyways of finance are far more imaginative and ingenious.

One such "magazine" is published by John Skinem & Company, of Number 00 Broad Street. It is known as the Wall Street Synopsis, Limited—at least that is what we shall call it. One department is called Personal Talks With Traders, by Special Arrangement With the Financial Abstract, of Number 000 New Street. But, as everybody knows, there are many buildings in the Wall Street district with ells that extend either from one street through to the next, or from one street round to another street running at a right angle. Number 000 New Street is the same building as Number 00 Broad Street, and the effort to make people think that the Financial Abstract is a different crowd or outfit and is in a different building from the Wall Street Synopsis and John Skinem & Company is a cheap, childish trick.

A suspicious fact about all such literature is that it always advises one to buy but never to sell. Another common characteristic is the clever way in which attention is always called, first, to undisputed facts and legitimate securities, and then shaded off to doubtful facts and still more doubtful stocks. The advice begins with references to legitimate securities, but well down in the middle of the list of cats and dogs the firm's advertising manager pauses long enough to insert the name of at least one more well-known concern, to bolster up the general impression.

Another favorite device is the employment of slogans or catchwords. Twenty years ago this was a common practice and the thimbleriggers of those days used such phrases as the following: "We can prove all our statements." "One hundred dollars invested now will make you wealthy." "Fortune knocks at every man's door but once in a lifetime. This is your summons!"

Fake Photographs

The present type of slogan is briefer. One of the first of the present crop of impostors to decamp overnight had a really splendid motto. But all he left behind him to pay debts of $61,281.74 was twenty pearl-handled revolvers.

The paltriest, shabbiest trick of all is the fake photograph. Now it should be observed that though every large city has its crop of irresponsible brokers and promoters most of them have settled down upon New York like a pest, owing to its large Curb Market. But though their headquarters are in New York the bulk of their newspaper advertising and mail-order campaign reaches other parts of the country. Especially do they seek out cities where workmen have made big wages; and also the smaller towns. Even in New York City there are naturally plenty of people—the vast majority, indeed—who do not know the appearance of every building. To fool out-of-town folks in this petty manner is simplicity itself.

One firm, which has since gone to the wall, occupied a few rooms in one of the upper floors of a large building owned by a very well-known restaurant company. The restaurant occupied the ground floor and the second floor. A huge sign stretching from top to bottom of the building announced the restaurant's name to all the world. But the broker sent out a circular to his customers containing a picture of the building, with the sign of the owners entirely erased from the negative and his own name, in huge letters, covering the whole front of the building.

In a similar way another petty share peddler covered a photograph of the two lower floors of a famous office building with his name, though he never occupied more than a single room.

Of course the purpose of these double-negative photograph tricks is to convey an impression of vastness and magnificence that never existed. Frequently the main entrance to an office building is surrounded with the polished name plates of many tenants. One concern sent broadcast a photograph of one such entrance with all the name plates erased but its own. The effect was indeed superb, because the building has a truly famous location; but if the reliability of the firm's brokerage service does not exceed the truthfulness of its photography its customers have a slim reed on which to lean.

The last stages in this gigantic game of imposture cannot be far off. It will be remembered that the bubbles of several hundred years ago usually came to an end when the stockjobbers reached the brazen effrontery of inviting people into "An undertaking; but no one to know what it is"; or "For a purpose not to be disclosed." There have been times when people would buy stock in anything—in schemes to take gold from the sun's rays or from sea water, and to pick diamonds off the cactus plants of Mexico. We have about reached that stage again.

The Activities of Mr. Jackson

People are invited to enter "Syndicates for undisclosed purposes." With the wording and names changed, but exactly reproducing in substance and spirit the real thing, here is one such invitation:

Dear Mr. A.: We have decided to organize a company having as wide a field and scope as the electrical industry. Indeed, it has ten million possible customers in the United States, Canada and Mexico alone. If the company sells only two per cent of the possible demand on this continent it will net seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, or two hundred and fifty per cent.

It is our intention to invite a few of our friends to become subscribers on a pre-organization basis—which offers opportunities of enormous profits in the near future. We invite you to become one of the original subscribers.

And nowhere does the circular mention the nature of the business to be engaged in!

Quite the most lurid episode of the last two years has been the return to the scenes of lamb-shearing of a promoter celebrated from the Pacific Coast to London and Paris. So numerous have been his occupations and so many his names since he was compelled to sell his seat on the Stock Exchange, about fifteen years ago, that he could not even remember them all at his trial, last June, when he was sentenced to a year and a half in the penitentiary.

This much is known: At least three or four times Professor Jackson—which is not his name—piled up "profit" ranging as high as three hundred thousand dollars. He had a professional education in this country and supplemented it with a postgraduate course in Germany. Striking in appearance and skillful in impressing the fair sex he has always had the faculty of making people feel sorry for him.

Once, against the almost tearful warnings of the district attorney, he induced a group of citizens in a Western city to raise twenty thousand dollars in bail, and promptly jumped it. Arrested some years ago for selling stock in a South American scheme, he escaped from his captors in a San Francisco street, but slipped and fell as he approached the ferry, and broke his ankle. While confined in a hospital he managed to escape to a waiting automobile loaded with rifles and revolvers, and made for the mountains. But he was recaptured in Oregon and served a jail term of a couple of years.

Shortly after the war boom in stocks started, a new firm was formed on the Boston Curb, which asked to have a certain mining stock listed. The authorities grew suspicious, and it was found that Professor Jackson was behind the innocent-sounding name of the new firm, and had left for parts unknown with his customers' money. But so well had he concealed his identity that he had fooled one of the great stock exchanges into allowing him the use of a ticker.

A few months later people began to wonder at the great business and prosperity of a previously unknown Wall Street firm of "bankers." It bore a dignified name—one that would not rouse the least suspicion. One of the great mercantile agencies made a report upon the firm, which, though admitting that the statements could not be confirmed and no estimate of means was obtainable, spoke of the silent partner, whose connection with the firm had been widely advertised, as the nephew of one of the largest stockholders of the Standard Oil Company, a man worth perhaps sixty million dollars.

A Sudden Trip to Florida

The new brokerage house was specializing heavily in Standard Oil stocks—one especially, which it said would go to a thousand dollars a share, and which was, of course, an enormously rich concern. So attractive was the literature and so obvious to the most ignorant were the merits of the stock that large sums, amounting to several hundred thousand dollars, were sent in to buy the stock on the "easy-payment plan." Much was made of the broker's relationship with the great family of Standard Oil magnates.

The firm had its offices directly opposite the quarters of a leading Wall Street detective agency. The head of the firm lived in the same hotel as an official of the Department of Justice. Yet no one suspected him and there seemed no limit to the taking in of easy money. The lawyers for the Standard Oil family heard of the firm's literature. They knew that the pretended connection with a nephew of their client was not only false but a pure fiction. Their client had no such nephew. A post-office inspector thought the broker might be Professor Jackson and took his picture from the Rogues' Gallery to show it to the clerks in the broker's office.

But the professor had always shown intense speed in flitting from one part of the country to another to avoid capture; and he had been sufficiently forewarned by demand from the Standard Oil attorneys to stop using their client's name to make his getaway to Florida. His capture speedily followed, and also his trial, conviction and prison sentence.

The case of Professor Jackson is only one of the more glaring chapters in the history of the separation of credulous people from their money. It requires from three to a dozen letters before the victim begins to give up his wealth. But having once succumbed to the blandishments of the accomplished faker it is appalling to note the confidence and sense of security he displays in absolute strangers while the deal is on, and the surprise he manifests when he finally and inevitably wakens to the realization that he has been duped. About ninety per cent of the victims are ashamed to acknowledge their greenness, and very few care to go to the trouble and vexation of prosecuting.

I sat in the outside office of a Wall Street detective agency the other day and noticed a meek, pale-looking little man talking to one of the assistants. He had come all the way from another state, nearly a thousand miles away, to see whether a certain broker to whom he had sent money was reliable. Presently the overworked head of the agency rushed out impatiently from his private office and asked what was wanted. The assistant, trying hard to suppress a smile, said that Mr. Smith, from Four Corners, wanted to know about Stingem & Company.

"Shut up shop yesterday!" snapped the chief. "Everybody in New York has a judgment against them. They are not good for anything. You can't get a cent out of them; but you can put your claim in the hands of a lawyer if you so desire. I can't do anything for you."

"Thank you," said the little man dejectedly as he took up his hat and walked out of

(Concluded on Page 52)

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$1150 F. o. b. Racine
For Mitchell Junior—120-inch Wheelbase

Mitchell SIXES

$1460 F. o. b. Racine
For 7-Pass. Mitchell—127-inch Wheelbase

Hundreds of Extras

Due to John W. Bate's Efficiency Methods

"How can the Mitchell give so many extras?"

That is a question asked of Mitchell dealers, perhaps a thousand times a day.

There is only one way—by saving in factory cost. By building the whole car in a model plant, under Bate efficiency methods.

Our duty now is to wake men up to the value of this new factor. We owe it to you as we owe it to ourselves. If we can actually give you 20 per cent extra value, you'll want the car that does it.

What the Extras Are

The Mitchell extras—in the latest models—comprise the following, all of which distinguish the Mitchell car.

31 extra features—nearly all of which all other cars omit.

24 per cent added luxury—new beauties added this year out of savings made in our new body plant.

100 per cent over-strength in every vital part. That's double even the former Mitchell standard.

These three classes of extras comprise hundreds of additions, which every man wants in his car.

How We Afford Them

John W. Bate, the great efficiency engineer, has cut our factory costs in two. He has built and equipped here a model plant, adapted to this single car.

Here we build, under Bate efficiency methods, 98 per cent of this car. We build even our finest bodies. And we build at a price which, in this class, no one else can match.

The savings go into these extras. They pay for unique attractions which every fine car needs. That seems the best way to show you clearly the value of efficiency methods.

Mark the Over-Strength

You will see the extra features—see the extra beauty. But the chief Mitchell extras lie in the chassis. And we want to impress their importance.

The Mitchell standard, up to lately, has been 50 per cent over-strength. That seemed an extreme standard. It gave the Mitchell its reputation for endurance.

TWO SIZES

Mitchell —a roomy, 7-passenger Six, with 127-inch wheelbase. A high-speed, economical, 48-horsepower motor. Disappearing extra seats and 31 extra features included.

Price $1460, f. o. b. Racine

Mitchell Junior —a 5-passenger Six on similar lines, with 120-inch wheelbase. A 40-horsepower motor—¼-inch smaller bore than larger Mitchell.

Price $1150, f. o. b. Racine

Also all styles of enclosed and convertible bodies. Also demountable tops.

Seven Mitchell cars that we know of, built under that standard, have averaged 175,000 miles apiece—over 30 years of ordinary service. Two have already been run over 200,000 miles apiece.

But three years ago—after one year in Europe—John W. Bate returned here to double the Mitchell standard. Since then, part by part, he has given Mitchell vital parts twice the needed strength. And this year, for the first time, we announce this radical standard.

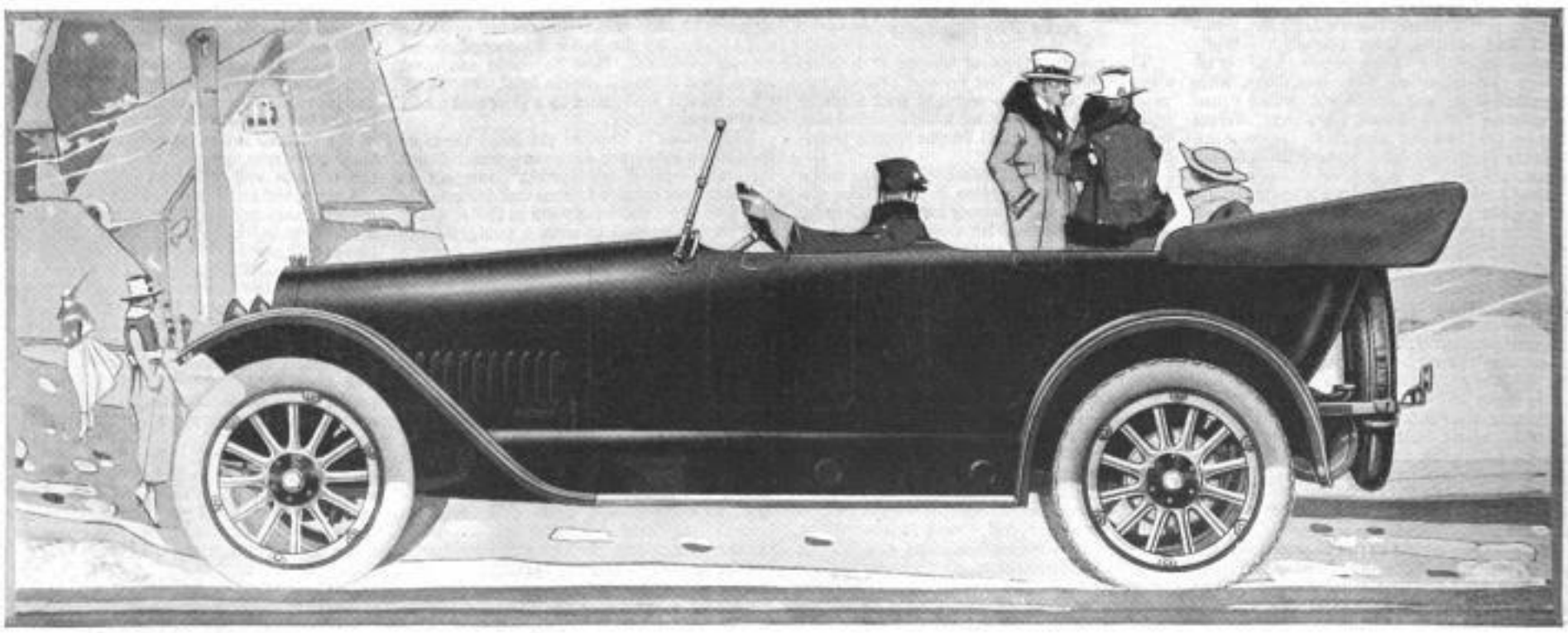
Safety Margins Doubled

This means a doubled margin of safety. It means a lifetime car, in Mr. Bate's opinion. It means less trouble, less repairs, less upkeep.

Over 440 parts in the Mitchell cars are now built of toughened steel. Parts which get the major strains are built of Chrome-Vanadium. We pay for steel in Mitchells up to 15 cents per pound.

Parts on which safety depends—like steering parts and axles—are also built over-size. Every gear is tested. And our standard for gear teeth is now 50,000 pounds per tooth.

Let us mention one part which, in most cars, so often gives out under shock. The Bate cantilever springs in Mitchells have now been used two years. In all that time, used in thousands of cars, not a single leaf has broken. That's what this extra standard means throughout the Mitchell chassis.



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Built by John W. Bate
in the
Model Efficiency Plant

Mitchell SIXES

Two Sizes
$1150-$1460
F. o. b. Racine

Now Also An $1150 Model

Mitchell Junior—120-in. Wheelbase

Another new step which Mr. Bate has taken is to build a smaller Mitchell. And that is also for efficiency.

A man who wants a 7-passenger car must have the power to drive it under any hard condition. He ought to have the larger Mitchell with its 48-horsepower motor.

But a man who wants a 5-passenger car can use a 40-horsepower motor. He has ample room with a 120-inch wheelbase. We build for him the Mitchell Junior, so he doesn't pay for room or power not needed. But he gets a Six.

This is not a new-type model. It is simply a smaller edition of the much demanded 7-passenger Mitchell. To prove it out, before making this announcement, we put out last year thousands of these cars. It is just as perfect as the larger Mitchell.

So this year we offer two sizes and prices, plus eight new styles of bodies.

Greater Luxury

This year we shall save, through our new body plant, hundreds of thousands of dollars. Here we now build all Mitchell bodies, open and enclosed. And under Bate efficiency methods.

This saving all goes into added luxury. We have added 24 per cent to the cost of finish, upholstery and trimming.

This means heat-fixed finish coats on the entire body. It means a rare-grade leather, a wider rear seat, better cushion springs. It pays for a hundred final touches which mean so much to women.

As a result, the latest Mitchell stands out as the handsomest car in its class.

Now 31 Costly Extras

Last year the Mitchell offered 26 distinct extra features. This year it offers 31.

By these extras we mean things like a power tire pump, reversible headlights, a new-type control, a ball-bearing steering gear, an extra-cost carburetor. Things like a light in the tonneau, a locked compartment for valuables, an engine primer at the driver's hand. Things which usually cost an extra price.

On this year's output it costs about $4,000,000 to include all these 31 extras. They would be impossible at the Mitchell price without our factory savings.

New Considerations

These are new factors to consider in buying a high-grade car. It isn't price that counts so much as the value you get for the money.

Here is where the Mitchell has tremendous advantage, due to years of preparation under a master of efficiency.

Every factory waste shows up in a car. It means stinted value somewhere. The Mitchell factory economies show up just as clearly in hundreds of added values.

See them and judge them for yourself. They show in beauty, luxury and comfort. They show in road performance. As the years go by they will show in the wondrous durability.

The buyers of Mitchells, in large part, have been men schooled in mechanics. Or men advised by competent engineers. We publish a list of famous engineers who selected this car for themselves.

Our purpose now is to impress on laymen the superlative Mitchell qualities. This year we more than double our output, so more men can be supplied. And we want more men to learn why Mitchells have lately won such multiplied prestige.

They offer you what no one else can offer. One hour's time will prove that. The result will change your whole conception of what a fine car ought to give.

There are Mitchell dealers everywhere.

MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, Inc.
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

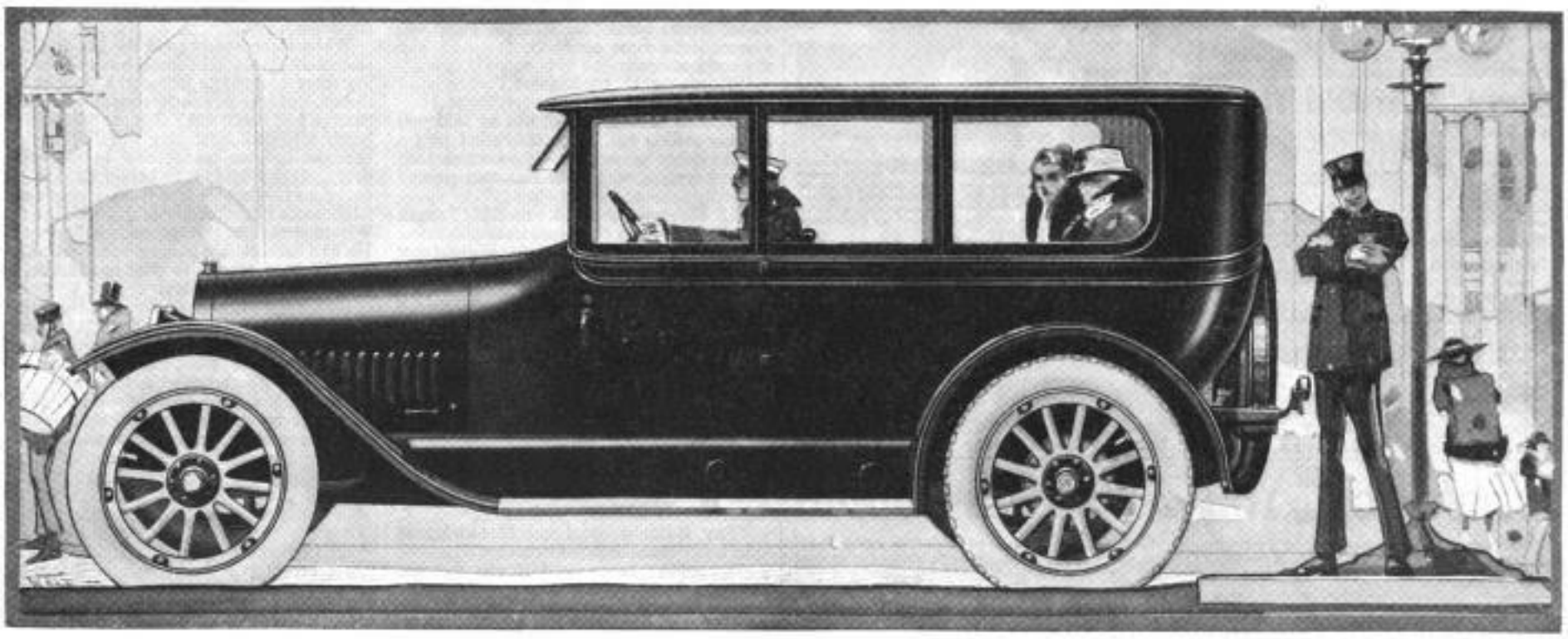
Mitchell Models

The Mitchell is built with eight styles of bodies—

Touring Car	4-Pass. Cabriolet
Roadster	Convertible Sedan
Coupé	Demountable Top
Limousine	Club Roadster

***Mitchell Junior* is built with Touring Car and Roadster bodies only.**

Quoted prices, of course, apply only to open models.



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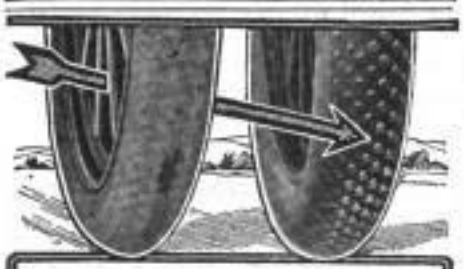


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GREGORY'S HONEST Flower Seeds
SPECIAL SWEET PEA OFFER
Six selected packets of Spencer Giant Sweet Peas: Countess, rosy pink; Apple Blossom, carying pink; Senator, dark lavender; Othello, deep maroon; King Edward, rich carmine; White, extra large. All postpaid with 1917 catalog for 15c. J. J. H. GREGORY & SON 44 Elm Street, Marblehead, Mass.


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Get 5,000 Miles More Service by "half-soling" them with Steel Studded Treads the same as European Motorists have been doing for over three years. 30,000 American Motorists have done this in the last 8 months and are saving $50.00 to $200 a year in tire expense.
5,000 Miles Without Puncture is the signed guarantee you get with every Durable Steel Studded Tread.
We Deliver Free without a cent deposit, prepay express and allow you to judge.
Special Discount offered to motorists in new territory on first shipment direct from the factory. Mail the coupon below for details. Be sure and put in your tire sizes.
MAIL TODAY—SAVE THE DISCOUNT
The Colorado Tire & Leather Co.
240 Tread Bldg., Denver, Colo. B-65 Transportation Bldg., Chicago, Ill. 720-452 Woolworth Bldg., New York City.
Without obligation send me free catalog, copy of guarantee, sample and booklet "10,000 Miles on One Set of Tires."
Name
Address
My Tire Sizes are


Music Lessons Sent FREE
Wonderful home-study music lessons under great American and European teachers. The lessons are a marvel of simplicity and completeness, endorsed by Paderewski and other great authorities.
Any Instrument or Voice
Write us the course you are interested in, age, how long you have taken lessons—if at all, etc., and we will send you six lessons free and prepaid—any of the following Complete Courses: Lessons in PIANO (students' or teachers' course), by the great Wm. H. Sherwood; HARMONY, by Dr. Protheroe and Rosenbecker; VOICE COURSE (with aid of phonograph), by Crampton; PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC, by Frances E. Clark; VIOLIN, CORNET, MANDOLIN, GUITAR, BANJO, REED ORGAN, by equally eminent teachers. We want to prove in this remarkable way what fine lessons they are—SEEING IS BELIEVING. Full particulars sent along with free lessons. Send no money.
SIEGEL-MYERS SCHOOL OF MUSIC
CLARENCE EDDY, Dean
2276 Siegel-Myers Building Chicago, Ill.

What 15c Will Bring You from the Nation's Capital
The little matter of 15c in stamps or coin will bring you the Pathfinder 13 weeks on trial. The Pathfinder is an illustrated weekly, published at the Nation's Center, for the Nation; a paper that prints all the news of the world and that tells the truth and only the truth; now in its 23d year. This paper fills the bill without emptying the purse; it costs but $1 a year. If you want to keep posted on what is going on in the world, at the least expense of time or money, this is your means. If you want a paper in your house which is sincere, reliable, entertaining, wholesome, the Pathfinder is yours. If you would appreciate a paper which puts everything clearly, fairly, briefly—here it is. Send 15c to show that you might like such a paper, and we will send the Pathfinder on probation 13 weeks. The 15c does not repay us, but we are glad to invest in new Friends. The Pathfinder, Box 95, Washington, D. C.

(Concluded from Page 49)

the office, the chances being a thousand to one that this was now a closed incident in his life, except for the bitter experience he had gained.

Why will men and women blindly intrust their money with brokers they do not know? The same folk are very careful from whom they buy a twenty-dollar suit of clothes. They are mighty careful not to go to a shyster peddler of hats or shoes or suits. They are even careful of the grocery stores they patronize. They prefer to deal with retail houses of established reputation. But the fact that financial swindlers phrase their advertising with such extreme cunning as to make it attractive seems to upset all the ordinary common sense and precautions of human nature.

"But how am I to know a reliable broker from the other kind?" is the natural question.

The answer is simple: Ask your bank to write to its correspondent bank in the city where the broker has his headquarters, whether that be New York, Chicago, Boston or any other city. Inquiries made where branch offices are located will be of no avail. If this precaution is taken the chances are more than a hundred to one that the investor will not fall into the hands of a swindler.

Of course reliable brokers often get their customers into unfortunate investments. But a great deal more than half the battle is fought if the broker is honest to start with. Never before were there so many attractive stocks with reasonable assurances of becoming good investments. There are more than enough to go round. There is no excuse for buying holes in the ground that have never been dug or shares in motor companies that have never built a motor. The merits of an investment are not determined by its typographic allurements.

There is no royal road to selecting safe investments. Even John D. Rockefeller has picked lemons. But the literature describing the stock will, nine times out of ten, on its face, stamp the wildcat with its proper brand, as it will also mark the legitimate type of security. Be wary of the extravagant use of adjectives, and of the liberal use of such words as "belief," "expectation," "opportunity," "possibility," and any extended reference to the success of other companies. As the writer has said elsewhere:

The swindler always promises too much; his literature is too plausible. Usually he is overvehement. His letters are personal. He wants to let you in on the "ground floor." He is holding the stock just a little longer for you. He is absolutely certain the stock is going up. He bubbles over with enthusiasm. He conveys an air of optimism, buoyancy and good nature. It is all fake! That is the way he works; and you must look out for it.

ONE EVERY MINUTE

(Continued from Page 23)

A smile began to form itself on Wilberforce Shadd's face, and suddenly petrified itself when Meiggs, in an awed voice, shouted from the news ticker:

"It's officially confirmed! The Cunard office admits it. The loss of life is not known, but the worst is feared. The ship, after the second torpedo, quickly went down."

"Went down! Down!" muttered a man named Shively, who stood near Shadd. "Down! Down! Down!"

And he began to point toward the floor with a rigid forefinger. He had been one of the first bulls, buying stocks on the first day that the Exchange resumed business. He had pyramided until he was carrying stocks on which his paper profits had been over two hundred and fifty thousand dollars at ten o'clock that morning. Now, at twelve-thirty, the profits had been more than cut in half. And he kept on muttering: "Down! Down!"

Still he would not sell, but hoped for a miracle.

Henry Rumney approached Shadd and asked threateningly:

"Why didn't you tell me?"

Dave Caldwell, the usually suave and always keen-eyed office manager, cut in:

"He did! He certainly did! And all you fellows did was to call him names!"

The other customers might or might not be wiped out and cease to be customers; but Shadd had cashed in and, therefore, would have money to make good his orders. From orders come commissions, and from commissions come comforts.

Shadd nodded:

"That's right! I told them."

"But you didn't tell us why."

"No," said Caldwell; "but he told you he was selling his, and you called him a skunk—after he put you into a stock that showed you a couple of hundred points' profit."

"U. C. common, last sale 265!" read Ben Meiggs from the news ticker.

"I told you fellows," said Wilberforce Shadd loudly; "but you were talking two thousand dollars a share."

"You certainly got there with both feet," said Caldwell admiringly.

"I want fifty dollars," said Shadd diffidently. "Do you suppose I could ——"

"You bet your life!" And Caldwell rushed to the cashier and rushed back with a yellowback, and a receipt for Shadd to sign.

Shadd put the fifty dollars in his vest pocket with the same gesture that he might have used on five cents the day before. Then he said to Henry and Meiggs:

"Say, Rumney—and you, Mr. Meiggs—won't you come to lunch with me?"

"I couldn't eat now if it was the last chance I had," said Rumney indignantly.

Ben Meiggs shook his head and compressed his lips.

"I'm sorry," said Shadd, and walked from the office.

Meiggs approached Henry Rumney and said, after a moment's hesitation:

"It wasn't Shadd who was the fool."

"No," admitted Henry Rumney. "But he's a skunk, just the same."

XIV

WILBERFORCE SHADD went to the restaurant whither Henry Rumney, while still grateful, had taken him on an unforgetable day. On this occasion, as on the previous, Wilberforce did not feel quite at home there. In the appraising eyes of the waiters he saw the contempt that comes from the practice of sizing up ungiven tips. On the faces of those patrons who took the trouble to look at him he fancied he saw an amusement that irritated him to the scalding point; but he assured himself that he was outwardly calm as he found an empty table, without help from the captain, and sat down. He deliberately tried to look as if his mind were so intent on important business that all he could do was to stare frowningly at a spot on the tablecloth before him.

A patron's frown is the waiter's strongest magnet. An omnibus, on whose face was a resigned look that came from knowing there would be no vacancy on the waiting staff in his lifetime, placed before the absorbed Shadd one glass of water, one butter plate, one bread plate and one menu. Then the waiter rushed from another table, said "Yes, sir?" looking the while at the other customer's card.

Wilberforce Shadd read the list of dishes and their prices. He could not help thinking more about the prices than about the dishes, until he defiantly reminded himself that he had made sixty thousand dollars by being wise enough to buy when everybody thought he was crazy, and to sell when everybody called him an ass for not holding on. And if what he had done was so easy, why didn't more people do it, including the Wisenheimers in Woodcock's office, hey? He had fifty dollars in his pocket. And, no matter how expensive the lunch was, it wouldn't be fifty dollars.

He turned to the waiter and ordered with a recklessness that went to his head, champagne-wise, and made him feel very happy and very generous. He wished to give of his abundance to all the world.

He ate the most expensive meal of his life with relish. By dessert time he was ready to emerge from his chrysalis. The real and definite change came when he tipped the waiter one dollar and fifteen cents and received the enthusiastic thanks of the poor man, whose financial gratitude was so obviously sincere. The change showed in Wilberforce Shadd's face, in the poise of his head, in his gait, as he walked out of the king-making restaurant.

He was now a man with money; a man better than other men. He had lost the fear

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of dismissal, the apprehension of years over the regularity of his income. And it had been so easy, too, to make money that he could never again feel the old respect for the legendary money-makers—that is, the members of the firm of Morris & Cunningham, for whom he had worked for years—for practically nothing!

It was the superbly fed and fearless Shadd who walked into the customers' room of Francis T. Woodcock & Co., and gazed calmly, almost superciliously, upon the still excited men who had not been clever enough to sell out three hours before the news of the sinking of the Lusitania reached the Street.

The nonsellers, however, had become less bitterly resentful and were again ready to worship at the shrine of Success, provided the god, in return for the incense burned, vouchsafed them a tip or two.

Henry Rumney made the first move. He was carrying many other stocks besides his Undersea Craft and it therefore behooved him to rise superior to petty prejudices and unmanly grudges. So he said:

"Well, Shadd, I've got to hand it to you." Henry spoke without enthusiasm, because he was in a hurry to rush through the usual flattering preamble and get down to his own troubles. "You certainly did cash in at the psychological moment. And—er—— What do you think of 'em now? They've had quite a setback."

Not knowing what reply to make, the new Shadd shook his head as the old Shadd never would have dared to shake it—that is, he managed to express not only negation and dissent but formal displeasure.

"Why not?" persisted Henry Rumney, who was a bull because he held stocks instead of holding stocks because he was a bull.

Shadd again shook his head.

"I don't see any panic," went on Henry doggedly. "Many who are selling now will be buying 'em back at higher prices."

All he had lost so far was a fraction of his paper profits, but he begrudged it as if it were a fraction of his viscera. He frowned and mutely dared Shadd to answer.

"Nope!" said Shadd, disdaining to give reasons.

"You don't think we are going to have war with Germany, do you?" asked Henry Rumney, and hastened to make a reply unnecessary by volunteering "I don't!"

Shadd smiled quizzically at Henry Rumney—and remained silent!

"Even if there should be war with Germany," ventured Careful Mike Meiggs, who also had not sold and, therefore also, could think only of bull, or favorable, factors, "I should think the war stocks would go higher than ever. The companies will simply have more business to do, with Uncle Sam in the market as well as all Europe. I guess the United States will pay as high prices for war material as anyone else."

"I doubt it!" said Wilberforce Shadd calmly.

Henry Rumney, who had been thinking hard, trying to find some way of goading the saturnine Shadd into telling the facts, now smiled Machiavellically and asserted with exasperating assurance:

"Oh, there will be no war!"

"No?" And Shadd just looked at Rumney.

Ben Meiggs thereupon began to look worried.

"I think," put in Bill Edson, in whom the wish was father, grandfather and stepfather to the thought, "I think they've gone as low as they are going to, this trip."

He meant stocks. Tipsters, when they speak of "they," always mean the Malefactors of Great Wealth who conduct the wholesale shearing. But to everybody else "they" means stocks.

Wilberforce Shadd felt the discomforting scrutiny of a dozen pairs of corkscrewing eyes full upon him. He began to think quickly. His problem was to be not only the fount of all wisdom but also infallible. The solution lay in finding words that would do the trick, no matter how the market went. They came to him.

"If I felt the way you do, Mr. Edson," he smiled, "I certainly would buy stocks."

But Bill was modest. He was not sure his thinking had any relation to wisdom. He came back:

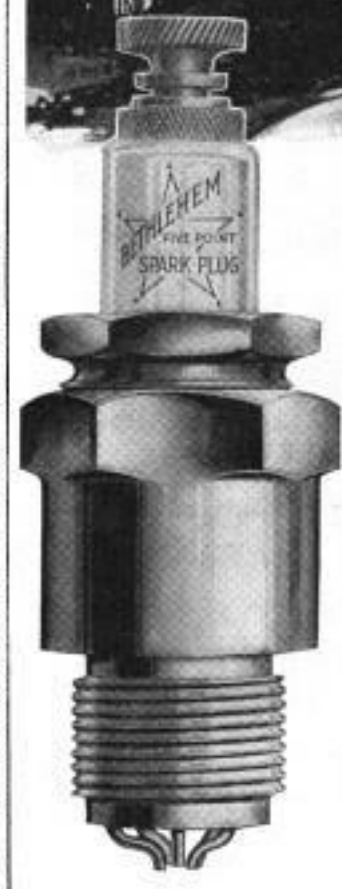
"Do you think the way I do, Mr. Shadd?"

Shadd, foiled in his well-meant effort, became angry enough to resolve to take a sporting chance. Not holding any stock, he naturally wished all stocks to go down.

(Continued on Page 56)

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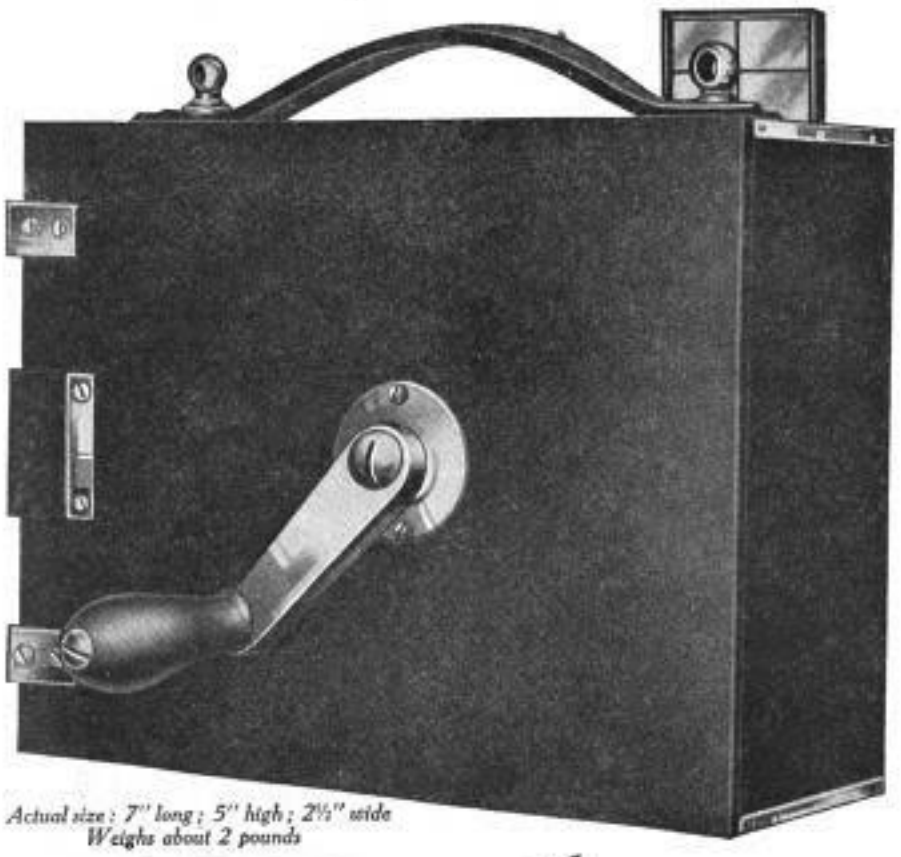
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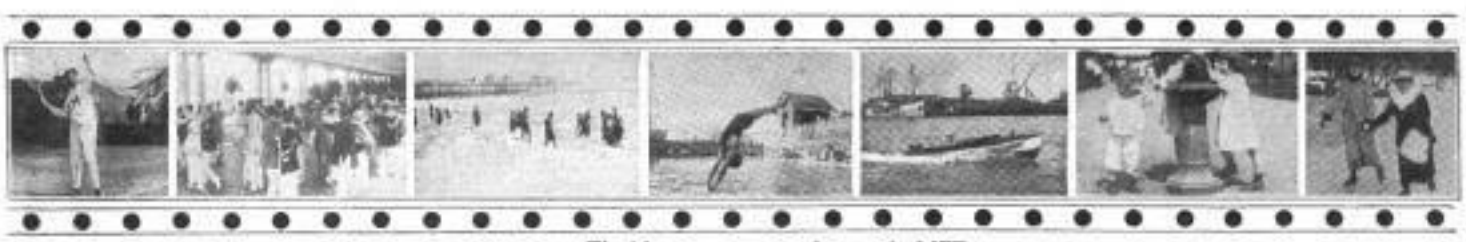
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(Continued from Page 53)

"No," he told Edson very gravely; "I do not think as you do. This is a time to play safe!"

Thrilled by the visible signs of the sensation created by his words, he nodded toward the subdued customers and approached Dave Caldwell, the office manager.

"I say, Caldwell," began Shadd, not quite so courageously—"about the check ——"

"What check?" asked Caldwell, already trying to look as if it wasn't his fault.

"For my U. C. common."

"What about it, Mr. Shadd?"

"When can I have it?"

"You are not going to close your account with us, are you? I think there will be a lot of bargains on any further break ——"

The new Shadd thought of additional fortune winning, but the old Wilberforce thought of Mrs. Shadd and her fears and his peace of mind. The new Shadd, therefore, shook his head and said pleasantly to the office manager:

"Not yet a while, Caldwell."

So rare a bird is a stockbroker's customer who knows what to do without prodding that Caldwell nodded respectfully and paid Shadd the stupendous compliment of not urging him to trade. An office manager's object in life is to get orders out of customers. This man Shadd, however, dealt exclusively with cold facts, including the future course of the stock market. Still, he was a customer, from whom commissions should come.

As the manager's face reflected his indecision it occurred to Shadd that, though Francis T. Woodcock & Co. had sold his stock, Wilberforce Shadd might never see the cash. He could not see how Woodcock could steal his sixty thousand dollars and he did not actually expect it; but he feared it.

"When," he asked nonchalantly, "will you get the money for it?"

"Oh, we'll probably get the check to-day, sometime," replied Caldwell. "The buyer has until to-morrow at two-fifteen to pay up—just the same as with Stock Exchange transactions.

"But, say, Mr. Shadd, I think that if a man bought standard railroad stocks at this minute ——" He looked expectantly toward Mr. Shadd and instinctively reached for an order pad.

"That's all right, my boy," said Shadd.

He had decided that, before making any more money in Wall Street, he had better look at the color of what he had not yet received.

Also, he did not wish to hurt any feelings in this office, where everybody treated him so nicely; so he said paternally:

"You are a nice chap, Caldwell; but you are not—don't get huffy before you know what I'm going to say—you're not so old as you'll be at my age. Don't ask me to buy anything to-day!"

And Wilberforce Shadd walked out of the office moved by a sudden fear that David Caldwell and everybody else there might discover that he was bluffing, by means of words, looks and gestures—bluffing all the way through.

A spasm of honesty is liable to come to anyone. However, by the time he was halfway home his mind had reverted to thoughts of his wisdom and of the wealth that had come from his wisdom. He had bought at nine dollars and had sold at the top. He was worth sixty thousand dollars; and stocks were still going down, thereby increasing both the wisdom and the pleasure. He was completely successful! And yet, upon crossing the threshold of his own home, Wilberforce Shadd became uneasy.

XV

MRS. SHADD was mending his socks. She had on spectacles—big imitation tortoise-shell goggles which gave her an owl-like aspect.

She saw him—empty-handed! She took off her goggles, as if she preferred not to see too clearly, and asked tremulously:

"Have you got the money?"

"No; I have not."

"Why not?"

"Because I couldn't get it."

She rose to her feet, her face pale, her eyes full of fear. He hastily explained:

"The buyer hasn't paid up yet."

"And you let the stocks go? Oh, Wilberforce!" she wailed like a child who is hurt.

"They have twenty-four hours in which to send a check." And he patted her back reassuringly, which naturally made her fear the worst.

"Yes; but the stock ——"

"When I get the check," said the adamantine Wilberforce, "they get the stock."

"Yes; but if they back out and don't send you a check, then you've lost the chance to sell it to somebody else, and ——"

"My dear, all business in Wall Street is done that way—with a nod of the head. A man says 'I'll take it,' and it's as good as a certified check."

"Are you sure about this particular man?" She looked at him eagerly, clutching at that blessed straw.

"Positive!" he replied with such assurance that even she could not disbelieve.

No longer doubting her husband or the buyer, but having to doubt her luck after all her dark years, she did not ask—she asserted: "Of course you didn't get the fifty-five thousand two hundred dollars." There was a pause. She looked away and asked faintly: "Did you?"

"No," he answered slowly; "I did not."

She seemed instantly to deflate, with a pathetic nonblaming sort of sigh. He went on quickly:

"I got more than fifty-five thousand two hundred dollars."

"Wilberforce!" She jumped to her feet.

"I got," he told her proudly, "sixty thousand dollars!"

"Oh, Wilberforce!" she repeated.

"That means three hundred dollars a month as long as we live, without having to work or sweat or stew. We're rich, old lady!"

"Oh, Wilberforce!" she said, and threw herself into his arms.

Once there, she began to sob softly. After all, he was a man and this was the woman he had sworn to protect. He understood, first, why he had married her, and then why he had humored her all these married years. It had made him a coward to love her; but he wasn't a coward now, though he loved her.

"My dear," he said playfully, in order not to say it tearfully, "are you sorry we didn't lose the money?"

"N-no," she sobbed, concerned only with her own emotions.

"Well, there's no sense in crying over our being rich. Cheer up. The worst is yet to come!"

"How do you mean?" she gasped. She knew it!

"Well, we've got to invest the money."

"That's easy," she retorted, relieved. "Put it where it will be entirely safe and bring you in as much as possible. That way, before you know it, you'll have a lot saved up and getting interest on that."

"It's as easy as all that, isn't it?" smiled Wilberforce Shadd, veteran investor.

"Are you sarcastic?" asked Mrs. Shadd, not wishing to ask "Am I an idiot?" The tone of voice was the same.

"Oh, I merely wondered whether we were going to have war with Germany over the sinking of the Lusitania; and, if we did, what would happen to stocks and bonds."

"We don't have to buy any."

"Oh, yes, we have," contradicted Shadd in a voice that already was convictionless.

"I was talking to Mr. Marshall about this money ——"

"But you didn't know whether I'd be able to sell or not," objected Shadd.

"I knew you'd sell," she said, "because we needed the money. So I told Mr. Marshall that a friend of mine was asking me what she ought to invest some money in, and he said he'd advise her to buy New Jersey house-lots. He said they were bound to go up in price." She looked at him with an air of business.

"How can he guarantee that?" sneered Shadd.

"The idea," she explained very earnestly, "is this: You buy ——"

"I buy nothing!"

"You buy the lot," pursued Mrs. Shadd, who had inflicted stone-deafness upon herself, wife-fashion, "for one thousand dollars. Then you hold it ——"

"You bet you do!" hastily agreed Wilberforce.

"—— until it's worth three thousand dollars. Then you sell it; and you don't get any cash ——"

"You bet you don't!" again agreed Mr. Shadd.

"—— but you leave it on mortgages, because that way the buyer will put up a five-thousand-dollar house on your lot and you get a mortgage for your three thousand dollars at six per cent, which is as much as you are allowed to get. And your security is the lot and a five-thousand-dollar house on top of it; so you get a hundred and eighty dollars a year for every thousand dollars you invest now. So that if you buy sixty lots for sixty thousand dollars you get —— How much do you get?"

"You get left!" said Shadd, desperately humorous.

"Figure it out for me, dear," said Mrs. Shadd very seriously and still deaf.

"Don't you know how to multiply one hundred and eighty by sixty?"

"You have the lead pencil, dear." She pointed to Mr. Shadd's waistcoat pocket.

Mr. Shadd took a lead pencil out of that same pocket and held it toward his wife, who rose, got a sheet of paper from the desk, and gave it to him.

"I won't do it!" he said determinedly. He multiplied one hundred and eighty by sixty. Then, as he read over his figures, he said, much less angrily: "It's ten thousand eight hundred."

"What?"

"Dollars."

"For how long?"

"A year."

"Oh, Wilberforce! What will we do with ten thousand eight hundred dollars a year? We'll be sure to have bad luck in something else! Of course if we did not spend it all for luxuries, but saved ——"

"Before you spend any of it at all, find out whether you are going to have it to spend. Did you figure on the loss of interest in all the years the lots are going to be unsold? And then, how much will you have to pay for taxes and improvements, sewers, and streets, and ——"

"Oh, no! All improvements and titles are guaranteed, and ——"

"Who told you all this?"

"Mr. Marshall, the real-estate man who married Esther Lillie. He said ——"

"I know what I'd have said ——" began Wilberforce.

"And so I told him I'd bring the money ——"

"What money?" angrily cut in Wilberforce.

She looked at him in surprise.

"Why, our money, that we got from selling the stock you bought. I told him I'd bring it in to-morrow."

"Well then, you just untell him!" Shadd snarled. His upper lip was drawn back until his teeth showed. He looked like a mother-wolf fighting for her cubs. "We'll invest that money—that I made—in good safe bonds and gilt-edged dividend-paying stocks. If we can't get six per cent on all our securities we'll get five per cent. Three thousand a year is good enough for any white person. No bother; no waiting for your interest; no tales of woe to listen to if the mortgagor can't pay; no foreclosure proceedings and loss of time; and no lawyer's fees to eat up in one week your entire profits of six years! Bonds and stocks!"

There was much in what he said, but all she heard was his tone of voice. Her eyes, therefore, filled with tears.

"I—I—kn-knew it would bring bad luck. You are di-different already. Just because I said Mr. Marshall said lots were the safest! I saw a picture of them. It was a photograph; so it was not a fake picture, to fool buyers with. And I know, if we put the money in the lots ——"

"My money in your lots?" sneered Shadd.

Mrs. Shadd drew in a deep breath. This was what people meant by the curse of money. It had made a miser of Shadd. But she explained forgivingly:

"Our money in our lots."

"Oh, indeed!" The politeness in Mr. Shadd's voice was inexcusable.

"You took our savings," she reminded him. "You know how I kept at you ——"

"Yes; until I was a complete ——" He stopped. It would kill her to know the truth.

"And I wasn't satisfied with Mr. Marshall's advice," she went on accusingly; "so I telephoned to Mr. Warren that you and I would be in to see him in a day or two. He said he didn't take divorce cases, but that he'd listen to what we had to say. So I said it was not a case of divorce or separation, and that we'd be at his office at four o'clock to-day or to-morrow."

"I'm going to be very busy," said Shadd.

"And Wilberforce, dear, I'd like to go to the movies to-night—please! They've got a new play at the Universal by that man who writes the Wall Street stories I don't understand. I'd like you to explain it to me. I want you to have a nice time; so you can begin to enjoy your sixty thousand dollars ——"

"H'm!" muttered Shadd, realizing that a great fortune can turn to ashes in the mouth of the married possessor.

"I don't wish you to do anything you don't feel like doing," she pursued meekly.

"Oh, I'll take you; I'll take you," he said.

But no Jersey lots for him!

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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REX MIXER For PERMANENCE in CONCRETE



A Size for Every Job

How a Chain Maker Affected the Cement Industry

C. W. Levalley's life, like that of all great achievers, is the story of an ideal. At the age when most men are ready to retire from business, Mr. Levalley made his first chain. He put into it all his knowledge of the needs of the chain industry—and he knew its needs, for he had spent his life with manufacturers of chain-driven machinery. It was his determination to make a better chain than was yet known.

Mr. Levalley, twenty-five years later, sees a business that has developed far beyond the art of chain making.

Products on which Mr. Levalley's chain was used must be on a par with the chain, was his belief. To be certain of their quality Mr. Levalley began their manufacture. Chains for elevators and conveyors, concrete mixers and travelling water screens, illustrate the fields into which chain making led his company—Chain Belt Company. This great family of products is bound together by one chain and one name—REX.

The Rex Concrete Mixer illustrates Mr. Levalley's foresight. Years ago he saw the coming importance of concrete construction. He believed that the success of concrete would depend largely upon the way it was mixed, and that the mixing process must be made as reliable and standard as the recording of time by good watches. His experience proved that a chain-driven mixer would best give that reliability so essential. He was right—success has come.

The sureness, the economy, the efficient mixing of the chain-driven Rex Mixer have brought it national prestige. "Rex" on a concrete mixer means that every part is made with the same care as the chain which built this great industry. Practically every part of the Rex Concrete Mixer is made by the Chain Belt Company, Milwaukee.

The Rex Mixer is made in a number of sizes from 4 cubic feet capacity up, to meet the needs of any contractor. It has a steel frame, steel truck, and cast semi-steel drum. Friction clutch, chilled semi-steel rollers, steel housing over the gasoline engine, are more items that show how thoroughly the Rex Mixer is equipped with "best" materials. Every gasoline-driven Rex Mixer is equipped with a Novo Engine.

Rex Mixers meet the needs of all contractors, regardless of their requirements. Often one Rex Mixer is the entire concrete equipment of a contractor in a small town. The biggest contractors in America are today using many Rex Mixers. On big jobs it is not unusual to find ten or a dozen Rex Mixers scattered about mixing the concrete where it is needed.

You cannot buy a better mixer than the Rex. They have demonstrated their ability to mix concrete properly and at a maximum speed. You can count on Rex Mixers giving you their rated amount of work day after day. In regard to the construction, economy of operation and initial price, they have every advantage that you naturally look for in choosing your mixer equipment.

Attention of the public—Concrete must be machine-mixed to insure strength, permanence, economy. Your contractor must employ the proper methods in mixing concrete, for its durability depends largely on how it is mixed.

One of the Rex Mixers owned by Nash Bros., Chicago, at work on Chicago's $60,000,000 sanitary improvements.

Write Today for the Rex Catalog, It's Free

You need a Rex Mixer whether you want to mix a few hundred or many thousand yards of concrete. Remember, the Rex is made in different sizes. There is a Rex for the smallest job and a Rex for the largest. There is a Rex for every kind of concrete work. Send today, then, for the complete, fully illustrated Rex Mixer Catalog E which will show you every model. It is free.

CHAIN BELT COMPANY

749 Park Street **Milwaukee, Wis.**

Here are a few of our products. Look for the name "REX" on them.

Chains for elevating, conveying and transmission
Sprocket Wheels—Gears
Shaft Couplings and Collars
Malleable Elevator Buckets
Concrete Mixers
Paving Mixers
Travelling Water Screens

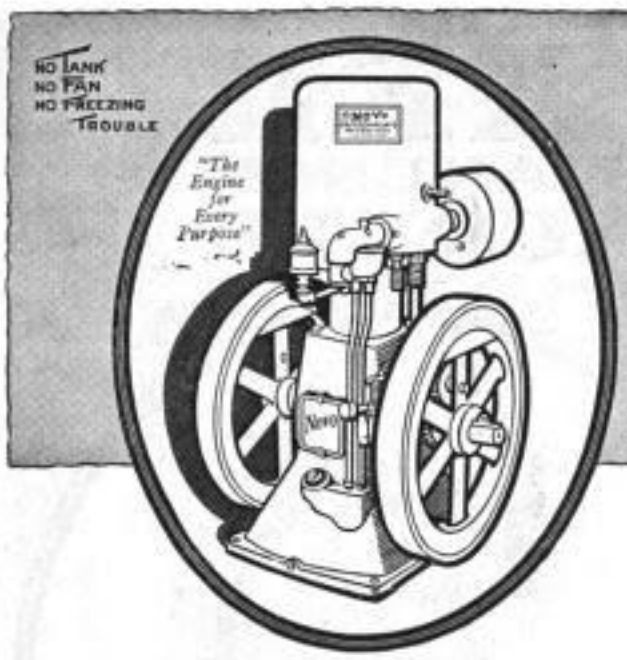
Write for interesting booklet on any of these

Be sure to look for this trade-mark— REX —when you buy any equipment listed above

Dealers' Attention—In towns and cities where we are not already represented, there is a big opportunity for reliable agents to sell Rex Mixers. We offer you a permanent and profitable business. Address us on your letterhead.

One of the Rex Paving Mixers building good roads in Wisconsin. Lehman Bros., Watertown, Wis., owners.

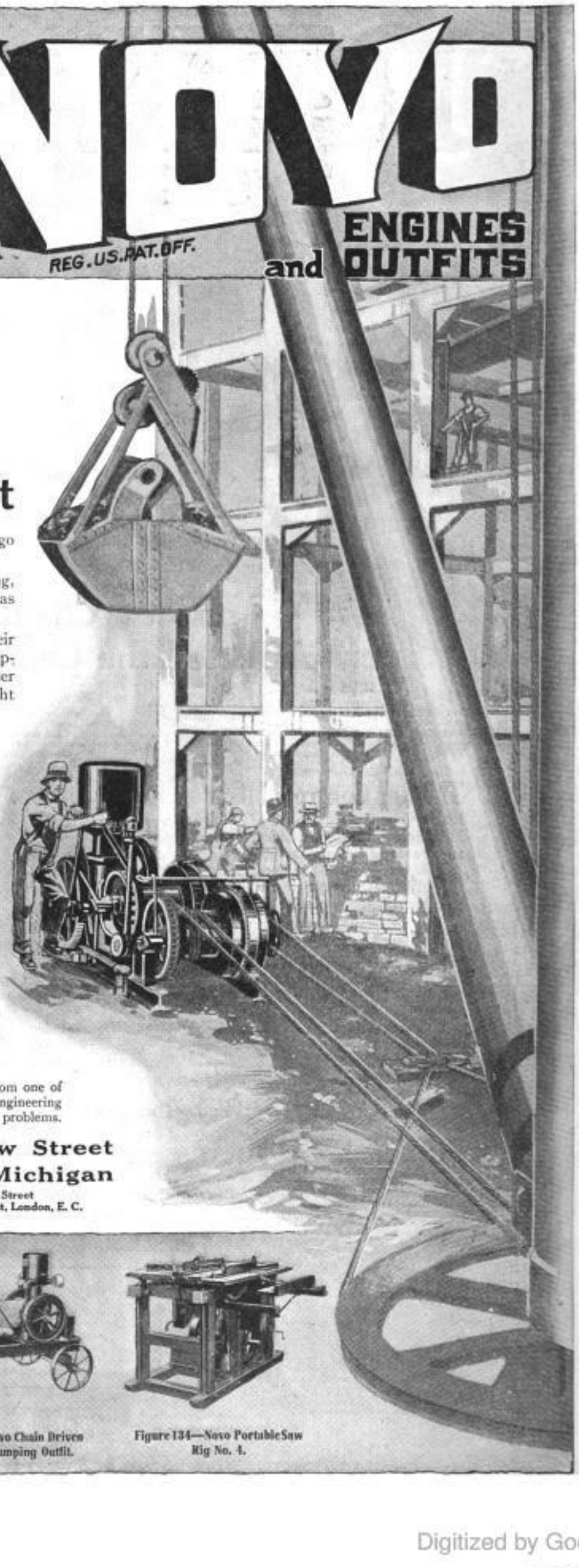
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NOVO

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

and ENGINES OUTFITS



If You Pay for Power— Know the Truth About It

A contractor who didn't know material and labor costs would soon go broke. And the same thing is getting to be true about power costs.

You can't go on using just any power for concrete mixing, hoisting, pumping and compressing. You've got to use the most economical, as well as the most reliable power.

The mixer manufacturers had to solve the power problem. On their own responsibility they had to install some kind of power as regular equipment. If the power failed, their whole outfits might be condemned. After subjecting all forms of power to the most brutal, racking tests known, eight out of every ten manufacturers have adopted Novo Engines as their Standard Power.

When you multiply the advantages of the Novo Engines on your mixers by the number you can use on all other equipment, you will have introduced the biggest economy possible in your business—Standardized Power. You won't be troubled by city regulations on boilers. You won't have heavy coal bills, big moving expenses, nor a long pay-roll of licensed help. You won't have to buy different motors to meet varying conditions.

No other form of power is more reliable than the Novo. The Novo Engine is simple, compact, self-contained, with practically no working parts exposed. It is of the vertical type, with fuel in the base and water in the cooling hopper. Positively guaranteed against freezing damage. Runs anything, anywhere, that requires less than 20 H. P. Furnished to operate on gasoline, kerosene, alcohol or distillate.

You will standardize your power the day you see the light. It pays the biggest contractors in America. It will pay you. There are 75 Novo Outfits—Hoists, Pumps, Air Compressors, Saw Rigs, etc.

Our book, ***"Standardized Power,"*** tells the whole story. Get a copy from one of the firms mentioned here, or write us. Feel free to write to our Engineering Department any time for real expert help on your most difficult power problems.

NOVO ENGINE CO. **711 Willow Street**
Clarence E. Bement. Sec. & Gen. Mgr. **Lansing, Michigan**

Chicago Office: Lytton Building Minneapolis Office: 517-519 No. Third Street
European Office: Edgar Backlund, Representative, 13-14 Broad Street House, New Broad Street, London, E. C.

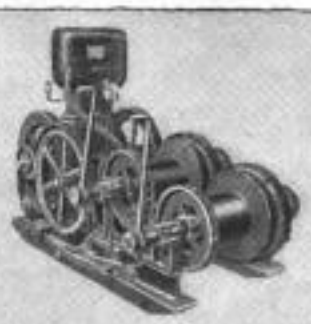


Figure 172—Novo Type "D.H." Double Drum Hoist.

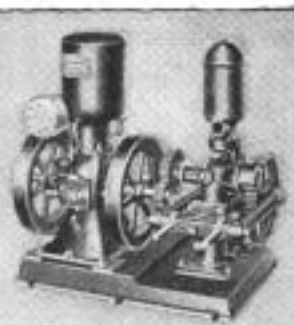


Figure 268—Novo Pyramid Force Pumping Outfit.

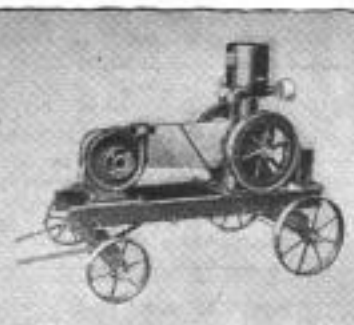


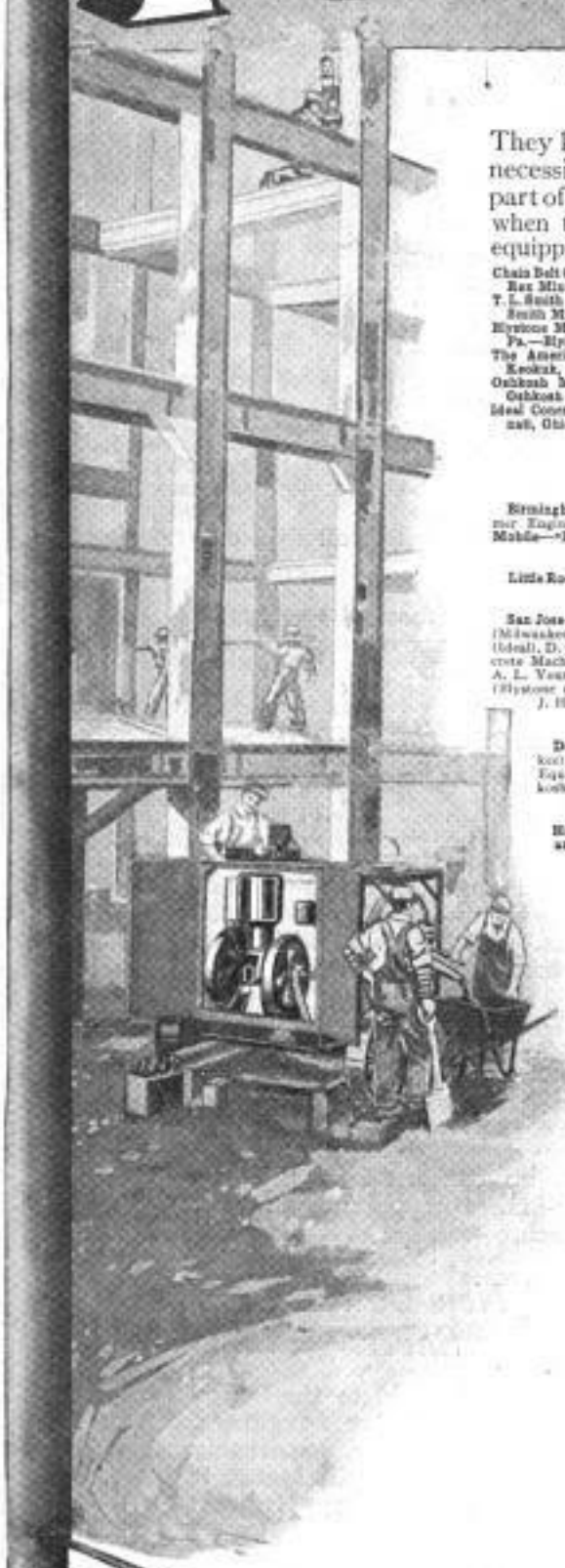
Figure 265—Novo Chain Driven Centrifugal Pumping Outfit.

Figure 134—Novo Portable Saw Rig No. 4.

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POWER





These Manufacturers Know Power—

They know the advantages of standardized power. They know the necessity of dependable power. They know that the power is a vital part of their machine—that the best piece of power machinery is worthless when the power fails. They eliminate as far as possible the chance of power failure by equipping their machines with the Reliable Novo Engine.

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T. L. Smith Company, Milwaukee, Wis.—Smith Mixer
Hystone Mfg. Co., Cambridge Springs, Pa.—Hystone Mixer
The American Cement Machine Co., Keokuk, Iowa—Boss Mixer
Oshkosh Mfg. Co., Oshkosh, Wis.—Oshkosh Mixer
Ideal Concrete Machinery Co., Cincinnati, Ohio—Ideal Mixer
Standard Scale & Supply Co., Pittsburg, Pa.—The Standard Mixer
Municipal Engineering Company, Chicago—Cube Mixer
Ransome Concrete Machinery Co., Dunellen, N. J.—Ransome Mixer
Lansing Company, Lansing, Michigan—Lansing Mixer
Wega Concrete Machinery Co., Minneapolis, Minn.—The New Way Mixer
Waterloo Cement Machinery Corp'n, Waterloo, Ia.—Wonder Tex Paver
Republic Iron Works, Tecumseh, Michigan—Republic Mixer
Milwaukee Concrete Mixer Co., Milwaukee, Wis.—Milwaukee Mixer
Sterling Machinery Co., Inc., La Crescent, Minn.—Sterling Mixer
Marsh-Capron Mfg. Co., Chicago—Marsh-Capron Mixer
Chicago Builders' Specialties Co., Chicago—Little Devil Mixer
Ransome Mixer Co., A. W. Ransome, Gen. Mgr., New York City
Olsen Concrete Mixer Co., Elkhart, Wis.
The Knickerbocker Co., Jackson, Mich.—Collrin Mixer
Elite Mfg. Co., Ashland, Ohio—Low Down Mixer
The Kent Machine Co., Kent, Ohio—Kent Mixer
Pawling & Harnischfeger Co., Milwaukee, Wis.—Back Fillers
The Parsons Co., Newton, Ia.—Back Fillers
Oshkosh Mfg. Co., Oshkosh, Wis.—Back Fillers
Waterloo Cement Machinery Corp.—Back Fillers
Acme Road Machinery Co., Frankfort, N. Y.—Car Unloaders

Manufacturers' Agents—Call on the one nearest you

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Birmingham—*McClary & Jemison Machy. Co., Keller-Grimer Engineering Co. (Smith), Chas. T. Lehman (Oshkosh), **Mobile**—*McGowin-Lyons Hardware Co.

ARKANSAS

Little Rock—*Benj. D. Schaad, Sales-Sand & Gravel Co. (Smith).

CALIFORNIA

San Jose—*Bean Spray Pump Co. **Los Angeles**—A. F. George (Milwaukee), J. E. Dyson (Oshkosh), Hunt Eng. & Sales Agy. (Ideal), D. G. Bevis & Co. (Rex). **San Francisco**—Ransome Concrete Machinery Co. (Ransome), Lansing Company (Lansing), A. L. Young Machy. Co. (Rex), Farnsworth Electrical Works (Hystone and Ideal), American Cement Machine Co. (Boss), J. H. Hansen & Co. (Cube).

COLORADO

Denver—*H. W. Moore & Co., C. J. Pearson (Milwaukee), T. B. Barnitz (Smith), Intermountain Contractors' Equipment Co. (Hystone), Geo. W. Summers & Co. (Oshkosh), The H.N. Strenburger Co. (Cube), S. G. Elbe (Rex).

CONNECTICUT

Hartford—*Hartford Contractors' Supply Co. (Standard).

FLORIDA

De Land—*J. Gilson (Ideal). **Jacksonville**—*J. O. Christopher & Co., Cameron & Barkley (Rex). **Tampa**—H. M. Lott & Co. (Smith), West Coast Co. (Ideal).

GEORGIA

Atlanta—Whitman & Co. (Smith), Robert S. Armstrong & Bro. (Oshkosh), Good Roads Machy. Co. (Boss), Ransome Concrete Machinery Co. (Ransome). **Columbus**—T. P. Dozier (Cube).

IDAHO

Pocatello—Pocatello Engineering Co. (Rex).

ILLINOIS

Chicago—*Novo Engine Company, *Crerar Adams & Co., *Barrett Circutie Co., *E. H. Hyland & Company, Mayo & Talley (Milwaukee), R. E. E. Gears (Smith), F. O. Williamson (Smith), Scully-Jones & Co. (Hystone), Oshkosh Mfg. Co. (Local office—Oshkosh), American Cement Machine Co. (Boss), O. Th. Carpentier & Co. (Ideal), Ideal Concrete Machy. Co. (Ideal), W. S. Lozier Co. (Rex), Lansing Company (Lansing), Ransome Concrete Machy. Co. (Ransome), Standard Scale & Supply Co. (Standard). **Decatur**—*Leader Iron Works.

INDIANA

Indianapolis—*Rock Equipment Co. (Boss), Stover-Longley Contr. Equip. Co. (Ideal). **Marion**—*Marion Machine Fdry. & Supply Co. **Madison**—Wm. Ogden (Rex), **Vincennes**—*Buck & Boyd.

IOWA

Woodbury—*E. L. Martin. **Des Moines**—*Globe Machinery & Supply Co., Contractors' Material Co. (Rex).

KENTUCKY

Louisville—*Ray C. Wharns Supply Co. (Milwaukee), Bowden Machy. & Supply Co. (Smith), Dehler Bros. (Oshkosh), T. L. Barret (Rex).

LOUISIANA

New Orleans—*Woodward, Wight & Co., J. T. Mann & Co. (Smith), Ole K. Olsen (Boss), Howard Egleston (Ideal), A. Baldwin & Co. (Rex).

MARYLAND

Baltimore—*Standard Scale & Supply Co. (Standard), Jewel Supply & Repair Co. (Milwaukee), John C. Louis (Boss), Henry H. Meyer Co. (Rex).

MASSACHUSETTS

Boston—*P. I. Perkins Co. (Smith), Harold L. Bond (Milwaukee), J. F. Shepard (Ideal), Underwood Machy. Co. (Rex), Lansing Company (Lansing), Ransome Concrete Machy. Co. (Ransome). **Lowell**—*Bennett Bros. **Worcester**—*Central Supply Co. **Cambridge**—American Cement Machine Co. (Boss), Dyar Supply Co. (Cube).

MICHIGAN

Detroit—*W. H. Anderson Tool & Supply Co., Ransome Concrete Machy. Co. (Ransome), J. A. McCarty (Smith), Michigan Scale & Supply Co. (Standard), H. S. James (Oshkosh), F. M. Lynch (Ideal), E. C. Mosher (Cube), Frank G. Kuhn (Rex). **Saginaw**—*Sullivan Supply Co. **Grand Rapids**—*The Kellogg-Burlingame Co. **Palmyra**—E. H. VanWey (Ideal).

MINNESOTA

Minneapolis—*Novo Engine Company, Wm. H. Hale Co. (Milwaukee), Thorman W. Rohbolt Co. (Hystone), Minneapolis Equipment Co. (Oshkosh), H. E. Erickson Co. (Boss), Lansing Company (Lansing), Wm. H. Ziegler (Rex). **St. Paul**—*Rayner Hdwe. Co. (Smith).

MISSOURI

Kansas City—*Victor L. Phillips, Bunting Hardware Co. (Smith), King Supply & Equipment Co. (Oshkosh), American Cement Machine Co. (Boss), J. P. Sprague Co. (Rex), Lansing Company (Lansing), Ransome Concrete Machinery Co. (Ransome). **St. Louis**—*Geo. F. Smith (Smith), Blake C. Howard (Milwaukee), Ransome Concrete Machy. Co. (Ransome). **Joplin**—H. E. Burkhardt (Cube).

MISSISSIPPI

Jackson—Clark Building Material Company (Rex).

MONTANA

Billings—Billings Hardware Co. (Smith), F. B. Connelly Co. (Cube). **Butte**—Anaconda Copper Mining Co. (Smith).

NEBRASKA

Omaha—*C. S. Bowman Hardware Co. (Smith), *Standish Equipment Co. (Boss), H. L. Purcell (Ideal), Ransome Concrete Machy. Co. (Ransome), Redmon-Diehl Co. (Rex).

NEVADA

Reno—Nevada Eng. & Supply Co. (Rex).

NEW YORK

Buffalo—*H. B. Trevor Co., Henry W. Littlefield (Cube). **New York City**—*Standard Scale & Supply Co., C. R. Dodge & Co. (Milwaukee), American Cement Machine Co. (Boss), Wm. J. Cullen (Smith), Dodge & Dodge (Oshkosh), E. B. Kelley Co. (Hystone), Lansing Co. (Lansing), Linen-Flynn Co. (Ideal), Ransome Concrete Machy. Co. (Ransome), Woodson, Bates & Goode, Inc. (Hystone), Leader Iron Works, John M. Trevor (Rex), F. W. Tyce (Milwaukee). **Syracuse**—*W. D. Dunning. **Binghamton**—McMahon Co. (Milwaukee). **Rochester**—H. D. Hatcheson (Milwaukee). **Owego**—*Leader Iron Works.

NORTH CAROLINA

Winston-Salem—*Koster Machy. Co. **Greensboro**—J. D. Wilkins (Smith).

OHIO

Akron—*The Hardware & Supply Co. **Cincinnati**—*Queen City Supply Co. (Smith), Geo. B. Curd (Milwaukee), Ideal Concrete Machy. Co. (Hystone), Wm. T. Johnston (Rex), Wirthlin-Mann Co. (Oshkosh). **Cleveland**—*W. M. Pattison Supply Co., Chas. A. Hastings (Rex), McKenna Co. (Boss), Ransome Concrete Machy. Co. (Ransome), Standard Scale & Supply Co. (Standard), Tower Machy. Co. (Smith). **Dayton**—*M. D. Larkin Supply Co. (Ideal). **Marietta**—*Cline Bros. Machine Works. **Toledo**—*National Supply Co., W. A. Kuhlman (Smith). **Columbus**—Good Roads Supply Co. (Oshkosh), Siebert-Milburn Co. (Smith), Sykes & Coffin (Milwaukee).

OKLAHOMA

Oklahoma City—*J. S. Wylie Co. (Milwaukee), The Boardman Co. (Cube), Capital Steel & Iron Co. (Smith).

OREGON

Portland—*Contractors' Equipment Co. (Smith), Howard Cooper Corp. (Cube), Loggers & Contractors Machy. Co. (Rex).

PENNSYLVANIA

Easton—*Easton Supply Co. **Philadelphia**—*J. Jacob Shannon & Co. (Smith), *Standard Scale & Supply Co. (Standard), Lansing Company (Lansing), Chas. Bond Co. (Milwaukee), Ransome Concrete Machy. Co. (Ransome), Standard Supply & Equipment Co. (Hystone), T. J. S. Edelen (Rex)—**Penna. Ter. Pittsburg**—*Standard Scale & Supply Co. (Standard), American Cement Machine Co. (Boss), Beckwith Machy. Co. (Smith), Contractors' Machy. & Supply Co. (Oshkosh), Empire Eng. & Equipment Co. (Cube), H. B. Naylor (Ideal), Ransome Concrete Machy. Co. (Ransome), Ward Equipt. Co. (Rex). **Erie**—Erie Supply & Mfg. Co. (Ideal).

SOUTH CAROLINA

Columbia—*Gibbes Machy. Co. **Charleston**—Cameron & Barkley Co. (Rex). **Darlington**—A. Reeser (Ideal).

TENNESSEE

Chattanooga—*Mills & Lupton, *Robt. R. Nixon (Oshkosh and Rex). **Johnson City**—*Summers-Parrot Hardware Co. **Knoxville**—*The Crane Co., John G. Logan (Smith). **Memphis**—E. T. Nicks (Cube), Cyrill Bros. (Smith), Reichman-Crosby Co. (Oshkosh), R. H. Trevevant (Rex). **Nashville**—Dixie Road Machy. Co. (Cube), Wilson-Ingram Co. (Oshkosh).

TEXAS

Dallas—*W. A. Browning (Standard), Contl-wear Jackson Co. (Cube), Dallas Mill & Supply Co. (Smith), Sam'l Elsbery (Rex). **El Paso**—*Don A. Carpenter & Co., Krakauer, Zork & Meyer (Cube, Milwaukee and Ideal), Rathbun Mfg. Co. (Smith). **Austin**—Walter Tips (Ideal). **Houston**—Barden Elect. & Machy. Co. (Oshkosh), F. W. Heitmann Co. (Rex), H. A. Paine (Smith), W. L. Macatee & Sons (Cube). **San Antonio**—J. H. Kampmann Co. (Rex). **Fort Worth**—Arthur S. Goetz (Milwaukee).

UTAH

Salt Lake City—*Landes & Co. (Cube), Culmer Co. (Ideal), C. H. Jones Co. (Rex), F. C. Richmond Machy. Co. (Oshkosh).

VIRGINIA

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W. VIRGINIA

Charleston—*Capital City Supply Co. **Huntington**—*Miller Supply Co. (Smith).

WISCONSIN

Milwaukee—*E. S. Marker & Co. (Smith), Ramsey & Ramsey (Cube), S. Van Vechten (Rex), Kern-Hunter (Milwaukee).

CUBA

Habana—*J. F. Bernder & Co. (Standard) Ellis Bros. (Rex), Albert Maloney (Smith).

CANADA

Aylmer, Ontario—*Aylmer Pump & Scale Co. **Montreal, Quebec**—*Watson Jack & Co. **Winnipeg, Manitoba**—*Kelly Powell, Ltd. (Cube), Dominion Equipment & Supply Co. (Rex), Eddis Kilvert Co. (Milwaukee). **Vancouver, B. C.**—*B. C. Equipment Co., Dominion Equipment & Supply Co. (Rex). **St. John's, Newfoundland**—*John Barron & Co. **Toronto, Ont.**—A. A. Scully (Cube and Milwaukee).

AUSTRALIA

Sydney—*Wm. J. Howatt. **Melbourne**—British Australian Metal Co. (Milwaukee).

Write any concern listed on this page for a copy of the Novo Book, "Standardized Power"

*** The asterisk (*) before agents' names indicates that they are NOVO distributors and handle a complete line of NOVO Engines and Outfits**



Figure 276—Novo Portable Air Compressor Outfit.



Figure 173—Novo Diaphragm Pumping Outfit.

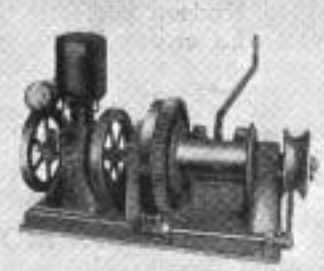


Figure 1447—Novo Type "T" Reversible Hoist.

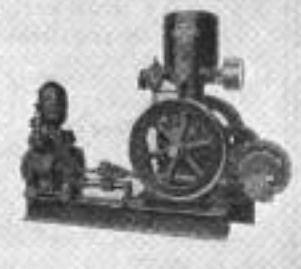


Figure 14139—Novo Type "U" High Pressure Pumping Outfit.

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How Hudson Super-Six Saved the Six

A Review of the Crisis in Motordom

Only engineers knew it, but a year ago a crisis impended in Motordom. The light-weight Six—long the favorite type—seemed waning in popularity. The trend was toward Eights and Twelves. It appeared for a time that certain limitations might force the Six out of the field. Note how the Super-Six reversed that condition.

For years the Light Six was the leading type. Hudson was its foremost exponent.

It was so much smoother than former types that enthusiasts called it finality.

But it never fulfilled expectations. It nowhere near ended vibration. It won hardly a record. About every performance record that counted—save a few won by V-types—was still held by Fours.

Multi-Cylinders Came

At that juncture Hudson engineers—and numerous others—began to build V-type motors. That is, two Fours or two Sixes so set at angles as combat the Six limitations.

The trouble, remember, with all the types then known, lay in excessive vibration. That caused friction and wear. It lessened power and endurance. The object of the new types—the Eights and Twelves—was to minimize that waste.

Numerous upper-grade cars adopted them. The Hudson shop had its V-types perfected. For a time it seemed that the fate of the Six was sealed.

Then Came the Super-Six

But early in 1915 Hudson engineers discovered the cause of motor vibration. And they set out to remedy it in a new, mathematical way.

In June they applied for a patent. In December the patent was granted. It gave Hudson control of a basic invention which solved the problems better than anyone had dreamed.

It added 80 per cent to the efficiency of the best Six ever built. That is, to its power and endurance. It gave the new Six—the Super-Six—a supremacy too great to be questioned.

The First Year's Result

The Hudson Super-Six has been on the market a year now. It has won all worth-while records—that is, records made with a stock motor. In speed, power and endurance, in hill-climbing and quick acceleration, it has out-performed all other types. It won the chief record—the 24-hour record—by a margin of 52 per cent.

It twice broke all endurance records in a round trip from San Francisco to New York. It ran 7000 miles at over 80 miles an hour without showing any wear on the bearings.

It has gained the supreme place in Motordom. It has come to outsell any other front-rank car. It is now out-performing all rival cars for 25,000 owners.

Today every man who seeks the best in a fine car must choose the Hudson Super-Six.

Not Like Other Sixes

But don't confuse the Super-Six with Sixes of the old type. The Super-Six is a unique type—a basic invention, controlled by Hudson patents. It differs from other Sixes more than Eights or Twelves do.

Some makers abandoned the V-types because of the Super-Six. The added cylinders seemed useless additions when the Super-Six so excelled.

But no other Six is like the Super-Six. Our patents prevent approach.

A New Gasoline Saver

This year we add to the Super-Six another exclusive advantage. It is a gasoline saver, remarkably effective. At a nominal cost it can be added to any Hudson Super-Six.

And our latest bodies, in every style, are masterpiece productions. They are built to match the Super-Six supremacy.

Phaeton,	7-passenger, $1650	Touring Sedan	$2175	Town Car	$2925
Roadster,	2-passenger, 1650	Limousine	2925	Town Car Landaulet	3025
Cabriolet,	3-passenger, 1950	*(All Prices f. o. b. Detroit)*		Limousine Landaulet	3025

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

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HOW MUCH AND WHO GETS IT

(Concluded from Page 19)

the form of rent, interest and dividends was turned over to labor the wage-earners' share would be increased only about one-half, which would bring the average wage to little over seventy dollars a month—still very decidedly too low for any scheme of living Penfield would be willing to accept.

Turning to the Interstate Commerce Commission's reports on railroads, Penfield found substantially the same situation. If capital got nothing at all, its total share being handed over to labor, the pay roll would be increased little over one-half. In other words, as with manufactures, about two dollars went to labor for one that went to capital. Excluding general officers and other officers—that is, the higher-salaried class—and beginning with clerks, there were, in round numbers, a million seven hundred thousand employees who received wages amounting to one and a third billion dollars. As railroads employ few women and child laborers, while a considerable part of this labor is highly skilled, well organized and relatively well paid, the average wage here is about eight hundred dollars a year. Interest on funded debt and dividends on capital stock amounted to seven hundred and fifty million dollars, or fifty-six per cent of the pay roll after excluding the higher-salaried employees.

Manufactures and railroads employed, in round numbers, at the date of the latest reports, ten million people. Assume that all the capital invested in them was owned by the rich, and suppose the total share of the rich was distributed to labor, leaving nothing whatever for capital; then labor's share might be increased about one-half. But even the Socialists, Penfield found, were not agreed upon outright confiscation of capital.

Moreover, a large and rapid increase in wages would, no doubt, involve a rise in prices; so labor's living would cost more. He didn't see how any scheme of distribution would increase labor's real share more than a quarter or a third; which brought him round again to the former conclusion that too little income was an even deeper trouble than faulty distribution of such income as there was; in short, that the country, though relatively rich—being much richer than any other—was positively poor.

Of course he ran across the famous doctrine of Malthus, that population tends to increase faster than the means of subsistence, and in a well-settled country the only way to heighten the well-being of the common man decisively is to have fewer of him. He learned that this doctrine was accepted as Gospel truth for a generation or so; then, for a long time, was assaulted and derided on all sides, while its exact opposite—namely, that mankind's chief duty consisted in breeding, regardless of consequences—was proclaimed by nearly all those who assumed social leadership. But latterly, he found—with human life so cheap and superfluous that Europe could devote her best energies for two and a half years to destroying it—the Malthusian doctrine was receiving more respectful consideration. Not only were some sober economists urging it anew but some irrepressible women were preaching on forbidden texts at the risk of going to jail.

The Measure of New Wealth

But to Penfield's mind well-being was something more than income. Whenever he and his acquaintances, discussing a given man, said he was "getting ahead," they almost always meant he was saving something, accumulating something. He knew that increases in wages, salary or profits might be canceled by increased cost of living. When he figured up at the end of a year the only thing he counted as a solid gain was the excess of income over outgo—what he had saved.

The economists told him that was highly important for the nation too—which simply means all the individual citizens taken together. Under any possible scheme, Socialist or other, if the country wanted to increase its production of wealth and its true well-being, it must save some of its income to build better plants, more railroads, more ships, and so on; also, to get better houses, parks, roads, libraries, and the like.

He found that Sir George Paish estimated the income of the people of the United States at thirty-five billion dollars—which, allowing for the difference in dates, would be about in line with Professor King's estimate of thirty billions—and their total savings at seven billions against about two billions for England before the war. But that evidently included increase in land values, which struck Penfield as a very dubious item.

Every normal year, for example, the market value of city land is marked up by some hundreds of millions of dollars—not because there is any more of it, or that it is really more useful, but because there is a greater demand for it. In actual experience it means that far the greater part of the city population pays more rent, while a small part, consisting of the landlords, gets more income. Obviously there is no true gain in total wealth by that operation.

America's Increased Savings

Wealth of the country, as reported by the census, begins with real estate—land and the improvements thereon. In the eight years ending with 1912 it increased in value at the rate of a little more than six billion dollars a year. But a great part of this increase evidently consisted in marking up the value of the same land, with the same improvements; and though a few people were better off by that process, many people who rented land or tenements were worse off.

On the other hand, when a new building goes up there is a gain in real wealth; somebody has saved up something for a useful, wealth-producing structure. In cities one must get a permit before putting up a building. The permits issued in leading cities in 1914 implied an expenditure on buildings of more than eight hundred million dollars. The value of farm buildings increased during the last census period at the rate of two hundred and seventy-five millions a year. Those two items come to more than a billion dollars a year.

Of course a great deal of building and improvement of buildings is not included in them—that in cities other than the leading ones, in towns and villages. When a farmer drains a piece of swamp land he adds to the country's wealth; but there is no satisfactory means of estimating that apart from enhanced land value. So, with the certainty that considerably more than a billion dollars a year is invested in buildings, the real-estate item may be dismissed.

Other items in the census estimate are: livestock; farm implements; manufacturing machinery; railroads and equipment; street railways; telephone, telegraph and lighting systems; farm products; manufactured products; imported merchandise; products of mines; clothing; and furniture. Clearly all these things are real wealth. If the stock of them increases it is because the nation's total production exceeds its total consumption; it is saving that much of its income.

The increased value of these things in eight years came to thirty-two billion dollars, or four billions a year. Add at least a billion for real-estate improvements, and there is a total of five billions. The country's savings before the war, it seems, could not have been less than that.

How much had two boom years increased this saving? To answer that, a new Federal census would be necessary. Meantime, however, Penfield found some significant items. Before the war a very important item in England's wealth consisted of investments in foreign countries. A calculation dated December 31, 1913, put the total at eighteen billion dollars, of which nearly nine billions had gone to India and the British colonies, nearly four billions to the United States, and the remainder largely to South America. This foreign investment was increasing at the rate of eight hundred million dollars a year, through British purchases of foreign stocks, bonds, and so on. France's foreign investment was put at nine billion dollars; Germany's at five billions.

No such item appeared in our balance sheet, for we had no such investments. Whatever we saved was invested at home. But a statement by the Federal Reserve Board put the amount of foreign obligations held in this country in October, 1916, just a little short of two billion dollars. Foreign loans floated here between then and the end of the year would bring the total above two billions.

At the same time a thorough canvass of the railroad offices showed that between January 31, 1915, and July 31, 1916, we bought back from foreign holders one billion three hundred million dollars of American railroad securities. In about the same period foreign holdings of stock of the United States Steel Corporation decreased by about a hundred million dollars, taking the market value of September, 1916. Many other American securities that cannot be exactly enumerated were sold back to us by Europe in 1915 and 1916.

Foreign loans, the purchases of foreign-held American securities, came to over three and a half billion dollars, or at the rate of one and three-quarter billion dollars a year. At least that much, then, must be added to other savings.

And other savings have clearly been at an unusually high rate. Turning back to that census estimate of wealth, Penfield found that manufacturing machinery, tools, and so on—what we commonly call plant equipment—railroads and their equipment, street railroads, telephone and telegraph systems, privately owned lighting and irrigating systems, manufacturing products and mine products came to forty-eight billion dollars, and had been increasing at the rate of more than two and a half billion dollars a year.

Such things, he knew, were almost all owned by corporations. Generally, when additions and permanent improvements were to be made to them, some corporation or other issued bonds or stock, and somebody who had saved up some money subscribed to the bond issue or stock issue. Corporation financing, therefore, is the means by which a very important part of the country's savings get invested in industry.

In 1916 corporations of such size and importance as to get noticed, issued well over two billion dollars of stocks, bonds and notes against less than a billion and a half in 1914 and 1915. The figures, of course, are suggestive rather than conclusive. Some stock may be issued for alleged goodwill and other intangible considerations; bonds or notes may be issued merely to pay off a former issue, in which case they do not represent any new saving. But corporation financing shows that saving for home investment was at a high rate last year.

There is the building record. Permits issued in leading cities indicated an investment in buildings for 1916 about twenty-five per cent above the average of the two preceding years—or about the same ratio in which corporation financing exceeds the average of the two preceding years.

For another indication there is the incorporation of new companies in six Eastern states, where an important part of the country's incorporating and financing takes place. Total authorized capitalization of the companies formed in those states in 1916 came to about two and three-quarter billion dollars against about a billion and a half in 1915 and less than a billion in 1914. Of course this is only an indication, for all the capital may not be subscribed or may not represent tangible values. But, along with the other indications, it shows home investment on an unusually large scale.

By the end of June, 1915, savings deposits in the United States had risen above eight and three-quarter billion dollars—far ahead of comparable deposits in any other country. This consisted of six billion three hundred million dollars of "savings" deposits, as bankers classify them, and nearly two and a half billion dollars of "time" deposits. But time deposits, in fact, are mostly savings deposits—money put by for investment. From October, 1914—roughly corresponding to the beginning of the war—to September, 1916, time deposits in national banks increased one billion dollars. It will be several months before figures are available to show the total increase in savings deposits—including time deposits—during the war boom. But the showing for national banks alone suggests a very large increase.

If we saved five billion dollars a year before the war, we cannot, Penfield thought, be saving less than seven and a half billions a year now. That means more machinery, tools, railroad cars, and so on—in short, more production; consequently more income. We are in that much better position to solve the first problem of producing more goods to divide. As to the second problem, of how to divide them, it seemed clear the old impressionistic assumption, that nothing was necessary but to take from the rich and give to the poor, was untenable.

The real trouble ran far deeper than the millionaire line. It struck Penfield the chances of correcting that trouble would be much increased if everybody would just forget the "rich," the "plutocracy" and "Wall Street" for a spell, and devote their energies in more promising directions.

Sense and Nonsense

A Rush Message

GEORGE C. CARROTHERS has a young son who accompanied him on Villa's special train about two years ago. The boy was very fond of animals and carried a ground squirrel, attached to his coat by a fine chain, wherever he went. He called his pet Flossie.

"Wentworth," said his father as they sat with Pancho in his private car, "have you written to your mother yet? No? And you've been away a week! Sit down now and do it."

"Yes, indeed, *muchachito*," cried Pancho; "you must do that at once! Here, write her a telegram and I will give it precedence over all official business."

They brought him a blank and Wentworth sat down to give his mother the news. He thought for a long while and then wrote as follows:

"*Dear Mother:* Flossie is a mail!"

The Dark Horse

IN A CERTAIN Kentucky town is a grocer who does very little reading, but who is strong in the Democratic faith. One day last June a customer dropped in on him and remarked:

"Well, the last of the nominations are made."

"I didn't git time to look at the paper this mornin'," said the storekeeper. "Who've they nominated this time?"

"Wilson and Marshall are the nominees," said the other.

"Well," said the grocer, "I'll bet you Wilson beats him to a frazzle!"

"Beats who?"

"Beats this here Marshall!"

Birds and Birds

A YOUNG woman entered a book store in Chicago and asked the aid of the clerk in selecting suitable reading. She especially desired some native American fiction, she said.

"Why not try Allen's Kentucky Cardinal?" said the salesman, taking a copy of the book off the shelf. "That's a very popular book."

"No; I don't think I care for those theological stories," said the lady.

"But this cardinal was a bird!"

"I am not interested in the scandals of his private life," replied the young woman; and out she walked.

Just Right

MANDY, who was a housemaid and colored, arrived late to begin her duties one morning and her mistress inquired as to the cause of delay.

"I's sorry, Miss Clara; indeed I is!" stated Mandy. "But I jest natchelly couldn't got here no sooner'n whut I is got here. I been at the party give by the Sistern of the Mysterious Ten at the Cullid Odd Fellers' Hall, right up the street. They started in dancin' and carryin' on last night, and they's still in full swing. You never seen so many folks packed in one little hall in all yore bawn days; and right now, ef you'll poke yore haid outen yore side winder you kin hear them folks whoopin' and laughin', and hear the orchestra playin'."

"Wasn't it rather tumultuous, Mandy?" asked the lady of the house.

"Oh, nome!" said Mandy. "Hit wuzn't a bit too mulchous—jest about mulchous enough!"

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The Chain Campaign To Insure



The Motorist who does not stop to put on Weed Tire Chains before driving over wet-slippery-skiddy streets gambles with his life and the lives of others

Some men would gamble with anything, from a counterfeit coin to life and property and all that they or others hold dear,

But at least they gamble for some stake which to them—if to no one else—seems worth the gamble. They do not risk their whole fortunes with only a few dollars to gain.

Why then, if time be precious, would they risk *all the time* allotted them here on earth, for the sake of a *few moments* of it now?

Yet, strange to say, this is just what some motorists do when *they fail to stop to put on Tire Chains before driving over wet-slippery-skiddy streets.* They gamble their automobiles, their



"What! My Car?"

"Yes! skidded—and it's up to you. You failed to provide the chauffeur with Tire Chains. Only good luck saved your wife from paying the supreme penalty for your negligence. She's on the way to the hospital painfully injured, but the doctor thinks she'll pull through. You'd better hurry to the hospital and then report to Headquarters"

How strange it is that disaster must come to some men before they realize that all makes and types of tires will skid on wet pavements and muddy roads when not equipped with Chains.

These men do not appreciate, until too late, that by failing to provide Weed Anti-Skid Chains they expose their families to injury and death.

The time to provide against accidents is before they happen. Don't wait until after the first skid. Put Weed Chains on all four tires at the first indication of slippery going and you will have quadruple protection against injury, death, car damage and law suits.

The Real Test of Advertising

Millions of people have read the advertisements reproduced on these pages.

They have prevented thousands of accidents.

They have saved thousands of lives.

These advertisements were planned to sell tire chains by creating and directing a public opinion that will compel drivers of cars to take every precaution to make motoring safe.

The advertising is profitable to the manufacturers—otherwise they could not continue it—but it has been profitable only because it has performed ***a great public service.***

You can't measure human life or human suffering in dollars and cents.

The real test of the value of any advertising is not what it does ***to*** the public but what it does ***for*** the public.

This campaign benefits ***all*** the millions who come in contact with automobiles, whether they are car owners or not.

Its results are of immediate, personal concern to every man who wants to protect himself, his wife, his children—from the driver, always ready to take the gambler's chance.

Automobile accidents are so familiar that our senses have been dulled by the repetition of the news accounts. We forget we may be the victims next time.

We are prisoners of the greatest of conquerors—Old General Apathy.

The Chain campaign has been successful because it makes us realize an ***actual danger*** and presents a ***specific remedy.***

The chief cause of Automobile accidents is skidding, and chains are the only mechanical device yet invented that is absolutely dependable to make slippery roads safe.



AMERICAN CHAIN

Sole Manufacturers

BRIDGEPORT,

In Canada—Dominion Chain

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Motoring Safety For Everyone



WHEN you feel your car skid—that feeling of utter helplessness with its attendant fear of disastrous consequences—it will be too late to do anything, except pray. No amount of human skill will then avert a crash against the curb, a nearby vehicle, or, worse yet, the innocent bystander.

But you don't have to suffer that terrible "*feeling of utter helplessness*." Appreciate now that the only thing to do is to use *the* dependable preventative—***Anti-Skid Chains on all four tires.***

Weed Anti-Skid Chains



"Criminal Negligence"

Skidded, fatally injuring a child, because he neglected to use Tire Chains

The conscience-stricken motorist knows only too well that he is directly responsible for the loss of the child's life. Failure to put on Tire Chains before driving over wet and greasy pavements was the actual and immediate cause of the accident and as such constituted "criminal negligence" on his part.



The Fight Against General Apathy

The problem is ***not to sell*** Weed Chains, but to make drivers of cars ***use*** the chains they already have.

Practically every car in operation has chains—in the locker. Even the novice knows there are times when he can't move without them.

The trouble comes in making drivers put them on the wheels ***before*** the accident.

Chains are only one of the essentials to make motoring safe. They are merely a mechanical device.

No mechanical device can supply a man with intelligence.

Those who are only thoughtless are awakened. These advertisements which ***vividly picture truths*** bring home a realization of the consequences of taking chances—of personal responsibility.

Only two things can reach the driver who habitually gambles with the lives of others as the stake—fear of the law, and the mightier power of public opinion.

These advertisements arouse and concentrate a public opinion that will compel drivers of cars to use intelligence and judgment that will safeguard the public against all preventable accidents.

Are ***you*** entirely free from blame?

Do ***you*** take chances?

Some of the ideas for these advertisements were suggested by men who don't own cars; others came from car owners who have the best interests of motoring at heart.

We want more of these ideas.

We want ***your*** ideas.

Don't think about selling Weed Chains; they are incidental. Think how an idea or illustration can make people ACT to safeguard all of us against that criminal thoughtlessness and carelessness of the driver who is the greatest enemy of motoring.

Help Us Insure Motoring Safety
For Everyone



COMPANY, Incorporated
of Weed Chains
CONN., U. S. A.
Co. Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ontario

A·C

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RICORO

The "Self-Made" Cigar

Imported from Porto Rico

CIGAR VALUE AND SERVICE

If you are not among the millions who have tested and proved United Cigar Store *values* and *proven* United Cigar *service*, we urge you to make the acquaintance of *both* through

RICORO—THE "SELF-MADE CIGAR"

RICORO is the greatest cigar value we have ever offered—an *imported* cigar selling at from six cents each to two for a quarter (according to size)—a value which is only *half-expressed* by these prices.

RICORO would sell at *twice* these prices if it were imported from anywhere except Porto Rico. Porto Rican cigars pay no duty—other imported cigars do.

Forget the question of low price. Try RICORO on its merit as a quality cigar only. You will be amazed at its tropic bouquet, its soothing mildness, its satisfying richness.

Four popular sizes of RICORO are shown here—you will find many other sizes and shapes in every UNITED CIGAR STORE and in United Agencies.

Try RICORO and you will understand why this business is the largest of its kind in the world—*why* every fourth man who buys cigars in a United Cigar Store asks for RICORO—*why* RICORO sells over 400 a minute, 24 hours a day.

THANK YOU.



SARATOGA SIZE
6c each
Box of fifty, $3.00

PANETELA SIZE
6c each
Box of fifty, $3.00

CABINET SIZE
3 for 25c
Box of fifty, $4.15

INVINCIBLE SIZE
7c each
Box of fifty, $3.50

CIGARS UNITED

UNITED CIGAR STORES COMPANY

1000 STORES OPERATED IN 300 CITIES—EXECUTIVE OFFICES NEW YORK CITY

UNITED AGENCIES have been established in a large number of towns where stores directly under our management are not conducted. United Agencies handle Ricoro and other United brands in co-operation with us. We ask you to trade in the United Cigar Store or Agency which will best suit your convenience. Reliable dealers wishing to become our Agents where we are not already so represented, are invited to correspond with us. Address:

UNITED CIGAR STORES COMPANY
Agency Department, 44 West 18th St., New York

CIGARS UNITED

MAIL ORDERS: We prefer that every customer visit one of our stores in person and in this way not only secure the exact shade suited to his taste, but also become familiar with our store service. If no store is convenient to you, we will ship one or more boxes by mail or express, all charges prepaid, on receipt of price. Address mail orders to

UNITED CIGAR STORES COMPANY, at nearest city named below:
New York, Flatiron Bldg. Chicago, First National Bank Bldg.
San Francisco, 555 Howard St.

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EPHEIMER

(Continued from Page 17)

"I guess," he said slowly, "it's time for some business. Three holes more, Mr. Sears, and I'll play you them for a hundred apiece."

Arnold Sears was surprised.

"Of course," he answered, "since it is your suggestion. Personally I think you're foolish."

He had no desire to slay a goose so prolific of golden eggs. He drove with—if possible—even greater care, safely over the first bunker in the middle of the course.

Epheimer, with a whacking swing, sent out a long, sliced ball, curving far into the trees that lined the fairway. Somewhere in the distant tangle of limbs it must have struck solidly, for it bounded high in air, directly back into the open.

"That's some screecher!" Epheimer declared complacently.

The green lay at the top of a high, abrupt bank; and, playing safe with an iron, Sears brought his ball to rest beneath the earthen wall, from where he would have an easy shot to the green. Epheimer summoned his caddie with impressive ceremony and drew from the bag a comparatively new, unused club. It was wooden, and from his position Sears identified it as a "spoon." Epheimer bent over his ball and played promptly. There was a high, flashing white arc of flight. . . . There wasn't any doubt about it—Epheimer must have comfortably reached the green.

"What the devil!" Arnold Sears exploded. "Who explained that club to you?"

Epheimer was a fountain of joy.

"That was the 'business'!" he cried. "I have a friend at Pineridge—Eidlemann—and he's been champion of Belgium twice already; and in two days he showed it to me—a spoon. He said: 'Epheimer, keep your head down and do like I say, and you will surprise any Methodist or Catholic gentleman whatever.'"

Sears said shortly, "Episcopalian," and tramped toward the steps that led to the green, where he found Epheimer's ball. Even there the latter exuberantly overran the hole, and the best he could get was a half. The next hole, after a feeble drive and a second shot into the rough, Epheimer took the spoon and laid his ball near enough to the hole narrowly to miss a putt. In spite of this failure he won, and Arnold Sears was only a hundred and forty dollars ahead. But one hole remained, the course leading back to the vicinity of the clubhouse. As usual, a number of men who had just finished were congregated there, adding scores and idly watching those still out come in.

Arnold Sears drove with an unaccustomed abandon; but, holding his form, the ball swung out in an impressive carry. Epheimer, under the pressure of the waiting audience, hit with such force that he swung completely round, facing the direction from which they had come. A section of the sod-stand flew even farther than the ball. After a second failure, a third rousing wallop, with better success, carried him up the course, when he again drew forth the "Scourge of the Gentiles." In some peculiar manner, under the influence of the twice champion of the Belgians, and though his other shots had been almost farcical, he played the spoon in excellent form and carried his ball to the plateau that held the final flag.

As they approached, Kettel detached himself from the little waiting throng.

"Man, but that was a fair shot!" he told Epheimer. "It ought to save you a bit."

Sears, with an accurate iron, had placed his ball below the green, where, in two, he lay as advantageously as did Epheimer above, in four. Yet Arnold Sears cherished a hidden arrogance; he could get but two hundred and forty dollars out of his opponent, when he should have had that again, and more still. He bent over with his mashie, playing it deep, when an unexpected resistance below the sand stopped his shot, and the ball trickled into the narrow bunker that guarded the edge of the green. He ejaculated one tense syllable and, with a niblick, unavoidably sent his ball to the farther end of the green. There it chanced to roll snugly into a small depression, which fitted it, Carter said, as accurately as if it had been cut by the most expensive sporting tailor.

Sears had now taken four, and lay alike with Epheimer. The latter rolled a simple shot to three feet of the hole. Sears chopped in the only manner possible at his ball, and the sphere promptly traveled back to the bunker from which it had just risen. Once more it returned to the upper slope. Arnold Sears was visibly shaken by wrath; he banged directly at the hole, over which, faultlessly directed, his ball squarely went, and back, back into the bunker.

There was a suppressed but audible amusement.

"Show him where the hole is!" an unidentified voice urged Epheimer. And Epheimer, flushed with success, and out of order, magnificently holed his putt. Sears had picked up.

V

THAT evening Epheimer, at bridge with his wife and the Solly Benjamins, showed a beaming countenance. Even from where Sears sat, once more in the group of his familiars, it could be told that Epheimer was bidding recklessly.

"I'll double four spades," Mr. Solly Benjamin declared stoutly.

"Again," Epheimer sweepingly came back.

"Your property is enjoying a little well-earned relaxation," Carter observed to Sears.

The latter replied enigmatically:

"They must play mighty good golf in Belgium!"

"I saw Epheimer drive a number of times this morning," Kettel commented; "and his ball sailed like a broken monoplane. I never thought, Sears, you would be so close with a good thing like that. It's better than stock in a powder concern right to-day. Are you thinking of taking any time off for pleasure? And if you do, what will you sell the temporary right to Epheimer for?"

Sears regarded him morosely.

"If you think the thing's a mint you are mistaken."

Sears commenced the tale of the spoon; then suddenly he stopped. His own game, he well knew, was worth a moderate amount. With the old Epheimer he could count on a very comfortable lead at the end of a day's play, but with the new he was at a loss to place his chances. Epheimer, he told himself, was certainly shot with luck—witness the drive that had rebounded from the trees; and now, with this spoon shot that apparently would not go wrong, Sears actually stood to lose money.

"What Sears ought to do," stated the lean individual in shell glasses, "since he has had such a good thing for ten days, is to offer Epheimer for sale. Give Kettel a chance at him, if Kettel will do the right thing; give us all a chance at him."

A young bondbroker grew immediately enthusiastic.

"That's it," he declared; "have a sale—Epheimer with all rights and privileges and goodwill! Sears can always withdraw him if he is not satisfied with the offers."

"If you are only trying to be funny," Sears announced, "stop where you are. I might take you all on."

"There's nothing humorous in the idea," Kettel announced. "I'd make a modest bid myself. Let's move over into the card room and consider the proposition."

Eight men gathered promptly in the privacy set apart for games of chance; the bondbroker added a friend, and a golfing individual of doubtful waistcoat and amateur standing completed the number.

"I shall ask," Carter commenced, "for two important pieces of information; though Epheimer is undoubtedly a good thing: I'd like to have some account of the actual receipts he affords; and I must be convinced of Sears' ability to transfer this property in the event of a sale."

"Fair enough," Sears agreed. "The first week I played with Epheimer I was the winner of about a thousand dollars ——"

"Minus a mere seven hundred at red dog," an irrelevant voice put in.

"About a thousand," Sears repeated with dignity. "And Epheimer shows a constant tendency to double the bet. This morning he suggested and was playing a hundred dollars a hole. As for my ability to transfer Epheimer—well, I can guarantee this, that the purchaser has two or three days of golf with him. The rest is a question of personal judgment."

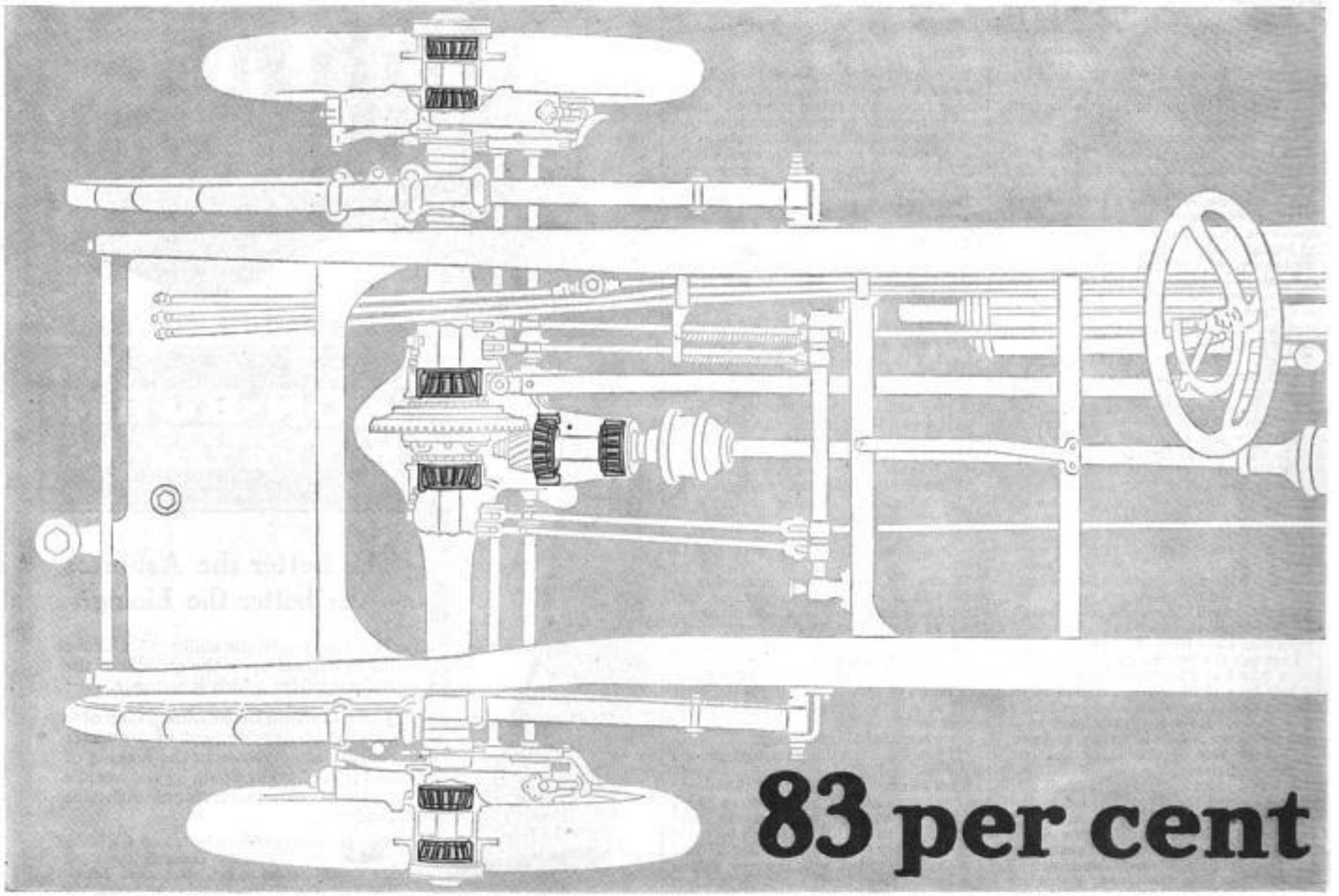
"What if Epheimer leaves?"

"He engaged his rooms for a month and more than two weeks remain. I suppose

(Continued on Page 69)



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83 per cent

The above chassis shows where to look for Timken Bearings in high grade cars.



83 per cent of the 654,653 higher priced motor cars built in 1916 have Timken Bearings at one or more of the points of severest service — wheels, differential, pinion shaft, and transmission.

These are cars priced above $700, built in factories having a yearly output of one thousand or more. The 83 per cent that are Timken-equipped represent a total of 535,235 cars whose builders considered quality of greatest importance, even though the cost was more.

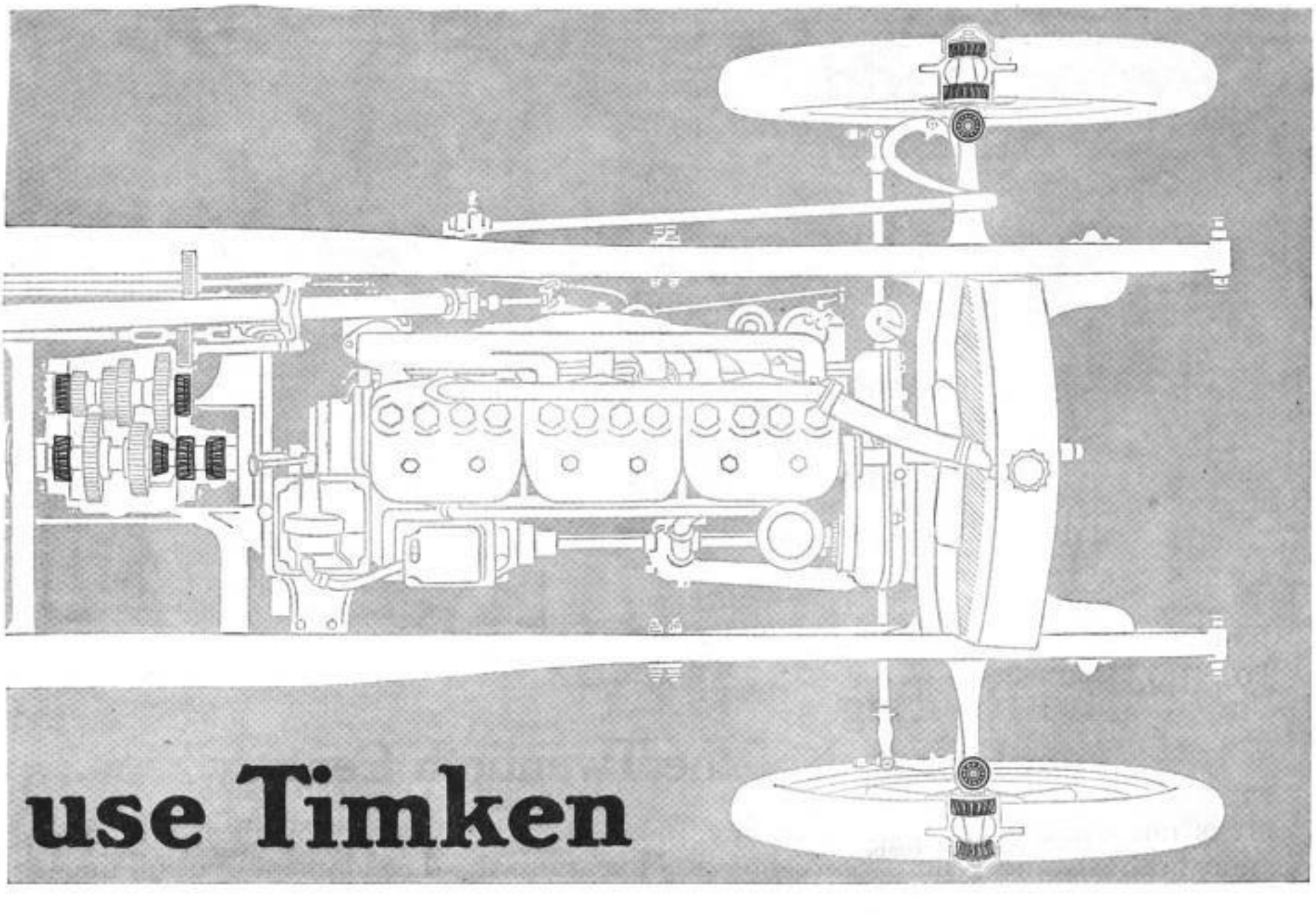
The superior quality of Timken Bearings has been proved and is accepted by automobile engineers and motor vehicle builders.

This is the standard of quality, safety and economy that *your* car should possess.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
Canton, Ohio

TIMKEN

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The high quality cars listed on this page are equipped on front wheels, rear wheels, differential, pinion or transmission with Timken Bearings to take the heavy loads, the sudden shocks and the grinding side pressures that would wear out and destroy cheaper bearings of less proven quality.

CADILLAC	OLDSMOBILE	KISSEL-KAR
PACKARD	HUDSON	MARMON
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PIERCE-ARROW	CASE	WILLYS-KNIGHT
STUTZ	CHALMERS	REO
PEERLESS	DODGE BROS.	STUDEBAKER
APPERSON	SAXON	LIBERTY
BUICK	HUPMOBILE	WINTON
MOON	PREMIER	JORDAN
	MOLINE-KNIGHT	

NOTE: The above list includes only pleasure cars priced above $700, with an annual production capacity of one thousand cars or more.

For *complete* list of over *180* makers of pleasure cars and motor trucks equipped with Timken Bearings giving points of application, write for booklet, A-1, "The Companies Timken Keeps."

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
Canton, Ohio

The above chassis shows where to look for Timken Bearings in high grade cars.



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"The Roofing Development of the Twentieth Century"

It is not alone beauty, nor economy, nor fire-resistance, nor wear, but a combination of all of these qualities that has given NEPONSET Twin Shingles their reputation.

Over 120 years in business, and 30 years in the development of a full line of NEPONSET Roofings for every type of building, has made possible this success.

Looks The colors, size, shape and slate-surface of Neponset Twin Shingles make as handsome a roof as it is possible to find. They have the look of slate, laid in substantial looking large slabs. Their soft green and red harmonize with any surroundings or architectural plan. You can be sure of eye-satisfaction.

Wear Tough felt, saturated with the best waterproofing material known (everlasting asphalt), then coated and recoated with crushed rock and asphalt, pressed and jammed into one solid, thick sheet, guarantees extra wear. Similar materials in our famous Paroid Roofing are still giving good service on roofs laid 18 years ago when Paroid was new. A roof of these shingles, when laid, being several times as thick, should last as long as the house.

NEPONSET TWIN SHINGLES

(Patent applied for).

Fire-Resistance On a Neponset Twin Shingle roof sparks and flying embers burn out harmless. Most conflagrations spread from roof to roof. NEPONSET shingles are a very great protection. They are approved by the National Board of Fire Underwriters.

Cost Notwithstanding their great beauty and durability, Neponset Twin Shingles belong in the class of economical roofings. Their uniform shape and double width halve the cost of laying, because two shingles are really laid at a time; and also lessen cracks and nail-holes.

Five layers, six processes build up Neponset Twin Shingles into one thick, solid, inseparable mass, impervious to rain, sun, frost—undecaying and not affected by sparks or embers. Always remember "five layers, six processes."

There are three types of Neponset Shingles, meeting every requirement and pocket-book.

For factories, warehouses, barns, etc., similar material is furnished in rolls. It is **NEPONSET PAROID ROOFING**—a roofing that for service has been unchallenged for 18 years. There are three types of NEPONSET Roll Roofing, meeting every requirement and pocket-book.

See the NEPONSET Dealer in your town. He can supply you with just the product you need—made and guaranteed by us.

Send for Free Booklet

"Repairing and Building"

It tells about the different Neponset Building Products—

NEPONSET Built-up Roof for Industrial plants.

NEPONSET Waterproof Building Papers.

NEPONSET Wall Board for cottages, attics and ceilings in place of laths and plaster.

Lumber and Hardware Dealers Sell NEPONSET Products.

BIRD & SON Established 1795 262 Neponset St., East Walpole, Mass. New York Chicago Washington Canadian Office and Plant Hamilton, Ont.

Manufacturers of NEPONSET Floor Covering — sold by department and furniture stores everywhere. Also manufacturers of Special Waterproof Papers, Special Paper Boxes and Fibre Shipping Cases.

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(Continued from Page 65)

you will want me to insure him against injury or sudden death," Sears proceeded sarcastically. "I didn't organize this sale, you know. I'm not especially anxious to dispose of Epheimer. Call it off if you like."

"The terms of this sale," the young bondbroker announced, rising, "owing to its unusual conditions, are these: Payment must be made after satisfactory delivery of the property; and a fair construction of that, I should say, would be a check for the amount after the first day's play. Now, bids, please! Who'll say five thousand dollars for the privilege of playing golf with Epheimer?"

Kettel demanded:

"Is it a life interest you're disposing of?"

"Five? Five? Well, four? . . . Three?"

"Bid a hundred!" said the individual of the doubtful waistcoat.

"The gentleman has misunderstood the scope of the sale," the auctioneer declared. "We are not disposing of the privilege of putting with Mr. Epheimer on the home green. We are selling his entire range of golfing activities—driving and approaching, and language, from dawn till dark. This proceeding must not be interrupted by factitious bids."

"Two hundred!" Kettel added.

"And fifty!" Carter continued.

"No bids of fifty considered," the bondbroker announced. "I can only imagine what Mr. Sears' feelings must be at this depreciation of his unusual offer. Do I hear a thousand for the opportunity of teeing off every morning, for two momentous weeks, with Epheimer?"

"Three hundred!" Kettel appended.

"Three hundred . . . pounds. Good! Mr. Kettel is a Scotchman and has forgotten that we are dealing in dollars. A round fifteen hundred ——"

"Shillings!" Kettel put in.

"About three hundred and seventy-five dollars," the other instantly replied. "Make it four hundred!"

"Four hundred!" said Anderson, the taciturn, unexpectedly.

"Five! Five! Going! Going! Five—did I hear? And six! Six! Six! And fifty—all right! I'll waive this ruling. Six hundred and fifty dollars bid for the inexhaustible Epheimer, the golfer's golden goal; the ne plus ultra of the links; the man with the peerless slice!"

The bidding grew slower. Seven hundred was offered—seven hundred and twenty-five—and accepted. Then, after some auctioneering eloquence, seven hundred and fifty.

The door that had been closed upon the hall opened a space, and Epheimer's mild gaze swept the room.

"What's this?" he demanded, edging in. "Business or pleasure? I'll be in on either."

"This," said the bondbroker suavely, "is a private sale of the Screecher Mine—gold; seven to nine shafts, all swinging; profits constantly doubling and rolling up ——"

"Not a nickel!" Epheimer vociferated, backing toward the exit. "I thought it was cards, or some game of chance." He disappeared.

"Was it eight hundred?"

"I said seven hundred and fifty dollars," Kettel morosely declared.

Finally the bidding rose to nine hundred, where it obstinately hung, defying the auctioneer's best efforts.

"Mr. Sears," he said, "I sympathize with you. Do you wish to withdraw the opportunity for the present? Perhaps some real sports could be got together later in the week."

"Let it go," Sears decided. "I'm tired of it, anyhow."

"Going! Going! Gone! Mr. Kettel has become the owner of all the rights and privileges of Epheimer's golf, to operate or dispose of as he sees fit. According to terms of sale, full payment will be made at end of first day's play."

Laughter and comments rose, and Kettel was variously congratulated and baited. The latter solemnly contemplated the sum he had pledged and said:

"I've been awful bad through the green."

Sears said:

"You might play a spoon."

VI

THE following morning Sears, not in playing garb, met the impatient Epheimer in the Assembly Hall.

"Sorry," he said; "I'm following the Drag Hunt with Mrs. Sears. She doesn't play golf, you see, and time has been dragging for her. But Kettel will be looking for a partner—the Scotchman. It's a real pleasure to golf with the Scotch; after all, it's their game; they give it an inimitable atmosphere—all the little appropriate terms, and really wonderful cursing."

"It's their game, right enough," Epheimer agreed discontentedly; "they're at it from the day they can walk. What chance would I have with a player like that?"

"Excellent!" Sears declared. "A few days back I couldn't have honestly said that; and, Epheimer, I wouldn't. But with that new spoon shot—excellent! Personally I'd like to see you trim Kettel; so would some others of us. He's—well, he's so crabbed about the rules, and all that. Watch yourself or he'll count the slightest infraction against you. Here he is.

"Kettel, I'm turning Epheimer over to you for a day's sport. You two ought to make a good match; you're nearly on a par. Perhaps you should give him a little, because you are Scotch; but you can fix that up between you. . . . Sorry! There's Mrs. Sears."

The Drag Hunt went far into the pines and the Searses were late for dinner. When Arnold Sears had finished, and was lighting the first evening cigar, he made his way to the familiar gathering place; but the group was scattered. Anderson was talking to a newly arrived young woman; the Epheimers and Benjamins were again deep in bridge. Sears studied Epheimer's countenance, but it expressed neither elation nor dejection; he was bidding thoughtfully. A click of balls came from the billiard room, and there Sears found Kettel playing Kelly pool. When the latter saw Arnold Sears he drew him into a corner.

"Here's the sum." He reluctantly deposited a folded check in Sears' hand.

"Well," Sears asked, "what occurred? Naturally I'm a bit curious."

"Man," Kettel said fretfully, "if ever I played golf like a finnan haddie, it was today! Not one shot did I get off fair from the tee, and my irons could have been duplicated by any fat boy. I ought to have been seven to the good—at twenty-five dollars—and I was but a scant two. Epheimer nearly killed a woman three courses away and wanted to strangle a caddie for sneezing. He has the boomerang drive to perfection."

"Did he use a spoon?" Sears asked negligently.

"I think he did—once, toward the last; and made a fluke too—landed bang-up on the rim of the cup."

"It's getting colder," Sears observed. "I think I'll take a cue in this."

It was undoubtedly getting colder. When Arnold Sears went to bed he searched through a closet for supplementary blankets. He woke in the night, found his windows rattling like castanets, and reluctantly rose to plug them. He gazed out into the dark, and a sudden smile wreathed his swollen features—a rising wind was whipping through the moaning pines, and minute white particles, like goose feathers, were whirling in an eddy back of the inn.

"It's a good job," he muttered, "that no one put in a clause about weather rebates!"

In the morning a veritable blizzard was raging; huge flakes of snow were flung in white banks against the face of the Conifer Arms; white mantles hung heavily on the clipped shrubbery and coated the melancholy black pines. The snow gathered in heaps in breaks and angles, melting almost immediately and being immediately replaced.

Sears, with Mrs. Sears, had breakfast in his rooms. He did not appear until past eleven, when he found a thoroughly disgusted group of sportsmen gazing through the long glass doors at the inclement weather. Kettel refused even to reply to Sears' cheerful morning greeting. Carter, at the latter's shoulder, whispered:

"I hear Kettel was down at five o'clock; and what he has said about the elements since I turned up would blast a sand green!"

Epheimer, it seemed, had disappeared to change his golfing clothes. He came back shortly, in crisply ironed stripes, and joined Kettel.

"It's bad, ain't it?" he observed. "And we had such a nice game fixed! But they told me at the desk these storms always blow out by noon."

The snow did vanish by lunch, its place being taken by a forthright downpour of rain. The drumming on the roof continued until the loss of consciousness in sleep, and

Rubber Footwear *Holds up Colds*

RUBBER footwear is the "Stop! Look! Listen!" preventive to the possible cold. It insulates the foot, keeping out cold and moisture, both of which are frequent causes of "snuffles." Many a cold in the head has traveled all the way up from "cold feet!"



But rubber footwear may be good, bad or indifferent—and only an expert can tell, by observation alone, which is which. So the leading makers put their brands on all their products to protect *you*. Almost from the very beginning of the rubber industry, these trade-marks have pointed the way to rubber footwear of supreme quality, style, fit and workmanship.

Seventy-four years of successful manufacturing and the experience of forty-seven great factories are back of every pair of rubber shoes, overshoes, arctics, boots, etc., produced by the United States Rubber Company, the largest rubber manufacturer in the world.

Rubbers that fit wear twice as long as rubbers that do not fit.

United States Rubber Company

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Could anyone fool you on a rose
— with your eyes blindfolded ?
Of course NOT !

"Your Nose Knows"

By its *fragrance* alone does the rose make its universal appeal. Nor can anyone fool you on tobacco, either, if you rely on your unerring, personal sense of *pure fragrance*. Tobacco without a definite fragrance is like a rose without perfume—"Your Nose Knows."

Tuxedo
The Perfect Tobacco

is the *rose of tobaccos*. Its rich, ripe Burley leaves, grown in the Blue Grass region of Old Kentucky are so carefully aged and blended that its *pure fragrance* is as individual, as appealing as the rose. There is no fragrance like it—"Your Nose Knows."

Try This Test:—Rub a little Tuxedo briskly in the palm of your hand to bring out its full aroma. Then smell it deep — its delicious, *pure fragrance* will convince you. Try this test with any other tobacco and we will let Tuxedo stand or fall on your judgment—

"Your Nose Knows"





Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.

unabated it greeted the ear on the following morning. The third day it slackened to a mere drizzle, and at evening a serene bar of yellow showed in the west. Kettel, Sears thought, was quite purple with suppressed wrath.

"I'll play that Epheimer," he asseverated, "for any dizzy sum he'll agree to!"

VII

AFTER dinner Epheimer, followed by Mr. Solly Benjamin, stopped at the group huddled on their shoulders in lounging chairs and biting viciously on cigarette holders and cigars.

"I propose," said Epheimer, "a little sociable game—to forget our monotony; and Solly, here, can fill a hand with the best."

Six men were finally collected about the circular table in the card room. At Carter's suggestion the customary limit of twenty-five cents was raised to a half dollar; and a fresh pack was opened, chips counted and distributed. From the first deal the hands were very low. Sears won a modest pot on two little pairs; Mr. Solly Benjamin managed to collect three treys and two dollars-odd. The game threatened to drag lamentably.

"Make it a dollar?" Epheimer inquired, and the others agreed.

Sears, studying as much of Epheimer's game as the latter was forced to expose, found that the other skillfully mingled careful betting with the most admirably conducted bluffs. Benjamin's game was, if possible, even of a higher order; it rose to the plane of psychologic poker. Kettel never risked unless he held a strong combination of cards; Carter was more than adequate.

The deal went on and on; ten dollars was won, lost; no one was a gainer. Anderson counted his chips and withdrew, presumably in the direction of the dance music faintly audible through the closed door. Sears negligently picked up his hand and swiftly surveyed it; two nines were the best that showed, and he retained them, discarding the others. Solly Benjamin's face was as imperturbable as that of a Chinese; Kettel was frowning at his collection; Epheimer was regarding the ceiling.

"Three," Sears said listlessly.

"And three," echoed Benjamin, and flung away the resulting combination.

"I think," Kettel pronounced slowly—"yes, I'll take one."

He got it, and his face was as dour as one of his highland granite knobs.

"One here," Epheimer added, and shuffled his filled hand about, finally depositing it in a neat stack before him.

Arnold Sears' mouth contracted slightly—he had held a pair of nines, and had drawn two queens and another nine. Not only was it an exceptional hand, but he was certain that the number of cards he had demanded would put the others at sea.

"Dollar's bet," he said.

"And a dollar," Kettel added.

"Those two dollars and another," Epheimer came along.

Arnold Sears saw the raise, and continued it to the limit; and the others repeated this, again and again.

"Raise the limit?" Kettel asked. "This might go on till to-morrow."

"Five dollars!" Sears suggested tersely.

There came a knock at the door and Sears turned apprehensively. A house boy entered.

"Telegram for Mr. Epheimer!" He deposited the envelope at his hand. Epheimer gazed at it curiously.

"Not for nothing!" he announced—"not for nothing would I look at it betting a hand! Such bad luck! Raise the limit?"

The limit accordingly became ten dollars, and a round of seeing and betting followed. Epheimer fingered his telegram.

"Not for nothing!" he repeated.

Arnold Sears studied his hand thoughtfully; it was good, but not unbeatable. Both Kettel and Epheimer had drawn but one card; the former would never plunge to this extent, he decided, on a flush. Kettel—yes, Kettel had fours.

"I'm dropping," Sears decided regretfully.

A very material hole had been made in Kettel's check.

"And again," Epheimer said. "Solly, what do you think's in that wire?"

"Shall I look?" the other queried.

Epheimer shook his head.

"Anything's bad luck now, Solly."

"Back at you," went Kettel.

Beads of perspiration were ranged in rows on the Scotchman's forehead and he champed at the sad wreck of a ten-cent cigar. Carter counted the pot.

"About eight hundred dollars," he reported.

It rose steadily—almost doubled. Kettel was talking to himself. Epheimer was divided between the envelope before him and in betting in a loud voice.

"Kettel's pulse must be going up a beat a dollar!" Carter whispered to Arnold Sears; the other made a bet in a reverent whisper.

Suddenly Epheimer pounded with his fist on the table.

"I'm a donkey!" he declared. "But that telegram's got me beat. I've got to see it! Nobody who is anything ever calls at poker; it's raise or drop. I'll call."

Kettel exposed his hand with a stirring sigh of relief, and Sears congratulated himself on his acumen—Kettel had four new bright kings. Epheimer ran a finger through the envelope of his telegram, leaving Benjamin to face his cards. Kettel almost shouted:

"A straight!"

Sears corrected him:

"A flush!"

But Mr. Solly Benjamin spoke in the manner of one rebuking a sacrilege.

"Gentlemen," he said—"gentlemen, Epheimer has a straight flush in diamonds!"

But a sudden deep concern had stirred Epheimer's round, sympathetic countenance. He cried in a voice of apprehensive feeling:

"Solly, it's from home! And what do you think? Rosie, our little Rosie, has married that shine salesman traveling in shoes! You get the girls right away at the trunks. I've got to be immediately in New York!"

Kettel unsteadily mopped his brow.

"I'll need my check book!" he said in a solemn whisper.

His somber gaze sought Sears, and the latter hurriedly rose.

"I thought I heard my wife!" Arnold Sears declared.

It had occurred to him that his bill at the Conifer Arms had been permitted to lapse for three weeks, and he had that in his pocket on which it might be well to realize at once!

And Some to Spare

A MAN who makes a specialty of collecting anecdotes of the stage and the people of the stage says a young actress of his acquaintance rented a new apartment and hired a new maid. Immediately all the tradesmen in the vicinity began calling. When she was tired of these attentions the mistress called in the maid, whose name was Nancy and whose color was black.

"Nancy," she said, "I don't want to be bothered again by persons trying to sell us something. Tell all of them we have all of everything that we need. Now remember!"

A few minutes later a strange gentleman appeared at the hall door and asked permission to demonstrate an exterminator of his own designing.

"An exter-which?" inquired Nancy.

"An exterminator."

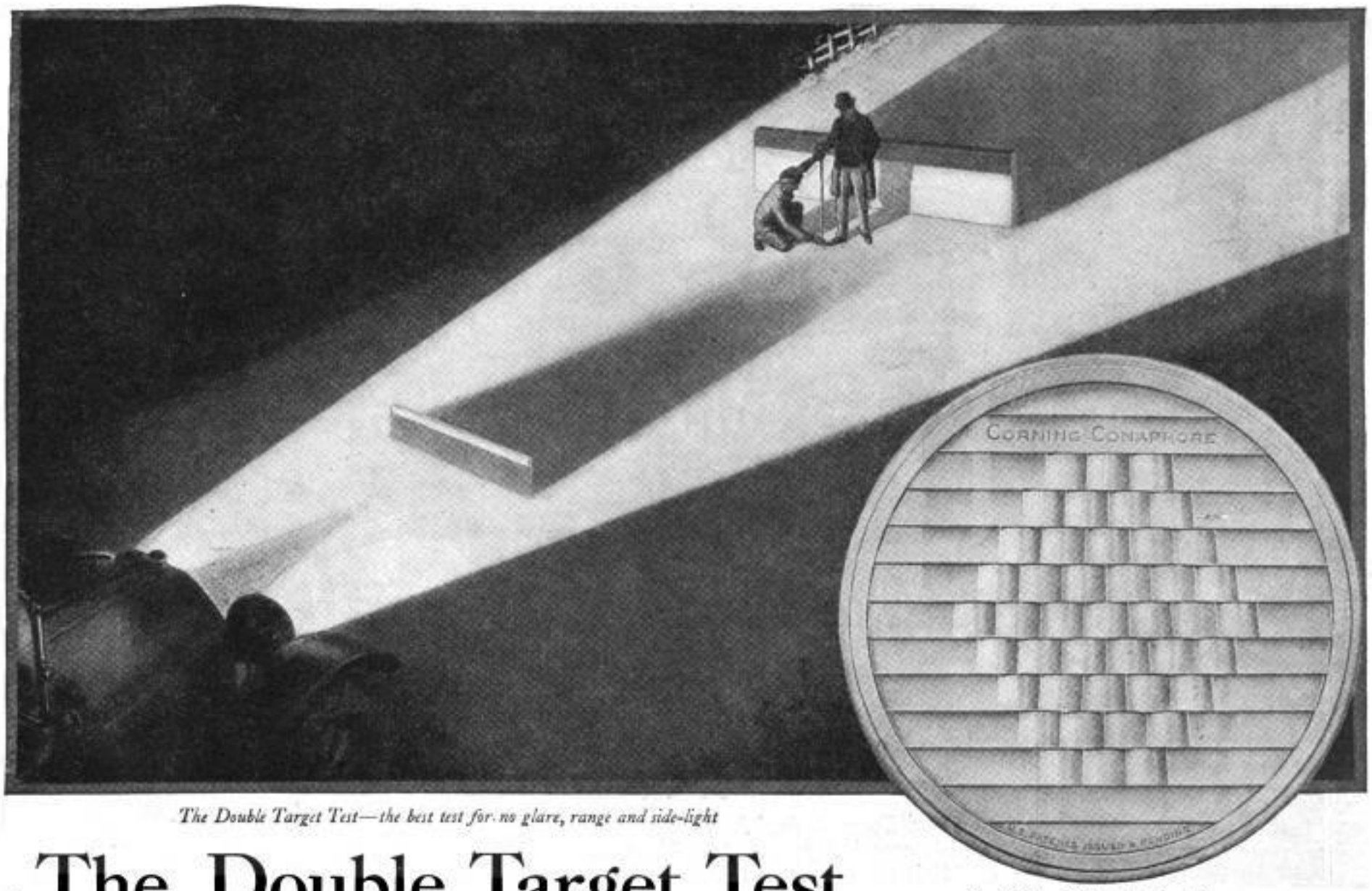
"Whut's it fur?"

"It's for cockroaches," said the man.

"Nothin' doin'," stated Nancy; "we got all the cockroaches we wants!"



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The Double Target Test—the best test for no glare, range and side-light

Front View of Corning Conaphore

The Double Target Test

The Only Headlight Glass That Passes It

The Double Target Test is the most important test of headlight efficiency. It is the best test for no glare, range and side-light.

Only one headlight glass passes this test—the Corning Conaphore, a new invention manufactured by the Corning Glass Works.

How the Test is Made

Two targets are placed on the road in front of a car. The first target is 22 inches high and 10 feet from the car. The second is placed beyond the first one, 30 feet from the car. It is 4½ feet high and a horizontal line is drawn across it 42 inches from the road.

The intense beam from the Corning Conaphore shoots over the first target and completely illuminates the second target below the 42 inch line.

Other headlight glasses designed to prevent glare, dump the light right in front of the car, completely illuminating the first target, but throwing only a faint light on the second target.

Tilting headlights down may decrease glare, but it also decreases range. Tilting wastes your light.

The Corning Conaphore *does not dump* the reflected light in front of the car where it is not needed, but shoots it out in a low, wide, strong beam. It gives a 500-foot range, and ample side-light, with no glare.

A New Headlight Glass Perfected by Scientists

The Corning Conaphore has a smooth outer surface and a series of patented horizontal corrugations and cylinders on the inner face. It bends down the light rays and shoots them out in a long, intense beam, never more than 42 inches above the road, which has wonderful range and ample side-light, but no glare. The Conaphore gives 500-foot range, and ample side-light, with no glare.

In response to a general demand for an efficient headlight glass, scientists in the laboratories of the Corning Glass Works perfected the Corning Conaphore. The Corning Glass Works is the largest manufacturer of technical glass in the world. It makes most of the signal glass used on American railroads. The facilities, experience and reputation of this company are behind every pair of Corning Conaphores.

Noviol Glass Causes Light to Pierce Fog

Corning Conaphores are made of a new patented glass—Noviol Glass. This is a golden-tint glass which gives the Corning Conaphore a distinctive appearance.

Noviol Glass causes the beam of light to pierce fog or dust, and eliminates back-glare. It makes the green along the roadside stand out. No ordinary headlight glass has these features. Noviol Glass is controlled by the Corning Glass Works.

Five Major Advantages of Corning Conaphores *(First Four Exclusive)*

1. **Gives headlight range of 500 feet when a standard bulb of 21 candle power or more is properly focused.**
2. **Cuts out all the glare yet uses all the light, thus complying with all city and state no-glare laws.**
3. **Penetrates fog, dust or smoke, so you can easily drive 25 miles an hour under adverse weather conditions.**
4. **Has strong side-light which illuminates the roadside; the Noviol Beam makes the green stand out so you can distinguish bushes and ditches.**
5. **Never clogs with dust or mud in summer, or with ice or snow in winter, and is easily put on any car.**

Made in Two Kinds of Glass

Corning Conaphores are made of clear glass as well as Noviol Glass. Clear Glass Conaphores are equally efficient in giving long range and eliminating glare, but lack the added advantages possessed by the Noviol Glass of eliminating back-glare and penetrating fog and dust. We strongly recommend the Noviol.

Easy to Install

You will find the Corning Conaphore easy to install. Simply take out the glass now in your headlight and put the Conaphore in its place. Sizes are made to fit all cars. In ordering, give name, model and year of your car, and diameter of your present headlight glass. All progressive dealers now sell Corning Conaphores. Put a pair on your car today.

Price List

Noviol Glass	Per Pair	Clear Glass	Per Pair
3 to 4⅜ inches inclusive	$1.30	3 to 4⅜ inches inclusive	$0.80
5 to 6⅜ inches inclusive	2.40	5 to 6⅜ inches inclusive	1.60
7 to 8½ inches inclusive	3.50	7 to 8½ inches inclusive	2.05
8⅝ to 10 inches inclusive	4.50	8⅝ to 10 inches inclusive	3.00
10⅛ to 11½ inches inclusive	6.00	10⅛ to 11½ inches inclusive	4.00

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THE STUDY OF FOOTPRINTS

(Concluded from Page 15)

taken for comparison with the original: One may cause the accused to walk on sheets of white paper covered with lampblack. This method gives excellent prints. Florence suggests that one of the best methods is to make a mixture of water, glycerin and red aniline, soak a thick cloth in this solution, cause the accused to tread heavily on this cloth, and then walk on sheets of white paper. This method gives detailed imprints of the foot. This is perhaps the best method to obtain distinguishing footprints for comparison with the original.

But, as Niceforo points out, one must be very careful to see that the accused does not trick him. An acute criminal will give the foot an unnatural twist, or will press too heavily on a certain portion of it, or will exaggerate the toe or heel pressure, and in a variety of ways undertake to make the print misleading.

Niceforo says that one must not be content with a few prints. He must take hundreds of them, and then he can come to a conclusion about the peculiarities of the imprints only when he has several that show the same distinguishing characteristics.

Some distinguishing characteristic is always to be found by a skilled investigator. A typical case is reported by Doctor Frecon:

The police were puzzled by a mysterious incendiary. Fires broke out in a most extraordinary fashion and they were unable to obtain any clew whatever that would help them to arrive at the identity of the criminal. Finally, one morning, they found the track of a bare foot in the mud behind one of the buildings. This print was carefully molded by an expert. An exact reproduction was presented to the chief of the Criminal Investigation Department. He pointed out that the mold showed an indentation on the sole of the foot. Such an indentation meant, he said, that the person making it had a wart or protruding callus at that point on the sole of his foot. With this distinguishing clew, the police were finally able to run down the incendiary; and he was tried and condemned.

A learned criminologist at the University of Brussels points out that by the comprehensive examination of an imprint one ought to be able to disclose the sex, age, height, peculiarity in walking, and the profession or trade of the person who made it.

When the imprint of the accused has been obtained, as nearly as possible under conditions similar to those relating to the original imprint, the greatest difficulty in this branch of criminal investigation begins. The prints must be compared and one must be able to say what distinguishing characteristics are common to both, and finally to conclude whether they were both made by the same foot.

The Comparison of Prints

This is an exceedingly important branch of criminal investigation.

Niceforo points out that the first thing to do is to compare the prints for dimensions and form. See Figure 7.

The prints to be compared are inclosed in a rectangle touching the outlines of the print. This rectangle is bisected by a line running through the print at the point showing the deepest outline of the arch, and cut by a line showing the angle of the toes. This manner of treating the print is clearly shown from the figure: AB is the length of the foot; CD is the width; CE the depth of the arch. By placing the two prints in a geometrical figure of this character the gross dimensions and form are at once determined, and the resemblances of the two prints in outlines and dimensions are ascertained.

But when one has gone thus far the work is but half finished. It is necessary to locate precisely the resemblances in the prints, distinguishing characteristics, peculiarities, and so on. In order to do this with accuracy Causse suggests ruling the prints with an equal number of parallel lines and comparing the field of these lines, as is shown in Figure 8. By this means the investigator is able to see whether any peculiarity, like a callus, scar, or the like, is precisely in the same relative position on the two prints.

But by far the best method is a comparison of transparent photographs. By superimposing one above the other, anybody—judges, juries, examining magistrates, and so on—is able to see with what degree of exactness the two prints coincide.

It must also be remembered that the papillary lines of the *planta*, or the sole of the foot, and the balls of the toes, are as individual and permanent as those of the thumb and fingers, and may be used with an equal degree of certainty in establishing the identity of an individual. But it must be remembered that these lines differ in their whorls and structure from the papillary lines of the hands and fingers.

A knowledge of this fact was of conspicuous value in a noted case.

The Countess Z was assassinated in her villa on the Riviera, and her chambers looted. The servants, including her maid, had gone by permission to attend a carnival at Mentone. The police found three distinguishing clews in the villa and nothing more. First, the door of the countess' chamber was fastened by a rod laid transversely across the door on the side opposite to the direction in which the door opened, and lashed firmly to the knob. The second clew included three imprints of a bare foot in blood. And the third was a little drawing of a human face, wearing a peaked hat, above five lines branching out below it. See Figure 9.

Some Misleading Clews

The prefect of police sent for an expert. It seemed evident to him that the crime was the work of some of the Italian criminal orders, and that the mark on the wall was the graphic sign of the individual.

The expert came and went carefully over these three distinguishing clews in the villa.

Finally he declared that not one of the clews was indicatory of the assassin, and that all of them had been deliberately made for the purpose of misleading the police.

The expert pointed out that the drawing on the wall was, as the prefect of police concluded, a sign of the Italian Camorrists. But, instead of this figure's being a sign of an individual criminal, it was, in fact, the conventional sign used to indicate the prefect of police. It had been placed there by the criminal, he thought, either in ignorance of its precise meaning or in derision.

It was certain that the crime had been committed by some skillful criminal, for each of the three distinguishing clews had been manufactured for the purpose of misleading the police.

The manner in which the door was tied up indicated that the crime had been committed by a Transylvanian gypsy; the figure on the wall indicated a Neapolitan Camorrist; while the broad flat footprints indicated an Algerian of marked Negroid structure. But, he added, in going to the trouble of making these false evidences of the assassin the criminal had left excellent finger prints, by which his identity could be established.

The prefect of police asked him where the finger prints were.

He pointed out that the prints on the floor were not footprints, but had been made with the hand—the palm being used for the heel and the *planta* of the foot, and the fingers for the toes. This gave a broad, flat print, Negroid in aspect and apt to mislead the casual observer. See Figure 10. But they could not mislead anybody who understood the difference between the structure of the whorls and the papillary network of the hand and fingers as distinguished from those of the foot and toes.

However, here were excellent finger prints. These were taken off in the usual manner and sent out to be compared with the finger prints in the police archives of neighboring cities. It was presently established that the assassin was a well-known leader of one of the gangs of Marseilles Nervi.

A predominating percentage of our criminal class is from Southeastern Europe. It is therefore evident that, to deal with it intelligently, we must find out the methods used by the leading European criminologists.

The most distinguishing clew to these foreign criminals is the footprint. It is an old and persistent trick of Southeastern Europe to go barefoot behind a man to kill him. This habit of the foreign criminal is apt to leave the police with a distinguishing clew in almost every crime committed with violence or entry.

Author's Note—See Niceforo: citations from Florence, Frecon, Causse, Coutagne, and others; La Police et l'Enquête Judiciaire Scientifique, for data and figures.



This is the master package. In it are packed 12 rings—each ring in its own sealed container (see point 1).

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THE BIG-GAME HUNT ON KENAI

(Continued from Page 10)

would soon expire trying to reach that stove, and I said I thought bending was such fine exercise, but he had only meant comparatively speaking; so I stirred up some corn-beef mulligan, saying:

"Fresh meat to-morrow—eh, Uncle Dan? We always use the tongue the first day; it is fine boiled."

"Yes; Kel said he wants to git up by four, kid; so, bein' as I'm tired an'll sleep heavy, you got to wake the bunch," said Ike. "Or are you too spent, Kelly?"

"No. Not at all; not at all," said Uncle shortly.

I washed the dishes in a cup, as the three buckets were full of water and cooking, and asked Uncle to tell about my Maine cousins; but he kept yawning, and Ike said there was one guy ready for the feathers. Mr. Devlin put his gun and knife in his bed; so I put the mush to soak and turned in.

There was a moon for a while, glowing through the tent, while rabbits thumped about outside; and I snugged in my robe, hoping Joe Torrance—we are almost engaged—would stay away from the dance Seward was giving to the men of the government railroad's commission. I was on the reception and floor committee, and had an angelic pale yellow dress all ready; but a girl has her duty, and mine was to give Uncle a happy time. I felt very kind toward him; so I would wake and look at my watch that was in my pants, which I used for a pillow; and at three it had begun to rain some, and was dark. Moose stay in timber if it rains hard, but at nearly four it was just misting; so I said into their tent:

"Get up! Four o'clock! Ike! Come on, Unk! Four o'clock!"

Ike mumbled; but Uncle said plainly he did not care what it was, and to get away! So I took the water bucket and hit it hard with a big spoon, and hollered again; and finally I went in and threw water at Uncle, as I do with Pa when he plays being a perfect dope, to make me mad. Uncle Dan cussed to Mr. Devlin, who was moaning; and I said:

"You come on, Unk! Me stay awake half a night to rout you out! Get up!"

So he did, stumbling after Ike, who was laughing, to the creek. I made two sacks of lunch and Ike hurried in to fry hot cakes. Uncle and Mr. Devlin were consulting secretly under the tree where Ike had put a couple of inches of mirror, in case somebody wished to shave. They walked quite stiffly, and I asked Uncle if his back hurt, but he said no, it did not, he was all right; so I knew we could make a nice long day.

I headed him up the hill back of camp. Ike was guiding Mr. Devlin. Uncle puffed loudly, and when I told him to quit he would keep in; but it just made more noise when he let go again. The brush was wet; and after about four miles, when we were in the next valley, he said a curse on him who had made those trousers; now they were soaked and weighed a ton. Climbing up a steep hill, I showed him a moose lick down on the flat, all muddy and cut up with tracks. In one direction the flat stretched off toward Cook Inlet, the browning tundra spotted with ponds. The other way there were mountains, white with new snow on top, dark and bare on the lower slopes.

"The sheep are in those high peaks, Unk," I whispered. "Scrooch down—quick! See him—that big bull just walking from the alders? No, not there—look where I point. Want him?"

"He's a pippin! I'll have him mounted giving the call!" he hissed, and we crept down toward the lick; and suddenly Uncle fired and missed.

Then he fired again, and some more, and fumbled wildly in a pocket for shells, but had put his tobacco can in that one.

"Lovely dove! Pa would have downed him the first crack—near as he was," I said.

"Your father is certainly a wonder," he said coldly; and I said:

"Pa is the best man alive, Mr. Kelly!"

After we had both felt mean for a little, he said well, well, no gun was infallible, and the trouble was that the rear sight on the Bass was dim and hard to see at two hundred yards. I could see it—I tried at once, and said to take my thirty rimless if he wished; and he did, and went on, saying the pans on that moose were not regular, anyway, and we would nail one with a wider spread of horn.

Soon we heard another bull beating his horns against a tree; so I knew he had to be in a clump of spruces, and motioned Unk to go after him alone. Will you believe he missed that one? And he took seven shots—enough to scare all the game for ten miles! So then he said the stock on my gun was too short for him, and I said, pity's sake! take the Bass, or else run the next down!

"Pa would have him skinned by now," I said. "Try not shutting one eye."

"Elizabeth, I am high man in our Bangor gun club," he said. "But after yesterday's strain, likely I am not steady enough."

"Why, Ike said he gave you only eighty the second trip, and you said you'd carried a hundred and fifty in the lumber woods!" I said; and he merely snorted.

It was two o'clock when we returned to the lick, and there were Ike and Mr. Devlin, crouched back of a bush; and Ike said get down by them, there was a moose apiece coming into range.

"Noble animals!" said Mr. Devlin with emotion, but Ike said shut up; so he did.

Uncle's eyes were gleaming, and he was all shaky with excitement, and Mr. Devlin squinted through his sights, saying he would give his to the museum.

"Listen now; take your time. It was hurryin' made you miss all them others," counseled Ike; and he looked at me, shaking his head sadly and moving to the rear.

I got back of him, because I had an idea, and I was carrying it out as Uncle and Mr. Devlin fired.

"Got him, pal!" said Ike, grinning; and Uncle Dan jumped up and down, yelling to me how was that for a fancy shot, for his moose had gone to its knees and then sogged into the mud of the lick.

We had to tell them to beware of getting a final kick, and Mr. Devlin shook hands all round, and Uncle Dan laughed and told again about the shots he had made at home, and how he had aimed for the heart. I saw Ike looking at Uncle's moose and shaking his head sort of privately. It was not often you could get two fine heads traveling together, but Uncle's measured sixty-five spread and Mr. Devlin's was a smidge over sixty-two.

"Glorious! Glorious!" said Mr. Devlin; and as the rain had been stopped a long time and the sun was bright I took their pictures by the two moose, and Ike cut out the tongues and sharpened his knife to cut the thick hide below the shoulders.

The moose lay only a hundred feet apart; so we could all holler at each other. The flies had been pretty bad, but now with us not moving they bit like sixty, and we were all grease from fly salve and gore from moose, and standing to our knees in a water hole. I skinned at the cape while Uncle turned him, and lifting that great head was all he could handle; so he got down to his undershirt again, and the white-stocking flies would burrow under it.

"Yes; I have saw a feller's entire arm swole from them bites," Ike was telling Mr. Devlin, who had to sit right in a water hole to work on their moose. "Bites got to-day you'll feel for a couple weeks."

"By George, let's leave these till to-morrow! We have done enough!" called Uncle; but I explained you can't do that, the hide would be spoiled unless it is winter, and the brownies would come for the meat in the night and tear the heads.

Uncle unbent himself and stretched then, and wearily did some more turning; and to liven him I described the big bears, and promised surely, if we didn't get him one round there, we would run into some up in the sheep ranges, and then we would have sport.

"That is poppycock about their charging man, I think," he said. "They would be the scared ones."

"No, sir; they will so attack people!" I said. "Didn't one catch Pa with just one shell left, and Mac saved him only by a gamble shot from a hill? That is the hide you saw in our sitting room when you came to supper. Pa wants you to get one."

"No, no; them ain't the tenderloins," Ike was saying; and Mr. Devlin said:

"Darn him! Are these it, then? I have cut until my wrist aches!"

"Elizabeth, even your talented parent could not alone turn over a whole moose," said Uncle Dan after he heaved and pushed, and could not budge it.

I had to begin on the other side of the head, and Ike brought the ax and chopped

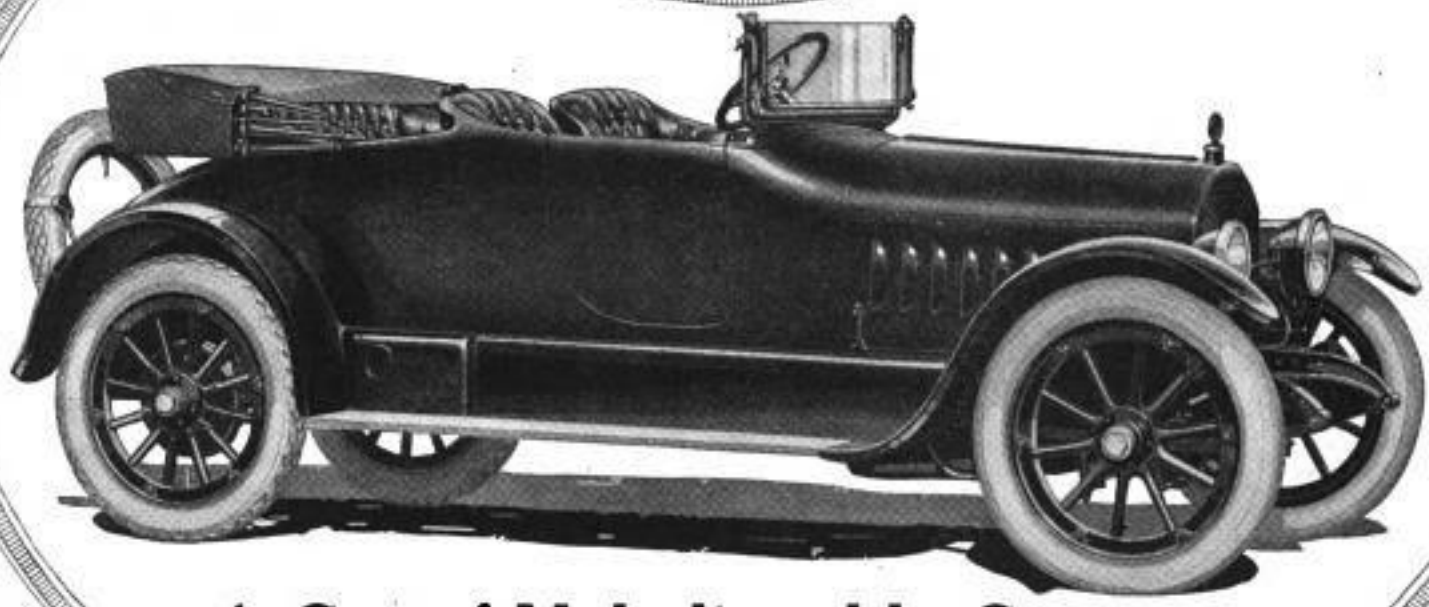
(Continued on Page 77)

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(Continued from Page 74)

off a hind quarter to make it lighter; but he went right back, winking at me, and Uncle was all in when he got the job done. Mr. Devlin was doing their skinning, and he had a million cuts in the cape; but he had studied how to do it in Trapper and Trader's Friend, and insisted on his way. It takes a long time to get a nose properly skinned, and Uncle was eager to do that; so I let him, and sat up on a nub of moss, with my feet in the mud, and told him how—and thought about Joe, and whether Pa and Mac were lonesome for me. It was nearly dark when Ike said:

"Kel an' me and Dev got our packboards; so we kin git a hind quarter an' both capes an' one set o' horns to camp tonight, Betsy bringin' someone's gun, an' the tenderloins in the lunch sack. Now them capes'll weigh forty each, an' horns seventy-five; but in the dark they're hard packin'. Let Kel pack the meat."

"At least, will you take this rifle?" said Uncle, while he put on his glary look and got the hind quarter hoisted on himself; but I wouldn't, because a gun would overbalance Ike, who was carrying horns.

"I have a dog-gone sight meaner pack right here," said Uncle, trying to untrack his feet and get on the gravel of the hill. "What are those horns? He has a cinch!"

We would struggle up a rise and down into a swamp, me ahead finding a trail for them in the gloom, and Ike crashing along in the rear. Then Mr. Devlin abruptly shouted that he couldn't get the two capes any farther for anyone; but, just the same, he did, after I took his gun, which made three I had; so, for fun, I said then:

"Look out! Brown bear!"

"Run, boys, for your lives!" yelled Mr. Devlin, and he tripped and lit on his head. "They are twelve feet long!"

Before he could get up I grabbed his foot and growled deeply, but Ike killed it by saying come on, and not let that kid make a sucker of him; so Mr. Devlin rose, panting, and I heard him tell Uncle it was lucky for me I did not belong to him; and Uncle said yes, you bet, but it seemed up here they ran wild. Just for that, at camp, I said I supposed Uncle would wish to make supper, as he had suggested each should cook in turn, and mine was yesterday.

"Very well," he replied in a lifeless tone, and he dumped the meat and leaned his back on it, heaving.

I washed and stayed outside, reflecting, while he was blowing into the stove and claiming it would not draw, which is untrue. I was cutting some gun rags and wondering where I had put the powder solvent, and whether to order one of those blue serge gowns with the colored wool embroidery; but anything that's such a rage goes out so fast, and every ad. in Outside papers has them—there is my rose taffeta, with the side puffs—good as new; yet puffs are plumb dead in the East!

"I mix a can of corn in with the flour and so need only one dish," Uncle was saying above a loud frying.

There was a reek of burnt lard when he called to hurry, as they were only good eaten hot. It was a Trapper and Trader's Friend recipe; a big burnt doughy-hearted cake each, and some fierce coffee. I took only an edge to seem courteous, as I slept in the cooktent, where the grub was; the rest ate two apiece, though I kept motioning Ike, but it was too smoky with the frying to see.

"Well, leave us flash them capes an' git it over," said Ike, building a log fire in a hollow to make light. "Git every shred of meat off, fellers. After that we do the saltin'."

It was cold now and the capes were icy to work on, and Mr. Devlin's had meat all over it. I was not going to be a slave, so I told Uncle to get busy with his knife; and he would hold his back and sort of hiss, and scrape languidly, knocking the climate because it did not stay one way; and he was in his undershirt and damp pants and had left his big coat back at the lick, and his shirt too. It seemed he had not brought his extra flannel shirts, and said I told him not to.

"I never!" I said indignantly. "Just towels and handkerchiefs and truck."

"I guess you have much of the Hjorts in you, Betsy," he said later. "The Kellys don't fly up at every word."

"Are you cracking at the Russian part of me, Uncle Dan?" I demanded. "Because, though I want you to have a lovely happy hunt, if Grandma Hjort or Aunt Anna Gagoff heard it, they would chase you clear to Maine!"

"That is going far enough, Elizabeth," he said angrily. "Use a little respect!"

"Respect nothing! You began it," I said; but Ike coughed, so I gulped, and then said excuse me, but I wanted him to enjoy the hunt, and was he?

Next morning Mr. Devlin had a severe cramp and demanded the medicine chest; and Uncle Dan flushed, remarking now how did that get left back at the lake? But after beautiful brown hot cakes, ham, and coffee that Ike made, Mr. Devlin got well, though he kept saying you surely did miss chairs.

This day Uncle was just to fetch his horns, and the rest cut wood and bake, and monkey round camp; so, looking wistful, Uncle started, but got lost and had to come back to start over. And Ike said fire his gun if he missed it again; but couldn't he see the big trees? I made a chocolate pudding in a last year's lard bucket I picked up, and picked enough low-bush cranberries—they grow on vines and are little and good—for a cranberry duff for supper.

Next we heard a shot; so Ike shot, but after a long wait and more exchange of shots we all climbed the hill, and Uncle was sitting there, with a packstrap busted, and trying to get the wide horns between trees he was worn out, but said just take his gun and he would make it.

We fixed him better, and were right at camp when Ike said there was only eight miles to the lake with the horns; and Uncle had forgotten that part, I think, for he stopped suddenly and looked wildly up at the sky.

"I wanted to bring packers," I said, but he was silent until in camp he saw Mr. Devlin crawling round a moose cape, salting it wearily; then he asked was Devlin insane—it was already salted!

"The first was to git out the moisture," said Ike. "You got to shake yours out an' give it another go to-day, Kel; then, when we git 'em to the lake, one more saltin'll put 'em so they kin ride to Maine an' last ten years without tannin'."

After lunch and my pudding Uncle sighed and got his cape; and he had it nearly done when I said I bet Aunt Nora would be tickled with that head, and satisfied at it costing a hundred and fifty dollars to take out—Pa says she sure hates to give up!

"What do you mean?" he asked, holding a handful of salt poised, and shooing the little flies.

"Can't no moose heads be took from the Territory without payin' a license of a hundred and fifty dollars each," said Ike—"an' then only by the guy who shot it for his own use or a museum. That's the law."

"I already got a license, stopping off at Juneau."

But that was only to hunt on, and Mr. Devlin spiritedly called us a predacious Territory—why, Alaskans pay, too, if a head goes Outside!

"A man pack those horns and do that skinning!" said Uncle. "Robbers! Highwaymen!"

"The darn capes weigh even more now with the salt," said Mr. Devlin. "It is something to pack eternally, it seems, Dan'l."

To be agreeable I showed him the cranberries, all cooked; and in the top of a flour sack I thinned out a sweet dough to hold them, explaining that would help, as it was his turn to cook supper. But he began about his cramp and having brought prepared rations, and packed them, too—he wasn't responsible for gasoline getting into them. Uncle said he had been the mark last night; and he and Mr. Devlin got very snippy toward each other, and Uncle walked off on the flat alone. Mr. Devlin burnt the rice and swore because the heat fevered his fly bites; and Ike cut moose steaks and was silent. I washed my other socks and whistled.

"I figger you been overdoin' your strength, Kel," Ike said later. "I kin pack them horns to the lake to-morrow, and Betsy a cape; an' say next day we move toward the sheep range."

"Why, I won't do it!" I exclaimed. "We are both smaller than he is, and Unk would be 'shamed to lazy round camp and us working—wouldn't you?"

"Oh, assuredly—I am all right, Ike," Uncle said then, and straightened more; though Mr. Devlin just sat humped over and scratching his bites.

So Ike asked was he sure and would we move? And Mr. Devlin moodily scraped



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the rice bucket, because it had to hold breakfast mush, and said again:

"Oh, for a chair!"

It was pretty cold in the night, and when I got out of my robe a bit before daylight I could see more snow on the one peak in sight; and by the time we had the packs on us it was coming down thickly where we were, and Ike had to tell Mr. Devlin twice that sometimes it will be the middle of October before there is any lower than the peaks—only this year it was early.

When we had gone a mile up the valley a hard wind hit us, and wet up Mr. Devlin's glasses, driving snow in his face, and he kept stopping, crying that he felt the cramp some more; but when we all went on he followed.

"Now you savvy about the stove. There will be a couple of feet where we camp if she keeps on," Ike hollered. "Shoot that owl asleep on the top of the dead tree, kid."

I offered to let Uncle do it—owls eat the baby grouse and ptarmigan; but what did he care what they ate? Pa and Mac would bet on who could hit it in the eye with my .22 pistol! I think he is as mean as sin round home! Once he looked back as if about to ask something, but acted melancholy, and went on until he got bogged in some mucky going—the snow hid sinky places in the tundra; and I was getting my pack even again after an abrupt sit-down when he said:

"Elizabeth, I have been thinking that, on your account, this is wrong—are we not by this journey keeping you from the school you should be in?"

"School? Golly! I am all done with that, Unk," I laughed. "So just enjoy the outing and forget that old office down in Bangor; there is only four days of our month gone, so far."

"Month!"

We had to hold to alders to get into a little pass, and Ike had put a hand to Mr. Devlin's back to keep headway on him. I hollered that we must count three days for towing the boat up the river, and another for the lake if it was blowing; and we were on top of the hill, holding to bushes and resting a minute, when he said towing a boat against rapids would be very jolly if you did not freeze stiff.

"Look! Look! Bull an' two cows! See 'em?" said Ike, but Mr. Devlin hardly glanced where they were, as he was peeved over water in his boots; and he said:

"Very nice! Very nice! Darn the wind; there goes my hat!"

"Well, squ'sh it on tighter; mine sticks on," said Uncle; and Mr. Devlin said if he wished advice he would let people know.

He had the stove, and he argued with Ike, saying anyway we could leave that in the sheep camp, but Ike showed him we couldn't, needing it going up the river, with people wet from slipping and falling in; and Uncle said:

"She is surely a sweet country! Lucky I don't listen to every nut telling me to throw away serviceable warm trousers for thin drills!"

"But it may be hot to-morrow," I said, and he made a savage sound.

We could look down from the pass at the Kelly River, flowing between spruce woods. Beyond was a great tundra flat, rolling toward the mountains, which were hidden by the snow, and there was six or seven miles of mushing from the Kelly to a sheltered cañon, though we would not really be anywhere then. For sheep we had to make a higher camp, and then climb as high as they did.

"Yes; an' we want corks in our boots—in shoepacs a guy'd break his neck edgin' round them rocks," said Ike.

"Betsy got a swell ram last year. Sheep's the best eatin' in the hills, boys."

"It is only five dollars to get a sheep head out," I said; but Uncle would not feel cheerful, and he said:

"As I view it, what we eat is no less weight, for heads will more than make it up, and we lug back even more than is brought! That is correct, is it not?"

But Mr. Devlin was clamoring for Ike to look at his arm, asking was the man who suffered so swollen worse than that from bites? He insisted that circulation being retarded from packstraps made him throb, and his cramp had returned.

"We best camp," said Uncle. "He is a sick man."

"He is just plain dogging it," I said hotly. "I saw him rub hard to make them bulge! Anyhow, it is all tundra here; do you care to sleep in a water hole?"

At the river Ike and I found our boat, that Pa and Andy Simonds built out of canvas over a frame. Only two can go in it; so we were some time crossing, with Mr. Devlin looking greeny when it tipped—I was rowing him—and holding to the gunwale, as if that would aid, when we swirled a trifle in midstream.

Jumping ashore, I saw Ike talking to a man, and it was Windy Wagner, coming from his cabin on Kasilov Lake, and of course he was tickled to get a ride across; so Ike took him, because we must have the boat on our side, and Uncle and Mr. Devlin, who had only grunted a little to Windy's kind greeting, whispered under a tree.

"She's blowin' fierce on the flat. I seen a brownie an' a couple cubs two hours back!" Windy hollered above the water's noise.

Ike was asking where. Windy said:

"Runnin', last I seen; but I guess I beat her out. It was me takin' a shot at one cub; then them two others looms up an' I tore along the trail."

Mr. Devlin suddenly rose and stared affrightedly into the timber ahead.

When Ike had joined us he said it was sensible to throw a shell into the chamber, as brownies never give a person much time; and Uncle began to look like he did coming down the rapids, and kept his gun ready. Ike yelled to me that Windy was going to Seldovia.

"That's on Cook Inlet," said Uncle. "Gosh! Now my neuralgia is starting!"

"He goes to Kenai Town and takes a launch over," I said.

After a second he asked did Windy know the way, and I said well, he ought to by now, going twice a year.

"He could go down the Tustumena from his place; but he has to pick up Red Stanniford, and they ——"

"Well, sir, I've dropped my gold match box; and our Congressman gave it to me! Oh, Dev—hey! Come help me look for my match box! Go on, my love, you and Ike; we shall not be long."

Mr. Devlin slumped sullenly after him, saying the cramp was terrible; and Ike said:

"Guess they mean to sneak a shot in the arm, kid. I know Kel has a bottle cached on him; but he ain't said join us to me yet."

I decided if I found it I would bust it, because I am for Prohibition, and there shall be no hooch appearing on trips with me! After quite a while I stopped, declaring I would just go meet him and tell him so; so, snickering, Ike followed, until, near the water, he clutched me and cried:

"What's become of the skiff?"

"My land!" I said, staring. "It's gone! We pulled it up; can they have—Uncle Dan! Too-oo-hoo! Uncle!"

Nobody answered.

"Mighty mysterious doin's!" said Ike. "Lookit! She was shoved into the water here—kin they been swep' down? Kel is awful ignorant in a boat."

"Ike," I said, "I see the boat on the other side, drawn up by that drift tree. Now, Ike dear, you are a snide swimmer and I am a good one—oblige me by going into the brush and not looking until I get back and holler."

Golly! That old Kelly was cold! But I was hot enough inside to make me speedy, and I took a swift glance and rowed back, hustled into my clothes and told Ike to come on. I was too mad to talk, and we put up the boat and left our packs, Ike looking very serious until we reached two packs tossed to one side of the trail.

Then he grinned, for the foot tracks got farther apart from there, and they had taken water holes in jumps instead of going round. I laughed bitterly at a print in the snow of Mr. Devlin, falling flat as usual; and when Ike picked up and offered to me the last of his green hat feather I spurned the unmanly thing! Half a mile more and they had caught Windy Wagner, and their tracks showed a slowing.

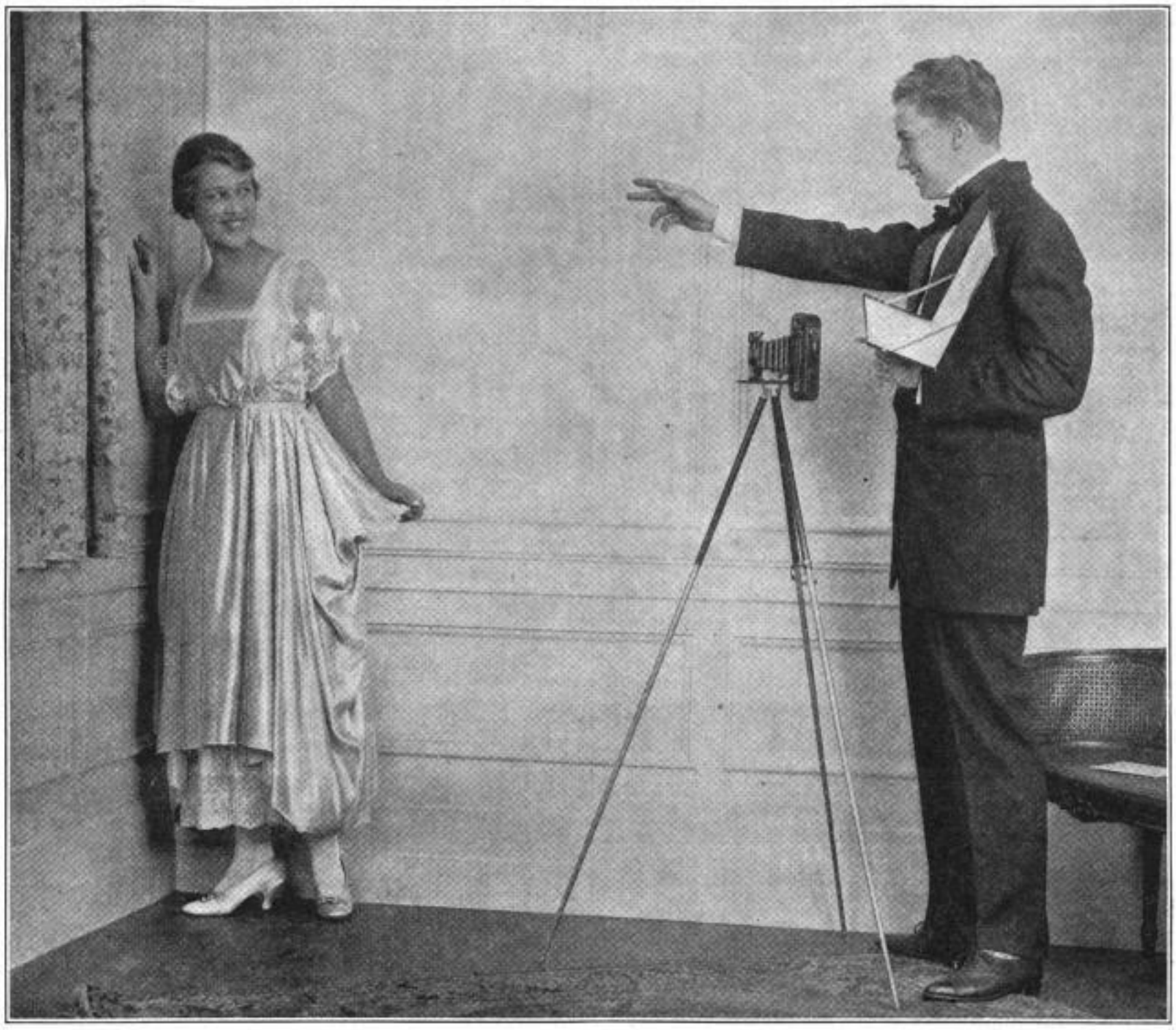
"So they're goin' out by Kenai Village," said Ike, halting. "Betsy, up to now I been a gentleman an' not tattled from the huntin' field—I shot Devlin's moose; he couldn't hit it if you tied it!"

"And I shot Uncle Dan's," I said. "And now—now ——"

"Leave them two sissies go; they gimme a pain from the jump!" Ike said; and we sat down in the snowstorm and rested, Ike stroking my shoulder, because he knew how I felt.

It was pretty tough to think that the whole of Alaska would soon know that my own Pa's brother was just a fireside series!

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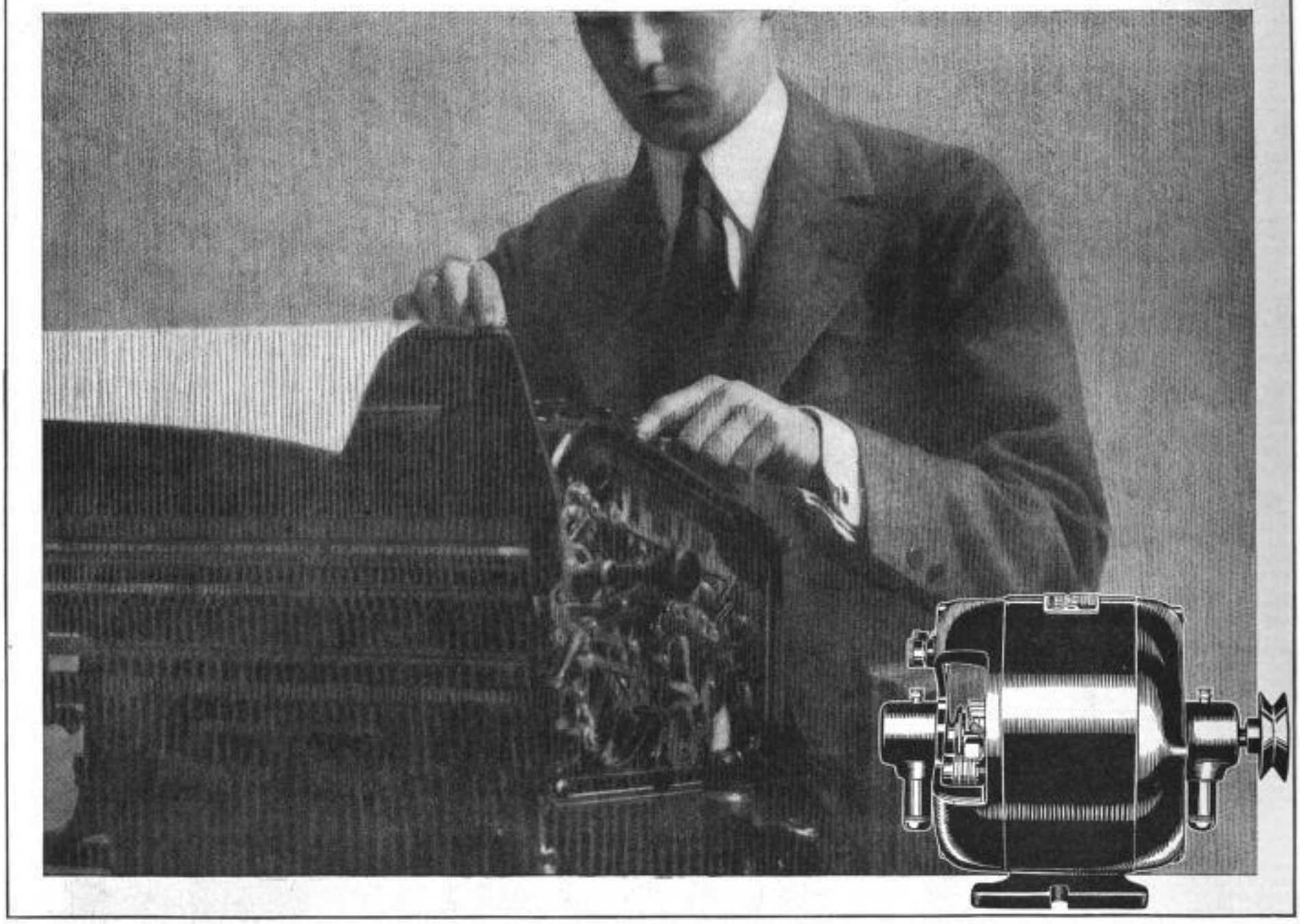
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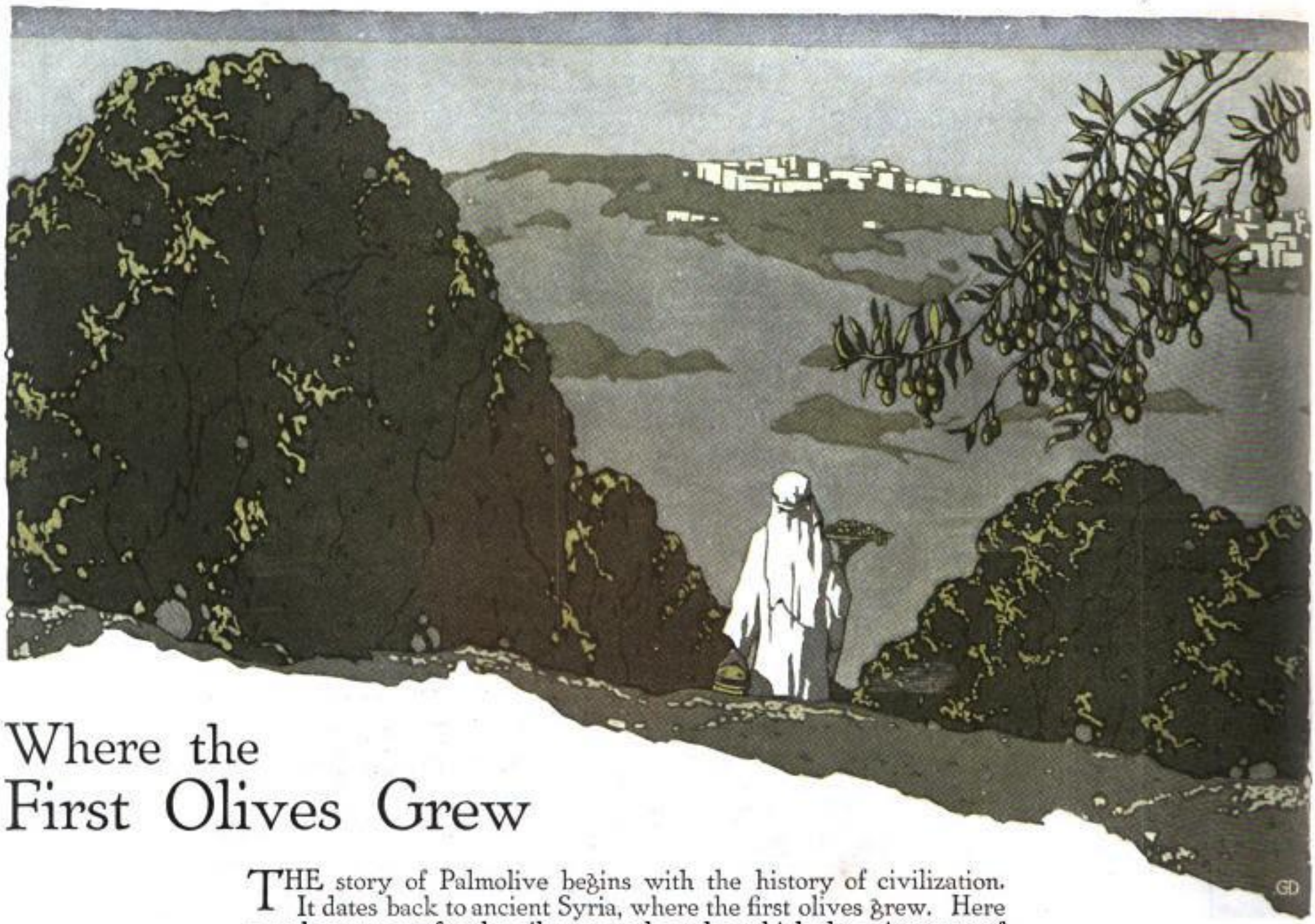
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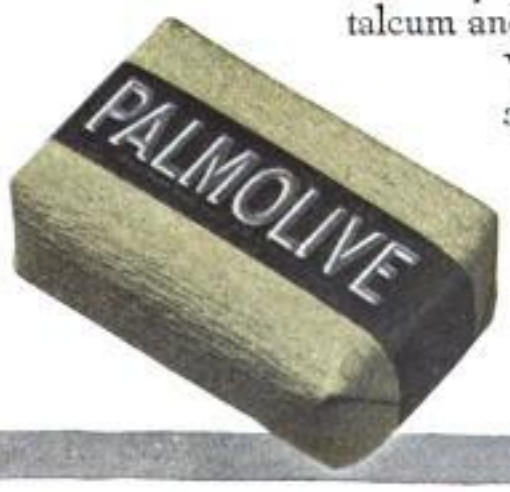
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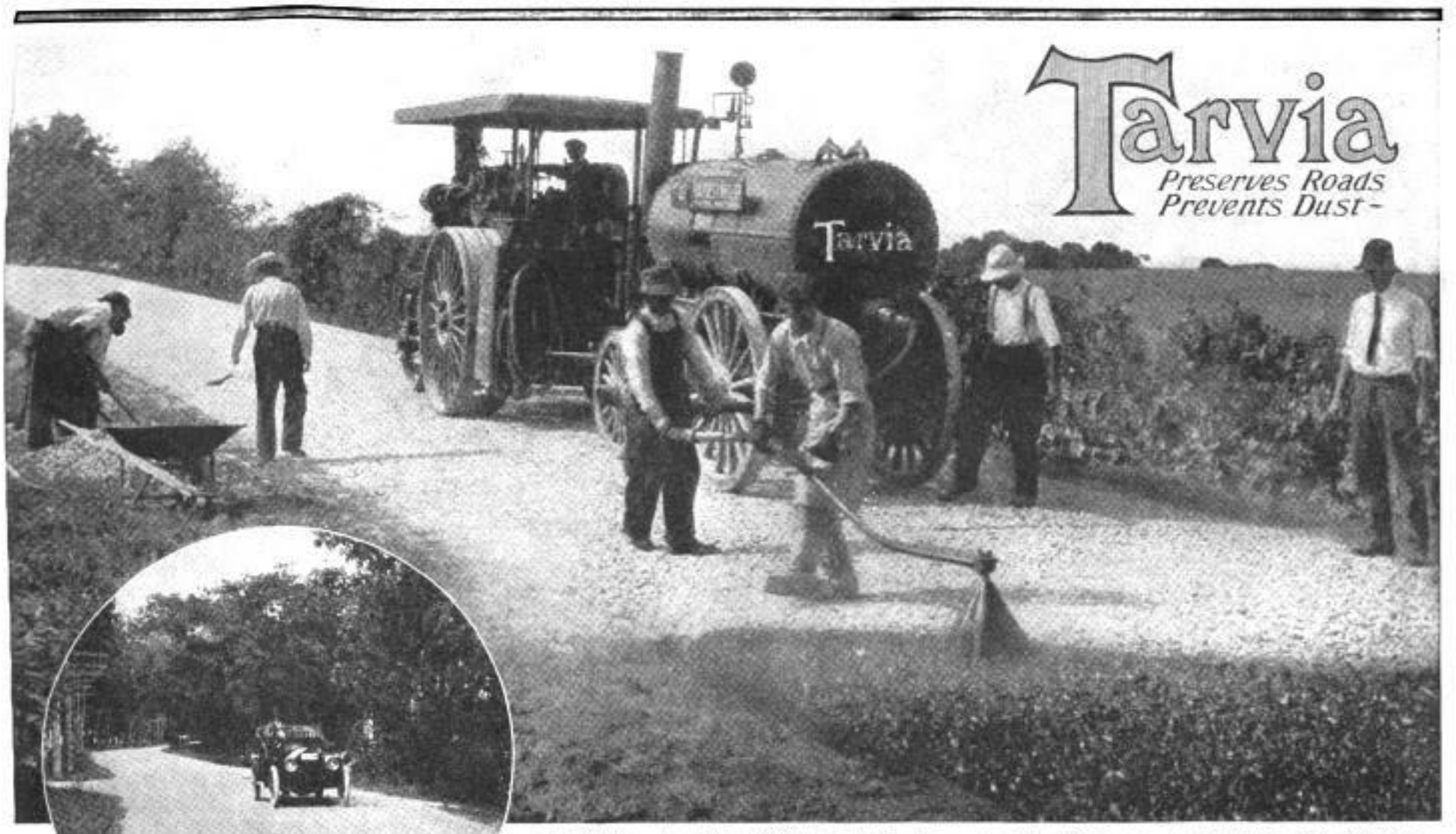
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Finished Roadway at Green Lake, Wis. Constructed with "Tarvia-X," penetration method, in 1913. Note smooth, dustless surface.

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THE HOUSE OF CRAIGENSIDE

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH



Behind the Rusty Pendulum Was a Little Pug-Nosed Idol of Green Jade

THE house of the Craigensides had loneliness and terror written plain on its pillared front—for it is certain that houses, whether by chance or of design, do convey something of the mysteries of human expression. It was a solid, four-square house, flanked by funereal cedars, and bearing on its roof and within its pediment a quantity of ship's scrollwork. The pediment itself was supported by six marvelous fluted pillars with ornamented capitals; and in front of each of these pillars crouched a teakwood dragon, with mouth wide open and battered wings half raised. These were the spoils of one of Jared Craigenside's last adventures in the East; and they formed a guard very suitable for a house of that tradition.

The ground in front of the house had been graded into terraces, which descended to the river's bank, and were connected by short flights of stone steps, worn monoliths which the action of frosts had cracked and upheaved from mossy beds.

The house sat fairly on the shoulder of a grassy dune, with Hodder's River flowing past on one side and the sea encroaching on the other. Thus the view everywhere was of water and sand, and more water and more sand. The sand appeared to copy the action of the water, as if the same sad devils of unrest had prompted it, and so it took the shape of ribs and ripples where the water teased it into animation, and farther inland reared up in sharp, white, sphinx-like mounds, whose crests and curves reflected with strange faithfulness the lineaments of the winds which fled across them. Made up of material blown about and sorted by the wind, those glittering Æolian drifts were never constant, and so the coast could never establish itself in equilibrium with their activities.

The prevailing winds in Dockport blew, at the time of which I write, parallel to the coast, northwest and southeast; and in consequence the dunes were high and numerous, tossing surge on surge, until they were shattered and cast down by the flanks of the great sea cliffs which extended to the east of Dockport.

The dunes were desolate; but they were not less beautiful than desolate. They were adapted, both in their forms and in the spirit which seemed to animate them, to reciprocate the eternal vicissitudes of the sea. They absorbed color as a sponge takes water, and the least change in atmospheric conditions meant an altering of their visual significance. They most usually exhibited a long, wind-wrought curve bearing from southeast to northwest, and on their northwest side were as steep as sand will lie. Along those curves, with their swordlike edges, the sand devils danced their whirling dances, and invisible wind sculptors produced momentary effects of whimsical genius, effects as strange as fleeting.

I speak thus particularly of the dunes because I can never think of the house of the Craigensides except in its connection with them. If the dunes might be said to reciprocate the prowling spirit of the seas, then the house no less reflected the solitary arbitrament of the dunes, which alone might read the dark riddle of its destiny. As the wilderness, however often driven back, creeps up on the cabin of the pioneer, so the dunes encroached on that house of doubtful omen. They allied themselves with the winds to form sand blasts which poured against the hand-carved seraphim on the roof and rendered the expressions on those wooden faces indecipherable. In tiny grains and invincible atoms the sand sifted in upon those sunken floors. It was hurled through cracks in the splintered paneling of the great front door, and found a resting place in the folds of Oriental stuffs which hung within. It rattled into the maw of the huge fireplace in the sitting room, fled into the wide mouths of two old brass-mounted dueling pistols which lay crossed on the mantelpiece, and was prevented from insinuating itself between the window sashes only by means of huge rolls of red cloth stuffed with sand and laid close to the panes.

"It takes sand to fight sand," Mercy Cobb said gloomily to me one day with a glance out of the window at the menacing dunes. "They are coming to snatch at my old body," she would add in lower tones, "like ravening hounds, but I'll defeat 'em of it yet. Not that it makes a difference to me where men lay my old bones when I am done with them—and the Lord have mercy on my soul that day—but I vow I have sat here so long looking at them that I have an appetite against them, as some people have an appetite against onions."

She sat then, as almost always, in a great rocking chair with a wide horsehair back. She was a stern little old lady with an implacable nose and sallow features. She dressed always in some stiff black material that shimmered, that crackled. She was an old lady cramped into a beetle's case. On her head she wore a flat black ribbon fashioned into a knot exactly square. Like the lady in a hideous old crayon portrait which hung yellowing in the hall, she wore on her withered lip a slight but perfectly defined black mustache.

"They will cover the tomb in time," she said, returning her piercing old eye to the blazing rounds of birch laid across the firedogs. "And Amos would have wished it so."

She had reference to the family vault of the Craigensides, which had been built into a rock ledge at the edge of the dunes. She herself was not a Craigenside, "nor any part of them," she might have said, but her affair with Amos had all but made her so.

Years before, in company with two sisters, she had undertaken the task of keeping house for Amos Craigenside, then a rising shipbuilder and navigator. It was about a year after the death of his first wife that the unscrupulous old seaman had hit upon this dodge of importing three maiden ladies to keep his house in order, and to compete in ministering to his comfort when he was home from foreign voyages. It was a complete success, from the point of view of Craigenside. He did not have to lift a hand. They read his wants before he could so much as utter them, with the mysterious divining power which only such female slaves acquire or possess.

After some years one of the two sisters died; but at once on her decease the other two pitched in, as the expression is, competing with twice their former energy and now with redoubled hope and rivalry. And so the old pirate was hardly less well served than before. By this time it must have been understood between the three of them that the

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survivor of the two servitors who were working their fingers to the bone in his behalf might in time aspire to privileges beyond those of mere housekeeper and drudge. But when, in the fullness of time, Mercy had a clear field, it availed her nothing. Her employer had treasured up for her no tenderer affection than he was prepared to lavish upon the brazen mermaid which served as a knocker on the front door, and went away very shortly upon another foreign voyage.

II

MERCY COBB had the reputation in the village of a Tartar. "She's a Tartar" were words often on the lips of citizens of Dockport. And strangely enough, though no one thereabouts had ever seen a Tartar, no one was at all in doubt as to what the main characteristics of Tartars were. Mercy was looked upon with that species of awe usually reserved for mild-eyed old seamen who have a name for having been in their day among the most intractable despots of the sea. "She's a bad one to cross," people muttered. "She knows more than she will say" was another utterance dropped with a slanderous intent.

She was certainly a mysterious and awesome old lady. On windy days I used to find her in the kitchen, her legs thrust in at the oven door and her rusty black skirts hanging down like a harpy's wings. Her invariable query then was, "Where's the wind?" with a pious hope thrown in that it had hauled round into a quarter more favorable to her "cold old bones." She was a seagoer herself, and my innocent unconcern as to the prevailing wind evoked in her a slight contempt. She had with her as a constant companion a cane, made out of the vertebræ of a small shark, wired together, and equipped with a handle in the shape of a pair of jaws filched from an enormous albatross.



Why Should Ruel Craigenside Stand With a Slack Jaw and Glazed Eyes at the Mere Flashing of a Lens?

It was not, however, my interest in the Tartar which drew me time and again to the house of the Craigensides, to the neglect of my duties as special officer at Silver Glade. There was a girl in that establishment—Jane, the granddaughter of Amos—who had caught my fancy from the first. I fairly lost my head over Jane. I chose any pretext and any hour to absent myself from the amusement park, where I belonged, and went ostensibly to sit at the old lady's feet and drink her tea, actually to cast sheep's eyes at Mistress Jane. She had very beautiful dark eyes, it is certain. The head was a noble one from which these eyes looked out; the lips full and red, the chin delicately square; but it was a face whose whole implication could be changed in an eyewink, a certain shadow of melancholy then being lost in a blaze of unexpected light, a certain laxness within giving place to an impetuous fire.

Her father was dead, but she had lived her early life on his ships, and she held herself like a sailor. Her movements exhibited a sinuous ease, with more than a hint of that unobtrusive power in the limbs which, from long training, can leap forth in a flash, like a slavish imp, and fall back again, its residence in the very marrow. This power was noticeable in the ease with which her smooth arm swayed over the table, in the deftness with which her long fingers dealt with teapots or laid hold upon the stems of flowers, and, more fancifully, in the reticence which enabled her tongue, when it did give utterance, to do so with discretion and a full balance in the meaning. But a wistful light was often in those dark eyes.

"Look at her there," said Mercy one day. "Every sigh takes a drop of blood from the heart, it is said. I declare I wonder there is any blood left in that girl's body. If it wasn't for her full constitution I wouldn't answer for her."

The girl had not heard us. A little later, when I threw myself at her feet, she yawned and said distractedly: "I feel this moment as if I could sleep away my life."

"Then," I said, "let me be enchanted, too, so that we may wake together."

"What's all this talk of enchantment?" said Mercy sharply. "Have you gone back to fairy tales again?"

"Yes, I think I am enchanted," said the girl with a sudden energy. She snatched back the wide, flowing sleeve from her arm and laid it in the dragon's mouth.

"Bite!" she cried, regarding the beast with slanted eyes and an air of ironical impatience. "I beg of you, good dragon, do something with your great ugly mouth besides yawn, for I assure you it is infectious, and I shall yawn until I fall into it one of these days if you don't stop."

But the dragon, glaring seaward with a consuming ferocity, forbore to bite.

"You see, I am charmed," she said whimsically. Her white arm lay inert and flattened between the weather-beaten jaws.

Her eyes looked into mine.

"How shall I break the spell?" I asked eagerly.

Her countenance waned again, and she murmured: "Ah, Mr. Policeman, that is never in your power."

"You say that with a very special meaning," I returned. "But I see you don't mean that I shall understand you more fully."

"Oh, I wish you might," she cried, "but I do not know my own meaning, I'm afraid. Tell me, how are you affected by this house?"

She looked swiftly at the Tartar, who had fallen asleep, with her aged fingers knotted about the creased pink jaws of the albatross.

"It has a flavor of its own certainly. If it were deserted, and I happened on it at a late hour of the night, I should think it might be haunted. But with you in it ——"

"Bewitched, at the very least," she cried as I hunted for the word. "Nothing short of that will do. Look at those horrible mutilated faces in the eaves—how they stare and spy one out. And then that terrible cast-iron hound, and these rusty balconies and tall windows. I have always been afraid of it, as if a shadow hung over it which had nothing to do with the sun. Look there—the gulls."

We both stared in their direction. They were in truth a gross and greedy flock, frowsy reprobates shrieking over that part of the current which bore in to them its choicest morsels. The wings of some were white and shining, but more were of a dirty gray, as if even self-respect had gone in the exigencies of their perpetual chiding flight, and the wrangling contests given rise to by insatiable hunger. Here they circled high, and there sank low to the water, with necks outstretched, skinny legs hanging and convulsive movements of the body preluding a dive. Now they sat on the tide, like wooden images of birds, or perched statuesque on the tips of black buoys; and again rose triumphant, in their talons shining fish, which they occasionally dropped and caught again in mid-air, swooping down with fantails spread. And at times they wrenched the food out of one another's very mouths, and went away squawking, their fat bodies tipsy in gusts of wind whose approach they had been too nearly concerned with their prey to anticipate.

It was a very feast of sensualists—wrapt, self-absorbed and inconsiderate.

"Did ever you hear it said," she began again softly, "that gulls are the embodiment of the souls of lost seamen?"

I shook my head.

"It is almost a tradition in this house. You know how superstitious sailors are. Look—how aimless. They toss and turn and are whirled like leaves in Tartarus. I suppose it isn't a pleasant thought in the least, and yet I often dwell on it."

"See them try to come nearer on the wind, like so many drunken fools," I said.

"And they never go beyond this house," she added. "They cluster over the roof, but they never pass beyond it. And now, look there, at their very head, do you see the dirty one with a loop hanging from his neck? He has got caught in a weir somehow, I suppose; but Dave Crooker says that that man was hanged by the neck until dead. He went after it with a shotgun, but it bears a charmed life. There! It's directly over us."

The ugly gray bird passed overhead with motionless wings, and a perceptible loop was hanging from its throat. The girl's head had fallen back; her lips were parted.

At that moment the halting noise in old Mercy's throat ceased. She opened her black eyes, renewed her grip on the queer cane and started forward in her chair.

"Where's the wind?" she muttered hoarsely. It was her customary question on awaking; but this time before answer could be made she heard the gulls shrieking overhead.

"There's a pack of ragamuffins if ever there was one," she continued. "Will nothing satisfy them? I have thrown out old fish enough in all conscience to quiet them, but they give me no peace. I declare it hairs me all up to hear them at it. When your uncle comes I shall set him on them with a shotgun, law or no law. They're possessed to take their stand over this house."

She sank back and closed her eyes again.

"She reads an omen into them," whispered the girl, touching her lip uneasily with her long forefinger. "It is harrowing to hear them. But it is nonsense to be wrought up as she is. We are expecting my Uncle Ruel any day now," she added with seeming irrelevance. "You know we left him in the Orient a year ago, to come home in a steamship."

At that moment there came a sinister hiss from the open hallway, followed by four jangling strokes of a bell. It proceeded from an odd-looking clock, perhaps seven feet tall, which stood in one corner swathed in musty draperies.

"Time and Eternity," muttered the old lady, half asleep. "Will I never get it out of my ears, I wonder?"

III

THIS clock had a history which well became the expression written on the pillared front of the house in which it was lodged. The story had its root in the lifetime of Jared Craigenside.

Jared was the first shipbuilder, the first of his race to have ambitions beyond those of a mere navigator. It was he who established the great shipyard in Dockport, whose very bedlogs had now rotted away. It was Jared who built the family tomb and set the dragons on the lawn to guard the house. He became the first aristocrat of Dockport. Many men living in our day could remember seeing the old gentleman stride over the dunes in a green cape with a black felt hat pulled well over his brow and his white beard blowing in the wind. He was the very figure of a shipbuilder—stern, masterful, decisive in thought and act.

Such men are often more liable than others to the tricks destiny plays. He grew old. His faculties deserted him by slow degrees; and having no son he took into partnership with him a nephew, Amos Craigenside. This act was fatal to him. Amos in time found a way to question the acts of his old partner; suspicion was cast on Jared's books; an order issued from a court of equity to compel him to produce these books or go to jail.

When old Jared's eye fell on this order he clapped on his beaver hat and walked into the jail with defiance written in every line of his old body. And there he stayed

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until his incarceration became so great a scandal that men whose fortunes he had made could no longer stomach it. He was released, only to find that Amos, by crafty management, by sales of partnership land and by secret sales of ships reported lost, had swindled him of all he had.

Old Jared was forced to take a tiny cottage on the edge of Dockport; and there he made a living by compounding drugs and nostrums. One day Amos looked through the window of his shop, and saw him mingling his ingredients.

"What have you there?" asked the younger man abruptly.

"This is an acid," said the old man. "This is the sort of acid that will remove the dark stains from a man's conscience. Will you buy?"

"You are an old wizard then," said Amos. "In another age you would have been burned at the stake for strewing curses."

"Curses?" cried the old man in a fury. "Where is the curse in all the world bitter enough to call down on your head? You are the viper I nourished in my bosom. I took you from nothing, I can bring men aplenty to testify if I like—I brought you to my house, I taught you a trade, I made a man and a builder of you. And now you think I will come on my knees to you in my old age. Gall and wormwood, may you know the taste of hell at last."

The younger Craigenside was staggered to find so deep an enmity lurking against him there; but he went off laughing.

Before long Jared hauled to his premises a load of teakwood boards; and when his nephew came by again he had a coffin built and laid across two saw horses in front of his house.

"So! You drive the nails in your coffin," said Amos.

"You have done your part already," returned his uncle.

In a week he had a second coffin laid beside the first. When next they met the nephew said:

"You are very kind to be looking out for my comfort in another world."

"Comfort," muttered the old builder. "A curse on you all, and may you be driven out to squawk like those gulls yonder is the best wish I have for you. I give you that box with my earnest prayer that it will close over the last of the Craigensides, and extinguish the house—root and branch."

Amos took the coffin in an uproarious mood. For a long time it was up-ended in a storeroom; but some time after Jared's death he had a notion, as he said. He stood the great box on its end in the hallway, and set the head of a grandfather's clock on its top, with a hole bored for the pendulum rod.

"There we are," he said. "Time and Eternity together, and they make a fine race of it."

It stood there for many years—until the time of which I write, indeed. Sometimes, when he was home from foreign voyages, he would stop his pacing in the hall, clasp his hands behind him, and grin tolerantly at Jared's gift.

The cracked yellow dial affixed like a death's-head to the mournful brow of that upright receptacle seemed to grin back at him, as if at a joke which had a meaning between them alone. Over the dial hovered a full-rigged ship, cut out of tin and set on the head of the pendulum rod. With every tick of the clock the ship plunged in a painted sea, and came no nearer than ever to the painted headland in the offing. So Time and Eternity were symbolized.

"Why do you tie one hand behind you by clinging so fondly to that contraption?" Mercy Cobb asked him more than once. "Your father went through life with a stuffed peacock in the corner that dogged every venture he made with bad luck, and that was bad enough. But here is something a thousand times worse, and yet you handicap yourself with it."

"I thrive on it," said Craigenside. "I grow fat on it, Mercy. 'One man's meat is another man's poison.'"

And yet it was a fact that almost from the very day on which Amos received into his house that fateful teakwood



I Did Not Like the Eyes of Mr. Smith. I Did Not Like Any Part of Him

case his fortunes declined. Shipbuilding fell off. The chips grew gray in his shipyards. Great broad flights of steps rose beside the empty ways, and no man ascended them. Several of his ships were lost.

At length, when there was very little left of his former estate except the bark Asphodel, old Craigenside decided to adventure into the Orient again. It had been the success of his early voyages there which had won him a partnership with Jared.

But the spirit of adventure looks with a bleak face on the desperate casts of old age. The times were not what they had been in the glorious epoch of the clipper ships. Freights were low. Moreover, cables had been laid and opportunities for private dickering with benighted peoples had nearly passed away. It was getting so that the captain of a merchantman was no more highly regarded than a shopkeeper.

Thus nobody in Dockport was greatly surprised when Mercy Cobb brought back the body of this man, in whose service she had slaved away her days, from the last of his voyages. How came he to die? There was no answer to be wrung from the set lips of that grim old Tartar. Some said that old Amos had taken Mercy with him on that last voyage because he had a premonition of his own death, and did not want to be thrown inconsiderately to the fishes. It was true that the old lady had once apprenticed herself to an undertaker, and knew something of the embalming art. At all events, she brought him back pickled in brine, it was averred by old sea-dogs in and round Dockport who had seen service in the Black Ball Line.

There were only the vaguest rumors concerning the cause of his death. In certain quarters it was affirmed that he had died broken-hearted because of the loss of so great a part of his estate; others whispered that the curse had fallen which had hung over him invisible for so long and that he had dropped in the full flush of health without a mark on his body. Still again it was argued that he had sold himself to foreign devils—a frequent practice, it is believed, among skippers of the older tradition. Dave Crooker averred that something like a banshee scream had been heard over that lonely house.

"Must have been the gulls," suggested some of his tormentors.

"What if it was gulls?" said the old fisherman mysteriously. There was more to gulls than met the eye apparently.

Nothing was really known beyond this, that Mercy Cobb had brought old Craigenside home, and with him his orphaned granddaughter Jane.

At the time of my installation as special officer at Silver Glade, old Amos had been dead a year. Indeed, it was almost a year to a day from the brief ceremony which consigned him to his rest beside the dunes to that summer's morning which marked the reappearance in Hodder's River of Ruel Craigenside, his one living son, who now brought the Asphodel to her old anchorage.

IV

OUR source for the greater part of this brief history was little Doctor Starr, the local medical man, who used to come on pleasant mornings to smoke a pipe with us on the water front.

"'Time and Eternity, gentlemen, hand in glove,' was how he put it," said the little doctor crisply.

He favored the bark Asphodel with a long, appraising scrutiny. She had dropped anchor in the river three nights previous to this, and now lay with her yards squared, canvas lashed down tight and decks deserted.

"And, gentlemen," continued the little doctor, "whatever the old man may have thought of it in his secret heart, it's not too pleasant a reflection to Captain Ruel, if you will take my word for it. I believe on my soul he'd throw the cursed thing on the tide, if he dared. Yes, it's come to that. The man doesn't dare. Superstitious as the devil, I suppose."

"You have seen him since his return?"

"Yesterday. They called me in on the old lady's account. He's an odd stick for certain. That clock struck ten as he was going out the door with me, and on the first stroke round he wheeled as if he'd been shot out of a gun. He straightened out quick enough, to be sure, but I had seen his antics. He's plain afraid of the thing, if the truth was known and told. Ah, here comes Dave Crooker. He'll back me up in what I say. Yes, and he'll do more, unless I'm much mistaken. Our old friend tells me he saw the mark of a ghost in the dunes yesterday—the ghost of Amos Craigenside, no less."

Dave Crooker, the fisherman, was approaching in a dory.

His long sculling oar, thrust out over the stern, churned up the water to a swaying motion of his wrist; his body was chronically bent, as if it had been cramped for years about the round of some huge spar. His blue eyes looked out warily over bronze cheeks. As the dory swung in under the bank, its yellow interior was seen to be spotted with shining scales, newly detached and silvery, like money which the sea had minted.

"Dave," said the doctor, "they tell me you have seen a ghost."

The little fisherman looked up with a forbidding air, which seemed to echo Montaigne in saying that it is folly to refer truth or falsehood to our own sufficiency.

"It suits you to laugh," he said, "and I'm glad for you—I'm glad for you. I've always contended that those without brains were the happiest on the whole. But some are never to be learned that things come to pass here below never found in print."

The old physician twinkled.

"Ghosts, for example."

"If I believe in a thing I ain't ashamed to say so."

"It's a serious subject, Dave."

(Continued on Page 81)



The Shadow of the Bay Had Lengthened; it Began to Seem Hideous and Fateful

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THE SHRINKING DOLLAR BILL

Adventures in Kitchen Finance

By Forrest Crissey

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

WHEN a dollar bill at the grocery will barely buy a dozen strictly fresh eggs and a pound of first-class creamery butter—or falls a little short of covering the transaction—the family food budget achieves the sort of sporting interest that attaches to smashed records and grand championship performances. But interest in the figures of the food bill is far from impersonal to millions of family providers; for to those who are trying to make an unexpanded salary cover a swollen cost of living this subject has a tragic fascination.

Of course almost every official body, from the National Congress down to the food commissioner of Bird Center, is investigating. The search for the African in the food-pile is being conducted with the noise and frenzy of an old-fashioned wolf hunt, with the result that the innocent bystander, the Ultimate Consumer, is often hard put to distinguish between the voice of truth and the sound of the political tom-tom.

While the evidence of the official investigation is being prepared for public consumption it is interesting to attempt taking the family bill of fare apart to see what gives it wings. At the start, let this private investigation concern itself with the cardinal food necessities of the American table and tell what has happened to each one of them in this period of prosperity in the United States.

This adventure in kitchen discontent has touched the Atlantic Seaboard as well as the Middle West, and its information has been secured from what appeared to be the most trustworthy authorities available. Wherever possible the opinion of a recognized authority not financially interested in the sale of foods has been sought. On the other hand, it has not been assumed that the fact of being a food merchant—whether wholesale or retail—necessarily debars a man from telling the truth about his business. That is believed to be largely a question of personal equation; and, to the best of his ability, this point has been carefully considered by the writer in selecting sources of information not to be classed as disinterested.

As bread is the staff of life, suppose the searchlight of inquiry is first directed upon the family flour sack. What has happened to send the price of this foundation food from a former level of about $2.90 a hundred pounds to the present altitude of $5.10? Under ordinary circumstances there is nothing highly exciting to the average citizen about a sack of flour; nor is the housewife commonly inclined to read crop statistics with any alarming amount of eagerness. But with flour at $5.10 a hundredweight and the wheat from which it is made hovering dangerously near the two-dollar mark, both the family provider and the head of the household commissary department are able to stand for a few hard facts, expressed in eloquent figures, in order to understand just what has happened to the staff of life.



Fat Years Followed by Lean

PROBABLY no man in America is better able to answer this question with authority than B. W. Snow, the crop expert, whose forecasts are followed by the whole grain-dealing world. Here is the answer to the present record price of flour as seen by this keen crop analyst.

"When the war broke out in July, 1914," says Mr. Snow, "wheat was selling well below one dollar a bushel, and flour, of course, was upon the same basis. The wheat crop of 1914, which was practically made when the war occurred, amounted to 891,000,000 bushels—and this was a record figure for wheat production up to that time. The pressure of the apparent oversupply forced down the price of cash wheat in Chicago in the early part of July, before there was a sign of a war cloud as big as a man's hand, to 77¾ cents a bushel. This price, which made a correspondingly low price for flour, was based upon the immense surplus of production above our domestic requirements and apparently above any possible export call.

"With the convulsion in Europe, the whole situation as to our supply of breadstuffs and their prices was instantly changed. War is always destructive and wasteful. In addition to this natural condition, the European alignment was such that it instantly shut out from the world's market Russia, the greatest wheat producer in the world. Instead of a big surplus beyond the requirements of the importing countries, the world was instantly confronted with a situation in which, in spite of our large crop, the importing countries were certain to find it difficult to meet their requirements, because the great Russian surplus was wiped out, so far as availability was concerned.

"Prices immediately climbed because of the added foreign demand upon us; and in August, 1914, contract cash wheat sold in Chicago at $1.27 a bushel, or an advance of fifty cents a bushel over the low point in July.

"Fortunately for this country and the world, the year 1915 was marked, both in the United States and in Canada, by the most wonderful wheat yields on record. We produced and harvested in the summer of 1915 a wheat crop of 1,025,000,000 bushels, or 134,000,000 bushels more than the record-breaking crop of the previous year. At the same time our northern neighbor grew 376,000,000 bushels, which was more than two ordinary crops in one.

"Roughly, in 1915 the United States and Canada produced 350,000,000 bushels more wheat than they grew in the remarkably prolific year of 1914. This enormous increase was, of course, offset, so far as the world at large was concerned, by the failure of the countries of Europe to produce their normal supply. With Russia still locked out of the commerce of the world, the importing countries drew upon North America for their total requirements beyond the usual contribution from the Southern Hemisphere. Nature was so generous in 1915 that we were able to meet the food requirements of Europe out of our own prodigal abundance without prices showing extraordinary inflation. Indeed, in August, 1915, when these enormous crops were practically a certainty, the cash price of contract wheat in Chicago was again as low as ninety cents a bushel, and at no time after these crops were available was the price in Chicago above $1.31 during the last six months of the year 1915.

"The high price of bread which has ruled in the last six months of 1916, and has roused the average housewife to a blind resentment of its pinch, is merely the logical, natural and inevitable result of the conditions which obtained in this country and in war-torn Europe."

According to this authority, in 1916 agricultural conditions in North America were the most radically unfavorable that have ever been known since definite crop records have been kept. The drought during the period of sowing in the fall of 1915 gave the plant a very poor start, and it went into winter with less than normal growth and with much less than normal vigor. For six weeks or more during the midwinter a heavy coat of ice lay over the fields of the Middle West, with the result that the crop was entirely destroyed upon 4,236,000 acres, or eleven per cent of the total area planted. In addition, the plants remaining upon the balance of the acreage were weak and unthrifty and not in a position to give a good crop result unless weather conditions after the first of April should be ideal.

To illustrate what this winterkilling meant, it is interesting to note that the states of Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois and Missouri—which in 1915 grew eighty million bushels more than their domestic needs for food and seed—were thirty million bushels short of providing for their own necessities in 1916. As the season advanced, it became evident that further losses in wheat were to be sustained, as insect life was unusually abundant. Mr. Snow asserts that it is reasonable to believe that the green bug in Oklahoma and the Hessian fly in Kansas destroyed from twenty to thirty million bushels of the crop in those two states.

Conditions did not improve as the season progressed. A liberal increase in the spring-wheat acreage gave promise, as late as July first, of making good in some measure the loss in winter wheat. On the ninth of July, however, Mr. Snow spotted the black rust and made the first announcement of its presence in the spring-wheat territory. This scourge practically destroyed the spring-wheat crop upon millions of acres and reduced a promise of nearly three hundred million bushels on July first to a final harvest of 158,000,000 bushels of thin, lightweight, shriveled grain. The loss of the crop in Minnesota and the Dakotas was without precedent in the history of American agriculture. These three states, which in 1915 produced 283,000,000 bushels, in 1916 produced only 88,000,000.

Decreased Production in Europe

THE same scourge swept over the international line, and in three weeks worked a like destruction upon a promising Canadian crop, leaving Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta only 142,000,000 bushels against 304,000,000 in 1915. The total wheat crop for 1916 in the United States was only 640,000,000 bushels, and the total crop for Canada was only 161,000,000—a total North American crop of 801,000,000 bushels against 1,401,000,000 in 1915. A drop of six hundred million bushels of bread-making material is certainly enough to account for quite a rise in price!

Coincident with this immense loss in North America there is a decrease in the production of foodstuffs in Europe because of military destruction and the withdrawal of men from the cultivation of the land. At the same time Argentina has had a wheat failure that is almost as severe as ours. It practically eliminates South America's granary from any part in supplying the world's requirements during the next twelve months. Though Australia and India have produced more than normal crops, the added amount that can be secured from those two rather small sources of supply is not sufficient in any way to offset the losses sustained in other parts of the world.

"Russia," continues Mr. Snow, "with her accumulated surplus of three years, is still locked out of the world's consumption. Under these conditions it is evident that the world is now upon a short bread ration, and that, in order to eke out until the new crops in the Northern Hemisphere become available, the world will be compelled not only to eat all that was produced in 1916, but to approach perilously close to using up the surplus held over from other years as a margin of safety against actual bread famine.

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"The price of wheat, and consequently the price of flour, is, therefore, the natural and inevitable result of crop failure in this country and in the Argentine, and of war's direct *destruction*, and of its sapping of Europe's productive energy. The price of breadstuffs during the balance of this crop year will depend upon the necessities of human nourishment. Of course some substitution of other foodstuffs for bread is possible and high prices automatically control consumption; but the relief in this direction must of necessity be small, because, in spite of the present prices, bread is still the cheapest food with which human hunger can be satisfied."

On the score of exports this expert presents some startling facts. He observes at the outset that the dependence of the world upon North America for breadstuffs during the last three years is strikingly shown by the figures of the world's trade in wheat.

During the cereal year ending July 31, 1914—the year immediately preceding the outbreak of the war—there was put afloat from producing countries 666,000,000 bushels of wheat destined for the future requirements of the importing countries of Europe. Of this amount North America furnished 284,000,000 bushels, while Russia contributed 174,000,000 and Argentina 44,000,000. During the first year of the war, or the cereal year ending July 31, 1915, the contribution of exporting countries was 535,000,000 bushels, of which North America supplied 400,000,000 out of her enormous crops, Argentina 91,000,000, and Russia only 6,000,000, which came out by way of the icebound port of Archangel.

Who Can Blame the Exporter?

IN THE second year of the war the exporting countries put afloat 595,000,000 bushels, of which North America furnished 480,000,000, Argentina 64,000,000, and Russia only 5,000,000. The United States contributed 312,000,000 bushels in the cereal year of 1915 and 240,000,000 in 1916. The requirements of the importing countries of the world are this year probably even greater than last. Argentina is unable to send out any substantial amount; Canada will hardly have more than 110,000,000 bushels available for export; while this country, even by using up the accumulated surplus of previous heavy crops, can hardly send more than from 110,000,000 to 120,000,000 bushels without seriously drawing upon the safety reserve, which we must carry as a protection against bread shortage at home resulting from crop failure.

How much flour has been exported it is difficult to say. Certainly the total is immense. One wholesale grocer, who is a leader in all food exports, was asked whether he had anything to say on the subject of shipping flour and other food necessities out of the country. His answer was substantially this:

"Since the war began I've sold at least a million dollars' worth of flour to the fighting nations—and a lot of other stuff on top of that. When I came back from Europe, in 1914, one of my associates met me at the dock and asked how I was. My answer was 'Fairly well.' Instantly he remarked that he had hoped I should be feeling much better than that, because he had some bad news to tell me. His department had lost a lot of money—the other departments could speak for themselves. They did. The total loss was not far from a quarter of a million dollars. I had figured that almost the whole world was going to come to Uncle Sam for its food supplies. But it didn't. That was simply a case of bad business judgment.

"Did we howl? Not any! We just pocketed our loss and indulged in the philosophical reflection that it was one of the fortunes of operating on a large scale and selling with the market. There was no talk then about investigating the food merchants—not a peep! We had plenty of company on the wrong side of the ledger at that time, too—lots of it. But the big wholesale grocers who had made our mistake did as we did—waited for a later chance to offset their bad judgment of 1914 with good. That chance came with the continuation of the war. When I had an opportunity, at least partially, to offset my loss of 1914 by selling a million dollars' worth of flour to the agents for some of the fighters I naturally embraced it. The fact that the flour was to go outside of our own country did not, in my opinion, offer any reason why I was not fully entitled to engage in the transaction."

A New York wholesaler who does no exporting sketches the flour situation in these words:

"In 1915, as everybody knows, we had the largest wheat crop the country has ever produced. If things were normal we should now be enjoying the cheapest flour we have ever had. But the war created a tremendous consumption of American flour. The orders for flour from abroad have been terrific. They have taxed the transportation facilities from the flour centers and the ship facilities across the ocean. For instance, Italy had always obtained her flour supplies for the making of macaroni from Russia. To-day Italy is demanding our hard durum wheat for this use.

"Even in the event of peace it will take some time for prices to settle back to a normal flour level.

"Now about prices and profits: The profit is about the same to the wholesaler and the retailer, whether flour costs five dollars or ten dollars a barrel—not the same percentage, but the same net amount. If we make in our jobbing business, on the best-known brands of flour, thirty or forty cents, we get the maximum, and the retailer, governed by competition, is forced to sell that flour at about the same profit on each bag, whether the price is high or low. So the consumer isn't paying a great profit—hardly any profit at all when you consider the amount of investment involved. The consumer may be disinclined to believe this statement; but it is true, just the same.

"Flour is one of the great staples which custom has decreed must be handled by wholesaler and retailer on a margin of profit so narrow that it is often a vanishing quantity."

Now let us consider the lowly spud, which at the present moment is about the proudest thing that rides in the grocer's delivery wagon. The humility that once distinguished this popular tuber is now a fast-fading memory; and if the price of the potato climbs much beyond its present dizzy altitude of two dollars a bushel or better, at the corner grocery of the country town, it bids fair to burst of its own importance without the aid of the oven to effect that result.

To describe the potato as a hot favorite on the American table is to speak conservatively. Bread might be almost as safely subtracted from the daily menu of Uncle Sam's people as potatoes. The spud is the stable and unfailing foundation of the toiler's meal, while the "fancy baked" potato is among the most tempting delicacies obtainable by the wealthy. Our national taste is unanimous on the merits of this once lowly and bountiful vegetable; and consequently when the potato becomes puffed in price to a point that threatens to make it a "special" instead of a



"steady" on the tables of those who must live most carefully, the result may be mildly described as a household sensation of nation-wide scope. This condition now exists throughout the country.

Of course there is quite a wide variation in price between different localities, mainly due to good or bad luck in the matter of transportation; but the community that can buy potatoes for less than two dollars a bushel is extremely fortunate, and in many places two dollars and a half is the ruling price. The thrifty householder has no difficulty in recalling the days when better potatoes than are generally obtainable to-day were bought at twenty cents a peck, and it is not necessary to hark back into the remote past to find a period when they were cheaper than that.

This jump of more than one hundred per cent from the normal price of potatoes naturally means that there have been very decided and sensational happenings in the world's potato field—of which Uncle Sam works a large share.

Probably the potato crop of this country was never planted in a more unfriendly soil than that which received the seed in the spring of 1916. The spring was cold, wet and late, offering every possible chance for the seed to rot instead of sprout. Then came July and August with skies of brass and a record-breaking drought that seemed bound to reduce the earth to ashes. The third act in this climatic tragedy introduced a killing frost about a fortnight before anything of that nature was normally due.

The Short Potato Crop of 1916

ONE result was a potato crop of only 285,000,000 bushels as against 360,000,000 in the previous year—which was exactly the average for the five years preceding 1916. A shortage of seventy-five million bushels of spuds is not a pleasant thing for the potato-loving American public to contemplate; but that was only the beginning of the calamity that fell upon this favorite tuber in 1916. For one thing, there was great waste in that portion of the crop which did mature. Then war conditions shut the people of the United States off from the relief of importing potatoes, which has invariably been our refuge in seasons of shortage.

One of the shrewdest observers of the world's potato market is Mr. F. G. Urner, of the New York Price Current. Mr. Urner says:

"In former years of potato shortage we have always gone to foreign markets and secured ready relief by bringing millions of bags of potatoes from abroad—from Scotland, England, Germany. We couldn't get them in 1916. In 1908 and 1909 we had a severe shortage and imported into the United States from the United Kingdom 1,029,249 bags of potatoes, 168 pounds to the bag; and from the Continent—mostly from Germany—78,291 bags from October, 1908, to October, 1909.

"In 1908 the price of New York State potatoes was from $2.25 to $2.37 a barrel of 180 pounds, or containing three bushels. European potatoes that year brought from $1.75 to $2 a bag of two bushels and forty-eight pounds. To-day New York State potatoes are selling at from $4.40 to $4.80 for a barrel supposed to contain 180 pounds. But a barrel holds a little less than that—about 160 pounds. If European conditions were favorable we could have kept the price down thirty per cent below that."

It should be remembered that these prices are for large shipments—the smallest unit being a carload. According to a New York wholesaler, Mr. Philip C. Staib, potatoes are now costing retail dealers of the Atlantic Seaboard $5 for 160 pounds—or a little more than three cents a pound. These are sold to consumers at four cents a pound—sometimes for less.

"There is an easy way out from under the potato famine," declares Mr. Staib, "for those who wish to take it.



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That is the rice route. Reputable scientists tell us that a pound of rice has five times the food value of a pound of potatoes. Personally I believe this to be true. To-day you can hardly find a grocery store that charges more than eight or nine cents a pound for high-grade rice. Compare this with potatoes at four cents!

"Rice is the cheapest important food commodity in the United States to-day. There was a big crop in 1916. Yet this food is being generally ignored by the American people, who commonly consider it as a delicacy instead of a staple vegetable—a material for the making of puddings and desserts and side dishes, instead of a full-fledged competitor of the potato. Comparatively few housewives, especially in the North, know how to cook rice properly. If they would learn right now they could cut the family potato bill in half, at least, and not miss the eliminated portion. In many localities storekeepers retail a good grade of rice for less than eight cents a pound."

The crop expert already quoted on other cereals has this to say of rice:

"Practically the one pleasant exception in the dark food situation of 1916 is the fact that the rice crop was one of the best ever known, yielding about forty-two million bushels against an average of only twenty-four millions for the last five years. Rice prices emphasize the general fact that the high price of foodstuffs this year with us is due to meager production and foreign demand.

"We are exporting rice liberally now. Up to the present time more than double the amount exported in the preceding year has been put afloat by us; but the increase in production has been enough easily to take care of this added strain. During the first ten months of 1916 we sold abroad 111,000,000 pounds of rice against 53,000,000 in the same period of 1915, and 35,000,000 in 1914—the latter being the normal situation prior to the war.

"However, the export of rice cannot be considered as greatly influencing home prices, for the reason that we have been importing upon the same liberal scale which has characterized our foreign policy in this product in other years, before the war. In the first ten months of 1916 we imported 208,000,000 pounds of rice, or 100,000,000 more than we exported."

Why Meat is High

TO THE average consumer of sirloin and "roast beef, medium," it probably seems a very simple matter to get the straight of the meat situation. This naïve view of our fleshly diet is not, however, held by any investigator who has ever made a sincere attempt to take the meat problem apart and tell the carnivorous consumer all about it in words of one syllable. Take it from one who has tried to do just that thing: Commercially speaking, meat is the most mysterious article of human food! Its path from the pasture of its nativity to the table of the consumer is beset by a most bewildering series of economic adventures, which have filled hundreds of fat volumes of court, congressional and other reports of hearings, voluntary and involuntary.

Therefore, any investigator who volunteers information on this complex subject will, if he is experienced, make his offering in a spirit of humility, and with the reservation that his findings are to be accepted as an evidence of his sincerity and industry, rather than as the last word on a subject which is clouded with mists of economic mystery well calculated to confuse and baffle the clearest and sanest students of this great industry.

Meat was never so low on the retail block that a considerable portion of the consuming public did not feel called upon to make some complaint on the score of its cost; but, with price of porterhouse steak hovering round thirty-eight cents and rib roast at thirty, more or less, the retailer has a constant opportunity to develop his explanatory powers.

Naturally he has learned the line of least resistance and follows it. He has found it a lot easier, as a rule, to pass the buck to the packer than to attempt to tell his kicking customer how supply and demand have conspired, by moving in opposite directions, to push up meat prices to levels never before attained. Besides, the man at the butcher's block likes to have his explanations believed.

There are two men at the world's greatest livestock market, in Chicago, who neither buy nor sell meat—save as they purchase for their private consumption—who know a lot about the causes that put wings to pot roasts, steaks, pork chops, and all other familiar members of the meat family. One is A. G. Leonard, president of the Union Stockyard Company, and the other is James Poole, of the Livestock World. There is nothing in keeping a hotel for meat animals or in reporting the prices those animals bring from day to day that should necessarily prejudice the outlook or warp the view as to the causes that have elevated the price of meats to record-smashing altitudes. Therefore, these men have been asked to state the situation as they see it and take it apart for the consumers' benefit.

In other words, following the fashion of this industry, the writer will pass the buck back to these gentlemen, who are considered competent meat experts.

Here is Mr. Leonard's size-up of the situation:

"In 1913 there was a very serious drought. Beef cattle were about all sent to market. Even the she cattle were sacrificed. Of course this resulted in a shortage of calves for the following year and for several years to come. In 1918 this loss will be about made up. Meantime there have been steady inroads upon the supply of young cattle. This and the shortage of breeding cattle have sent meat prices skyward.

"Texas is the great natural breeding ground, and there they have a calf percentage of ninety as against sixty farther north. They breed the cattle in Texas and then the calves move northward from there for feeding.

"The increased cost of raising feed has naturally increased the cost of feeding cattle. A certain Texan, who is a large operator and has been advocating local slaughterhouses, contracted for unborn calves, to be delivered at thirty-five dollars a head. This is an eloquent testimonial to the shortness of the supply. The prices paid for calves in Texas naturally forced up the price of cattle sent to the Corn Belt for feeding. The demand for meats in the East did not justify the high prices the Corn-Belt people were paying the Texans for their calves. Consequently the packer was buying meat at prices that were not profitable to the Corn-Belt feeders, who went up in the air because they were losing money. The packer will not pay the price the Corn-Belt raisers must have for their stock to pay out.

"The price of corn has been away up. We have paid as high as $1.12 a bushel for corn. It takes time for the farmer to learn to feed one-dollar corn to an animal, even though he gets better money out of it. His inclination is to close out and get the dollar. The heavy investment involved scares him. A man who sometimes feeds cattle came in here a little while ago. He was going to take two carloads of cattle home and feed them. He asked one of our men how much feed he would have to put into the cattle, and was told that it would take about four thousand bushels. He said 'Four thousand bushels—that means four thousand dollars. Good night! Nothing doing!' So, instead of feeding good cattle, he sends in a miserable lot, carrying twelve or fourteen hundred pounds. This is the era of light animals in the market. Hogs average about twelve pounds lighter than usual.

"Hogs have been bringing enormous prices. The reason for this is that the Canadian packers are taking our low-grade pork. They take a class of hogs they call 'singeing hogs.' These do not make the bacon we want. They are killed here and shipped across the border in dressed condition. This demand has maintained a higher average price for a lower quality of hogs than has ever before been had here. The quality of hogs is the poorest in market history at this season.

"There is no relief for the condition of the beef market to be found through mutton. Lambs are selling for $13.50, which is a sensational price. The singeing grade of hogs has forced up the price of the lower-quality pork. This same condition follows down along in the line of cattle. Mutton is substituted because it is not quite so high in price as the cattle and hogs; but it is not much of a substitute, because the supply is decidedly insufficient."

Figures That Tell the Story

"IF THE consumer would let one little set of figures soak into his mind he would have the meat situation where he could understand it. Here are the figures: In 1916 we had in this market fully 250,000 fewer cattle than a good average year will normally bring us. Other markets can match this. This situation is typical.

"There has been a tremendous increase in our meat exports since the war started. One reliable authority shows that, from July 1, 1914, to June 30, 1916, we exported 595,251,385 pounds of beef, while in the two years immediately preceding that period we sent out only 73,674,466 pounds. This means that we have multiplied our beef exports by eight. The same shrewd observer of cattle conditions—The Shoe and Leather Reporter—points out that from 1907 to 1915 the population of the United States increased fifteen per cent, while the number of our beef cattle diminished by twenty-eight per cent. Here are enough hard facts to make anybody understand why we have almost unbelievably high meat prices."

Mr. Poole, whose job is to observe and analyze the market each day, sketches the situation in these words:

"Everything has conspired to make meats high and scarce. A record-breaking crop of hogs is the one favorable circumstance. Otherwise we should have had a meat famine. Many years ago this Western country was full of cattle from Texas to Montana. Those were the breeding grounds. Settlers came and contracted this cattle range, changing grazing lands to farm lands. Sheep also helped drive out the cattle. Big cattle outfits found it unprofitable to continue their business. Most of them closed out. This raised the price of thin cattle and forced people out all along the developing and feeding line. Simultaneously came the advance in corn prices. A common price for corn in Iowa was twenty-five cents a bushel. In Nebraska they used to burn it.

"They used to feed cattle out here the whole year round. They almost literally bedded their cattle with corn. Steers used to come in here weighing seventeen hundred pounds. They dressed from sixty to sixty-two per cent. This week they are dressing from fifty-five to fifty-seven per cent. Seven Western markets in 1916 received 9,327,000 cattle as against 7,963,000 in 1915. That shows a decided expansion in beef production; but the deficiency in tonnage was such that they did not get so many pounds of beef as they did the year before. Most of the Southwestern states were filled up with poor Mexican stock. Montana had to get the dogy dairy cattle from Wisconsin and Minnesota. This is poor stuff for beef purposes. Calves, whose mothers were bred to produce milk and not to put on beef, are not worth feeding. Those calves are profitable to be slaughtered at about one hundred and fifty pounds. They were never intended to put on beef and the man who tries that game is going to lose money.

"Now about hogs: Last year in seven Western markets we had 25,500,000 hogs as against 21,000,000 the year before. But in pounds of pork there was a discrepancy of a million hogs. The average weight was only two hundred and ten pounds. The reason for this was that the farmers find it more profitable to market hogs weighing from a hundred and eighty to two hundred pounds than to attempt to put more weight on them—at least while corn is selling at ninety cents or a dollar.

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THE MAIN-CHANCE LADY



You Will Perceive That You are Looking Upon a Kind of Symbol of Wealth and of Investments, of Security and of Sound Sleep, a Concrete Expression of Impregnability

By Cameron Mackenzie

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

WERE it not for the fact that some years ago I moved away and only occasionally go back to Grantsburg, I should like to conduct, on pleasant evenings there, for the benefit of such strangers as you, maybe, a kind of private sightseeing tour of my native town. If I did I should not show you the "magnificent" waterworks or the "handsome" new Chamber of Commerce Building, as the boosting literature persists in describing them; or that brave attempt, Hopewell Park. The hotel clerk—anyone—can direct you to those; but only one born and bred in Grantsburg, one whose father and grandfather before him had been born and bred into the place, can exhibit to you the most interesting aspects of that amiable community.

If, however, you do happen some evening to be in Grantsburg, and are a stranger with nothing to do, do not flop yourself down in the listless lobby of the Commercial Hotel and attempt to kill time by rereading the Courier, or waste an hour watching a traveling salesman extracting bored monosyllables from the proud and haughty newsstand girl; but, instead, go out and walk up Main Street as far as Third, where you turn and go through to Maple Avenue. The houses there are mean and decayed relics of a former grandeur; but never mind—as you proceed on up to Norman Place the dwellings improve. Norman Place, you will observe, is short, and at the end of it you will find the foot of Gainsford Hill.

It is upon the Hill, let me explain, that the solid and intrenched part of Grantsburg resides. The families who live there are all of them at least well-to-do and constitute a compact, rather fastidious social group, to which blood and tradition are not altogether empty terms. Everyone there knows everyone else by familiar names; the middle-aged folks were nearly all boys and girls together. People say "The Hill" is playing bridge this winter or "The Hill" is doing that. All that saves the Gainsford Hill outfit from snobbery is the fact that its members are really excellent, actually well-bred people.

Now, stranger, having reached the beginnings of the Hill, start up the shaded sidewalk that runs along one side of the roadway; go past half a dozen or so substantial dwellings with low stone walls or iron picketings marking off ample grounds—the homes of Colfaxes and Hoyts and Stones—and continue your climb toward the top. Presently you will find yourself approaching a great, almost feudal granite pile, which, you will note, holds the exact crest. Proceed on up to its two huge granite entrance pillars, where the high, dark shrubbery does not obstruct the view, and pause and gaze in. You will perceive that you are looking upon a kind of symbol of wealth and of investments, of security and of sound sleep, a concrete expression of impregnability. That is Prothero Towers, the residence of Anthony Prothero.

Tony Prothero is my cousin; his father and my mother were brother and sister, and, though Holmes is a good-enough name in Grantsburg, Prothero is better. It is the *crème de la crème* of the Hill; for generations there have been Protheros there and they have always been of the best; they have often, in the past, been short on money, but never short on manners. Tony, the sole survivor of the name, is a small, slight man, with a gently fuzzy bald spot back to his crown, a harmless little black mustache, and with at most times a cheery manner, chamois gloves and a stick. He is known for what he is—a thoroughly clean, thoroughly likable, somewhat ineffectual individual, out of whom vitality seems to have been bred.

Continuing the tour, pass over the crest of the hill to an open space just beyond and look off away from the center of the town from which you have just come. The ground dips away into a valley and then in the distance rises again. On the opposite slope, and very probably through a thin veil of silver mist, you will see a spattering of numerous small lights, and maybe a trolley streaking out of them or into them. Anyhow, you will know that those lights signify human habitations, a community where, you will guess, there are stores and streets and schools, and the general paraphernalia for living and working and dying. That is the suburb of Prothero.

Six years ago that opposite hillside was wooded land. To develop it a company was formed, of which Tony Prothero was the president.

At that time my cousin maintained a somewhat ridiculous little real-estate office for such renting business as he had and for the management of what was left of the Prothero estate. He used to go there with fair regularity, but always found ample leisure to keep bobbing familiarly in and out of the homes on the Hill.

A group of men representing the five most substantial fortunes in town took up the suburban project. It is said in Grantsburg—and I used to believe it was true—that these individuals of wealth decided Tony was such a pleasant fellow that it was a shame he was poor; and they determined to make him rich. Once, under Tony's direction, the scheme almost hit the rocks, but these friends did not abandon the plan or forsake Tony; they put in more money and by dint of personal effort made the town of Prothero succeed, thus creating new fortunes for themselves and one for Tony too.

And now, my friend, if you're at all interested retrace your steps to Main Street and strike off into a totally different part of town. With a little inquiry you can discover Ridge Street. It lies almost as remotely as possible from the Hill; and as you stroll up its uninviting length take cognizance of its general character: the small cottages; the little patches of lawn for block after block! They are all identical—noisy children run about; men sit in their shirt sleeves on their front stoops.

There is no decayed grandeur here; at a glance it is a street of mediocrity and failure, and has always been, from the first. Proceeding, you will pass, probably unawares, a cottage in the heart of the general tastelessness, undistinguishable in any way from its neighbors; not marked or designated, but noteworthy, if you can find it, because therein was born, something like thirty-five years ago, a child named Madge King.

Her father was an inconspicuous individual, who devoted a lifetime of effort and a vast amount of shoe leather to the insurance business, and to the most sorry avail; her mother's innate gentility was all but smothered in poverty.

At an early age Madge married a man named Theodore Moulton and went with him to his home in a small community of the Northwest. She remained there for a decade. Concerning what happened there, or what her life there was during that time, she has never spoken; she has put a thick shroud of silence over the period. At the end of it she reappeared in Grantsburg, a widow, penniless and childless, and with the marks of cruel experience upon her face. And then the miracle of Madge's career began.

She was installed in Mrs. Graham's boarding house—one of those shabby dwellings in lower Maple Avenue. First, Mrs. David Colfax, wife of the president of the First National, took her up; then it was Mrs. Phillip Hoyt. Soon every door on the Hill had swung open to her, and with the lapse of a trifle more time she became engaged to and married my cousin, Tony Prothero, and is now the gay mistress of Prothero Towers and very nearly the ruling autocrat of the Hill.

In Grantsburg they will tell you that she is the luckiest woman in the world.

"A drunkard for luck!" I once heard her called; and it is her story that I want to tell. I got it from Tony upon the occasion of the dance the Protheros gave to celebrate the completion of the Towers. In a burst of feeling, natural enough upon the occasion and somewhat heightened by an ill-considered trip or two to his own excellent buffet, it sprang out of him between three o'clock and dawn.

It was toward the end of the evening, but before the guests had begun to depart. Having found myself alone near two deep French windows that opened upon the veranda, I had slipped out and, retreating to the rail, stood gazing in.

Near the window through which I had just passed I could see Madge. Her gown, cut far down the back, exposed a gleaming reach of dark, finely textured skin. Her jet hair was caught up snugly and trimly from the sturdy column of her neck. Beside her was young Tom Emmett, who, only a few years earlier, had come into his father's brewery millions. His ruddy, slightly grossened face was bent eagerly toward Madge. I could hear him begging her to dance, and I grinned, for I knew all about Emmett; he could barely exist except in the light of Madge's eyes and smile.

"Dance with my Tommy?" I heard Madge's vigorous tones ring with a laugh. "I never could refuse him!"

With a certain vivacious grace of her own, she turned and her profile was brought into view. There was not and never had been anything regular or classic in the outline of her features; but there was a lively piquancy in their irregularity, and her full, rich lips wore their almost constant smile. The two glided away, and from the veranda I could see her limpid, faintly anxious eyes roving here and there over Emmett's shoulder.

The music jingled on; couple after couple circled past; all the Hill was there; not one but had come in response to the summons from Mrs. Prothero. Madge appeared across the room; and the rings upon her strong, competent-fingered hand, pressed against Emmett's back, glittered and seemed to tell of her affluence and ease, of motors, of liveried servants, of soft food and drink, of all the creature comforts a full-blooded nature such as hers would crave.

At that I had fallen to thinking of her. There, radiant in the limelight, holding the stage's exact center, was the impecunious widow of a few brief years ago. Placing her meager beginnings in immediate contrast with her present position and riches, the thing seemed amazing. I was still

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thinking of her and of the singular phenomenon of her rise in the world, when Tony stepped through the French window and joined me.

Immediately I saw that he had been cutting capers round the punch bowl, though generally he was a careful man with his drinks. He was not in the least unsteady or fuddled, but he was over-emotionalized and in a state in which, as I presently reflected, he would be prone to discover drama where he had never discovered it before. Without a word he leaned against the railing beside me. Madge, with Phillip Hoyt, danced across our line of vision. To break the silence, and because I had been thinking of her, I observed to my cousin laughingly:

"Some girl, Tony—that wife of yours!"

He did not reply and I glanced at him. He was pulling at his mustache; but I could see that he was biting nervously at his lower lip, and his pleasant brown eyes, usually so wide, were so pinched and squinted that there were deep fanlike wrinkles at the corners.

"Some girl?" he presently returned, and a little huskily. "My dear Clifford, you haven't half—not a quarter—said it."

"I've no doubt of that, Tony, my boy," I agreed, still smiling.

There was another pause, and then Tony said in a tense confidential whisper:

"I tell you what, Cliff, you don't know—nobody knows—what all this means!" And he shook his head significantly.

"Certainly," I agreed heartily. "It's a big occasion—a fine house ——"

"Fine house!" caught up Tony contemptuously, and regarded me fixedly for an instant before he lifted himself to the rail and went on: "Cliff, this house—this crowd—this party—those ——" And he flung an arm off toward the lights of the town of Prothero and added: "They're nothing—nothing, I tell you—nothing!"

"Nothing?" I echoed in a tone to humor him.

"No; not a thing. They don't make this thing—this dance. It's something else—something else an awful sight bigger!"

"It is, eh? What?"

He did not answer me, but, breathing hard, gazed into the room before us. Somebody halted Madge to say good night, and that brought Tony to his duties of host. He hopped from the rail.

"See you later," he said abruptly, and went in.

I felt that a lot of farewell handshaking would be a bore; so when I perceived that the party was breaking up I decided to take myself out of the way and, going down the veranda and into the somber hallway, carpeted with skins, I found seclusion in Tony's library, a spacious, noiseless room tiered with books, the bindings of which glinted softly, and settled myself with a magazine. I was rather curious about Tony's unusual outburst, but suspected that very likely his mood would have passed by the time the last guests had gone.

For perhaps an hour I heard motors wheeling up the gravel roadway to the door and the shouts and laughter of good nights. Then Tony came down the hall. There was something almost businesslike in the manner in which he opened a small cabinet, took out cigars, propelled a chair over toward me, placed a small stand for an ash tray between us and sat down. I could see that he was still agitated and that he had probably restimulated himself since he had left me on the veranda.

"Cliff," he began between puffs, as he held up a match, steadily enough, to his cigar, "I've got to tell somebody about this thing—I've just got to do it!"

"Careful!" I cautioned.

"Oh, no!" he hastened to assure me. "No scandal—nothing like that; just something that's—that's wonderful!"

"Surely it is!" I laughed, still puzzled. "You've got a fortune and all you could possibly want. It's wonderful! You and Madge are the luckiest folks I know."

I had spoken with the most innocent intention, but that word "luckiest" set Tony off. It brought him out of the engulfing recesses of his chair. He was perched on the very edge of the upholstery as he said excitedly:

"Luckiest folks you know! Not by a good deal! I'm lucky—perhaps; but Madge ——" He paused, waggled a hand in negation, and then said quietly: "No, not Madge! She's not lucky."

At the absurdity of this I grinned. Tony read my mind.

"Clifford," he said impatiently, "you're a fool! Sparrows may be fed crumbs or manna, or whatever it was; but"—and he shook his cigar at me earnestly—"but not quarter-of-a-million-dollar houses, a thumping bank balance, and simply tons of prestige. No, sir! Things like that, old boy, simply don't happen by—luck!"

He uttered the word with scornful emphasis, and then, hitching his chair close to me, said tensely:

"Clifford, she planned this whole game!"

"Oh, impossible!" I cried, not taking him quite seriously.

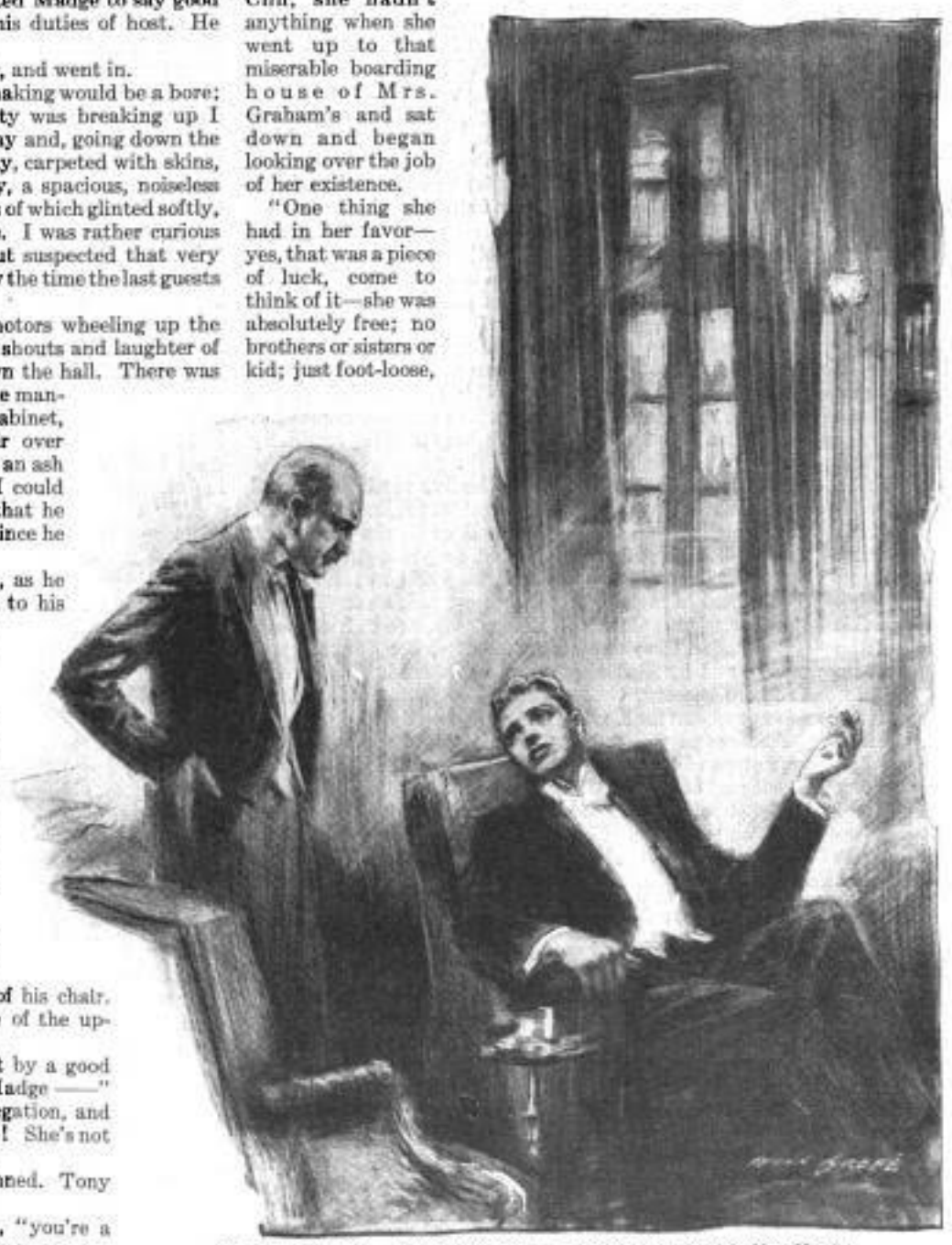
"No; not impossible," reiterated Tony firmly. "Fact! And do you know how she got all this?"

He glared at me for an instant. "By having a brain!" he told me and tapped his forehead. "A brain, I tell you, and scheming it all out—every last inch of the way; and by being cautious when she ought to have been cautious; by gambling all she had, and ever hoped to have, when she ought to have gambled; by following the principles of business, knowing where she was going and going there; by keeping her eye, night and day, on the main chance. That's how she got all this. Not luck! Let me ask you something: Is any success—any big success—ever really luck? Not much! Nobody wins haphazard"—and he added impressively—"not even Madge. Why, she's had just about as much luck as—as ——"

Tony was strong on similes. His eyes shot about, searching for a hint. Evidently he was unable to find any adequate comparison for Madge and her lack of luck, for he broke off abruptly, sat down and, passing a bewildered hand over his clean-looking bald spot, began telling me Madge's story—a strangely moralless tale, unless you are interested in humanity upon its everlasting business of getting what it wants.

"It's pretty close to eight years ago, now," he said, "since Madge got back to this town. Moulton had been dead about six months and she had wound up his affairs; and, financially speaking, pretty wretched affairs they were. He left her a little bit of property out there in the Northwest. I'll tell you more about that later; but the income from it was nothing—oh, tiny! Honestly, Cliff, she got off the train at Grantsburg with one trunk and a suitcase and so much less than a hundred dollars that I won't tell you what the amount was. It was shameful! Why, Cliff, she hadn't anything when she went up to that miserable boarding house of Mrs. Graham's and sat down and began looking over the job of her existence.

"One thing she had in her favor—yes, that was a piece of luck, come to think of it—she was absolutely free; no brothers or sisters or kid; just foot-loose, and with a chance to make her future as she chose. And the first decision she made was that she wasn't going to go at it blindly or in any hit-or-miss fashion. Of course that was good sense—the kind of good sense Madge has got more of than all the rest of us rolled into one.



"Is Any Success—Any Big Success—Ever Really Luck? Not Much! Nobody Wins Haphazard"

"It didn't take her long to decide. I guess she pretty well knew before then. She wanted to be somebody and have things—get a place in the sun. You see, she'd never had anything like that. But forget the psychology! She determined to dig out of penury and mediocrity—that's enough.

"Now Madge is like this: If she wants an apple she believes she won't be satisfied unless she has a barrel of them. A picture, say, takes her eye; and she gets the notion that she should start a gallery. If she's shy twenty-five dollars or something, it isn't twenty-five dollars she sets out after; it's a fortune. She's always raising ideas to the nth power. Maybe that's the essence of ambition; maybe you call it vision; I don't know. Anyhow, it's Madge!

"So—don't you see?—when she began to feel her poverty and her lack of friends and connections, and how terribly alone she was, she didn't say, 'I will scrape up an acquaintance with that dressmaker, Mrs. Smythe, across the hall'; or, 'The Friday dances at Liebel's Gardens are all right'; or, 'Come to think about it, I know a couple of traveling salesmen.' Not much, for Madge! She looked the whole game over and determined that she would lay her hands upon all the money and position there was in sight—simply get this town by the throat and make it yield up what she wanted. Extraordinary!

"Now before I am through you're going to wonder about a lot of things. You're going to wonder how I can admire such a person as Madge has confessed herself to be. You'll think I ought to resent a lot of things she's done; ought to resent, in fact, the whole idea of her and her accomplishment. Perhaps you'll call her an adventuress; maybe you'll say she's just a cheap climber; very likely you'll believe that no one could have done what she's done and have either delicacy or proper sensibilities. Anyhow, you're sure to be astonished that people haven't found her out and put an end long ago to her machinations. All those things and a lot of others will bother you; but never mind—let them go. People often take things from Madge because she's Madge; and for the same reason she often succeeds where others fail.

"Well, she had to make a beginning; and the way she began was to find out all there was to be found out about the Hill. Pretty soon she reached the conclusion that two people whose friendships would be most useful to her were Mabel Colfax and Norma Hoyt. Then she set about wondering how she could get in with either of them. Neither of them was aware that such a person as she existed; nor did she know anyone who knew them—fact is, she did not know anyone at all then.

"All of her kin were gone and Ridge Street was worse than useless. But she wasn't discouraged; and between Norma and Mabel, having to settle on one, she picked Mabel Colfax, because she figured that a woman who was as charitably inclined as she had learned Mrs. Colfax was would be more likely to take notice of a lonely widow than a hard-surfaced social person like Norma Hoyt. So there she was, with a total stranger of considerable eminence and wealth picked as the person who was to invite her to her house, introduce her to her friends, and more or less become her sponsor. Pretty stiff proposition, eh?

"Madge always proceeds upon a definite theory, and she made up her mind that the only way in the world by which she could hope to get any kind of foothold at all with Mabel would be by making herself somehow indispensable—fitting herself into Mabel's game in some fashion. Madge is great for that idea—the putting of things on the self-interest basis; doesn't trust anything else. And that's the thing she began to work on; but now the trick was to discover where Mabel needed someone like herself—Madge.

"No use of going into all the ins and outs, because all that was necessary was to be indefatigable; but after a while she got onto the Colfax Boys' Club. Now you probably don't recall, but back in those days the thing was in something of a mess. A lot of the folks who had made enthusiastic promises when the club had been started were getting tired of giving up an evening or so a week. Mabel couldn't bear to abandon the project—Madge got that fact from a salesgirl in a glove shop—and the result had been that poor Mabel herself

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was *down* there, in the rooms they had, about three nights a week, struggling with her precious boys.

"And it was in that situation when Madge saw her chance to be, first, useful, and then invaluable. So one evening she marched round to the clubrooms and found Mabel *tired* out and in a most receptive mood. She told Mrs. Colfax exactly who she was; that she had lots of leisure and would be glad to help. Mabel was delighted, of course; and then did Madge help? You should have seen her! Never mind just how she did it, but if there was any means of boosting that boys' club, and of making it a credit to Mabel, be sure Madge used it. Soon she'd doubled its membership, everyone was saying what a success it was, and Mabel had invited the lady to a Sunday-evening tea.

"That was Madge's first look in, and she made the most of it. She reckoned that her single, sole job then was to charm Mabel; and she praised her house and her children and her charities, and so on. It's a great precept with Madge: When in doubt, flatter! She says there is no plumb line long enough to plumb the fathoms of human gullibility when it comes to believing the pleasant things about oneself. And, by gracious, she's right! Anyhow, she flattered herself into other and then more invitations, and for some months that sort of thing ran along.

"But after a while she felt that she was not making enough headway. One or two other persons had been kind to her; but they treated her as a charity worker and as if they themselves were doing a kindness in inviting her. She needed something different from that—something more substantial; and so she still had her eye on Norma Hoyt. She wanted to get recognition from her; but, as you perfectly well know, Norma's not an easy proposition, and, looking over the Hoyts, with their millions and all, she couldn't find a crack into which she might squeeze herself.

"That, however, did not discourage her; and she had tucked away an idea that if she could only get hold of something Norma did not have and wanted—could create for herself some kind of exclusive asset that she could, as it were, sell to Norma—then she might succeed. Naturally the problem was, what? And all she could do was to keep her eyes open and wait and watch. Well, she did that, and finally saw her chance.

"Norma, you know, loves parties, and especially her own; and she'd rather lose a thousand dollars than not have one of them go off with a zip. Now all this was back at the time when this dancing fad was just beginning in the East and getting ready to sweep West. Madge saw it coming—everyone did, for that matter; but she also saw in it opportunity. She told herself that if, in some way, she could become the first person in this town to know the new steps, the first to be really a crack dancer, then she would have something the Hoyts would want and would more or less take her up to get.

"That, however, meant going East; and, what with her room and board, and keeping her pathetic wardrobe presentable enough for the Hill, she was pretty low in funds, even for her, and there wasn't a soul in the world from whom she could borrow. It was a question of finances, and nothing else, whether she could seize her opportunity; and she knew there was no time to lose.

"Now this shows you the kind of things people can think up and will do if they are only determined enough: She went to her landlady, Mrs. Graham, and, like the thoroughgoing business woman she is, went at her this way:

"'Mrs. Graham,' she said, 'I'm quite sure you know as well as I do, and maybe better, just what's in those trunks of mine.'

"Mrs. Graham conceded that she did.

"'Very good,' said Madge. 'Suppose some night I should walk out of here with the dress I've got on and a hand bag, owing you a good-sized bill, how much could you realize on my belongings?'

"The landlady calculated, say, fifty dollars.

"'All right,' said Madge. 'I want you to lend me fifty dollars. I'm going away for three weeks; I'll take nothing but a hand bag and the dress I have on. I'll pay you off by the week when I get back.'

"Well, the long and short of it is, she finally got the money. I've told you how she got it only as a little side light on Madge. She went to New York and, working ten hours a day, learned the steps up to the minute of her train-time, and was back here in Grantsburg with something to sell to Norma Hoyt in exchange for recognition. She did not tell anyone what she'd been up to, but merely that she'd had business—'business' is good!—in New York. The trick now was to put herself over; and she got her chance soon enough.

"One evening at Mrs. Colfax', where Madge was sitting inconspicuously by, they began trying steps, and were making monkeys of themselves, when Madge got up. After that it was all off.

"In a week she had been asked to the Hoyts'; in two she had the sensation of a big dance; in a month the Hill had accepted the only person in town who could initiate them into the new fad.

"Now there's no use in going into a lot of things that happened that winter and why they happened. Madge had some pretty severe struggles with proper clothes and money perplexities; but she managed somehow, and she felt that she had made an all-important advance toward her ambitions by getting among people of consequence who had money. The problem was to substantiate her position, to realize on her advantage, and to make her slender foothold count for something permanent; and that, in turn, involved, first, winning the liking of people—and then marriage, if she could pull it off.

"Her popularity came easily enough. All the women liked her because she flattered them and not their husbands, which was a novelty; and most of the men liked her because she was always bright, gay, amusing, danced wonderfully, and generally seemed a living denial that there were really any such things as troubles in the world. Madge says there's nothing a man hates like trouble. Also, she was no end obliging, and her boys'-club work had given her a reputation as a good-hearted soul.

"Oh, well—what's the use? You know Madge's exterior—carefree, vivacious, mundane; and it went with the Hill. She did succeed socially; made friends; got half the women on the Hill interested in her, with Mabel Colfax and Norma Hoyt, to both of whom she had made herself indispensable, as her main sponsors.

"Then it was a question of marriage; and many's the laugh we've had at how she went at it. Characteristically she reasoned out her steps before she took them. One astute conclusion she came to was that she must not try for anyone who would be considered too great a catch. The part of wisdom was to avoid all possibility of rousing hostilities and setting resentful tongues to wagging.

"Consequently she concluded that the plan for her was not to cast her wiles at a man of wealth and position, but to content herself merely with someone who definitely belonged to the Hill crowd. In that way she would cement her place among people with money; and then, being where money was, could later set about angling for some of it for the man she had landed. Well, that's how she came to pick me.

"My psychology, why I liked Madge, and all that, is not important. I did like her, and for much the same reasons, I suppose, that others did. I hadn't a suspicion of what was going on inside her busy brain. We grew to be friends. She used to tell me extremely agreeable things about myself that no one since the day I was born had ever told me—which tickled me. I liked her utter lack of pretense and her candor about her origin and her poverty. Then, too, she was so much that I was not—competent; deft; skillful about things generally. Any marriage, though, is a story in itself; and the great point is that I was fascinated.

"Yes, fascinated—that's the word—and quite prepared to forget Ridge Street and that old life-insurance pest, her father; but I didn't have any money; I didn't see how I could marry her, and I dallied along. Very likely I should be dallying along until this day if Madge hadn't taken hold. That is what she did—she proposed to me.



From the Veranda I Could See Her Limpid, Faintly Anxious Eyes Roving Here and There Over Emmett's Shoulder

"It was like this: One day she walked boldly into the little office I had then; an office was just the place for Madge to do a job like that. Sitting down, she told me she wanted to have a talk; that she believed we two could make a trade. I asked her what; and a zephyr would have blown me over when she replied:

"'You give me position and I'll give you brains!'

"Then she laughed and I laughed, and we went to discussing the idea of getting married. I said I was fond of her; she said she was fond of me—but not in love. Madge, like all out-and-out materialists, is very square. Think of the chances she took then by being completely frank! But, no matter; her idea was that we could make a team. She did not try to garnish over either her humble beginning or her meager circumstances then; without mincing words, she said she would like to belong to the Hill and, also, that she wanted wealth.

"As for me, she declared she thought I was a nice, cheerful, intelligent person, who did not even guess the first principles of manipulating the Universe, but that I'd be

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Grandpa Makes Him Sick

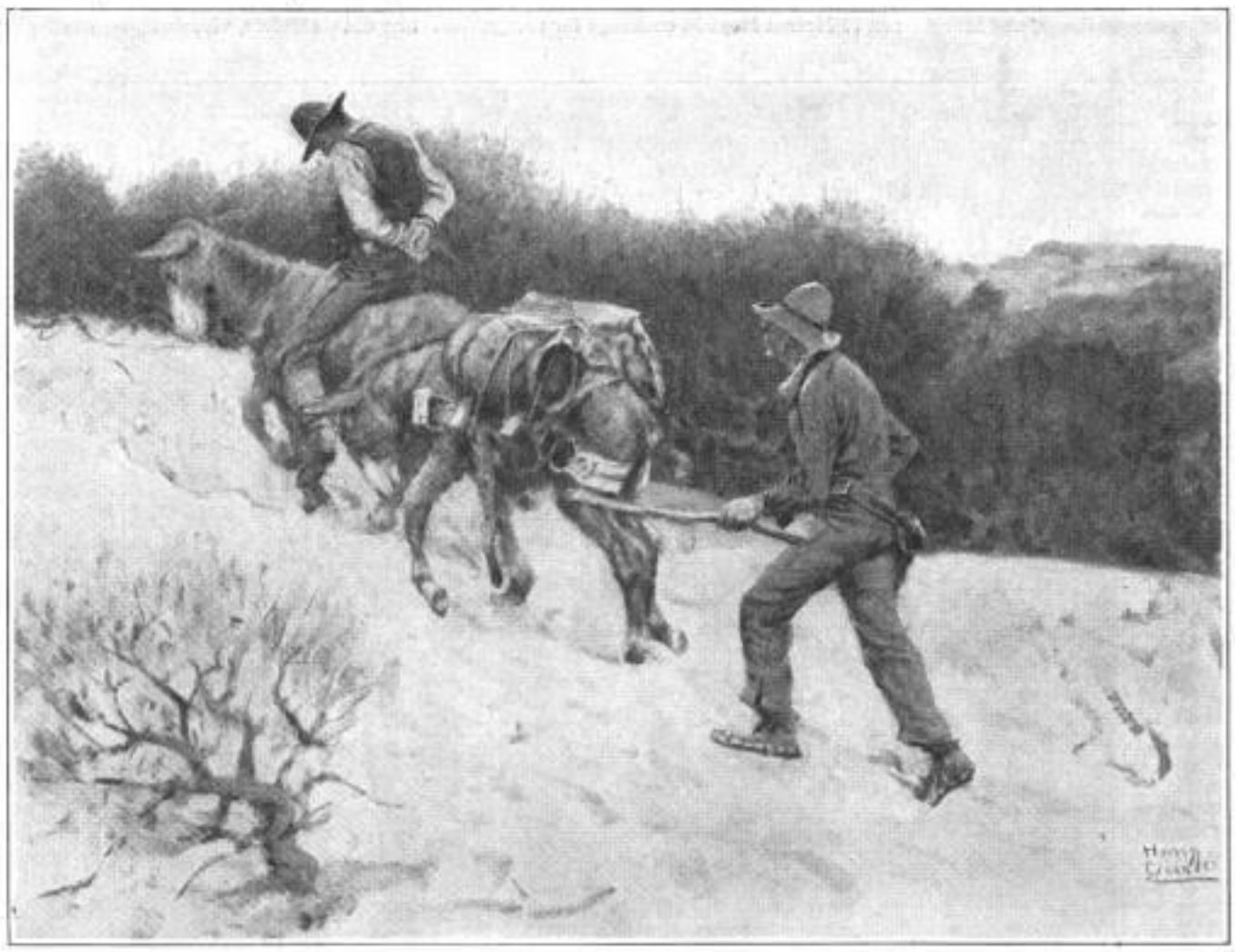
By LOWELL OTUS REESE

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

TO THE casual thought it would appear that a spree is a spree, and just as comfortably enjoyed in one town as in another; but not so.

The shriveled soul of Old Sim Yaples had felt moved to enter upon a spree in the county seat, and therefore the same celebration in Copper Sky would never do—not by any means. There was a vast difference. The potential ethics of the thing lay deep; but the large fact remained that the only place on earth where this particular whiz might be successfully carried to an ultimate triumph was the county seat.

Explain it? It can't be done. Here is a problem in dissolute psychology; but let it pass. 'As well try to solve the mystery of why does the rooster wake himself at two o'clock in the night merely to crow a few times. Why doesn't he sleep, and do all his crowing after the sun is up? The rooster himself could not tell why. Neither could Sim Yaples have explained his peculiar obsession.



Old Sim Padded Along in the Rear, Encouraging the Reluctant Beasts With a Club

I

IT WAS a long street, the main thoroughfare that traversed the length of the county seat; much longer than the main street of Copper Sky. A typical desert street; torn sand, liberally bestrewn with old tin cans and dirty scraps of sun-yellowed paper. On each side many, many swinging beer signs above the rickety board walks, and hitching racks all along the way.

Old Sim did not tarry when he left the train at the county seat. His moccasined feet padded impatiently up the board walks. He moved with the peculiar springing lope-walk of the trailer. One notices it in wild things, this curving ahead of the lean body, head thrust forward and the knees bending at every step. Straight over the toe the old man walked; heel-and-toe, the guit of the Eastern Indian.

Old Sim noted the many beer signs flapping idly in the wind, and to him they seemed glad bunting flung to the breeze to welcome his arrival. A warm glow of satisfaction filled him. He could do a large business here. He turned hopefully into the first resort, humming as he entered:

"He turned me down when I came to town,
This cross-eyed cus-to-mer;
He passed me by with his cold cross-eye—
And me an old-ti-mer!"

As he took up the initial glass he waved it cordially at the bartender, singing the chorus:

"O-o-o-h—
Bury me deep in the clay, boys!
Pity me if you can.
Write this down, when you come to town:
'Beware of a cross-eyed man'!"

Several hours later, still singing his weird cross-eyed song, Old Sim teetered into the Sandstorm Saloon, journeyed precariously up to the bar and called for a drink. Most conscientious he had been, for he had missed nothing on his way up from the station. The Sandstorm was only halfway uptown, but the old man was by no means discouraged. He was going strong and it was still many hours till morning. Sim took up his glass and waved it with an uncertain hand while he sang in a still more uncertain voice:

"I didn't think, when I begged a drink,
How chilly his cold blood ran;
My eyes are wet, for I can't forget
The face of that cross-eyed man."

Old Sim threw back his sunburned bald head and struck the chorus with a prolonged howl, like the unmusical effort of an ancient coyote stricken suddenly with a stomach ache:

"O-o-o-h—
Bury me deep in the clay, boys!
Pity me if you can ——"

The swinging door banged violently open and a large, red-faced man came hurriedly in.

"Where's Red Ochiltree?" he panted.

"I think he just stepped over to the Palmer House, sheriff," said the bartender. "He was here a minute ago. What's the matter?"

"Robbery! Some fellow sneaked into the railroad station an hour ago and got away with a lot of cash." Here Ochiltree came in. "Get your gun and a good horse, Red," said the sheriff, "and hunt up Old Sime Hodapp. I want him to help me trail a man."

Old Sim Yaples set down his glass with a bang.

"Let me go, sheriff!" he begged. "I know the desert and I'm besh trailer in the country; you know that ——"

The sheriff paid him no attention. Old Sim persisted. His entreaties still going unheeded, he caught the sheriff's arm in a beseeching grasp; and the officer lost all patience. Turning, he bent a discouraging glare upon the old man. The sheriff had a prominent cast in his eyes and it gave to his gaze a sinister quality that had made many a victim tremble. He did not like Sim Yaples, and he partook violently of the jealousy that existed between the county seat and its rapidly growing rival, Copper Sky.

"You're drunk, Grandpa!" he said roughly. "And then there are other trailers besides you. The sheriff of this county is capable of running down criminals without the help of the old men of Copper Sky."

Coarse approving laughter greeted his brutal remark and he swelled visibly. An election was due to occur in a few days and he dearly desired reëlection to his high office.

Old Sim, stricken dumb with the insult, looked at the blustering officer, and his bleary eyes filled gradually with tears.

"Bill Hogard," he gulped at last, "you're the sheriff of this county and I dassent fight you. But you lemme tell you shomeshing: I'm goin' to make you sick! I'm goin' to make you the biggest joke thish county ever laughed at! You think you'll be reëlected nex' week, don't you? You wait and see! I'm goin' make you sick!

"You've insulted the constable of Copper Sky! Remember the boys elected me constable of Copper Sky last votin' time? Course you do! Course they were 'most all drunk when they elected me, but they elected me and I've got my star and my cuffs. And you've insulted the city of Copper Sky!"

Sheriff Hogard turned impatiently to Ochiltree, who had just come in again.

"Put Grandpa in the calaboose!" he said. "He's drunk. Then hurry back. I'll be ready to ride as soon as I run across to the Palmer House and get my gun."

Old Sim went, weeping violently; but over his shoulder he spat back the essence of hot hatred through his tears.

"I'll make you sick!" were his last words; and then the crowd forgot him in the excitement over the robbery.

A few minutes later Sheriff Hogard and his deputy, Ochiltree, rode out of town, following a noted night trailer and leading an excited posse of eager citizens. Two days later the sheriff returned; but he brought no prisoner. However, he received from the station agent a scrawled note, which the robber had left behind him with bold insolence, and which had been overlooked in the first excitement. It read:

It breaks my heart to rob such quiet people. I hate to go and fuss up such a kind-hearted sheriff and make him ride away out on the nasty old desert and get all sweaty. It is a shame to wake up a town that is sleeping so sweetly! I hate to take this nice piece of chicken.

But business is business. JIMMIE THE WEASEL.

Had Hogard seen this message before starting forth upon the quest he would have proceeded with far greater circumspection. The Weasel was a famous desert criminal, noted for the audacity of his attack and the marvelously clever execution of his get-away. Hence the sobriquet of Weasel.

The sheriff raged when he read the insulting, ironical note; but he comforted himself with the reflection that nearly every other town on the desert had suffered from the Weasel's visitations and had found the best efforts at effecting a capture to meet with no success.

"Anyway," boasted Hogard, "he won't come back. He knows we will be watching for him after this."

He utterly failed to attach any significance to the writer's reference to the "piece of chicken."

Now the essential characteristics of the weasel are an absolute fearlessness and an unbelievable impudence. You find a chicken fluttering wildly out in the weeds, with a tiny weasel gripping it under the left wing. You set the dogs at the insignificant animal; and after an exciting chase, with a hundred narrow escapes from the snapping jaws, the weasel suddenly vanishes and the disappointed dogs give up the hunt. You regretfully assure yourself that the weasel is in the next township by this time, frightened out of his wits.

Just as you think this, the dying chicken at your feet emits another agonized squawk. Looking down—there is your weasel! Cocky, unafraid, he is curled about his victim again, his vicious little teeth tightly locked beneath the left wing.

II

SULLEN, sore in spirit and full of hopeless pessimism, back in Copper Sky, Old Sim Yaples sat upon a truck in the darkness of the railroad-station platform, chewing over the memory of black wrongs. All alone he sat. So sore

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was he that he even avoided the comfortable, luxurious lounging chairs in the palatial Directors' Room upstairs *in* Aunt Malindy Crow's Palace Hotel.

Inside the window the telegraph keys clattered incessantly. Down the track, past the ruby and green lights at the end of the switch, a line of telegraph poles disappeared into the night. Up the tracks stretched another line of disappearing telegraph poles. Overhead the myriad stars twinkled in the wonderful sky of a desert night. Away to the east a faint white glow appeared above the far-off Panamints, promising a moon.

Old Sim's mind saw nothing but the black wrongs aforesaid. Earnestly he sat and cursed Sheriff Hogard in his soul. His spree had been so full of promise; and Hogard had spoiled it just when it was getting good. Hogard had given him a whole night in the calaboose, merely because of resentment against being considered unfit for the trail.

"And he called me Grandpa!" Old Sim summed up. "Dang his old cross-eyed picture!" A long interval and then a muttered "But I'll make him sick!"

The telegraph operator stuck his head out of the window in great excitement. He had heard stirring news and was simply obliged to tell somebody.

"Say!" he cried. "What do you think! The Weasel just robbed the bank down at the county seat!"

Old Sim hopped down from his seat on the truck and padded up to the window.

"He came back again?" he asked. "And got away with it?"

"Sure!" grinned the railroad man. "The operator down there just told me. He got away with twelve hundred dollars this time. And he left another note for the sheriff; said something about having come back for another piece of chicken."

He broke off and went back to answer the wire. Presently he closed his key and turned again to the window.

"Hogard has just left with a posse," he said. "Somebody saw the Weasel as he was leaving the bank; so he didn't get a chance to work up his usual clean get-away. He knew he had been seen; so he stole a horse from the corral back of the Sandstorm Saloon and beat it out into the desert. That horse will leave a fine trail that anybody can follow. Hogard will get him—sure! And maybe that won't be a feather in the sheriff's cap! He'll be reëlected, and you can bet a million on it!"

Old Sim was silent for half a minute, thinking.

"Which way are they heading?" he asked at length.

"I'll ask," said the operator, going back to his key. A little later he returned. "Northeast," he reported.

Old Sim went slowly back to his truck and sat down again, still thinking. He cut off a large chew of tobacco and began working on it with his toothless gums.

"Northeast," he mused as he chewed slowly. "Squaw Rock Water Hole. Yes, sir; I'd bet my life he's making for Squaw Rock Water Hole." He continued in thought for several minutes and the conviction grew to absolute certainty in his mind. "No other water in that direction," he reasoned. "It must be Squaw Rock.

"Lemme see: . . . It's forty miles from the county seat to Squaw Rock—forty miles if it's a foot. . . . A good man could make it by ten o'clock to-morrow; and I reckon the Weasel must be a good man. . . . It's only about twenty miles from here to Squaw Rock, traveling straight and walking round a few little hells on the way. I wonder . . . I wonder if Grandpa could stand the strain of such a trip? Grandpa thinks he could!"

The old man slipped spryly from the truck and padded swiftly away toward his quarters in the Palace Hotel, a wicked grin upon his wizened face.

"Here's where Hogard meets up with one of the old men from Copper Sky!" he snickered. "Here's where I make him sick!"

Arrived at his room, Old Sim hastily buckled on the greasy belt of shells, from which dangled a shiny old revolver and an old-fashioned hunting knife. He made up a small, compact pack, which included such things as bacon and cold flapjacks. These things he treated indifferently; but a bottle of rich-looking liquor he bestowed tenderly and with loving care in a hip pocket. He remembered that he also had another hip pocket; so he rummaged for the first bottle's twin, found it, and honored the second hip pocket. Finally he filled two great canteens with water and carried the outfit downstairs and out to the corral, where he saddled his two tough old jackasses.

Before setting forth, he bethought himself of something he had forgotten. Going back to his room he hunted up a great star, with "Constable" stamped upon its shining face. He pinned it carefully upon the breast of his hunting shirt. Searching again he produced a pair of rusty handcuffs and put them in the bosom of his shirt. Then he slipped out into the cool white light of the rising moon.



The Sheriff Raged When He Read the Insulting, Ironical Note

III

SQUAW ROCK BUTTE was a low point of yellow rock, rising but a hundred feet above the surrounding desert. On the very summit of Squaw Rock, Old Sim Yaples lay, flattened behind a bowlder, like a particularly ugly old lizard basking in the sun. A sparse clump of brush grew in front of his face, and through it the old man's rheumy eyes gazed expectantly across a mile of comparatively open country; yellow-gray sand, spotted with scattering greasewood. Beyond this open country the landscape closed up suddenly and became a forest of higher greasewood and still higher yucca trees. The effect at that distance was to make the forest appear like a vast orange grove, with low palmettos growing among the orange trees. It was the fringe of this desert forest that the old man watched.

The rock was becoming uncomfortably hot; still the watcher stuck. At the foot of the butte, and almost directly beneath him, lay the water hole, with considerable brush and desert grass growing among the bowlders about it. Old Sim turned a faded eye downward for a moment, assured himself that nothing had disturbed the tranquillity of the spot, and then returned his gaze to the fringe of forest beyond the open country.

A black speck emerged from the gray-green fringe and began crossing the open ground. At that distance the black speck looked much like an ant. Old Sim's body stiffened.

"Called the turn!" he exulted. "I said he'd come by Squaw Rock—and he's doing it. I figured he'd get here about ten o'clock—and yonder he comes!"

He started worming his way backward along the ground. Once back and out of sight behind the slope of the butte, he sneaked down to the floor of the desert and around among the brush by the water hole, where he hid behind a rock.

Noiselessly as a fox the Weasel entered the brush and approached the water hole. His small nervous eyes watched all directions, but more from force of habit than from any fear of lurking danger. He had been here often. It was a favorite resort of his, for it was the only water within fifty miles, not considering the water at the towns along the line of the railroad. Never had he seen a man's track here; he almost fancied that he alone knew of the existence of the water hole.

He knew there were enemies back on his trail, for he had ridden recklessly, leaving a trail from the county seat to the Chimneys, where he had dismounted and abandoned his stolen horse. A man on foot could do better across the Chimneys than one hampered by a horse. He was safe. The sheriff and his posse would lose the trail at the Chimneys. It would take much time to pick it up again.

He would just take a drink and eat a light lunch here, after which he would fix his feet mysteriously and fade into the desert, leaving no sign. He grinned—a snarling, animal grin—as he pictured the sheriff's discomfiture, and extended himself upon the ground with his lips to the water.

"Don't move!"

A convulsive jerk shook the man's body. Then he was still. He kept his face close to the water, for he noted in the cracked voice the subtle quality which belongs to the man who long has known the soul of the trigger.

"Keep your head down. I got you covered, you know!" went on the voice. "Put your hands up behind your back."

The Weasel obeyed. Behind him there was a faint scramble, a low swish of parted brush. He listened closely, waiting for some sound that would indicate weakness; an instant's lapse and he would —— Even as he waited, tense, dangerous, wicked as a hot rattlesnake, he grinned again that vulpine grin, thinking what an excellent joke on the sheriff it would be to leave a dead man here to meet him upon his arrival! . . . Still, no sound.

Click-click! And the Weasel came to his feet like a flying clock spring, his teeth bared, his body crouched back against the brush like a trapped wildcat's, his small eyes crazy with rage and fear. Never before had his wrists felt the cuffs. Old Sim soothed him as one soothes an unbroken broncho.

"Steady, now!" he urged. "I don't want to shoot you all up! Lie down again—just for a minute. *Lie down!*"

The command met the Weasel's impulse like the pop of a whip. The Weasel abandoned his spring and sank back against the trunk of a yucca tree, his eyes upon the unwavering muzzle of the shiny big revolver. The old man quickly unwound from his own body a long *riata* of tough rawhide and bound his captive's legs securely. He then sat down upon the sand, with his back against a rock opposite the prisoner, and cut off a generous chew of tobacco.

The storm broke. The Weasel raved like a madman. Every insult, every epithet that was vile he flung at his captor. Through it all the old man sat calmly chewing his tobacco and regarding his prisoner with large toleration.

"I know just how you feel," he said sympathetically when, at last, the Weasel lay back against the tree exhausted, with his lean body heaving and the white froth flecking his lips. "I'd say the same things if I was in your place; in fact, I might think of a few remarks that you overlooked." The old man took a bottle from his hip pocket and treated himself to a long drink. "So you can't hurt my feelings none. Just go right ahead. I'm going to wait right here till the middle of the afternoon; so you'll have plenty of time to get through nice and comfortable."

For a long time he sat, chewing his tobacco peacefully, imperturbably, and gradually the Weasel's unreasoning fury died and the habitual animal cunning took its place. Again he began watching for a sign of weakness.

"Are you a deputy of Hogard's?" he asked finally.

The wizened face darkened.

"No!" said Old Sim shortly. "I'd rather be deputy to a yellow houn' dog."



At Last the Figure Ventured Nervously Into the Patch of Moonlight and Knelt by the Rock, Digging Swiftly in the Sand

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Another long, appraising silence, during which Old Sim drank many times; then:

"There's twelve hundred dollars in my clothes, old-timer. . . . If you'd just take it and go away for a few minutes, and forget the key to the handcuffs—sort of leave the key on that rock you're leaning against ——"

Old Sim opened his mouth in a toothless cackle.

"Twelve hunnerd dollarsh!" he said. "Why, son, I got a million already! What I want wizh more? Ever hear of the Red Hill Mine? Well, I'm one of the owners. Fact! I got so much money that I don't have hardly any fun any more."

Another long drink. Old Sim began to weep, silently and drearily.

"Thish li'l' party of ours is firs' good time I've had since I got rich!" he said. "Always gozzer be on hand to collect my dividends. Want to go prospectin'; can't. Gozzer stick round and attend a directors' meeting. Want to get drunk. Can't even do that wizout picking a day that ain't taken up wizh a conference wizh Superintendent Jimmie Brawley. All the time got to be lookin' after my money. It's hell to be rich! Son, don't you ever get rich!"

"I won't," the Weasel assured him earnestly.

"Have a drink!" The old man presented his bottle to the Weasel's mouth and the captive drank with manifest appreciation. "Have anuzzer!" And again the Weasel toasted the beauties of poverty and drank confusion to great riches.

And so they sat, amicably talking and drinking, far into the day. The sun rose straight overhead, and still they sat on, Old Sim calm and peaceful, the Weasel watching for the psychological moment of weakness, which never came.

"Don't you ever get drunk?" he burst forth at last.

"Who—me?" grinned the old trailer. "Sure! But not at a quiet li'l' party like thish. Why, son, I'm not anyways near it now; jush a li'l' bit ripe round the edges—thash all. When I'm drunk you'll know it—if you're anyways near the spot and listen good!"

Old Sim put the bottle away and in doing so struck his hand against a packet. He drew it forth and looked at it.

"Well, look at thish!" he said. "I put her in my pocket the other day when I went down to the county seat. I meant to spend it all, having a good time. Then thish Bill Hogard stuck me in the calaboose, and I hadn't spent hardly any of it!" His face darkened again. "But I'll make him sick!"

Slowly Old Sim turned out the contents of the packet. Gold coin, and paper of large denominations, it rolled upon the sand before the Weasel's astonished eyes.

"I thought you were talking to your whisky, old-timer," he said, "when you said you were rich. I see you didn't dream it. How much of it is there?"

Old Sim counted.

"Fifteen hundred dollars," he said bitterly. "I started in wizh a couple thousand and was having a fine time; but, before I got loose from more than five hundred dollars, this dang sheriff pried me loose from my fun; and it made me so mad that I plumb forgot about thish li'l' wad until thish minute."

The Weasel swallowed hard and then drew a long sigh.

About one o'clock Old Sim unbound the Weasel's legs and drove him over to where the burros were hidden. An hour later, having returned to the water hole for lunch and fresh water, they were journeying back on the Weasel's trail. The prisoner rode ahead, his hands still manacled; and for greater security the rawhide rope was fixed about his body and attached to the saddle horn. Behind followed the pack donkey, Old Sim padding along in the rear, encouraging the reluctant beasts with a club.

"You don't want money," said the Weasel after they had traveled in silence for several miles, "and you hate the sheriff. I never harmed you; then why are you so determined to take me back and collect the little reward that will be up for my capture?"

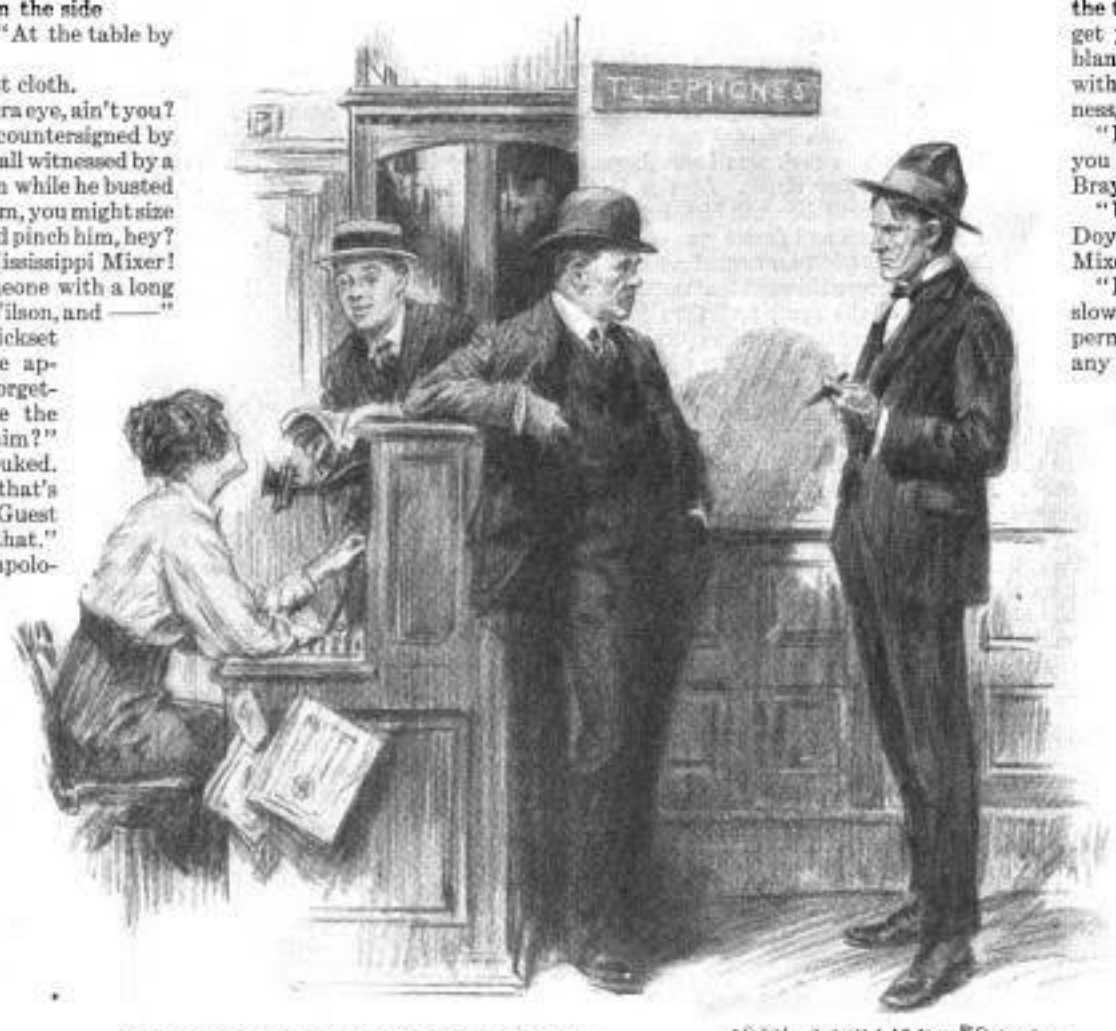
"Want to make the sheriff sick!" said Old Sim readily. "You wait and see! Know why I rested so long at the water hole? Wanted to give the sheriff time to break his heart crossing the Chimneys! He'll try to ride across—and the Chimneys are plumb hell on a horse. Then he'll

(Continued on Page 70)

The Scent of Apple Blossoms

By Arthur Somers Roche

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



"Have You Got Any Money You Can Afford to Throw Away? If You Have, Go Right Back to Your Little Pal and Begin Throwing It"

THE short, thickset man with the mild brown eyes that were contradicted by the round, scrappy jaw walked over to the bar. He ordered ginger ale, and under cover of the operation spoke from the side of his mouth to the bartender: "At the table by the cigar stand, Jerry?"

Jerry wiped the bar with a moist cloth.

"Gee, Doyle, but you got a camera eye, ain't you? If a murderer give you his photo countersigned by the commissioner, and a confession all witnessed by a notary, and then took you with him while he busted somebody wide open and frisked him, you might size him up as a guy that was wanted and pinch him, hey? Why, that's Russell Bray, the Mississippi Mixer! You want to look out, Doyle. Someone with a long beard will tell you he's Woodrow Wilson, and ——"

"Nice stuff, Jerry," said the thickset man wearily. "Just imagine me applauding, will you? Now then, forgetting that I gave Bray a tumble the minute I saw him—the guy with him?"

"Oh!" Jerry was properly rebuked. "Name is Ordway. Leastwise that's the moniker Bray gave him. Guest here, I think. You'd oughta know that."

"I've been away for a week," apologized Doyle. He drank his ginger ale and walked from the bar to the hotel office. There at the desk he looked over the register, running down the pages with a stubby thumb. Among the arrivals of the day before yesterday he found the entry, "Samuel S. Ordway, Freeport, Miss."

"Mississippi, eh?" Doyle said softly.

He nodded to the room clerk.

"This Ordway here?" He indicated, still with his thumb, the name of the man at present consorting in the bar with the Mississippi Mixer.

The room clerk smiled condescendingly.

"Vacations rest the brain so; don't they, Doyle?" he jeered. "They send you back to work so full of pep and snap, make you alive to the job, and—why that guy Ordway is a millionaire. Farm implements from Mississippi. Bradstreet says that he's Triple A—one with several pennies in the bank. Take a look at him, Doyle. He doesn't look like a short-change artist, honest he doesn't."

"When do you and Jerry put on your act?" asked Doyle kindly. "Your rehearsals go big with me, feller. They certainly do."

"Huh?" But the room clerk's exclamation hit Doyle between his burly shoulders and no answer rebounded. The room clerk returned to the fascinating occupation of placing a meticulous polish upon his finger nails.

Doyle beckoned to a bell boy.

"Page Mr. Samuel S. Ordway. You'll find him in the bar. Tell him that he's wanted at the telephone."

"Yes, sir." And the boy departed on the errand.

Doyle lounged over to the telephone booths and waited. In a moment Ordway appeared in the door of the bar. Doyle had a good chance to size him up as he hurried across the lobby.

Broad-shouldered, dressed in a suit made of expensive cloth but patently not made to measure, a black felt hat, rather wide-brimmed, set quite far back on curly red hair above a face that had been burned copper by the sun, Ordway was hardly the proper companion for the Mississippi Mixer; at any rate, not from the standpoint of Doyle.

"Telephone for me, miss?" asked Ordway of the girl at the switchboard.

Doyle touched the man on the shoulder.

"Excuse me, Mr. Ordway," he said, "but the telephone was just a stall. An excuse to get you out here," he added at Ordway's blank expression. "I noticed you in the bar with one of the cleverest con men in the business, and ——"

"Eh?" Ordway's face hardened. "Are you alludin', seh, to my friend, Mr. Russell Bray?"

"Uh-huh. That's the very man," smiled Doyle. "Better known as the Mississippi Mixer, high-class crook."

"I don't know you, seh," said Ordway slowly, "and if I did know you I would not permit such remarks about my friend, about any friend ——"

"Sure. I've been to see these Southern shows, and I always admire the boys in the restaurants that get up and holler when the band plays Dixie. I like this chivalry stuff. I can't use none of it in my business, but I always enjoy seeing it just the same, Mr. Ordway. As a Southern gentleman you want to pick out my two front teeth and send them to the ash can; but as a business man, Mr. Ordway—I'm talking to you as a business man. Have you got any money you can afford to throw away? If you have, go right back to your little pal and begin throwing it. If you haven't ——" He shrugged his shoulders.

"Why—uh—Mr. Bray is—he was a boyhood friend—I haven't seen him before this week in ten years or more—and ——"

"How much has he asked for?" demanded Doyle. "Or has he got it already?" he added, noting the other's sudden flush.

"Why—uh—no, seh. He—uh—called yesterday, having seen my name in the hotel arrivals in the newspapers, seh, and he—uh—took me round town last night as his—uh—guest, seh. This mornin'—just now, seh—he was givin' me the details of a most remarkably promisin' proposition that ——"

"Knows a friend in a telegraph office that will hold back racing returns, or did it have to do with an option on a mine in Cobalt?" asked Doyle.

"Cobalt," said Ordway. He grinned sheepishly.

"And you were just going to make out the check, eh?"

"Well—uh—Russ Bray and I were boyhood friends, seh, and —— If he's become a crook, why is he permitted in this hotel? You're a detective, ain't you?"

"House detective," said Doyle. "I can't arrest him. No one's ever been able to arrest the Mississippi Mixer.

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No evidence against him. We just know that his friends always lose money through him. Inside the law always, but that don't put the money back in his friends' banks, does it? Oh, no. I can't even warn him out of here. He'd have a fine suit for damages against the hotel if I did. But I can warn his friends. That's all I can do. If they want to go ahead—that's their business, not the hotel's. But if you must be trimmed, would you mind going across the street to another place? I hate to sit by and watch it done, you know."

He eyed Ordway dispassionately.

"Suit yourself, of course; only suppose you say to him that Colonel Fallon called you up, and just watch the way he takes that."

"Who is Colonel Fallon?" asked Ordway.

"Oh, just a man who went bankrupt because of Bray. Your friend is a charming feller, you know. Great mixer. Go try it."

"I will," said Ordway.

He walked back to the bar and sat down at the table with Bray. Somehow Bray didn't seem the same as he had seemed a few minutes ago. Ordway saw his companion now, not through the haze of memory, but clearly. Bray's eyes were shifty; his mouth was mean and hard.

"Business?" asked Bray.

Ordway nodded.

"A man named Fallon called me up—Colonel Fallon, he called himself. Wanted to meet me right away—some new invention. I told him that I was sorry, but that I was engaged with a boyhood friend from my own home town."

"Did you tell him my name?" asked Bray harshly.

The Mississippi Mixer's face was white. Ordway shook his head gently.

"You must have treated him mighty shabby, Russ."

"Eh? He's a liar! He's a squealer! He's ——"

Ordway pushed back his chair.

"I'm sorry, Russ, but I don't think we can do any business together. I'm mighty sorry, Russ—for you."

He looked a full minute into the eyes of his boyhood chum. Bray wet his lips with his tongue. He tried to speak, but he could not. A film gathered before his eyes. He saw himself fifteen years ago, a half-grown boy; he smelled apple blossoms. . . . He gulped his drink, put down the glass and rose to his feet. Ordway had left the room; evidently he had paid the check. Bray seemed to feel contempt in the averted eyes of the bartender, in the impersonal glance of the cashier.

It was not until after his third drink in a shabby Sixth Avenue saloon that his mood changed from self-contempt to self-pity. Didn't he have the devil's own luck, though? Here was Sam Ordway, rich, respected, married happily, and with a couple of dandy kids, whose pictures, with that of their mother, he carried round with him in his pocketbook. And Sam Ordway wasn't particularly clever either. Clever? Why, but for the unhappy whim of chance, Bray would have hooked him for ten thousand. Ordway had just about promised to go into the deal that Bray had proposed when that cursed telephone call had come for him. Clever? Ordway was lucky, that was all.

A dull lucky boob, and look what he had! And here was Russell Bray, with all kinds of brains, and look what he had! About four dollars if he counted the silver in his pocket. Surely he had done nothing so wicked that he should deserve such treatment at the hands of Fate. If he'd been a little cleverer than certain men and they'd got sore at him, that hadn't been his fault; that had been their fault for being stupid. He'd always kept inside the law, hadn't he? Not a bull in the town had anything on him. He was just as straight as any of these big millionaires, only he didn't have their luck.

He had a couple more drinks; his mood changed again; his lips seemed to grow thinner, harsher, and his eyes were uglier. It was Doyle, that big-footed, fat-witted house detective! He had noticed Doyle at the bar, but he had thought that Doyle hadn't observed him. It was Doyle who had tipped Ordway off! Well, *damn* Doyle!

But what sort of man was Sam Ordway to let a house detective steal an old pal's character away in this fashion? A fine friend Ordway was! One word from a stranger and he believed the worst. How'd Ordway like it if some stranger said something about him to a good friend of his? Supposing someone came along and filled the ears of that wife of Ordway's with a tale of her husband's doings in New York? What sort of wife would Ordway think her if she turned against him in an instant? By George, he wished that Ordway could go through just such an experience, the scented, sainted prig! Then Ordway would know what it was to have your good name stolen in a sentence, and ——

He ordered another drink and consumed it slowly. He didn't know Ordway's wife, and writing letters was bad business. And, anyway, Ordway was on a quick trip and would be returning to-night to Mississippi and would get there as soon as a letter, and could persuade his wife that the letter was untrue, no matter what Bray might put in it.

But if, while Ordway was still away, his wife got a tip that her husband wasn't exactly the nice church deacon that she probably thought he was . . . it would serve Ordway exactly right—the disloyal, squealing, close-fisted pup. And a telegram . . . it was not until after three more drinks had been brought to his sloppy table that Bray finally composed the telegram. Painfully, for he was quite drunk by this time, he wrote it out on a sheet of paper obligingly furnished by the bartender. It read:

"SAMUEL S. ORDWAY,
"Freeport, Miss. Have moved to —— East Manville Street. Please come. Love.
"YSOBELLE LA CLAIR."

That signature was the final artistic touch, he felt. Any girl with that sort of name, Mrs. Ordway would think, would be bound to be exactly the sort of girl that would be sending fond telegrams to a married man.



"Excuse Me, Sir, But I'm Getting Married"

The Mississippi Mixer was very, very careful in everything that he wrote; he looked far ahead. If Mrs. Ordway came hurriedly to New York and, finding that she had been duped, started an investigation, it was not at all likely that Bray would have invited the attentions of the police. It probably was against the law to sign another person's name to a telegram, but surely there was no law forbidding one to sign a fictitious name. And, besides, who was going to know that Russell Bray had had anything to do with it? He dismissed his fears as silly.

"Ring for a messenger," he ordered the complaisant bartender. And while he awaited the boy's arrival he amused himself by picturing Mrs. Sam Ordway's horror when the telegram—it was clever, addressing it to her husband and not to her—arrived. Trust a woman to open a telegram too. He could just imagine Ordway's stammering denials of acquaintance with anyone named Ysobelle. Oh, it was very hot stuff. He wished that he could afford a nice long wire. But it was enough. It would do.

The messenger noted the bartender's pointing finger and came over to Bray's table. He read the message.

"Freeport, Mississippi, hey? I don't know how much it is."

"Well, I do," said Bray. "Sixty cents, and sixty cents is exactly what you get from me."

He counted out the exact amount and gave it to the boy. The messenger sneered at him, but Bray merely leered drunkenly, and the boy left. The Mississippi Mixer was asleep, head in arms and arms on the table, before the boy had reached the sidewalk.

Outside the youngster jingled the coins that were to pay for the message. He was a typical New York messenger boy, and to say that is equivalent to saying that he knew but one sin—piking. To be a piker, to be tight with one's money, was to stamp one as being unworthy of all consideration. The piker was fair game for anyone. And a person who failed to present a tip to a hard-working youth, when the high cost of cigarettes was more appalling each day, was a piker to the nth degree. As a matter of fact, not only was it the correct thing to trim a piker, but it was absolutely incorrect not to do so.

The boy stopped and considered the matter. Freeport, Mississippi, but written "Freeport, *Miss.*" Now there was, as he happened to know, another Freeport, situated in Massachusetts. The abbreviation of Massachusetts is "Mass." The rate to Massachusetts for a ten-word telegram is thirty cents. The sender of the message was a piker; thirty cents from sixty cents leaves thirty cents; appropriate sum for a piker, in the argot of the street, amounts to but thirty cents. The messenger boy drew out a pencil; he lifted one knee; on that knee he rested his black imitation-leather book that was the repository of Bray's message. The least little mark of his pencil and the deed was done—Miss. had become Mass., and the messenger boy was enriched by three dimes. The drunk back in the saloon would forget all about the wire when he got over his little party; and besides, the message looked kinda phony anyway; and he hadn't come through with a tip like he oughta. Even juvenile Mixers find justification in odd corners, as do their elders who have passed beyond the embryonic stage.

When the summer people began to flock to Freeport, Massachusetts, the telegraph company decided to put in an office. They rented a corner of Lon Haslett's drug store; and Lon, being New England born and bred, began to study the code. The second winter following the installation, the company, being offered the services of a fairly competent operator for seven dollars a week, did not discontinue the wire when the summer people had gone, but continued it, with Lon Haslett as operator. It was good business for both sides, as the drug business was slack in the winter anyway, and a dollar a day for monkeying round a funny little key wasn't to be sneezed at. And it was a fine thing for the town, for elections and sporting events were promptly reported. Lon's drug store was more than ever the lounging place of the cream of Freeport's sporting population.

So it was that Lon had a large and appreciative audience on the afternoon in late May when the message addressed to Samuel S. Ordway came through.

Lon wrote it out painstakingly; he read it aloud; then he passed it round, that every individual present might have the pleasure of reading as well as hearing.

"Gointer deliver it now, Lon?" asked Leon Berryman.

"Deliver it? There ain't no Sam'l S. Ordway in Freeport," replied the druggist-telegrapher.

Leon Berryman winked almost audibly.

"I ain't sayin' there is, am I?" he retorted. "But there's an Ordway here, and it looks to me like that message is meant for him. Ain't Gar Ordway just the sort of person that would be getting telegrams from ladies named Ysobelle La Clair?"

Leon took rank from that day as the town's foremost humorist.

"Garfield Ordway!" gasped Lon Haslett.

"Fatty Ordway!" cried the others.

Ten minutes later, leaving behind him a scene of innocent mirth and revelry, young Hen Sawyer entered the dry-goods store of Garfield Ordway.

"Telegram for you, Gar," he said.

Ordway wiped his hands, that were always nervously moist, on a handkerchief. Gingerly he took the yellow envelope, addressed not to Samuel S. Ordway but to Garfield Ordway. He opened it; he read it; his jaw dropped.

"Any answer?" queried young Hen.

"N-no," stammered the amazed Garfield.

"Aincha goin' to see the lovely Y-so-belle?" asked the well-coached Hen, his mouth agrin.

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And now, of course, Gar Ordway knew that he was the victim of a practical joke. Hen Sawyer dodged under the yardstick wielded by the stout arm of the irate merchant, and beat a hasty retreat to the drug store.

But the beauty of the practical joke is that it is very often immaterial that the victim doesn't bite. The fact that he has been selected as victim makes him a butt. So when Gar Ordway passed the drug store, after closing his shop that afternoon, three husky Freeport citizens dragged him inside, slapped him on the back, uttered many loud course jests, and insisted that Ordway stand treat to the cigars.

Ordway knew the customs of his own home town. He bought the cigars, tried not to blush too vividly at the suggestions uttered by Leon Berryman and the others, and finally broke away. If the boys wanted to have their fun, why, all right, let them have it; he didn't mind. But at home, in his little comfortable house, after he had cooked his own supper and eaten it, and washed the dishes and tidied-up, he looked at the telegram again. Then he went and looked at himself in the mirror.

Gosh, he wished that some real Y-so-belle—he pronounced it painfully and blushingly—would wire him her love and ask him to come. But nobody with a face and figure like his could expect anything like that to happen. He studied himself carefully: where he wasn't bald he was slightly gray; his face was round and much too fat, and the pores of his skin were visible to the casual eye. His neck was very short, and he couldn't possibly encompass it with a collar more than an inch high. And his stomach bulged roundly; and his legs were short, and—oh, gosh!

He tried to read the Freeport Daily News, but ever and again his eyes wandered to the yellow paper on which was printed the jesting message. Y-so-belle La Clair! Sounded kinda Frenchy, and—and—well, interesting. And the address, —— East Manville Street. He'd never been to New York, but he had always thought that all the streets were numbered there. It would be kinda interesting to know —— There was a Guide to New York that some summer person had left in his store last year that he'd brought home —— Yes, there was an East Manville Street, all right. It was in the district south of Washington Square, where there was that fine arch that he'd always wanted to see. . . .

Of course it was a joke, but —— Suddenly he went to the telephone and called up Lon Haslett.

"This is Gar, Lon," he said. "About the telegram I got to-day. Ha-ha! . . . Yes, it was on me, all right. . . . But what I wanted to know was how you fellers knew that there was such a street as that?"

He listened patiently while Lon Haslett cried to the ever-present loungers that Gar Ordway was still interested in Miss La Clair. He returned jocose answers as each of the loungers in turn hurled some ribald jest through the telephone. And finally Lon explained the foundation for the joke.

"It was addressed to Samuel S. Ordway. Some mistake, Gar, so we was just kiddin' you. Changed the name to yours, you know. Ain't got any Cousin Sam that it might have been meant for, have you?"

"Wish I had; I'd steal his girl," said Gar.

He hung up the receiver, amazed at his own answer. What was the matter with him? Whence came this sudden daring—even though verbal only—of his? Would he have tried to steal a nonexistent Cousin Sam's girl? Would he? He wiped perspiration from his forehead; he felt suddenly overcome by the heat of the room, although it was not very warm for May. He walked to the window; he opened it. He owned a small orchard, and the apple trees were just beginning to blossom. The night wind brought their scent fragrantly to his nostrils. His soul expanded; he felt bigger than he had ever felt in his life; his fat seemed to slough away from him; he saw the dull routine of his life as it had been ever since, on his father's death, he had bought the dry-goods store from Eben Blaisdell. He'd never been to New York; he'd only been to Boston on buying trips. He'd never had a girl; he'd always been fat and dull. Of course this telegram wasn't meant for him; wasn't meant even for anyone in Freeport; if he should call on this Y-so-belle La Clair she'd probably think he was crazy, but —— Supposin' the man she really sent her invitation and her love to never heard from her at all? Supposin' she was a nice young girl mournin' for her lover or somethin'? Hadn't she oughta be told about the mistake in the wire, and—and —— A breeze, a little stronger, blew across the orchard and came to him in the window. Apple blossoms! Springtime! Youth! Forty wasn't so terrible old, and —— If a man hustled he could catch the ten-twenty from Yarmouth Center to Boston. He could get to Boston a little after one, spend the rest of the night there and catch a mornin' train to New York. A-course it was crazy, and the girl didn't know him and hadn't sent for him, but —— If a man hadn't ever done anythin' out of the ordinary by the time he was forty, he'd better do it then or he never would.

Gar Ordway caught the ten-twenty to Boston. He arrived in New York at four o'clock. He could have ridden on an earlier train, but a man going to New York had oughta spruce up a little. A wholesale dry-goods house in Boston had cashed a check for him, and a haberdashery and clothing store had outfitted him. It was a Gar Ordway much different from the man that Freeport knew who walked through the Grand Central Station and inquired of a policeman the way to East Manville Street. His shirt was soft and silken; his tie was rich; his suit, though a Fifth Avenue tailor might have carped, was at least well pressed and of good material. He even carried a light stick. Altogether he felt that he was quite impressive and not entirely without justification. He was no slim dandy, but he looked prosperous, and the policeman recognized this and explained the best route in detail.

"But a taxi is the best way for a stranger," he added.

And Gar Ordway, for the first time in his life, rode in a taxicab, resolutely refusing to look at the mounting meter. He did not know how lucky had been his choice of locomotion; how the waiting taxi impressed the slattern servant at —— East Manville Street to the point of summoning her mistress; how it impressed her mistress—on finding that the visitor did not desire a room but merely wanted to know the whereabouts of a mythical Ysobelle La Clair—to the point of inviting him in to drink a cup of tea.

Well, Ordway might just as well, he supposed. Lon Haslett had been a liar. The boys had just guessed at the fact that there was an East Manville Street in New York; there'd never been any telegram at all. And he might just as well drink a cup of tea. He dismissed the taxi and entered the drab parlor.

"And you say you got a telegram from this Miss La Clair saying that she'd moved to this address?" asked the landlady.

Ordway blushed.

"Well, ma'am, it wasn't exactly for me, but ——" And because he disliked lying, and the landlady seemed a comfortable old soul, he told her the whole story. "I guess I musta been just crazy," he said as he finished. "I dunno what I'd said to the lady if I'd found her, anyway."

"I bet she'd found plenty to say to you," said the landlady flatteringly. She eyed her visitor. "So you come from Freeport? I had a lady with me quite recent that come from there. Leastwise she said once that was her home town. Name of Westcott. Martha Westcott. Ever know her?"

Did Gar Ordway know her? Why, he could remember when they had gone to school together. He could remember her yellow hair.

"It ain't yellow any more," said the landlady. "It's pretty gray. Had pretty hard luck, I guess."

"But I thought she'd done mighty well. Was secretary to a rich man ——"

"Uh-huh. But he failed, and she didn't get another job. She's round forty, I guess, and it ain't so easy then. She was a nice woman, too, and I hated to see her go."

A chill gripped Gar Ordway's heart. He'd never known Martha Westcott very well; Martha had left Freeport when she was twenty—right after she'd graduated from high school; her folks had all died. But she was from his own home town, and a woman, and ——

"Why did she have to go?" he asked.

"Because she was too proud to stay when she couldn't pay her board," was the reply.

"Where'd she go?" demanded Ordway hoarsely.

"I dunno. She called for her mail for a few days, and then she didn't come round again. I guess she had the post office forward it."

"Do you think they'd give me her address?"

"Well, you might try," suggested the landlady. "And," she added archly, "if you find her, even if she isn't your Miss La Clair, lemme hear how it all comes out, will you?"

And Ordway, hurrying down the steps, promised.

There was difficulty at the branch post office: it was against the law to give out addresses. But humanity is higher than law sometimes.

"She might be hungry," almost wept Gar Ordway, "and she's from my own home town."

And they gave him Martha Westcott's address. Ordway went there; it was a dingy tenement in Tompkins Street. No one answered the bell; he was compelled to knock at several doors before he found the right one. And when he did find it he hardly knew her. The Martha Westcott of to-day was faded, worn, old. Also she was shabby.

But she remembered Gar Ordway, and she was primly glad to see him, though pathetically ashamed of her poverty. No, she hadn't been doing as well lately. In fact she—and then Ordway saw the piles of vests, whose buttonholes were to be finished if Martha Westcott were to eat, and Gar Ordway's heart melted.

"Martha," he said, "here's why I am in New York."

He told her the whole story:

"You see, I'm a darned fool, Martha. But—but—I'm lonely, I guess, and, Martha, you can't go on this way. And I—I can't go on the way I've been going. Martha, the apple blossoms are blooming back in Freeport; it's quiet there, and comfortable. I got a good store. You would be comfortable—and I wouldn't bother you none. You'd be free, Martha, and I—why, fat men of forty that's just been and tried to make darned fools of themselves ain't got much right to talk love to a nice woman, but I wouldn't talk it, Martha, I'd live it; and—you could stand me, couldn't you? Make it a business proposition! You'd be my housekeeper; you'd have to marry me because it wouldn't look right if you didn't. But you'd be free, Martha, and—you needn't be afraid of me."

She looked at him. Somehow he didn't look like a little fat man to her; he looked like a knight. She didn't notice that his neck was short and his forehead beady with perspiration. Her eyes grew soft. And somehow she didn't look, to Gar Ordway, like a faded woman of middle age. She looked youthfully slim, gentle.

"Gar, I wouldn't be afraid of you," she said. "But I have nothing."

"Listen, Martha, do you really mean it? You can forgive me for being the sort of man to run round looking for an Y-so-belle La Clair that ——"

"Why, Gar," she said, "I think it was noble of you."

The Mississippi Mixer turned and stared truculently into the face of Doyle, the house detective.

(Concluded on Page 69)



Somehow He Didn't Look Like a Little Fat Man to Her; He Looked Like a Knight

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Something Yet Again: Chemical Control—By James H. Collins

A New Factor in Industry That Calls for Explanation

SIX gentlemen gathered round a table on which were displayed a steel rail, a waterproof shoe, a fifty-cent necktie, and a tin of preserved beef. Each claimed credit for creating these commodities.

"All are products of our wonderful factory system," said the manufacturer. "My foresight built the factory and my management keeps it going."

"How about money?" protested the banker. "Where would your factory be without my financial aid?"

The third man was an engineer.

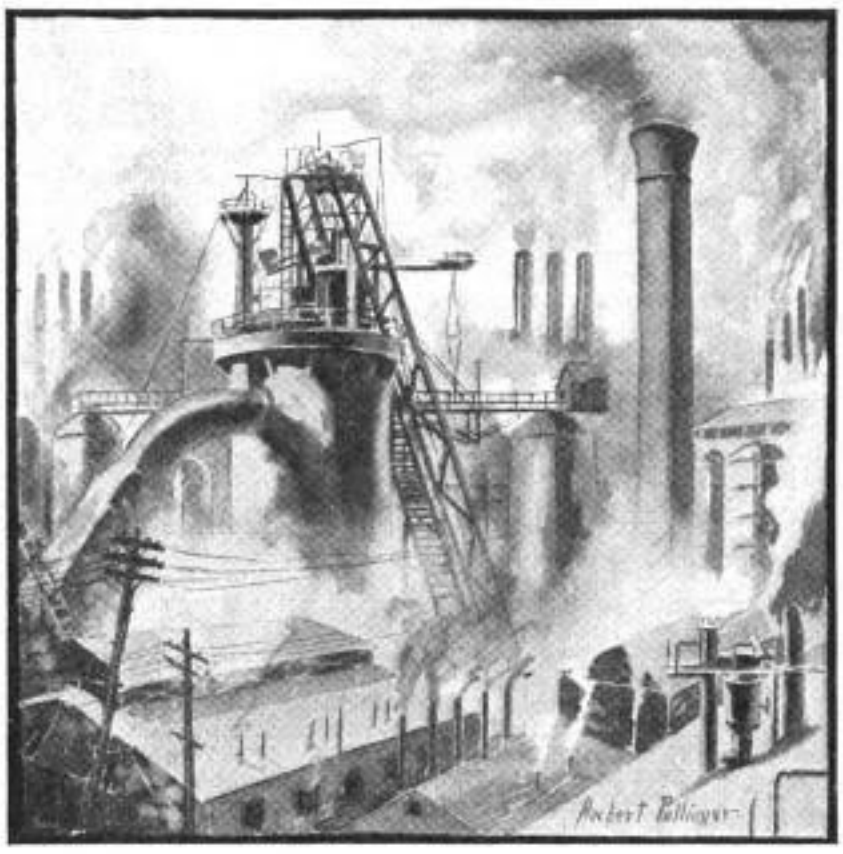
"Neither factory nor finance would have been of much account without my professional ability in working out processes," he asserted. "Each of these articles embodies hundreds of engineering problems, which I have solved."

"All production rests on labor," declared a workman in cap and overalls. "If I walk out of your factory everything stops!"

"I built up the consuming demand for your stuff," chipped in the salesman. "Unless you have hundreds of thousands of customers all over the country you could never secure the economies of quantity production."

Finally the sixth man spoke.

"I am a chemist," he said, "and these are all chemical products. All industry to-day is three-fourths chemical. You may think that your steel rail was made in furnaces and mills by purely mechanical processes; but from start to finish it depends on chemical exactness in materials and manipulation; and if the chemistry is lacking, the rail breaks. That chrome-tanned shoe is a chemical achievement. Chrome tanning is a chemically exact process. The necktie is made of artificial silk, a chemical imitation that is at once cheap, good-looking and useful. As for your can of beef, the packing industry has been built up on chemical research, and this meat was probably paid for with chemical by-products. Gentlemen, three-fourths of all our manufacturing to-day is chemical at bottom, and you must recognize that fact if you are going to extend your business and continue to make money."



What Does the Chemist Say?

ENTER a vital new factor in American industry—chemical control.

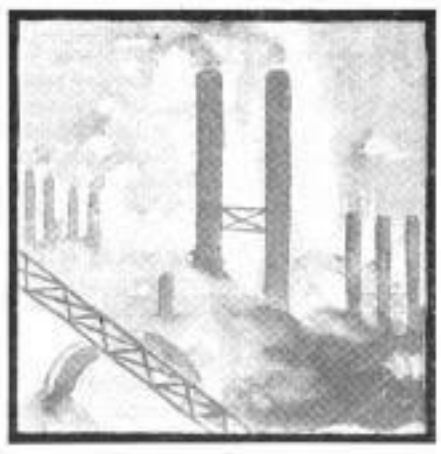
Look at our manufacturing plants through the eyes of the chemist, and products that you had supposed were entirely mechanical in their nature, such as building materials, metals, machinery, and the like, become products of the laboratory. The food you eat, the beverages you drink, the clothes you wear, the tools you use, your playthings and studies, and the power, heat and light that keep you comfortable in the modern world—in every one of them is subtle chemical supervision. It is an exceptional process or plant nowadays that does not rest fundamentally on chemical control; and if you find one that does not, something is probably the matter with it for that very reason. Everywhere the chemist, through research, is laying bare the delicate, hidden reactions involved in working materials into products and, when manufacturing processes have been established on these basic facts, keeping the process up to chemical standards by frequent analyses and tests.

Here is another way of illustrating chemical control:

Everybody knows that much has been accomplished in the past few years by intelligent study of people in industry—the workers. A manager understands that his people have differences of temperament, education, brains, strength, likes and dislikes. He uses their natural abilities as far as possible and, when these are too pronounced in a certain direction, may check one against another, as by harnessing careless energy and cautious experience together. Even differences of nationality, politics and religion can be harmonized to increase output, raise earnings, cut costs, and abolish waste and accidents.

Now comes the chemist and insists that the materials of industry are just about like the people. They are temperamental. They have warm likes and dislikes for each other. Some are energetic and some sluggish. They differ with mass, temperature, time, and so on, and are swayed by the equivalent of nationality and politics—and cannot help it, because they were born that way. Their differences are as subtle as human whimsies, being detected only with the microscope or delicate reactions in many cases. The chemist aims to bring about with materials the same balance and working harmony that the manager of employees brings about with human beings.

Chemical control was already a big factor in our industries before the European war broke out; but few except the experts had heard much about it. War gave it prominence. Manufacturers found themselves unable to get hundreds of chemical materials that had been coming from Europe as a matter of routine—many from Germany, which has carried chemical control to great lengths in its industries. They faced the problem of making these things or finding substitutes. The public also found chemistry interesting, because it had to pay more for drugs and chemicals.



The dye situation was especially interesting. So much has been said and written about dyes during the past two years that the man in the street knows all about the color in his socks—where it comes from or has gone. Dyes have attracted attention out of all proportion to their importance, for our whole consumption amounts to no more than twenty-five or thirty million dollars a year. But this popular interest has directed attention to the general chemical problem. The manufacturer and the man in the street were very pointed with the chemist when they found themselves running short of things.

"What are you going to do about it?" they asked. "What is the matter with American chemistry, anyway?"



And the chemist dropped his test tubes and microscope, and undertook to explain. He has been explaining ever since. It is rather a complex situation.

There is a twofold general chemical problem. In the first place, we now see that we ought to make many of the crude chemical materials formerly bought abroad. This calls for improvement in present processes, and also new factories. Potash is a fair example. We can get some of it out of cement-kiln gas when we contrive the right process to save what is now waste; and can also make it from kelp, feldspar, Western lake waters and other raw materials, when we build factories. In the second place, we must have a better understanding of the universal importance of chemical control in all our industries, and adjust processes accordingly.

Never Too Much Theory

WE MUST all get acquainted with each other on this new basis, says the chemist. The man in the street thinks of manufacturing as purely mechanical and regards the chemist as a sort of pill maker and medicine man. He must learn that chemical control is far-reaching in business and see its possibilities for efficiency. The manufacturer needs a chemical point of view on his plant, and the politician will be called upon to help. The chemist himself admits that he has been backward about getting acquainted—he has stuck too close to his professional activities and taken no time to explain the broad practical aspects of his work to the public. Most of all, the banker needs enlightenment on chemical control, so that he can coöperate intelligently by investing his money. The situation pivots on the banker.

For an example of what chemical control, backed by flexible banking facilities, can accomplish for a nation, one must go to Germany, where the chemist, the manufacturer, the government and the banker all work together. German industries are more thoroughly organized in this way than those of any other nation, and for that reason the Germans have been able to get fine results in business with rather poor resources.

German banks have been industrial institutions as well as financial. No laws such as restrict banking in England, France and America, have kept them out of business ventures. The German chemist has delved into research and found new ways of doing things, and when his ideas were laid before the great German banks the latter have provided capital for taking a chance. In many cases the idea has been so advanced that private capital would not have taken chances. Even the chemist himself could not tell just how far his idea might be applied in business. But the German banker, guided by his chemical adviser, has backed ideas with money; and nine times in ten he has won. For it is an axiom in science that the discovery of to-day, pure theory, apparently but a beautiful laboratory achievement, will in five or ten years be part of the daily life of the man in the street.

Germans have never been afraid of theory. An American business man once visited the late Doctor Witt, at the Charlottenburg Technical School, and was shown its facilities for research.

"But doesn't this run too much to theory?" asked the visitor, with his true American distrust of everything not plainly practical.

"Why, one can never have too much theory!" the doctor replied, in surprise, like a true German.

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THE MAN WHO WAS AFRAID

By Mary Brecht Pulver

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

IT'S the most trite thing in the world to say that blood will tell. If a snub-nosed, pie-eyed, auger-legged gutter tike stands up in a street fight and shows a bit of thoroughbred metal, we very quickly point to the thin but true-blue strain that dominated him; and by the same token, when a sledge husky goes "bad" it's easy enough to cry "Wolf!" literally, and consign him to his special ancestral devil. Thus, also, with the *genus homo*—the extremes are easily recognized. But the average man—that complacent omnibus in which so many mixed ancestors ride—cannot be so easily classified.

"There's so much bad in the best of us and so much good in the worst of us"—as we used to recite for Teacher on Friday afternoons—that life may mean a constant struggle between our blue-ribbon and yellow-devil strains; and in those unfortunates where they balance fifty-fifty it doesn't pay to be too hasty. Not that I'm trying to defend Benton Clune; I'm only going to give you the facts and let you judge for yourself.

Benton had good metal in him. His great-great-grandfather was one of the first settlers to come out of Connecticut into the New York wilderness. He arrived in a Conestoga wagon with solid wooden wheels, bringing family and household goods, and cleared with his own ax, against heavy odds, a big tract on the Delaware River. He was one of Walt Whitman's "powerful uneducated persons," wearing a coonskin cap, and chumming closely with an old flintlock, affectionately addressed as Sar' Ann.



People respected him for his hardy bravery, unswerving honesty and general sterling metal. He was a good neighbor and, when the need arose, could handle an Indian like a Tom Quick. He feared—apparently—neither God, man nor devil, living valiantly, without special church or creed, through famine, Indian wars and black winter freezes, and died with his boots on. He had a mate worthy of him. She could use an ax like a man, and on one occasion fought wolves away from her door with blazing fagots.

Their son opened the first general store and sawmill in this region when the little clearing budded into a settlement. He handled the first loggers who came down the river from Canada, by right of might, as he had to. They were a rough lot and he had his work cut out for him; but he won through. He was the John Ridd of the countryside for physical prowess and wrestling; and he boasted, and could make good, that he could put down any man's hand he met.

By the time his son, Benton's grandfather, was grown, times had changed. The settlement had grown into a prosperous village, and a man was no longer ranked according to biceps. Law and order had arrived, more or less. Benton's granddad served creditably in the Civil War and, on his return, spent the remainder of his days—his store having prospered and grown expansive—wearing black broadcloth and a gold watch chain and presiding as superintendent of the Congregational Sunday School. No blame whatever can attach to him, since he was a brave man, upright and honorable, who had served his country fearlessly.

The first error was made by Dan, his son. Dan went over to North Riding Settlement and married Maisie Benton. Maisie was his error. He didn't dream this, of course, because the error came disguised as a soft, pink little morsel of femininity in butterfly flounces and a bonnetful of roses. There wasn't a mother's son in the countryside who hadn't let his mouth water for Maisie; but only Dan—God help him!—was lucky enough to win her.

He brought her back to the big house on River Street and gave her a "hired girl," and silks that "stood alone," and all the worship and petting that a great, hulking, coarse male feels is appropriate for a soft, lovely creature who has yielded her life to him—that is, he did during the first year. By the end of it he had found Maisie out—and the discovery was not exactly pleasing. Maisie in petticoats was a pliant, clinging soul who needed constant protection, who demanded it as her right; Maisie in trousers would have been drummed out of any self-respecting community.

If ever a cold coward, a plain ordinary quitter, with not a single inch of spine, walked shoe-leather it was little Maisie Clune, who worshiped so regularly in her big pew in the old Congregational and trusted her God not at all. It was not alone that she feared spiders, tramps, burglars, snakes, storms and dogs, legitimate objects of female fear in her day, but she was afraid on general grounds. She feared everything. She feared thirteen at table, and a raised umbrella in the house—precursor of death; and "tokens"—a bird flying indoors would send her into hysterics; she was afraid of "spooks," of her own society, of ghost stories, of dark o' night, of accidents, of sickness, of death, of the "world to come."

In short, Maisie was afraid! She lived most of her days in tears. And all this might have been tolerable, but there was worse; for Maisie was also afraid of the truth, of a moral issue, of all responsibility, and of maternity. This last she made very clear when young Benton Clune decided to make his début into the world.

At the end of a year devoted to assuaging tears and calming terrors, real and imaginary, Dan Clune, grown considerably bored, passed by on the other side and left Maisie alone spiritually—alone with Bennie.

And Bennie got what Dan had been getting. Only, not being a strong, cigar-smoking male, who could take it out in playing pool down at Weston's, but a small, malleable, human thing-in-the-making, he naturally felt a keener sympathy for his mother's terrors. When a thick August gust crept up over town, and his mother, trembling and white-faced, piled both of them between feather beds on the high old four-poster and, holding his cold little hand, told him how lightning struck folks dead—how men seeking protection under trees were found lying dead with their shoes burned off their feet—Bennie naturally trembled with her and realized the malign pursuing qualities of lightning and man's utter inability to cope with it, and made little frightened resolves never to tempt it at close quarters.

When his mother ran with him through the dark hall on a winter night and uttered little cries of delight in getting "safe away from the big ugly dark, beside the pretty warm lamp," it is small wonder that Bennie realized with anguish the sinister, malignant quality of darkness; the dangers that lurked in the black hall—out there near the hatrack; how necessary for man's safety and development it was to shun it all. Life, as it unfolded under Maisie's hand, was full of ferocious forces; life, in short, little Bennie early realized, was full of dangers.

At six years he would have put his head into a lion's mouth as readily as face the terrors of sleeping in a darkened room; and the sight of a strange man's face sent him screaming to his mother's skirts.

At eight years Bennie was sent to Mrs. Watson's private school, warranted to be a safe fold for the gentler spirits of town; but on the first day, when returning home, Doc Fisher's boy, Pod, caught Bennie and made his unresisting nose bleed. Thereafter Maisie herself escorted her son to and from school, and he became meekly accustomed to moving at his mother's side, like a comet with a small tail of hardier juveniles tagging behind, who cried derisively:

"Chick! Chick! Chick!"

"Bad, naughty, dangerous boys, who will hurt my darling!" Maisie called them; and Bennie believed her.

He got proof every time he went out alone in the form of a swollen nose or a blackened eye, which he accepted with Christian tolerance, having been carefully taught that it was "very wicked to fight."

But the dangerous boys grew tired presently of batting Bennie round like a bean bag, and after a while they permitted him to grow up in peace; and he passed without accident through long curls, first trousers and dancing school into adolescence.

At fourteen his mother selected a polite boarding school, dying slowly of attrition, and he spent three winters there. His father died during the last term; and, college being a harsh, unknown place for the son of Maisie Clune, Benton came home and went into the business.

It was a very pretentious store now—the Clune place—with a stucco front and plate-glass windows, and usually a string of high-powered cars outside waiting for the wives of local plutocrats. In the windows, where the original founder had shown merino and unbleached muslin, cowhide boots and New Orleans molasses, were now moleskin stoles, gold vanity bags and Georgette collars. *O tempora! O mores!*

It was a tidy place inside too: velvet hangings, gold mirrors—that sort of thing. Bennie took to it like a duck to water. He looked exceedingly decorative himself, for he had a natural taste for the sartorial and a physique to display it. Despite the fact that he habitually played nothing more violent than golf, eschewing tennis because his mother feared the effect on his heart, and hockey and skating because of the uncertainty of the river currents, and driving a car himself because—oh, well, because—he had a grace and vigor of form that an Apollo might have envied—a legacy, no doubt, from that ancestor who had petted his Sar' Ann.

He had, also, the devastating blue eyes of Maisie, his mother, black-lashed and deep of hue, a nicely shaped nose and head, fine teeth, and a slight golden crinkle in his chestnut hair. Little shop-dollies felt their hearts swoon as he passed, and the daughters of the plutocrats, who came to buy the before-mentioned stoles and vanity bags, always maneuvered round for a glimpse of Benton.

He had a way with him—Bennie—an air of appreciative sympathy in saying "Yes, madam; we have the new Byzantine embroideries. They will be very good this winter. Please show the bronze trefoil patterns, Parker——" Or "Good morning, Mrs. Trent. Yes, the new pannes have come. There is a beautiful prune shade I especially want you to see."

The beauty of it—the "sickening beauty," in the language of Pod Fisher—was that Benton really knew prune from taupe, and the Byzantine motifs from the Romanesque. These things didn't help any with the sterner sex, but he was very popular with the ladies. The old ones praised his good manners and charm, and Maisie Clune looked upon her work and found it good.



They Literally Ate Him Up With Their Eyes

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One morning, when Benton was just twenty-four, he went up to his office on the main elevator. He was looking uncommonly well and wearing an English-cut gray flannel, with mauve shirt and tie and uncut amethyst sleeve links. There was a sprig of purple hyacinth in his buttonhole. It would have been remarkable, indeed, if the sole and only other occupant of the elevator—barring the ebony employee—should have failed to make a rather discriminating study of young Mr. Clune's points; and the occupant being Elsie Revere, it would have been impossible for Mr. Clune to escape making a reciprocal study. At any rate, though his destination was the fourth floor, he got out at the second along with Elsie and found himself beside her, saying:

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

He found himself looking into ravishingly soft dark eyes—real Seville eyes—and a gay little pointed face, tip-tilted under an equally gay and tiptilted little hat, with sundry other items thrown in—as hair of matching Spanish darkness, a full, soft little red mouth, and a high-bridged, proud little nose.

"I want," said Miss Elsie Revere, "to look at some tapestry—for upholstering."

"We have a splendid new line that has just come in. I will have someone show you—or, better still, I will show them myself."

The psychology of that "better still" was quite evident. Benton went behind the counter and, with absent eyes and hands that fumbled a little, produced his stuffs.

"Something quite heavy, please," dictated the girl; and Benton, his blue eyes furtively seeking the Sevillian orbs, unfurled a piece.

"Here is a beautiful thing," he declared.

"It is beautiful indeed," said Miss Revere; "but it is not at all what I asked for. It is curtain net and quite thin. It would hardly do I think to re-cover chairs."

Benton blushed; but their laughter rang out together and, though Miss Revere shopped nearly thirty minutes longer, tapestry was not even mentioned.



She Put Out a Hand, Touched the Big Flag and Let Her Cool Eyes Sweep the Figure Before Her From Head to Foot

Benton was formally presented to her the next evening at a country-club dance, where he danced with her an enormous number of times. Within the week he had called upon her four times, and finished up with a Saturday-to-Monday in her society at a friend's bungalow upriver. And, long before that, he knew that this was not the usual temporary "terrible crush," but the real thing—the biggest crisis in a man's life; and he resolved to take Miss Revere into his confidence as soon as possible.

But it was nearly a month before he was given a halfway opportunity; and, while he feinted for a good hold on his subject, Miss Revere set him tingling with an announcement of her own.

"The man I marry," she declared, apropos of one of their soulful talks, "must be a soldier—or soldier stuff, at least. He must be the kind who's willing to go out and do for his country"—her pretty black eyes sparkled—"like the men—the soldiers—in my family."

She was very proud of her family, Miss Revere. There had been hard-fighting Reveres in all the American wars; and she also claimed a lateral connection with that worthy Revolutionary silversmith who conferred an obligation on all Americans by his conduct "through every Middlesex village and farm" on the eve of Lexington.

Reflecting on this, Benton's heart turned a little cold and he said nothing. But after he got home he sat on the veranda and watched the moon rise above the river willows, and took an inventory of himself. This was a thing he did rather frequently anyhow; and the result—contrary to public opinion—was far from pleasing. He knew he was rich and good-looking—his mother permitted no illusions on that score—but he also knew that, as a man in a man's world, there was no one in his city so unpopular. And this was the thorn in his garland of roses; for Benton wanted—had always wanted in his secret heart—to be a "real fellow." But he didn't know how to begin; he hadn't the capacity, the power.

He was a person caught inescapably in a net woven by heredity and circumstance—the prisoner of his own habits of thought. He realized this and feared there was no escape. Such reflections are not pleasant. In his black mood Benton saw himself clearly; he was soft and effete, and mulierose and petticoat-tied; and he could no more free himself than a man can change the color of his eyes—or so he thought.

He reflected on Elsie Revere's speech: "Soldier—or soldier stuff." And he shivered. These were matters quite out of Benton's ken. He had never learned to handle a gun, just as he had never dared to swim in the deeper parts of the river or climb a very tall tree. He had always liked to look at soldiers; the glint of the uniforms, whether in parade or comic opera, carried a certain fascination. It all appealed to his love of beauty and rhythm; but he had never considered the real thing that lay behind. The thing an army symbolized he had been taught to hate. The sight of blood had always sickened him anyhow; and war, he had been taught, always meant just that—bloodshed and death. There wasn't anything to war but bloody madness and destruction, anyhow—an eternal carnage.

Once, when he was a little boy, he had seen a regiment of Spanish War soldiers returning. There had been flags on the houses; the band was playing A Hot Time in the Old Town To-night, and the streets were full of cheering. But his mother had barred her shutters and, up in her bedroom, had made him kneel down beside her.

"War is a wicked, wicked thing, and against God's teaching. These soldiers are cruel men. They have slain others. Some of them died on the battlefield or in a hospital—horribly! It is all wicked waste and means nothing—nothing but dreadful suffering!"

There was a book she had given him later—a fat volume recounting the prison horrors of the Civil War—Andersonville. They had an old gardener who had been there; he, too, furnished details of loathsome particularity. Perhaps if Benton had gone to public school these impressions would have gone home less strongly; but he had been shielded from all contacts with actual life. So, when he observed people salute the flag and recite Lincoln's Speech at Gettysburg, or went to put flowers on his grandfather's grave on Memorial Day, and saw the old G. A. R.'s wabbling round with their little bronze buttons, he knew what was back of it all. It was only a mask for the devilish pageant behind—all sound and fury. And it was a thing to stop a fellow who winced at the sight of a bloody bandage or whose pulse hastened when an ambulance passed. He wasn't soldier stuff, by either conviction or marrow; but he was very much in love—and very unhappy with himself.

"And I look like any other fellow!" he told himself bitterly. "I'm big and strong. What ails me anyhow?" And little by little he tried to force a solution. One morning he announced:

"Mother, I'm going to join Company X."

The earth rocked under Maisie Clune and her face whitened.

"Benton!"

"Nonsense, mother!" He tried to speak brusquely. "It doesn't mean a darn thing—nothing but uniforms and drills and how to shoot. I ought to know how!"—as she winced—"and dances sometimes, and a jamboree with girls—and Tobyhanna. You just ask Mrs. Hallett about it." Mrs. Hallett was comforting:

"It will be the making of Benton, my dear. I think it's rather stunning, myself. Reid joined five years ago, you know. Except for hiking at Tobyhanna, it hasn't meant anything more strenuous thus far than an afternoon at tennis. Reid loves it. And their khaki—oh, when Benton gets his on he'll have all the girls in town crazy about him."

This was a new thought for Maisie. But, of course, her good-looking boy would be handsomer in his suit than anybody else—only another triumph, really. She called up Hastings, the photographer, and made an appointment for Benton without delay; and very shortly a costly portrait of a stunning young militiaman, in full khaki, looked out from her bedroom wall. Below it was written: My Soldier Laddie!

It was not the only photograph put to such soft feminine use. A duplicate smiled from Miss Elsie Revere's wall, and the night she received it she had let Benton kiss her; and she had cried a little with pride and happiness, and had told him that there was nobody else in the world—nobody at all! And Benton's own heart had almost boiled over.

It was a fine thing—belonging to the company—he found. The fellows received him with an apparent change of heart. They were decent, sociable chaps and willing to take him on new grounds. He seemed to discover new phases of himself to people. They forgot to call him Bennie;

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treated him like any other man. The boys hobnobbed with him willingly and asked him to little shindigs of their own. He almost forgot his former incarnation himself.

When he went to Tobyhanna—his first summer—he was an accredited pal of Pod Fisher and several others. As for the military end, it came surprisingly easy. He took pleasure in doing his bit well, observing the discipline eagerly, studying up manuals and drills, working for promotion. The shooting came easy too. Perhaps it was again the influence of Sar' Ann, but he took to a gun readily and on the range did excellent work, and even presently broke a target record and had his picture in the paper. And of course the social end, the dances and banquets, came even easier. But during November Maisie got her first scare.

"There's a street-car strike in Buffalo, Benton—they think—Mrs. Hallett told me. I called up Colonel Corey right away, but couldn't get him. Company X may be—ordered out ——"

"Oh, well—just strike duty, mother ——" But Benton's own pulse stirred slightly.

"I know, dear—but strikers, Benton!—they shoot, you know—there are always fatalities—I never dreamed—if only you hadn't joined! And they throw stones and bricks. Why, I remember in the last strike ——"

That was a bad time for Maisie Clune, divided between calling up everybody—colonel, captain, lieutenant; anyone she could capture in Benton's company—and praying agonizedly under her Soldier Laddie's picture. But after three days of suspense and big headlines the strike was pacifically settled.

"You hear me, Benton!" she wept: "You get out of the company the moment your term's done. I never wanted you in it—something might happen—and the business here needs you."

Benton promised he would. He tried to tell himself it was to please his mother, but in his heart he scorned himself for the lie. He had not liked to think of what might await him—out there in Buffalo.

"I'll do it," he thought. "I don't really belong there anyhow—not that anything serious ever will arise; but I'll get out. It's true that the business needs me, and I've shown Elsie I'm willing."

But this was one of the best-laid plans to which the Scotch poet referred. Benton had less than thirty days to serve when, one evening after an Armory meeting, he came back to the house bringing disquieting news. That was the spring and early summer when the Mexican pot boiled and sizzled, and Señor Villa thrust himself so resolutely into the pages of American history and threatened to grow too strong for United States digestion.

Benton Clune, in common with the rest of his townsfolk, had kept an eye on the situation, had read news columns and watched Administration moves; but with all the backing and filling, the thing took him actually as unawares as it did almost everybody else. So, when he came in from his company meeting, his face was more than pale.

"Mother," he said, and for a moment he gulped a little, "it's come—the real thing. Mexico, you know. They're talking of war—down there. Colonel Corey had private messages from the Department, and the Press is running an extra."

Maisie Clune took the paper he had brought, with shaking fingers. There was nothing authentic—only headlines and rumors of war, vague hints and, tucked into the bottom of the column, a forecasting of coming moves—a prediction that Company X would be one of the first called; but Benton's mother turned white and sick.

For a space there was silence and the two only looked at each other; then the woman pulled herself together.

But by the next afternoon the news had crystallized to authenticity. The President was mobilizing the guards of New York and Pennsylvania; a definite summons had come to Colonel Corey from Washington; Company X boys were ordered to report daily at the Armory in uniform, to drop other occupations and affiliate for set periods with temporary encampments along the river for drill and preliminary maneuvers. The evening papers printed a call for volunteers to raise the company to full strength, and prognosticated the date of departure for Camp Whitman.

The streets became strangely filled with brown-clad martial figures; little squads were seen going through the side streets in military formation; in twos and threes they moved through town, with long gift cigars in their mouths and endless friendly hands shaking theirs; and some of them, a little anxious-eyed, went about with wives and babies—grown doubly precious—tagging at their heels. Every house wore its big flag and every lassie the thrill of the soldierly pageant in her eyes. And, not to be behindhand, the lassies planned a special dance—"to say good-by to the boys." They were very emotional, our girls, during those days; and Elsie Revere led all the rest.

Benton himself had brought her the news, looking graver and whiter than usual, with the strange look in his eyes that had come into them—and stayed—since that first night of the alarm. Elsie, standing on tiptoes, had kissed him and cried over him.

"Perhaps it won't mean anything—just a scare, Benton; and in any case it breaks my heart to see you go—just! And yet—funny, isn't it?—if you weren't going—if you were one of our stay-at-homes who hadn't even enlisted—how—how ashamed I'd be! I want to keep you and I want to send you."

Benton had told her that he understood. He didn't stay very long or say very much. A queer restlessness seemed to possess him. He went down to the Armory every morning and reported himself mechanically; but he came away quickly. The first night his bed was not even slept in—his mother heard him pacing the floor through long hours. That was the morning she voiced something that lay between them—perfectly understood, but as yet unmentioned.



"The Man I Marry," She Declared, "Must be a Soldier—or Soldier Stuff, at Least"

"I am sure we can do it. It isn't as if we hadn't plenty of money. Money can do anything."

Benton had turned very white, but he did not answer. Within an hour Maisie Clune's electric was standing in front of the office of Timothy Aitken, her attorney; and later it stopped at Colonel Corey's residence; and finally before the Armory itself.

But rumor did not even creep until that evening. It was after drill that Benton himself went up and spoke to Colonel Corey:

"I—I don't believe I'll go, colonel. I've got less than a month to serve and—and I haven't any intention of reenlisting. . . . It would be useless, really—even going up to camp—so short a time. It's—my mother—she isn't young—and the business needs me."

He moistened his lips toward the end—the words came with difficulty, broke off under the colonel's cool gray eye.

"You will report in the morning as usual, Benton. You will continue to report with your company regularly. You will take your part in your company's drills until such time as you are exempt under the terms of your enlistment."

He added more—a few eloquent touches concerning patriotism, a gentleman's duty, and the part of a man of honor; and his own sense of shame for Benton's suggestion.

Benton carried the news to his mother, sitting white and strained in her darkened living room.

"There isn't any way—honorably, mother. I'll have to go."

"Oh, there must be some way—something! We'll find it, Benton. It's absurd! I offered any price—enough to buy a dozen substitutes. Timothy's doing all he can."

Maisie found it the next day. At two o'clock the newspapers ran flaming extras:

TROOPS MOVING TO CAMP WHITMAN FRIDAY!

COMPANY X STARTS IN FULL WAR STRENGTH TO JOIN MAIN BODY!

OUR BOYS LIKELY TO GO TO THE BORDER AMONG THE FIRST!

Benton read it on a bulletin board downtown. Somebody slapped him on the back—Pod Fisher. Pod was in uniform too.

"Great, isn't it? By jingo, I'm just busting!" he said. "We'll have the time of our young lives trimming up those beggars down there!"

Benton hesitated a moment before he spoke:

"B-but war—you know ——" The words crackled on his lips.

"War? Sure! Sherman said it." Pod grinned; then he sobered and gave Benton a long look. "A fellow has to do his bit. It's all in a lifetime, you know."

Behind them in the crowd a thin little shaver—a new recruit, his little mother hanging on his arm—had broken into excited speech:

"Might as well croak for my country now as croak for myself later on," he said; and a thin peal of young feminine laughter cut across his words.

There was babble all about them—excitement; a happy jostling and pushing, with an undertug of emotion in it. It was that way the length of Benton's journey home. Everybody seemed stirred, warmed—except himself. His hands were cold—his cheeks; his knees sagged as he walked. Passing Elsie Revere's house he looked up, seeking a glimpse of her, but saw only the flag on her porch. It blurred under his eyes. His hand was shaking as he opened his front door.

He stopped, amazed at what he saw. There were roses on the tea table, lighted candles, an air of celebration. His mother wore her best silk; there were pink spots on her cheeks. She came to him, laughing hysterically:

"I've managed it—found the way! Oh, Benton, it's all right, my darling! Why didn't we think of it before? Timothy Aitken—I made him telegraph, and he heard less than an hour ago. It's unconstitutional! They can't compel you—you needn't leave your state—you're not in the Federal service yet—you've got the right to refuse—they won't take the oath till they get to the main camp.

(Continued on Page 58)

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Exit Post-Mortem Merchant

By EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY

MRS. JUSTUS THRIFTY was passing the hosiery department when her glance fell on some white cotton stockings that were priced at eight cents a pair. She turned and called to Mrs. Max Cheaply, who was lagging a few steps behind:

"Look now! Stockings at eight cents!"

Mrs. Cheaply came alongside and picked up a pair of the bargain hose. She fingered the quality and then inspected the price mark with suspicion.

"Eight cents!" she observed. "A funny price for stockings, Mrs. Thrifty!"

"Sure; yes, Mrs. Cheaply! I think we want none of them."

They passed on and presently Mrs. Thrifty exclaimed:

"Come here and see the lovely white stockings at two pairs for a quarter!"

"Now that is more like it," rejoined her companion, testing the feel of the goods. "I think I must get me six pairs."

Both of them bought, not knowing that the two lots of hosiery were identical, and that this was merely an experiment of the research department into the psychology of pricing. Two pairs for a quarter was the regular price.

Then along came Mrs. Peter Savemoney, looking for bargains, and Miss Philomena Smallcash, and the Widow Littlechange, and a hundred other woman shoppers. Only one out of ten bought the eight-cent stockings after comparing the two. The public registered its emphatic preference for the twelve-and-a-half-cent price.

The investigation showed plainly that eight cents was a hoodoo price for stockings. Further experiments showed that the same stockings sold badly at fifteen cents for two pairs, and at seventeen cents. This study of prices led into many curious ramifications; and thus the research bureau found that wrong pricing, from a psychologic point of view, had often been responsible for unsatisfactory sales.

Eight cents, you see, was a departure from accepted standards, just as a blue toy express wagon would be a departure in color. The human mind runs in channels of precedent and it is commonly difficult to divert these currents to new courses.

The research department found by experiment that in many lines of goods thirty-six cents and thirty-seven cents were bad, but that thirty-eight or thirty-nine cents would sell the same goods much faster. Eighteen and nineteen cents were good selling prices for other goods, but when these articles were shown at fourteen cents they went begging. Some table linen offered at eighty-nine cents met an indifferent response, but went fast at ninety-five cents. Articles offered at ninety-eight cents encountered unmistakable distrust, but were quickly cleaned out when priced at one dollar. Prices that were graduated upward in jumps of one cent in different qualities of yard goods brought poor results, but two-cent jumps did very well.

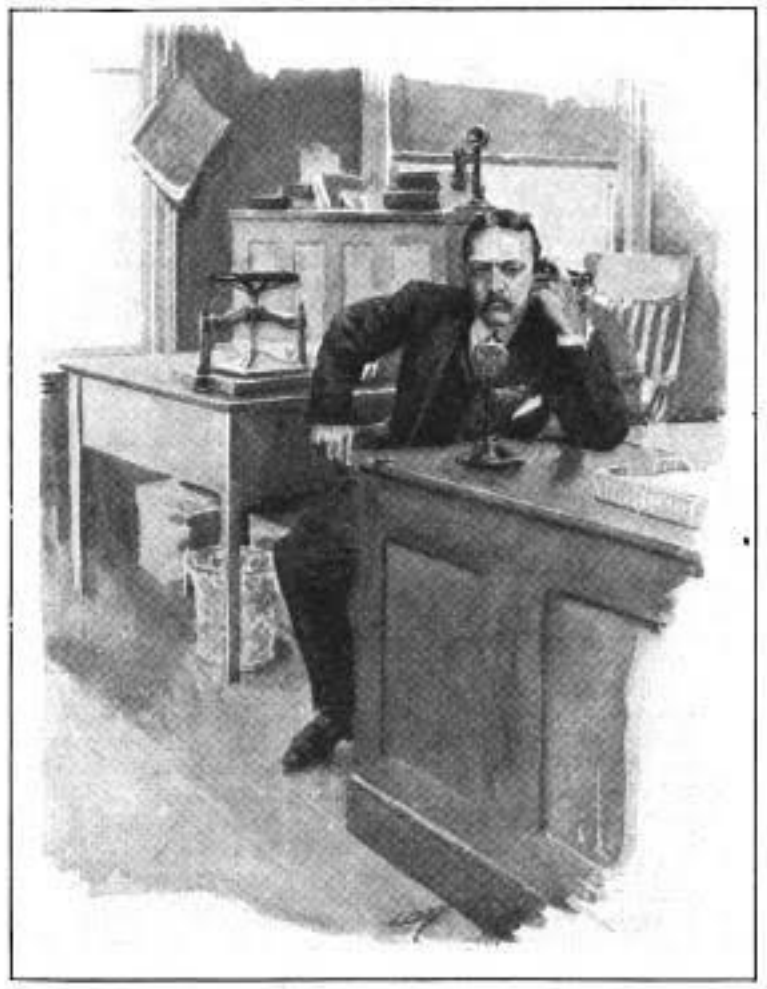
Speeding Up Slow Sellers

"ONE DAY," the research manager said to me, "I got a notion that we could sell more muslin underskirts if we raised the average price of the lines being featured, giving better quality. When I suggested the experiment the general manager of the store said I was crazy and had better get some sensible ideas into my noddle. He told me, however, to go ahead and try it.

"First, I went out and did some investigating. I found that another store in our city, catering to a cheaper class of trade, had fixed on one dollar as its best selling price for muslin underskirts, while the best selling price in an exclusive store was two dollars. So we put in our greatest stock at a retail price of a dollar and a half, and this proved to be the best selling figure, increasing the average sale in this line fifty per cent, without any increase in the average selling time."

A department store is the most complicated piece of mechanism extant, but its problems are merely exaggerations of the common difficulties. In recent articles I have touched on various branches of department-store management, and here in this article I am treating the research department, which is about the newest development of all. Manufacturers have long had laboratories and experimental departments, and now merchants are getting them.

The research bureau determines what is responsible for the success or failure of any department. There are no limitations on its scope and it may investigate the work of the president or the janitor. It finds out why the store has so little masculine trade; looks into the shopping habits of women; studies the mistakes of competitors; analyzes the retail market.



There are No Limitations on the Research Bureau: it May Investigate the Work of the President or the Janitor

It happened once that the sale of a line of low-priced dress goods was very slow and the research man undertook to make it move faster. The pieces had been stacked up on the shelves back of the counter, and the store had a rigid rule that all such goods must be rewound immediately after being shown, and replaced in their staid and dignified position.

"Try them out in the aisle, on tables," he said.

Here they attracted more attention, but the floor manager watched the salesman closely and made him keep all the goods rewound and in stiff, even piles.

"Suppose we try a little disorder," proposed the research man. "Let the ends hang down, and muss the cloth a bit."

This scandalized the floor man, who was a servitor of tradition; but the sales of those goods immediately jumped twofold.

The sale of sweaters, too, was doubled by taking them away from the wall and displaying them on circular racks in the aisles.

For many years the silver knives and forks and silver dishes had been kept in the chinaware section on the sixth floor, and never had paid a fair profit. After the organization of the research department this was one of the first things taken up. For several months a record was kept of the number of persons calling for this line of goods at the jewelry department on the main floor, and it was found that this number actually exceeded the total number of customers who bought such goods on the sixth floor.

"In other words," said the research manager, "more than half of our potential customers for silver knives, forks, dishes and that sort of silverware left the store without buying rather than go to the sixth floor. It was very apparent that the location of these goods was wrong; so they were brought down to the jewelry section. In the following year the sales tripled."

This investigation led to some microscopic studies of department location; and here a wide and astonishing field was opened. A classification was made of departments or lines of goods that were not selling as well as they should, and experiments were conducted to determine whether changes of location would benefit them.

The men's clothing had been on the fourth floor, the hats on the third and the men's furnishings on the main floor; so now temporary "squares" were established on the main floor, adjacent to the men's furnishings, for the clothing and hats. These so-called squares were miniature departments. From the start trade was brisker than it had ever been on the upper floors; so the clothing and hats, and ultimately the men's shoes, were brought downstairs, with a forty per cent increase in sales during the year.

Then the research department established a large number of experimental squares throughout the store, and finally the fixed policy was adopted of having every department represented on the main floor by one or more lines of goods.

Mrs. Spendwell, for example, comes into the store to buy some ribbon, and on the way down the main aisle to the ribbon counter she sees some lace neckwear that catches her fancy.

"Of all things!" she exclaims. "I thought the neckwear was on the third floor."

"Yes, madam; so it is," says Miss Salesgirl. "This is just a showing from the third floor. Pretty, isn't it?"

And Mrs. Spendwell buys the piece that caught her attention.

Then come Mrs. Moneybags, and Mrs. Wasteful, and Mrs. Throwcash, and a lot of other woman spenders, and they are captured by those goods in the neckwear square, which they never would have seen on the third floor. As a matter of fact, the neckwear department has been lagging badly; but now it begins to pick up.

Measuring Aggressiveness

BUT this neckwear square on the main floor is not a permanent institution. If it hadn't taken hold with a vim the merchandise manager would have ordered it out, perhaps at the end of a day. Space on the main aisle is relatively as valuable as a store on Fifth Avenue.

Since the research bureau began these experiments in the placing of selling squares most of the department heads have been clamoring almost daily for chances to get one or more of the squares.

Miss Beatitt, of the linings, say, goes down to the merchandise office and reports that she has some mercerized sateen that hasn't been selling well, and she thinks it ought to get on the main aisle.

"I can't give you the main aisle," says the merchandise autocrat; "but I'll try you out with a square at the rear of aisle nine."

This displeases Miss Beatitt mightily, for the rear of aisle nine corresponds to lower Sixth Avenue, she declares.

Mr. Gofast, of the draperies, likewise goes down to the office and complains that some of his new scrims are not having a fair chance with the public.

"If they had a square on the main aisle ——" he begins; but the czar cuts him off:

"Nix for the main aisle; you can have the middle of aisle thirteen."

"Thirteen is the bogy!" pouts Gofast; but he takes it.

This sort of competition became so interesting to the research manager that one day his fertile brain conceived an idea; which fact of itself is not strange, for ideas flow from him all the time. Ideas are the most significant function of the research bureau, and it is interesting to observe that they are not usually extraneous inspirations, but the product of tabulated and analyzed facts.

"Let us keep a record of these demands for squares as they come in from department heads," he said to the president. "It will be a valuable little piece of research."

This was done. During the following month Miss Beatitt came down nineteen times to ask for squares; Gofast, eighteen times; Seller, of the house furnishings, sixteen; Domuch, of the cloaks and suits, eleven; Grabski, of the trunks and bags, seven. On the other hand, Sitwell, of the linens, didn't come down at all.

From a personal viewpoint the merchandise manager might have preferred Sitwell, since the latter did not disturb the quiet of the merchandise office; but from the store standpoint Sitwell wasn't aggressive and enterprising enough. So, as the research manager put it, they "canned" him.

This same sort of research into the personnel of the store was extended to the heads of departments in connection with newspaper advertising. A record was kept, in classified tables, of all the items sent in to be advertised, and it was found that more than half of the department heads were fighting all the time for space, while the others took seats in the back rows of the advertising rumpus.

Jake Rustle, of the ready-to-wear, for instance, was always on the mat, arguing that he ought to have such and

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such representation in the store's daily campaign. He would send in every day a grotesquely large bunch of items, which he said simply would have to go or he'd quit. Of course they didn't all go and of course Jake didn't quit. The merchandise manager knew Jake was four-flushing; but, just the same, he knew Jake was a live wire.

On the contrary, Bill Fallback, of the groceries, was always lagging. The advertising department would send a house wigwag down to him, as they called the blue note sheet used in interstore messages:

"Why don't you send up your items for the advertising dummy?"

"Not much of anything to advertise to-day," Bill would wigwag back, taking his time for it.

Pretty soon Bill Fallback was fired, because the research department had shown him up as a quitter in the everlasting fight for more business.

Another thing the research department did was to translate the sales of every department into "graphs." Take a mountain range and draw its sky line, and you have something of a graph; though when a technical man makes such a chart he does it on a checkered surface and shows various sorts of percentages.

Take the muslin underwear, in charge of Miss Blanche Cantsell. This young woman didn't know what was the matter with her department, and neither did the merchandise manager. Like the mountain range, it was made up of peaks and valleys—but mostly of valleys. At intervals, when the store got its shoulder under the department and boosted it through costly advertising and special sales, the peaks showed up; but the moment the boosting ceased there weren't any sales peaks on the chart.

Graphs, or in other words graphic charts, are now very popular in this store as a means of showing up existing conditions. Having built a graph, the research bureau proceeds to analyze the why of it.

"There must be a reason why the feminine public is not buying our muslin underwear," said the investigator. "It may be because the women are doing their own sewing."

"Nobody does that sort of sewing these days," returned Miss Cantsell.

"How do you know?"

"I just guess so," she confessed.

"Let's not guess any longer. We must predicate our investigations on absolute facts."

So they asked customers the point-blank question and recorded the information; and they found that forty per cent of their customers made their own muslin attire. Why? Simply because they couldn't get what they wanted ready made at the prices they wished to pay. They desired something better and different; something that would not spoil the fit of outer garments; something with turned seams, less pasted lace and greater comfort.

The problem now resolved itself into better buying and more careful selection. The store had been merchandising, along with its neighboring stores, beneath the requirements of its clientèle.

Shifting Stock

THE matter of shelving doesn't ordinarily appeal to the imagination, but the research man looks about for queer roosts for his fancy. He found that ribbons were kept on twenty-inch shelves, when the proper depth was under fourteen inches. The result was that a lot of stock was hidden out of reach and didn't move. On the contrary, blankets were piled on two-foot counters—much too narrow; they were always falling off, accumulating dirt and causing waste handling. The bureau worked out a schedule of shelving and counter sizes.

Then a study of aisle tables was made. The store was using some tables twenty feet long; and mathematical observations, extending over a period of weeks, showed a constant repetition of the following:

Along would come Mrs. Pursestrings, walking sidewise alongside the table where perhaps there were articles of adornment on the near side and hand bags on the other. Mrs. Pursestrings was not especially interested in the goods nearest her, but those hand bags caught her attention. But they were so far round! No; she'd let the hand bags go—her feet hurt her!

After experiments the research bureau settled on tables eight feet long and four feet wide as best calculated to further the circulation of the people and of cash.

Studies were made of the locations of stairways, with this same circulation problem in view; and experiments were made in tempting customers to walk upstairs and thus relieve the elevators. The moving of a basement stairway a hundred feet caused an increase of three hundred per cent of stair climbers; and on an upper floor the clever location of a furnished cottage brought an increase of five hundred per cent. Mrs. Houselooker could walk up those stairs very nicely so long as she imagined herself going to the second floor of the cottage.

The store often had losses from unsold goods, and the research bureau found ample opportunity here for originality. By gathering and tabulating definite information the surplus of one department was frequently made available for another. An excess of fancy belting was used in the millinery for hatbands. Ribbons were made into girdles, workbags and other fancy articles. Dress fabrics that proved to be bad sellers were made up into skirts and dresses. Laces became infants' caps, neckwear and dainty aprons. Table damask was used for suits and skirts. Dress trimmings were cut into pieces and sold as remnants. Fancy buttons went into brooches and into pin sets for waists. The great craze for pennants was started by an Iowa store when it used up some surplus felt in this way.

One study, embracing many departments, showed that the holding of stock in the receiving room was costing the store more than one per cent on its investment—not to mention lost sales and other troubles. Consequently a timekeeping scheme was adopted to get all stock out of the receiving room within four hours of its arrival there.

By collecting data from other stores, noncompetitive with his own, the research manager discovered that it was possible to do business in some departments on a much lower stock limit, faster turnover and larger net profits. He cut the stock limit on embroideries from eight thousand dollars to six thousand; on silks, from eighty thousand to sixty-five thousand.

The comparison of data is almost a monomania with the research man, but it shows up store weaknesses. If other stores could do a thing, why not his own? In one city of a hundred thousand people he found a department store that did a business of two million dollars a year, yet rarely had an inventory, at cost, above three hundred thousand dollars. It paid thirty per cent dividends on its capital.

A large number of expense items were thus compared with similar items at other stores. The accounting expense percentage in his own store was very much higher; so he put his spotlight on it. His first important observation was that the accounting staff worked evenings more than half the time, and this, on being analyzed, in turn, showed up the incompetence of the chief accountant as an executive. He couldn't get the work done; and they let him go.

Then the telltale comparisons showed a janitor cost fifty per cent too high. Good-by, Janitors Nick, Jack and Blackie!

With charts and graphs the research man traced the inside secrets of the store's departments, and thus wrote a sad story of bad buying, wrong sizes, inappropriate varieties and the like. Then Mr. Furniture Buyer, Mr. Millinery Buyer, Miss Notion Buyer, *et al.*, were invited to read those sorrowful graphs.

"We can't read Chinese or Hindu!" they protested.

"Graphs will be the language of the store hereafter," said the merchandise man. "You people will have to learn it."

I don't want to present the research man as a marvel, or as infallible, or to make light of his own shortcomings and limitations; but at least he is working toward scientific merchandising. He is attempting to chart uncharted seas.

One important piece of research had to do with the causes for mark-downs. Naturally this led directly to a study of mark-ups; for if a retail price is so high that a competitor can beat it by better merchandising, the result will be a mark-down. It led, also, to an intensive study of pay rolls. But consider here the study of mark-downs. Let me illustrate briefly.

A Scientific Study of Mark-Downs

SIMON GLOVER was the buyer for the glove department. The research man said to him:

"Si, I find that the goods in your department had to take a total mark-down of eight per cent last year. Why was it thus?"

Si shrugged his shoulders.

"I should worry!" he said.

"But why was that last lot marked down?"

"Well, some of 'em got soiled; the salespeople's hands will get dirty, you know."

"Were your sizes well filled in?"

"Pretty fair," hesitated the buyer.

"Any weak seams or other defects?"

"Yes—some; always are and always will be."

"Any late deliveries from the manufacturers? Or favoritism by the manufacturers to other stores? Any substitutions or unpopular styles? Have you had the right novelties?"

Simon Glover returned a nonilluminating answer:

"Yes—and no."

"Where are your records, giving the detailed answers to these questions, purchase by purchase, manufacturer by manufacturer?"

"We have no such records," said Si.

"Well, in order to conduct research work into the causes for mark-downs we must keep records of this sort; and here is a blank mark-down book for you to fill in as occasion requires. I can't use any general mark-down information that is served up to me in a mixture like a lamb stew with vegetables. If you mark down any more gloves because the salesgirls' hands are dirty I must know just what gloves they are and to whom the dirty hands belong. See? If any of the mark-downs come from poor stitching I want the names of the manufacturers, descriptions of the gloves and all details. So on, et cetera!"

This was done in all departments; and when the data of the year were collated, classified and analyzed they pointed unmistakably to certain reforms. One was the necessity for installing concealed washbasins at the glove counters. Another was the advisability of cutting out, for instance, the glove manufacturing house of Gloveton, Gloving & Gloves. Still another was the retirement, without pension, of Mr. Simon Glover.

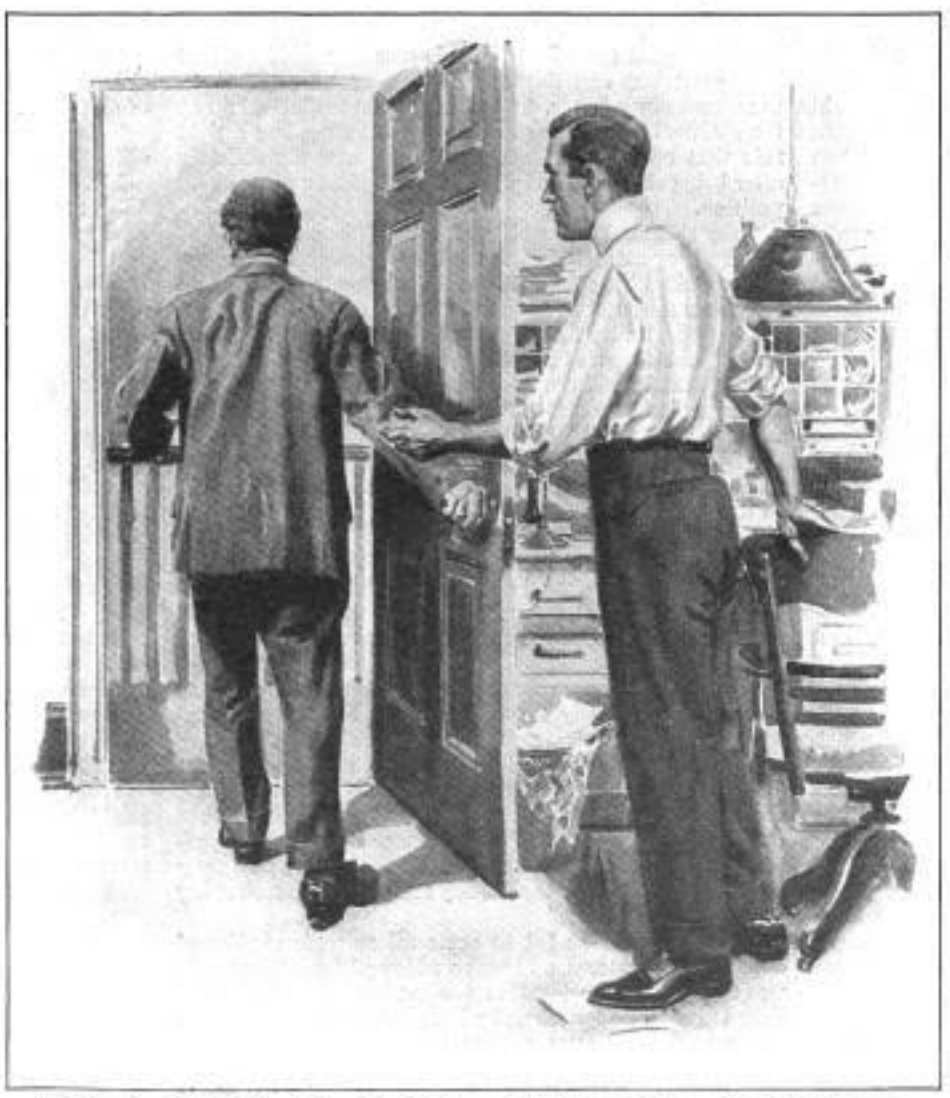
Meantime the research man was looking into the causes for returned goods. Here he met with a wonderful lack of recorded information. Delving back through the meager records, he found a vast number of unexplained transactions. Thus, Mrs. Woodcliff Lake had ordered, for her dining-room table, a set of asbestos pads, costing five or six dollars. The goods had gone out—and come back. The research man sent for Charlie Quartersaw, of the furniture.

"Why did Mrs. Lake send back those pads?"

"We take back goods without any questions," said Quartersaw. "It's our creed."

"Exactly! But, for the purpose of keeping ourselves afloat, and to enable us to serve our customers better, we must get such information and record it systematically. We've got to tabulate

(Concluded on Page 74)



Pretty Soon Bill Fallback Was Fired, Because the Research Department Had Shown Him Up as a Quitter in the Everlasting Fight for More Business

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ONE EVERY MINUTE

XVI

By Edwin Lefèvre

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

ON THE next day Wilberforce Shadd went to his office full of syncopated happiness, as it were, due to his possession of wealth and to his inability to talk about it, because he could not feel absolutely certain until he had the cash in his clutches and invested in something that he considered good and safe. He was cheerful in an uneasy sort of way. He replied to the office manager's kindly inquiry as to Mrs. Shadd's health by a barely polite:

"Thank you! She has fully recovered."

"I am very glad to hear it," said Mr. Lipps cordially.

Shadd decided to take advantage of the manager's tone of voice and went on:

"Mr. Lipps, I have a little business matter to settle. I know I've been away from the office a lot of late; but, of course, I'll finish up the day's work before I go home."

"Business, eh?" and Mr. Lipps smiled—a good-naturedly superior smile.

"Yes; business," answered Shadd sternly.

If Francis T. Woodcock & Co. had given him his check he would have told this man then and there to give his job to somebody who needed it.

"So long as you keep out of Wall Street," said Lipps teasingly, "it doesn't matter what you do. They had quite a slump yesterday on account of the sinking of the Lusitania."

He didn't think his meek inferior would understand, but there was comfort in hearing his own voice speak of his own tragedy.

"The reaction had to come anyhow," retorted Shadd with as much positiveness as if he had been addressing Francis T. Woodcock's bunch of success worshipers. "If it hadn't been the Lusitania it would have been something else, after such a tremendous rise."

"Why, you talk like an old stager!" said the astonished Lipps.

"I read the papers," explained Shadd, shaking at his narrow escape from self-betrayal. "They can't go up all the time."

"No," agreed Lipps bitterly; "they can't. But others in this office were so bullish that when I suggested —— Well, I guess a man ought to stick to his own business, eh, Shadd?" And he smiled with an utterly inexplicable ruefulness.

"You said it!"

Shadd spoke with such conviction, thinking of his wife's conversation with the man who sold Jersey lots, that Mr. Lipps, thinking the tone a tribute to his wisdom, told him benevolently:

"Take all the time you need, Shadd. And if I can be of any use to you ——"

"Thank you, Mr. Lipps. I may call on you for advice," promised Shadd.

Noon came after a while. The wealthy Mr. Shadd did not take long to swallow a sandwich and a glass of milk. He reached Woodcock's office at twelve-twenty-three.

"How's the market?" he asked loudly as he entered the customers' room.

He remembered hearing Paine ask the same question once, and he had thought it, at the time, a wonderfully sophisticated question—almost professional.

"Rotten!" growled Henry Rumney. "Say, did you really know anything or was it a lucky guess?"

A dozen customers vindictively turned gloomy faces toward this creature who had taken his profit at precisely the right time. And he had done so in plain sight and hearing of the entire office! And they had not followed his example!



"I Know! But How Much Do They Say You Owe Them?"

"Oh, lucky guess! Lucky guess!" replied Shadd so cheerfully that instantly every man in the room knew the liar had lied again.

Ben Meiggs approached Shadd and spoke to him in a voice that he had lowered to show his deference toward a great man and a wise. And besides, why should the others hear?

"Mr. Shadd, do you think they have touched bottom yet?"

"No," answered Shadd loudly and positively, because he knew the negative would give the most pain to these insulting beasts. "Not yet, my boy!"

He hoped that when prices did touch bottom it would be such a bottom as would establish once for all his wisdom in selling out at 300 and 301.

"Then you think," whispered Careful Mike, "that a man shouldn't buy 'em yet?"

"What are you whispering there—you Meiggs? It seems to me you're trying to hog it. If Shadd knows anything good the Lord knows we need a little comfort to-day!"

And Henry Rumney glared so accusingly at the conspirators that Shadd grew angry.

"Why should I tell you anything when you always know better?" inquired Shadd in a voice he never, never used at home.

"That's what's the matter, Henry!" said Paine, laughing—for effect on Shadd.

The other customers understood the flattery conveyed by laughing at Rumney and also turned down their thumbs audibly. Henry, unanimously convicted of being what he was, proceeded to admit it by good-naturedly saying to Wilberforce:

"Can't you take a joke?"

"Hell of a joke, I call it," said Meiggs distinctly.

"I always said," continued the unabashed Henry, "that when a man makes money in Wall Street he loses his sense of humor. What about the market, hey, Shadd?"

"I," replied Shadd with dignity, "don't know anything about the market!"

A chorus of groans was heard—the most artistic form of applause known to men desirous of making plain their enthusiastic incredulity.

The subsidized office boy came in, hurriedly approached Henry Rumney and did that for which he was paid. At least, his lips moved rapidly close to Henry's left ear. Henry nodded vindictively; then, turning to his fellow victims, announced:

"Gentlemen, Undersea Craft is now 240."

He then glared at W. Shadd, who by sneaking out at 300 had committed a sixty-point capital crime. Everybody else did likewise.

Wilberforce Shadd maintained an impassive face. He seemed not to have heard; he appeared not to have seen.

"Do you think," whined Meiggs, "that it's low enough? We might take on a little, so that when the rally comes ——"

"Nope!" said W. Shadd decisively.

And these men, all victims of indecision, did not dream of doubting! How could they? This one man knew because he had known. They had not known, therefore they could not know. And so they didn't.

After that W. Shadd was the greatest man there, and they knew it. And so did he.

Dave Caldwell, the office manager, came in with the face of an undertaker. He beheld Shadd and burst into sunshine.

"Hello, Mr. Shadd! Welcome to our midst! I guess they'll rally now. I tell you, gentlemen, when the bargain hunters cross the dead line at Fulton Street it's time to buy 'em. Just close your eyes and point your finger. One stock is as good as another."

The genial Mr. Caldwell spoke so much as though he were enunciating axioms that all the customers looked toward Mr. Shadd, Bargain Hunter Extraordinary. He felt the stare of the twenty-eight eyes. He said:

"No bargains yet—for me!"

D. Caldwell shrugged his shoulders helplessly. Then, feeling the inadequacy of the gesture, he threw up both his arms and waved them. He meant to convey:

"Well, I did my best for you all!"

Shadd caught Caldwell's eyes and motioned; whereupon Dave, suspecting what was coming, promptly took Shadd's arm and led him deferentially into an inner office. He did not wish the other customers to hear Shadd say he wished to close his account; but, before he could shut the door, he heard Henry Rumney remark to Ben Meiggs:

"Dave's getting pretty fresh."

And Meiggs, for all reply, asked Henry:

"I wonder if Shadd is going to give him a buying order?"

But what Shadd said to Dave was:

"How about that check?"

"You can have it any time you want it," said Dave, making no motion to walk toward the cashier. "Don't you think some bonds are pretty cheap? We are putting our best customers into Suburban Trolley adjustment fives. They'll net you a little better than five and a half per cent, and will surely go to par by fall. The company is earning nearly nine per cent on the stock; but only a few people know it. We got onto their earnings ——"

Shadd shook his head. He was not listening. He could not believe that he would ever get the check. These people would promise and promise; but no check. He would give anything to feel that he really and truly owned sixty thousand dollars. It was not to be. To prove it he said:

"Can you get it certified for me?"

There was no use in trying to talk to a man who listened only to his own voice. Caldwell surrendered.

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"Sure thing! Right away, Mr. Shadd. But you ought to look into those S. T. adjustment fives. I'll show you a confidential report on the property that we ——"

"Suppose," said Shadd desperately, "you give me my check, instead. I've got an appointment ——"

"Oh, very well," said Caldwell coldly, and disappeared cashierward.

Shadd sat down in an armchair and began to do a little planning, because he at last began to think that he might possibly get the check after all. First of all, he must see Warren, the lawyer, and hire him as his lawyer—provided, of course, he got the check, which he probably wouldn't.

Dave Caldwell came in—empty-handed! It was one thing to make money in Wall Street and another to take it away with you.

"I see bonds don't appeal to you, Mr. Shadd. Now I've got an inside line on a preferred industrial that will net you over eight per cent. They're doing the biggest business in their hist——"

"Where's the check?" interjected Shadd, certain that he was at last about to hear the flimsy reason why Francis T. Woodcock & Co. would not let sixty thousand dollars go out of their office.

Another reason why he must see Warren was to have him sue these crooks!

Dave Caldwell had kept his right hand behind his back. He brought it before him and said:

"Here it is." And gave a slip of paper to Shadd.

Wilberforce read it. The Metropolitan National Bank was told to pay to the order of Wilberforce Shadd sixty thousand and twenty-one dollars and no cents. It was signed by Francis T. Woodcock & Co., and was certified by the cashier of the Metropolitan National Bank, the latter signature illegible, but impressive and reassuring.

Wilberforce Shadd thrilled at the touch of the magic paper, so that the goose flesh, which came all over his back, almost hurt. But he put the check in his pocket nonchalantly and carelessly nodded his thanks. He did not say a word to Dave. He couldn't!

There came upon him an overwhelming desire to run away to some place where he could be alone with his money. He wished to feel that it was his, all his; and he could not feel that way unless he was all alone. He wished so much to have the sense of possession fill his being that it flashed on him that the only satisfying operation would be to cash that check at once; to exchange it for one-dollar bills, and then count them to make sure there were sixty thousand of them. And then he would count them a second time, more leisurely—neatly stacking the bills before him on a table in packages of one thousand each.

He almost ran out of the room, ignoring Dave Caldwell's outstretched hand of congratulation, because he did not see one hand. He saw sixty thousand ones!

In the customers' room he paused a moment, undecided whether to scream the news at the top of his voice or to wave his check in silence.

"You bet your boots," careful Mike Meiggs was saying, "when I cash in on the next bulge I'm going to fix it so that nobody—not even myself—can ever touch the principal!"

"Why?" asked Paine.

"The smartest man in the world," modestly explained Meiggs, "will at times fall for a fool tip. Or else he will go to the other extreme, and from excessive caution put all his money in a dead one. Any of you fellows ever hear of Charley James? I guess he was before your time. Well, he put a million dollars in trust, so that nobody could ever take it away from him."

A thought of thoughts! Wilberforce Shadd saw himself doing likewise. These men, at whom he was now gazing, were about to pass out of his life. He had made a killing and would go away, content to live quietly until he died. Meantime he had better see Warren before Mrs. Shadd did, or he might give in to her tearful face and pleading, terror-stricken eyes. When he did not do as his wife said, he felt like a pig. When he did, he felt like an ass.

XVII

HE WENT straight to the lawyer's office.

Samuel W. Warren was a young man who did not wish to look young, on the theory that he could impress his clients with his wisdom less offensively by accusing them of being younger than by accusing them of being less clever. He wished them to feel that they had taken their troubles to the right man—*aetat.* one hundred and thirty-seven years and eight months. He was bald and his beard was streaked with gray. As if that were not enough, he had married a woman older than himself, and, in addition, cultivated the old man's grin of tolerant good nature toward inexperience.

"Good morning, Mr. Warren," said Shadd.

Instantly he began to fear that Warren, being a henpecked chump, would refuse to do the trick as planned.

"Good morning, my boy!" And Warren nodded and smiled as if saying: "At last! Well, I expected it!"

"Is there any reason why you should not take my case?" asked Shadd and looked at Warren unblinkingly, as if to see with what expression Warren would decline. But the lawyer smiled paternally and said:

"I don't know what your case is."

"I mean I wish you to act as my lawyer."

"As against anybody in particular?" And the lawyer continued to smile, this time meaningly.



"You are a Good Friend, and I Want to Do Something for You"

Shadd stared at him blankly. Warren went on:

"Your wife, for instance?"

Ah, these children! But then, age and Mr. Warren would set them right.

As a matter of fact, even Mrs. Shadd was older than Warren.

"Do you mean," asked the perplexed Shadd, "am I looking for a divorce?"

"Or fearing it," complemented old Mr. Warren.

"No; I don't fear it," replied Mr. Shadd with a gloomy sort of indignation.

"Suppose you tell me what your trouble is," suggested Warren without committing himself to anything. "Begin at the beginning."

Shadd noticed that Warren had not promised to take his case; but he felt he might as well tell all about it.

"Well," began Wilberforce cautiously, "I've been dabbling in Wall Street."

"Is the property in your name or your wife's?" interrupted Warren, frowning in advance.

"In mine!" cried Shadd vehemently.

"Who are your brokers?"

"Francis T. Woodcock & Co."

"How much do they claim you owe them?"

"I don't owe them anything."

"I know! But how much do they say you owe them?"

"For what?"

"That," said the lawyer impatiently, "is what I am waiting for you to tell me. Since this is a declining market, I suppose they claim they didn't get your order to sell and ——"

"Oh, no," said Shadd, shaking his head violently. "They sold it when I told them."

"Then, how do they make out that you owe them ——"

"They don't."

"Then," and Warren frowned the frown of a man with a grievance—deceit and waste of time—"then, why did you come to see me?"

"Because I've made sixty thousand dollars ——"

"And they won't give it to you?"

"They've given it to me. I want to know if you are my lawyer?"

"Where's the money?" asked Warren skeptically.

"Here! It's a certified check for sixty thousand dollars." And Shadd took it from his pocket. Warren reached for it, but Shadd drew it back to safety and held it out of reach. He repeated: "Are you my lawyer?"

"I am!" replied Samuel W. Warren.

"You see, I took all my savings from the bank and I went down to Wall Street; and I bought, outright for cash, two hundred shares of Undersea Craft ——"

"The devil you did!" exclaimed Warren, rising to his feet excitedly. "At what price?"

"Nine."

"What!"

"Nine," repeated Shadd with the humility of greatness. "Plain nine. Nine dollars a share; eighteen hundred dollars for the two hundred shares."

"Why, man, you're a ——" Warren paused, lawyer-like, disliking to tell the truth in plain language.

"And so I sold, one hundred at 300 and the other hundred at 301. The top!" finished Shadd with a deprecatory gesture and gleaming eyes.

"By George!" exclaimed Warren, so admiringly that he forgot to smile senilely. Then he remembered himself and looked stern. "Now, young fellow, what are you going to do with it?"

"That's why I'm here," said Shadd hurriedly. "You know I had to tell my wife—and she —— Well, you know what women are."

"I do," said Warren, so unconvincingly that Shadd began to fear the worst.

Wilberforce's mind at times worked best under the stimulus of fear. It did so now, luckily for him.

"Warren, I want to keep out of Wall Street. I think I've done enough—to run eighteen hundred dollars up to sixty thousand. But, hang it, everybody insists on telling me how to invest my money so it will bring me in eighteen per cent a year."

"Well, you don't want to listen to them. You want to invest it ——"

"No, I don't!" contradicted Shadd vehemently. "I wish to be protected against my own self. I'm afraid of being an easy mark, now that I have money. I want to get a fair income and enjoy it as long as I live. I don't want to speculate! I don't want to make a million dollars! So I've come here for you to tell me what to do."

S. W. Warren looked at Shadd in amazement. Talk about only the old being wise! Why, this clerk had Methuselah and Solomon backed into a corner, positively speechless!

Shadd's fears came back to him.

"Do you th-think," he inquired tremulously, "that I'm f-foolish?"

"Foolish? By George, you are the wisest gink—er—man that ever came into this office. Just shake hands with me, will you?"

They shook hands warmly and Shadd began to hope.

"Can you fix it," he went on earnestly, "so that I myself cannot touch this money, but get the income regularly, and nothing more so long as I live, no matter how many times I—I—I may change my mind?"

"You bet your boots I can!" declared Mr. Warren with conviction.

"Are you dead sure?" persisted Shadd earnestly. "No matter who it is that wants me to invest in oil lands, or mining stocks, or lots in—er—Jersey, or any of those things? I don't want to do it."

"I don't blame you," said Warren sympathetically.

"Sometimes they are your—er—relatives and you'd like to please 'em; but —— Well, a fellow's got a right to look out for himself."

"You're dead right there, Shadd," said Warren, speaking for the first time with real conviction. "I think a trust deed, leaving the principal to your wife, since you have no children ——"

"Couldn't she break it if she made up her mind to do it?"

"Well," admitted Warren reluctantly, "of course you and she together might break it if she, as beneficiary, waived her rights and claims ——"

"That's just what I don't want," said Shadd. "She—er—has spoken to a man who is hellbent on putting money into things that pay a very high rate of interest, and you treble your money in two years to boot ——" Shadd stopped because he did not wish to lie or to admit he couldn't say "No" to her.

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Fortunately the lawyer was the kind who knew everything better than the client.

"I know the type," said Warren, and nodded frowningly. "If you don't watch out you won't have a cent left. It's too bad you have no infant children! If you had, and made them joint beneficiaries, the deed of trust could not be broken, even though they were willing, until they were of age."

"I see," said Shadd.

He had no children. His wife was, therefore, to blame. Thinking of her guilt brought a second flash of inspiration to him.

"Do they have to be blood relatives?" he asked.

"No."

"How much do I have to leave to them?"

"As much or as little as you wish."

"Then," declared Shadd, "the younger the better! Say, Warren, you go on and draw up the paper, and leave a blank space for three children's names." He would take no chances.

"Oh, I can fix it up in a jiffy! It won't take long. You just give me the names."

"You go ahead and get it ready," persisted Shadd. "I'll be back in a little while."

XVIII

WILBERFORCE SHADD hurried back to his office. He sought the manager.

"Mr. Lipps," said Wilberforce desperately, "have you any small children?"

Lipps stared at Shadd in amazement. Then he decided to answer and send for the ambulance later, if really necessary.

"Yes. I've got a boy of three and a girl baby. Greatest kid you ever saw, that! She's been growing at the rate of ——"

"How old? How old?" feverishly interrupted Shadd.

"One month and three days; and she weighs ——"

"Her name?" broke in Shadd with a bright smile, reaching for a pad and pencil.

"Winifred Lipps. She is the ——"

"Mr. Lipps"—and Shadd looked straight into his superior's eyes—"if you don't mind I am going to do something for her. Perhaps I had better explain to you that I have no children of my own."

"Too bad!"

"Yes; it is. The reason I want to do this for Winifred is because my wife wanted to buy—er—to be ——"

"Too bad, Shadd! I understand. Well, perhaps it is just as well. They are a great care, and unless you are very lucky ——"

"Yes, sir. You've always been very kind to me and I'd like to do something for Winifred. I've always wanted a little girl of my own; but Winnie will do just as well."

"Oh, nonsense!" And Lipps shook his head, but looked pleased. "You look out for your own family."

"You don't know it, Mr. Lipps, but, as a matter of fact, I'm much better off than you'd suspect."

"Oh, I didn't mean that!"

Lipps spoke in horror-stricken tones, but he could not keep his eyes from shining happily.

"I told my lawyer to leave a blank space for the name and he said he'd wait until I got back. Of course I could telephone him or send it by messenger, or leave it for to-morrow at lunchtime."

"You'd better attend to it yourself, Shadd. Take all the time you need. After all, a man doesn't make his last will and testament every day."

And, with a friendly nod, Mr. Lipps left the room—that nothing might delay Mr. Shadd's return to his lawyer.

Wilberforce, however, went into the shipping room and sought Jim Molloy, who used to make him feel brave by saying there were more jobs open than he could fill in ten years.

"Molloy, have you any girls?"

Girls, Shadd decided, were longer-lived than boys. They invariably survived their husbands.

"Four of 'em!"

"Healthy?"

"You'd think so if you had to feed 'em."

"How old is the youngest?"

"The youngest? Eight months old yesterday; no—Tuesday."

"Lively and strong, eh?"

"Say!" Molloy's eyes grew bright and enthusiastic. "Honest, she can ——"

"Enough! Enough!" cried Shadd so excitedly that Molloy actually did not finish the hymn of praise. "What's her name?"

"Alice."

"No middle name?"

"Yes—Alice May. Say, not because she's my kid, but on the level she's the greatest ——"

"Listen, Jim; I've got no kids of my own and so I'm going to do something for yours. Don't say anything to anybody. You are a good friend, and I want to do something for you in case I—er—croak. She is healthy, hey?"

"Say, she grabbed my finger; and I hope to die if I'm not telling God's truth, mister—she just held on ——"

Shadd had picked out no moribund weakling.

"Fine!" he cried, so enthusiastically that Molloy's blue eyes grew moist and tender.

Shadd thereupon rushed away. At the door, standing by the gate of the freight-elevator shaft, was old William Ross, who was known to come of a long-lived family.

"Say, Ross," asked Shadd, "have you any grandchildren?"

"Eleven."

"How old is the youngest?"

"I don't rightly know. Let me see; he was born the year Cleveland ran the last time ——"

"Ninety-two?"

"That's right," said Ross. "He's twenty-three."

"Have you any great-grandchildren?"

"Three."

"Girls?"

"No—all boys. We Rosses are all boy-breeders. My father was one of nineteen—all boys."

"What's the name of your youngest great-grandson?"

"William. My wife got a letter yesterday saying Willie was doing fine. He is seven days old to-day."

"Thank you."

"Why?" inquired G. G. Father Ross suspiciously.

"Why what?"

"Why do you thank me?"

"For coming of such long-lived stock."

Forty minutes later Wilberforce Shadd opened the door of Warren's office and peered in cautiously, fearing his wife might have come in ahead of time. Seeing the lawyer alone, he walked in bravely.

"The names," he announced, "are Winifred Lipps, Alice May Molloy, and William Ross, 'steenth.

"These children are the daughters and the great-grandson, respectively, of business associates and friends."

"Write them," said Warren.



"Mr. Morris, the Time to Go Short of 'Em Was When I Did—er—I Mean, Not Now"

Wilberforce Shadd did so. Warren gave the slip to Miss Walker, his red-headed stenographer.

Five minutes later Wilberforce Shadd read and thrice reread this document:

I give and bequeath the sum of sixty thousand dollars to Samuel Walter Warren in trust, to hold and invest the same, and to pay me the net income thereof during my life, and on my death to pay out of the principal thereof the sum of one hundred dollars to Winifred Lipps, the sum of one hundred dollars to Alice May Molloy, and the sum of one hundred dollars to William Ross, great-grandson of my friend William Ross; and the balance of said remainder to my wife, Ann Elizabeth Shadd.

"Where do I sign?" asked Shadd, looking at the clock.

"Here. And I sign here."

Both Shadd and Warren signed the document typed by the red-headed Miss Walker, who kept book agents from calling twice at that office.

"Are you sure that nobody can touch this money?" asked Shadd.

"Sure?" And Warren smiled. "Sure? I wish you were as sure of heaven as I am of that."

"Well, I must be going. You will invest the money soon, I suppose?"

"At once. I think I can get you five per cent ——"

"Five?" And Wilberforce Shadd frowned.

"Yes; I am compelled by law to invest all trust funds in certain classes of securities. You ought to get pretty close to three thousand dollars a year."

Wilberforce Shadd had been figuring on thirty-six hundred dollars.

From three hundred dollars to two hundred and fifty a month was a big drop.

"That's what a man's wife can do!" bitterly reflected Wilberforce.

Then he thought of what the same man's wife could not do, now that he had signed the little paper; and he smiled pleasantly.

Minus a check for sixty thousand and twenty-one dollars and plus a receipt for same from Warren, Wilberforce Shadd left the lawyer's office and returned to his own.

XIX

LIPPS was not waiting for him; he merely happened—don't you know?—to be near Shadd's desk when Mr. Shadd came in.

"Er—back again, hey?" said Lipps with an ingratiating smile. It wasn't what he really wished to say; but he did not know how to ask the other question.

"Yes, sir."

Lipps hesitated, and then, trying not to look expectant, asked:

"Er—fixed everything to your satisfaction?"

"Everything!" answered Shadd with the pleased smile of a man successfully defying Fate. Then he thought of Lipps and the reason for Lipps' smile, and added: "Winifred's name leads all the rest."

"Oh, I didn't mean to ask anything about that!" And Lipps smiled.

The smile was so kindly, so full of admiration, so inviting of confidence, that before he knew it Wilberfore Shadd took Warren's receipt from his pocket and handed it to Mr. Lipps. (Continued on Page 62)



Wilberforce Shadd Thrilled at the Touch of the Magic Paper

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 10, 1917

The Tuppenny Beer Men

SEVERAL years ago a famous and venerable English establishment changed hands. The new proprietor, going in and out of his office, noticed that a cheerful and obsequious person always stood near the front door. Being of an inquiring turn of mind, he asked this person who he was; and the person, dutifully knuckling his forehead, answered: "I'm the tuppenny beer man, sir."

Investigation by the proprietor disclosed that a predecessor, more than two generations before, had stationed a man at the door for the purpose of treating to tuppenny beer whoever came to the establishment bringing a message, a parcel, or on a like errand. The cost ran into hundreds of pounds yearly.

Doubtless time was when treating messengers, parcel-bearers, and so on, to tuppenny beer was a good stroke of business. Probably it got the house quicker service. But the tuppenny beer man persisted for many years after the reason for him had ceased.

Every business everywhere in the world tends to load itself up with deadwood in that way. Something is done for a good reason; conditions change, so the reason is no longer valid; but the business goes on doing the old thing from habit and because nobody has the wit to see that a change is needed, and to act upon that perception.

It has been pointed out that one reason for Germany's rapid industrial development in the last half of the nineteenth century was that she took over the industrial system ready-made from England, and in taking it over cut out the deadwood which had grown into it as it developed at home.

War has already cut out much deadwood in Europe. Reorganization after the war will probably cut out still more.

There is undoubtedly plenty of it in the United States. We should say the first step in preparing for after-the-war conditions would be for every American manufacturer and merchant, no matter how big or little, to install a really adequate cost-accounting system—if he has not one already—and study it carefully to detect his pile of deadwood.

The Price of Money

IN THE eighteenth century the British Government was able to borrow money at three per cent. For a comparatively short time in the latter part of the nineteenth century money was so abundant that the government borrowed at little over two per cent. In this year of grace, after the enormous borrowings on account of the war and with no peace in sight, it is able to borrow an immense sum at about four per cent net. The new war loan bears five per cent interest and goes to subscribers at a discount, but the government immediately takes back one-quarter of the interest for income tax; so the net cost of the money is about four per cent, and for those who want assurance that the income tax will not cut still deeper in the future it is issuing a four-per-cent tax-free bond.

Before the war, in the light of a hundred and fifty years' experience, it might be said that three per cent was about the normal price for money in England and the United States. Eliminate risk, give the investor the utmost possible assurance of safety, and his money could be had at about that rate. Whenever a higher rate was paid the excess was in the nature of an insurance premium, compensating the investor for risk assumed.

The vast war borrowings may be regarded as introducing some element of risk, even in the case of a government bond; and that England is still able to borrow at about four per cent net indicates that a high interest rate is not necessary to call forth whatever investable capital there may be in a country.

It has been assumed that interest rates in Europe will be extremely high after the war. If so it will be because competitors bid high for funds and not because investors demand a high rate. Apparently whatever money there is can be had at four per cent as readily as at six.

Preventable Poverty

AN ANNUAL report by the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor says that in ninety-six per cent of the cases relieved the family's plight was due to sickness or death of the wage-earner. In the remaining four per cent the causes were wife-desertion, imprisonment, alcoholism, old age and unemployment.

The report, of course, covered a boom year, when unemployment was at the minimum; but in average times sickness or death and unemployment are the greatest proximate causes of poverty. And they are very largely preventable causes. Better hygiene can reduce sickness. Comprehensive insurance against sickness and death is feasible, as Germany and England have shown. Unemployment and part unemployment, perhaps the most fruitful of all proximate causes of poverty, are to a great extent merely the result of industrial maladjustment, unsocial thinking.

In many cases an employer's first recourse when the normal demand slackens is to discharge workmen. Their buying power paralyzed, they cut down demand in some other direction, and more workmen are discharged. If the problem was considered socially other expedients besides discharging the men might very often be found. There is not enough correlation of seasonal occupations for the purpose of keeping men continuously employed. Public work might be more extensively shaped with a view to lessening unemployment.

One minor cause of poverty may be noted—imprisonment. The state takes charge of a man who is supporting his family, and at once—in most cases—prevents him from fulfilling that primary social, moral, human obligation which he has been voluntarily fulfilling when left to himself. Could stupidity go farther than that?

A great deal of poverty is preventable—with no revolutions or patent panaceas, but only with an intelligent, social-minded attack upon some of the chief proximate causes of it.

A Training Program

WE SHOULD have athletic drill in public schools, approximating, in the high schools, the training a recruit would get; a regular volunteer army of two hundred and fifty thousand men. There is no reason to doubt that volunteers can be had if some pains are taken to make army service more attractive. We must not, of course, have any system which presumes commissioned officers to be of a quite different clay from enlisted men. France has shown that a really democratic army can be the most efficient army. Promotion to the highest commands must be open to any enlisted man.

There should be a moderate increase in pay. Service in the army may be so ordered that a man with army experience would be preferred for various civil employments. Enlistments should be for three years of active service, with ten years or so in a graded reserve.

This would cost something; but any possible increase in land defenses would cost something; and if the country can afford to spend millions under the Hay Bill it can afford to spend millions on a plan that will give some results.

Militarists will not like this program. They want conscription. Perhaps some members of Congress will not like it, for it provides neither pork nor politics. But it is the only plan we know of that meets the country's situation and prospects.

Any of the ambitious plans for compulsory military service, if adopted now, would certainly break down directly after normal conditions were restored in Europe; so the energy and money expended upon them would be mostly wasted.

Some Work at Home

THE details of the latest prison scandal are mostly stereotyped—ill-ventilated, unsanitary buildings, with hardly any chance for open-air exercise; men in damp, unlighted dungeons; criminals hardened in vice herded with young first-offenders; dirt and vermin; convict labor farmed out to contractors under conditions that regard little except the contractors' profits. An old story!

We have been told, for a couple of years now, that the United States ought to look abroad for some great and exigent problems to engage its moral strength, lest that degenerate because there is really nothing at home upon which to exercise it.

Suppose we should take a little elementary moral exercise by really trying to stop heaping stupid and brutal abuses upon the inmates of prisons. Then there is the matter of lynching, and various other possible objects of righteous effort which will occur to any reader.

Prison reform has been a staple object of agitation for many years. The country has been shocked time and again by disclosures of prison barbarities. Evidently all this has not penetrated to the consciousness of many officials.

How shall we put it so it shall penetrate the official consciousness everywhere—and the lay consciousness, too—so that a barbarous prison shall not be tolerated?

That is something of a job. There are others. Unfortunately these hard, grinding jobs at home do not appeal much to the sentimental imagination. They are not dramatic. They require dogged application. The sentimental imagination instinctively shies away from them to larger flights.

All the same, there is quite a bit of work to be done at home.

The Industrial Pace

THREE years ago Canadian industry, broadly speaking, did not know what a war munition looked like. There are now six hundred munitions factories in the Dominion, and they are supplying a very important proportion of the enormous number of shells used on the Western battle-front.

A recent British report compares the output of guns, powder and shells in the United Kingdom at the close of 1916 with that at the end of June, 1915—after nearly a year of war.

Of larger shells the output is from sixty to three hundred times as great; the increased production of guns runs from one hundred to twelve hundred per cent, and of powder from one hundred to four thousand per cent. In 1916, it may be noted, British exports, measured in value, were about up to the normal before-the-war mark, having increased more than fifteen per cent over 1914, which was over half peace.

A report from Germany says that wood-pulp products have been successfully substituted for cotton—the supply of which has been cut off—in the manufacture of explosives; that bags made of paper yarn are taking the place of jute; old rubber is refabricated and substitutes for rubber are introduced.

Whatever the exact facts may be, it is certain that, though supplies of important raw materials have been much reduced or nearly cut off, Germany still manages to make the things she must have.

All of this illustrates the adaptability of modern industry. The world has learned the trick. It has a mastery of productive processes, an organization, a genius that no war can destroy. If it should happen to want wampum as badly as the Indians did it could turn it out by billions of tons with a fortnight's preparation.

After the war's demonstration of human mastery over material things there is no use in saying that Nature sets a limit to what we can have of any necessary material thing.

Foreign Trade

COMPARING our exports in 1916 with 1913, the last preceding year that was entirely free from war influence, is not a particularly flattering occupation.

Exports to Europe increased by a couple of billion dollars; but if the Allies be excluded there was no gain. Exports to North America increased over a quarter of a billion, but more than half of that went to Canada and was mostly a war demand. Exports to Asia trebled, but Russian Asia took the lion's share of the gain; and some of Japan's increased purchases were a war demand. Nearer home the biggest gain, aside from Canada, was in exports to Cuba; but that was largely a product of our increased purchases of Cuban sugar, which, again, was in great part a war demand. Gains in exports to Argentina, Chile, Brazil and China make but an infinitesimal item in the total of our foreign trade.

In short, we have as yet gained comparatively little foreign trade, except as war demand has thrown it to us. We have gained something in understanding the importance of foreign trade and in organizing for it; but Congress, at this writing, is still haggling over the bill to permit coöperation for export business, and even threatening so to amend it as to make it worthless.

It has long been clear enough that more efficient competition for foreign trade requires coöperative effort by our manufacturers; but the machinery moves slowly.

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FEEDING A MILLION

Army Housekeeping—By Eleanor Franklin Egan

THE Germans on the Somme and at Verdun have been surrendering to the French and British on rather slight provocation—at least a great many of them have. And the first thing the average German prisoner does when he finds himself safe behind his enemies' lines is to ask for food. Invariably he is delighted and astonished by the quality of the food he is given, and he keeps on asking for more until his great hunger for the white bread, the fresh meats and the fine, fatty soups is appeased. Now if I were a French general and had reason to believe that the stories about a German food shortage were true—and the prisoners say they are—I would inaugurate a new kind of offensive on lines calculated to entice all the German armies out of their trenches.



Whole Trains of Refrigerated Vans are Driven Each Day to the Field Kitchens

I would fill a few bomb casings with generous, thick, buttered and jam-spread slices of *la boule*—as the French call their ration bread—and fire them over into the German trenches as the climax of a bombardment by which I would have cut the men off from their own food supplies long enough to make them good and hungry. I would wrap each tempting titbit in a carefully worded invitation to dinner, in which I would not hesitate to mention beefsteaks, and lamb chops, and real pork sausages, and potatoes stewed in cream—or German fried; and I would follow this inhuman action with a few teasing whiffs of condensed rich food odors, which might be sprayed out across No Man's Land from a gas nozzle. Unless the Germans are superior to all the laws of Nature, the result would be wholesale surrenders; the war would be brought to an end very shortly and hundreds of thousands of lives would be saved.

What Frenchmen are Eating Near Verdun

IN WAR the one thing needful to the man in the fight is food. Munitions and guns would be utterly useless to an army with empty stomachs. The soldier must eat, and that is the only absolute and unqualified "must" which confronts the servants of the state whose business it is to minister to his physical requirements. He does not have to sleep in comfort—at least not often; it is not necessary that he should be warm or clean, and he can be practically shelterless for weeks on end; he can live in his dirt and bodily discomfort, get used to it in no time, and grow rugged and healthy on it, just so long as he is enabled regularly and plentifully to eat. And heroes have prodigious appetites. The French heroes of Verdun, a round million of them, consume approximately twenty-four million five hundred thousand pounds of food every week, and this is counting only the official dry ration, which is variously and abundantly supplemented.

That, I suppose, is as good a way as any to begin. The military statistical sea is much deeper a little farther out; but, even at the million depth, one must rely more or less on the buoyancy of one's own inflated ignorance in order to establish any kind of claim to mental unsubmersibleness. The Germans are so fond of the word colossal that the French, in connection with their own colossal achievements, have begun to spell it occasionally in the German way and to print it in italics by way of pointed and piquant retort—a retort analogous to the one some English soldiers in the trenches made last winter to the German boast: "*Gott mit Uns!*"

The Germans raised a signboard bearing this legend high over one of their trenches where the Tommies opposite them could read it; and the Tommies, not to be outdone, made an imitation of the signboard and painted on it in large black letters: "We Got Mittens Too!" This is a well-known story, but I am not going to apologize for repeating it in this connection, because it seems to me exactly to illustrate the whole answer of the Allies to unanticipated German aggression. The English should name their first successful imitation of a Zeppelin, Got Mittens!

Colossal is the only word to apply to any commissariat designed to meet the demands of millions of men under arms; but in the French commissariat it is not mere size that impresses one most; it is the bewildering variety of minute detail and the perfection of the system that has been achieved. France lays the loss of the war of 1870 at the door of the commissariat. This department was so badly organized, and its bases of supply were so unfortunately located and so inadequately protected, that the enemy was able at the very beginning to curtail its resources to the point of absolute defeat; and that conquest, as everybody knows, became a conquest of starvation.

Whereupon France made a belated Never Again! resolution and went to work. The present magnificent system of supply has grown gradually and in unbreakable solidity upon a foundation of tragic "ifs." If France had only had so and so in such and such a place, how different the result might have been! The French army today is as well fed as any army has ever been; and there is an atmosphere of pride and satisfaction evident in the whole commissary department, which gives one a feeling of great confidence in the eventual issue.

The daily ration of every soldier in France is seven hundred grams of bread; a minimum of four hundred and fifty grams of fresh meat—beef, mutton or pork; thirty grams of bacon or ham; one hundred grams of dried vegetables; sixty grams of dried soup vegetables, in a mixture known as *julienne;* seventy-five grams of jam; one hundred grams of potatoes, spaghetti, rice or macaroni—alternated; thirty grams of coffee; forty grams of sugar; twenty grams of salt; three grams of tea, for those who want it; and one pint of wine, either white or red.

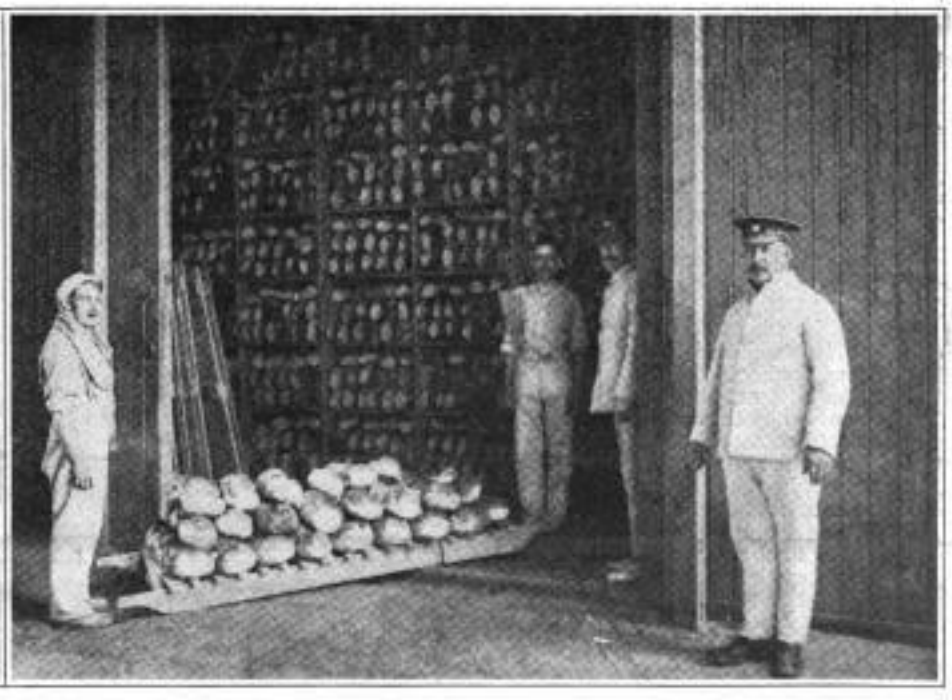
The Trimmings, Fixings and Extras

IN ADDITION to all of this the captain of each company gets a weekly cash allowance for the purchase of fresh vegetables for his men, or anything they may vote for in the way of "trimmings"—sauces of various sorts and small articles of diet dear to the French heart. Food for the men in the trenches when they are under heavy bombardment is a different matter; but I shall come to that later on.

And so you have my mathematical cards on the table. In building up my fine large estimate in pounds a week for the supply of an army of a million men I found it necessary to brush aside a good many decimal crumbs, as any mathematician would soon discover, but hardly enough perhaps to make an appreciable difference in the army food situation. According to my figures, each man still gets about three and a half pounds of food each day, without counting wine or extras; and that is approximately correct. The metric system is in use, I think, in every civilized country on earth except Russia and Montenegro; and it has been



At Least One-Fifth of the Baking Has to be Done at the Front



Thousands Upon Thousands of Big Round Loaves Were Stacked on Racklike Shelves

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At the First Food Distribution Base



Cattle With Their Own Feed Strapped on Their Backs

legalized in the United States. But there is a wide difference between legalizing and familiarizing—as much of our legislation annually demonstrates; and I, for one of my imperfectly educated generation, shall never cease to ask how many kilos there are in a pound and how many miles it takes to make a kilometer. I look them up quite frequently and am always surprised to find that it is just the other way round.

As for grams to the ounce, there are four decimal figures after the whole number; and why anybody should be expected to worry over that kind of thing I cannot see. After which deferential acknowledgment of the mental superiority of those to whom decimal crumbs can be an intellectual feast, I will proceed.

When I first mentioned to a French friend the fact that I wanted to know how soldiers in large numbers live and are taken care of, I must, quite unintentionally, have laid special emphasis on baths and clean clothing, these being in anyone's opinion two highly important items of comfortable existence. It came, of course, through my enumerating normal necessities—food, raiment, shelter, fire, beds, baths and laundries.

The Military Shops in Paris

"How do armies get bathed and laundered?" The answer is: "They don't." But, in the interest of the French reputation from the celebrated American standpoint, my French civilian friend thought it better that I should be permitted to learn this for myself—if I could—hoping that, in my rigidly limited and officer-conducted wanderings round, I might come across a laundry or bathhouse somewhere which would be sufficiently impressive and sufficiently dilated upon by my escort to induce in me a belief that France was full of just such admirable institutions. He was being very subtle when he said to me afterward:

"What did you think of our laundries and baths?"

"Your what?"

"Well, of course—I knew it all the time; but I was not going to discourage you. If we were wise—as the Germans are, for instance—we would establish a few things of that character in easily accessible places, just for the sake of striking admiration into the minds of our 'clean above all things' American friends. How you would praise us! But war is war, and we are working at it."

Though the answer to the question "How do armies get bathed and laundered?" is "They don't," I must qualify that answer by the statement that in some cases in France they certainly do. Not so much in the interest of cleanliness and comfort, perhaps, as for purposes of economy. Probably the great obstacle to the systematic conservation of clothing is in the form of a mountain of things that crawl—things which, in some unaccountable way, manage to crawl into every army. And these unspeakable things do not drown easily, fire being the only element to which they do quickly succumb. However, in Paris I have been in workrooms where hundreds of women were engaged in mending army underwear and shirts, and inquiry elicited the information that the garments were sterilized at the Front in big ovens on wheels, and afterward shipped to laundries here and there throughout the country to be washed and delivered to different mending rooms. But the size of this undertaking, as I have seen it, is not such as to give one visions of clean and neatly mended clothing for three million men every Saturday night.

What one does see in astounding quantities is new clothing. The swift packing into bundles for shipment to the Front of one million and a half new shirts all at once and all in one vast workroom is a thing to look upon with interest; a thing to inspire varied and far-reaching speculation. I was assured that a soldier may have a new shirt and new underclothing as often as he needs them, which was exceedingly indefinite, but at least superficially satisfactory to an inquirer who has learned more or less what to expect in the way of information.

The question as to whether or not a soldier's need is ever determined by himself or by the facts is of absolutely no importance. Down in the Verdun sector I saw men just coming out of the trenches and men just going in, and there was little to choose between them in regard to general appearance, except that the mud on those going in had had a chance to dry, while the mud on those coming out looked as though it had soaked through to their skins—as no doubt it had.

In the front rank of one company on its way in, incidentally, there was a man I shall never forget. He was a living protest against war's hideous sacrifice. He was the only clean man in the ranks. His gray-blue uniform was bright and new and fitted his lithe figure perfectly, making one sure that it had been turned out by his own tailor. He was an unmistakable aristocrat, very tall, and masculinely beautiful in every line. I stared at him; I could not help it. His comrades were laughing and joshing as they swung along, and only he among them all was serious. His level eyes were fixed straight ahead and he carried his rifle with a curious easy grace. He made one think of a shaft of sunlight passing slowly into a bank of cloud. I said to myself: "It is that boy's first time in." I was sure of it—and he was so splendidly young! I do hope he came out merely covered with the glorious mud—"glorious mud" is what they call it.

Women do most of the army sewing and tailoring, just as they make most of the munitions, the metal helmets and wooden trench shoes, and all the other items of soldier equipment. They have become a part of the great system in France, as women have in England; but in France there is no danger of their ever wanting to make their new position permanent. Frenchwomen are essentially home women and feminists in a wholly effeminate sense. Hardly a baker's dozen of them have ever taken any interest in theories of economic independence and equal rights. They don't want to be economically independent. They consider it a woman's privilege to be supported by a man, and they are now doing the work of men because the work has to be done and there is nobody else to do it. They have risen magnificently to meet their country's need, but they perform their great and unaccustomed service rather grimly. It is to their greater credit that their performance in every line leaves so little to be desired.

The average pay for women working in the army-equipment department is four francs—eighty cents—a day for a workday of ten hours. Then there are thousands of women who take work to their homes and are paid so much for a dozen pieces; but in order to get this work they must keep up to a fixed standard of daily production. It is a mill, a machine, and the dead-level monotony of specialization characterizes the whole system. The army must have boots, wooden trench shoes, socks, underclothing, flannel shirts, suspenders, uniforms, overcoats, raincoats, helmets, soft caps, gas masks, blankets, tents, mattresses—sometimes—knapsacks, cartridge belts, gloves and mittens, handkerchiefs, hand towels, and a dozen and one other things; and all these things, or most of them, the women make.

Many of them, especially uniforms, are made in parts and assembled; and when I saw some five hundred women in Paris engaged in turning out an order for a few hundred thousand pairs of uniform sleeves, within a given time, I wondered how much they knew about the other processes of production. Probably nothing at all. Their tired minds must sometimes conjure up visions of valiant regiments going forth in nothing but sleeves. And as for the makers of flannel shirts and undergarments—which are usually referred to in terms of millions—their hours are so long and their weary lives so absorbed, so smothered, one might say, in Canton flannel and wool, that they would be justified in imagining that the beloved army both eats such articles and fires them at the enemy. The amount of materials one sees in actual process of swift destruction is beyond casual comprehension.

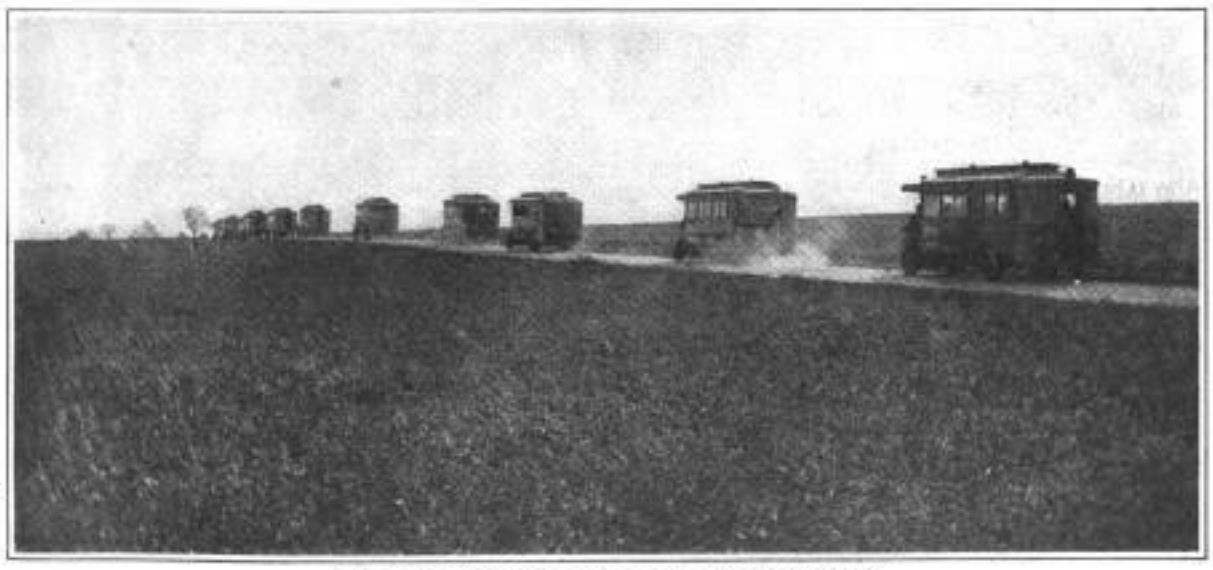
The Powers That Be

But I began by saying that all an army really needs is food; and if that can be accepted as a comparative statement it needs no modification. It requires the night and day services of some fifteen thousand men just to feed the army of a million at Verdun. The Battle of Verdun has been fought out and finished, we believe, or hope; but the struggle for Douaumont was in progress when I was down there, and the army of a million was a concentrated reality.

In pursuit of information I went, in the beginning, to the Powers that Be, in Paris, and announced that I wanted to see the national pantry and clothespress—to say nothing of the kitchens, refrigerators, storerooms, wine cellars and other incidentals of national housekeeping, including domestic account books. I knew, later, why everybody laughed. They wondered why I should be choosing such a peculiar life-work. Or was it to cover their own ignorance of the subject? They were ignorant—no doubt about that; and one man at least has since asked even me for small items of information.

Some questions I could and can answer; but most things, be it understood, are known only to some mysterious great person somewhere, who never, no never, will tell. High officials get so in the habit these days of "squirreling" information that they will not even uncover it for the benefit of each other. I found it rather difficult to induce the Powers that Be to take me seriously; but as a matter of fact they take themselves so seriously that their mental capacity for seriousness is completely exhausted before they reach the actual performance of the tasks assigned to them—which sounds rather hateful, but is quite justified. I think I must digress just long enough to give them away.

(Continued on Page 30)



Automobile Busses Carrying Food to the French Front

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Let us bring our gardens to your table

Let us give you the benefit of these fresh delicious vegetables so carefully selected and daintily prepared.

Here is a tempting, wholesome food rich in appetizing flavor; full of strength-building nourishment. And it is all ready for your table any time at three minutes' notice. Think how independent you can be, on the food question and the "help" question and the three-meals-a-day question, when your larder is supplied with

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

In this single product you have a perfectly balanced diet—all the elements of nutrition scientifically combined. *We use thirty-two separate ingredients in this nourishing soup.*

Fifteen of these are vegetables; including premium-grade white potatoes—the finest Maine growth, "Jersey" sweet potatoes, red-hearted Chantenay carrots, sweet yellow turnips, baby lima beans, tender little peas, cabbage, tomatoes and "Country Gentleman" corn.

We add rice, barley, celery, okra, fine herbs and delicate leek; besides "A B C" Macaroni, and just a whisper, as you might say, of sweet red peppers. And we blend all these in a rich meaty stock made from selected beef.

You could not imagine a dish more tasty and nutritious. It is not only an inviting dinner-course, but it is the best part of a light meal in itself.

It involves no bother of marketing on your part; no expenditure of time and energy, no cooking expense. It comes to you already perfectly cooked and prepared. You simply add hot water, bring to a boil and serve.

Good soup is positively essential to the properly-regulated diet. All authorities agree on this. It should be eaten once a day at least. And with an assortment of these health-promoting Campbell "kinds" in the house, you are never without a soup that is altogether welcome and satisfying.

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Beef	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Julienne	Printanier
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mutton	Vegetable
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato



Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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A Tempting Dish—
Fried Chicken
Southern Style

Try it—in the

"Wear-Ever"

ALUMINUM FRY PAN

Clean, singe and cut into pieces for serving, two very young chickens. Salt, roll in wet flour having as much flour as possible cling to chicken. Melt tablespoon butter in "Wear-Ever" Aluminum Fry Pan—put chicken in, skin down, cover. Cook slowly for about 15 minutes, turning when necessary. When thoroughly brown and crisp, add 3 tablespoons of water. Cook 3 minutes longer. Take out chicken and drain. Thicken gravy. Serve hot or very cold.

The "Wear-Ever" Fry Pan stores up a larger amount of heat than the ordinary fry pan, sears the meat immediately, thus keeping in the juices—cooks thoroughly and quickly.

The enormous pressure of rolling mills and stamping machines makes the metal in the "Wear-Ever" utensils dense, hard and smooth. They are made in one piece, have no seams to give trouble, no coating to chip off and get into your food, are pure and safe.

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"

Look for the "Wear-Ever" trade mark on the bottom of every utensil. It is your guarantee of safety, saving and service.

If you never have used "Wear-Ever," we will send you the sample 1-qt. Stewpan as pictured, *for only 30c* if the coupon is mailed on or before March 20, 1917.



The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co.
New Kensington, Pa., Dept. 18, or (If you live in Canada) Northern Aluminum Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Send, prepaid, 1-qt. "Wear-Ever" Stewpan. Enclosed is 30c in stamps or coin—to be refunded if not satisfied. Offer good until March 20, 1917, only.

Name_____

Address_____

(Continued from Page 28)

By the Powers that Be I mean, of course, the men of the Press Bureau. They are ensconced in formidable-looking offices, guarded by numerous uniformed old-soldier doormen, and evidently conceive themselves to be charged with the delicate mission of keeping all friendly inquirers as far as possible from the subjects of their inquiries—which is not what they are there for at all; though, in this connection, I must say that the French are almost loosely liberal in comparison with the English. The English maintain an expensive Press Bureau, I sometimes almost think, for the purpose of having someone to blame for the superiority of German propaganda. It was the irritation and danger of German propaganda, almost as much as a recognition of the necessity for taking a proper interest in the efforts of the world's press to keep friendly tabs on their activities, which induced the allied governments to establish Press Bureaus; and all of them, especially the English and French, have voted large sums of money for the purpose.

The endeavors of these institutions are supposed to be directed toward combating German propaganda and establishing correct public impressions in neutral countries, especially in the United States; and in such an important enterprise the Allies are perfectly willing to spend money. But they do not have to spend money; and this is particularly true with regard to France. France has nothing to conceal except such military secrets as she knows how to guard under all circumstances, and nothing to smooth over or explain. In all that concerns French life and French conditions there is little that would not make an enemy envious; and the spreading abroad of information about such things is a wise procedure.

The French were assured at once, and by an American, that the only thing they had to do was to open the way for American and other neutral correspondents, and that the result would be the wide and free dissemination of a great deal of honest and harmless information. They were pleased to believe this; but the establishment of the bureau was a necessity, and a large staff would be needed to look after the details of passes, investigations of character, and all that sort of thing.

All right; some such institution is undoubtedly an indispensable cog in the great machine of war as war exists. There is no question about that; but one may say that such an institution should be organized on lines of the highest efficiency if it is not to be an obstacle rather than an aid to the strengthening of international relationships.

I shall have to admit, gratefully, that, in comparison with the experience of some others, the way has been wide open for me; but to seek vainly for a little up-to-date information is an irritating process, and that is how one spends most of one's time. At the Press Bureau there is one long corridor filled with unpainted pine shelves of the temporary, hurried-looking and immediately necessary variety, on which are piled thousands of copies of pamphlets printed in all the languages.

The Literature of the Press Bureau

Some of the titles of these pamphlets are: German Theory and Practice of War; How Austria-Hungary Waged War in Serbia; The Suppression of the Armenians—German Methods—Turkish Performance; The Violation by Germany of the Neutrality of Belgium and Luxembourg; The German Mental Attitude and the War; The Origin of the War, According to Diplomatic Documents; The Congress of Vienna and the War of 1914; How Germany Seeks to Justify Her Atrocities; and German Atrocities from German Evidence.

If there are other things on those shelves they are probably of like character; but these are all I have been able to find. All are very interesting, of course, and one is glad to get at these subjects from a French point of view; but, as I have said, when I made my innocent demands upon the secrets of the military economic processes everybody laughed, and I think somebody said "*Mon Dieu!*" In their mental race with passing events they have not yet come up to Christmas, 1915.

There is one thing one must plead in excuse for their shortcomings, however, and that is that the Press Bureau is expected to take care of any and every kind of foreigner who comes along with any and every kind of request. The Frenchwoman, for instance, is not allowed to go anywhere in the direction of the armies; nor are Englishwomen allowed to cross the Channel, except on the strictest and most urgent kind of business. But the foreign woman, the neutral, and especially the American, may go almost anywhere if she has the qualities necessary to meet the difficulties of obtaining permits. Two of these are unlimited patience and dogged persistence. One Frenchman, who knows and likes America well enough to be able, without offense, to speak his mind about Americans, said to me that any American woman who has so much as knitted a pair of socks for a French soldier thinks her service has entitled her to the privilege of seeing the armies at the Front—the Front during the past year meaning always Verdun.

This is a vicious exaggeration, but it conveys a more or less correct idea. Nearly every American woman who comes to France, on whatever mission—and most of them come on war relief—asks permission to go to Verdun, or somewhere equally difficult. The fact that most of them want to "see," only that they may go back home and tell what they have seen in an effort to raise more money for the beloved French, complicates things for the gentlemen of the Press Bureau tremendously. Plain heart interest and not mere curiosity is behind a majority of such requests, and point-blank refusal to pay any attention to them is out of the question.

Diplomatic Bureaucrats

The gentlemen of the Press Bureau are much too polite to refuse anybody anything outright, anyhow. They would much rather keep you waiting until your mental attitude resolves itself into a sympathetic understanding of their own great difficulties; and this takes time. They know you will end by apologizing for causing them such endless trouble. And if they have done nothing whatever for you they will assure you that your disappointment is a triumphant and glorious feeling compared with the deep dejection they are suffering on your account; while if they have done what you have asked them to do, even though it be in the line of press work and their appointed job, they will succeed in making you feel that any repetition of the effort would be fatal to them—though *le bon Dieu* would be able to bear witness that they would be perfectly willing to die for you at any moment!

However, if mere incompetence were a crime most of us would be deprived of our liberty. Also and moreover, if we were at war and were running just such an institution for the dissemination throughout the world of accurate information about ourselves, I do not know of an American who could undertake the work in the French department. But, of course, we should know enough, and we should not be too proud, I hope, to employ a clever and friendly Frenchman.

It was several days after my own preliminary introduction at the Press Bureau that I asked permission to investigate the contents of the national larder. Why, yes; of course! Most interesting! The power I addressed would try to get for me "the informations."

"But I want to see."

"See? What do you mean? See what?"

"Everything."

"Oh!" A curious smile he smiled. "But perhaps you could tell me where you want to go?"

"No; how should I know where I want to go? I know only what I want to see. You know what I want to see; don't you also know where I ought to go?"

"Well, yes—surely; but ——"

He didn't. There was a long pause, filled with pantomime denoting serious thought, great interest in the proposition, but private and uncommunicable knowledge of insurmountable obstacles. I was moved to tell him about a certain well-known, affluent and overmannered English actor who was reduced one night to the humiliating necessity of getting into a public conveyance—a common taxicab. He had been having a late supper with some friends; but, late though it was and supper though it had been, his habitually dignified demeanor was unimpaired. He stepped into the cab with studied precision of movement and uttered the one sonorous word:

"Home!"

"Yes, sir. Where to, sir?" asked the cabman.

"Home!"

"Yes, sir; but where, sir? What address, sir?"

(Continued on Page 33)



Clicquot

Pronounced Klee-Ko

Club

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Clicquot Club's thorough goodness has made it by far the most popular thirst quencher in America.

Its life and snap, high carbonation and invigorating qualities add much to the enjoyment of those who drink it. It makes thirst a pleasure.

Clicquot Club is made from pure juices of lemons and limes, cane sugar, Jamaica ginger root and crystal-clear water from a deep, dark, underground spring. It cannot help but be good.

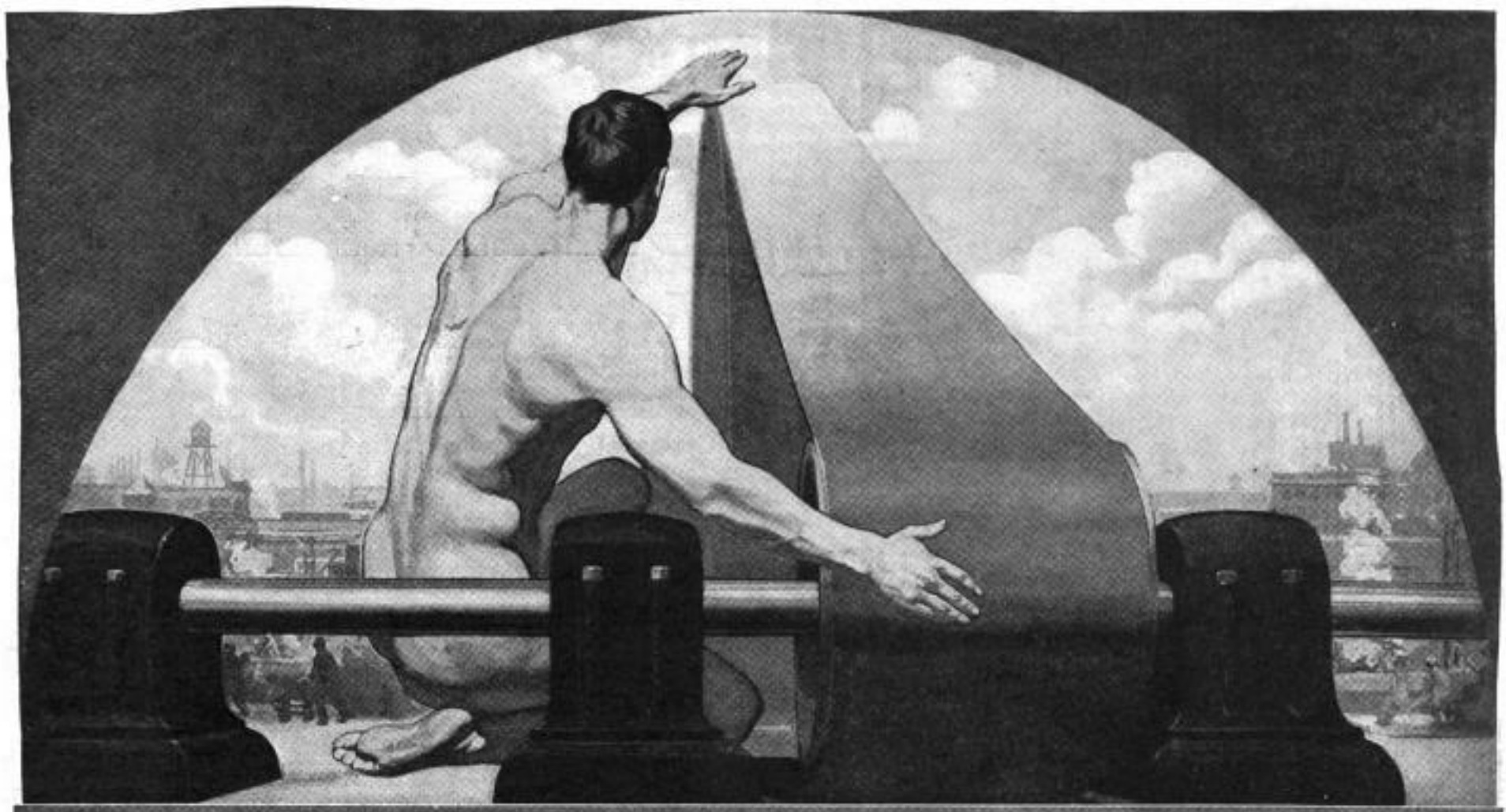
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Scores of Blue Streak sales are being made in these times of capacity production solely on the strength of their continuous service records.

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They unite the plies as indissolubly as if they were welded, yet allow the play between plies necessary for the equalized adjustment of strains.

Since all the plies bear an equal load, none is unduly strained; and in consequence the exasperatingly variable stretch so common in stitched and other belts of inferior construction is eliminated.

The merits of the materials used in the construction of Blue Streak Belts have been proved in every industry.

They have demonstrated their long service per dollar of cost, their power-saving efficiency, and their continuous service so conclusively that The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company unreservedly stakes its reputation on their performance.

* *

The Goodyear Encyclopedia of Mechanical Goods has been compiled by Goodyear engineers from actual cost records kept in many industries using transmission and conveyor belting, hose, packing, and valves. Write for it, naming the particular industry in which you are interested.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
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Try this better way of planting your garden.

Get some Pakro Seedtape from your dealer and just plant the tape, a whole row at a time, at the depth stated on each package, moisten well and cover with earth.

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4. No thinning out required on account of proper spacing of seeds in the tape. Those who know what this work implies will appreciate keenly this feature.

5. Not only easier to plant but better to grow—the paper tape absorbs and holds moisture around the seed, with the natural result of a quicker and much higher percentage of germination and a stronger plant life.

These are not theories. They are statements of actual results achieved by thousands of amateur gardeners and some of the most prominent agricultural colleges and experiment stations in the country. W. B. Farrar, President of the experiment station at Blountsville, Alabama, finds that "Seedtape is a very fine device for the gardener. The seeds germinate very readily and it is much easier to get straight rows. Therefore, a much more even stand and better looking garden is possible."

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Endive, Green Curled
Kohl Rabi, Early White Vienna
Leek, Large Flag
Lettuce, Big Boston
Lettuce, Black Seeded Simpson
Lettuce, Trianon Cos.
Onion, White Portugal
Onion, Yellow Globe Danvers
Parsley, Double Curled
Parsnip, Hollow Crown
Pepper, Large Bell
Radish, French Breakfast
Radish, Icicle
Radish, Long Scarlet
Radish, Scarlet Turnip White Tip
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Mr. Seymour is the author of "Garden Profits," "The Garden Almanac," and is associate editor of the "Garden Magazine" and "Country Life in America." The book is beautifully bound in boards, splendidly and abundantly illustrated in colors, and its regular price is $1.00.

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Go over the surface and polish with a dry cloth. A sparkling clean, bright, lasting lustre is the result—a lustre so dry and hard it will not collect dust.

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(Continued from Page 30)

"'S'dress? 'S'dress? Why, how dare you! Do you think I'm going to tell you where my beautiful home is?"

The polite monsieur laughed as a polite monsieur would, but he did not get the application. Perhaps the story had none; but I managed to apply it just the same in painstaking diagram, and it was a pleasing thing to see the light dawn in his eyes.

"Oh, I understand! You mean you can't get anywhere unless you know where you are going."

"Well, something like that."

Nothing came of that interview; but about a week later I went back and found him better prepared. He drew for me a kind of map to illustrate the complications and utter un-get-at-ableness of the subject, but on that map I discovered a few points I thought were quite accessible. Oh, one could go easily enough; the trouble was to get the necessary permissions. Well, that was where he came in. That was what he was there for. Naturally I said nothing to this effect. That would have been fatal. I merely thought it while I puckered my brows in imitation of the way he was doing it and worried with him over the great strain to which I was subjecting him.

Then one day—it took five weeks altogether; make a note of that in case you should be inclined to consider my "grouch" ill-founded—one day I got desperate and announced that it would be "day after to-morrow or never"; and he made it the day after to-morrow with such ease and alacrity that I was sorry I had not introduced the definite note a little sooner.

And that brings me back to the subject of food supply and distribution. Such digression is like showing you over the house and stopping on the stairs to gossip, is it not? A very bad habit.

One must not be geographically definite, of course, because there is just about one chance in a million that it would be dangerous; just about one chance in a million that France knows something about her own affairs which Germany does not know equally well. But for the sake of those who might take this as an occasion for saying unpleasant things about German espionage I might add that it is a reciprocal proposition, and that if any Germans think there is much of importance about German affairs which France and England do not know they underestimate the resourcefulness of their enemies. In any case, the French would be perfectly justified in saying to the Germans: Do you think we are going to tell you where our acres of warehouses, our wheat reserves and bake-ovens are?

The Food-Map of France

A commissariat map of France discloses the fact that the food-supply system embraces practically every square mile of French territory and reaches out into nearly every corner of the earth. All round the coast line are little red anchors marking harbors, many of which, such as Calais, Cherbourg, Havre, Bordeaux and Marseilles, would occur to one's mind at once, but most of which one never heard of. From all these harbors there are railroads running up toward the center of France, where a number of great magazines and mills are located; from these places, small towns generally, there are other lines connecting directly with the food preparation and distribution centers, while many other lines spread fanwise out toward various points in the long battle area and to camps located just behind the Front.

A large red dot on the map denotes a magazine and milling section; a red dot with a ring round it denotes a point of distribution; and all up and down the edge of the fighting zone are little red beefheads, which mark the locations of slaughterhouses. The French soldier likes his meat fresh-killed and will have none of the frozen kind if he can help it; so the cattle and sheep and hogs are transported or driven close up behind the Front and killed as the meat is required. During the summer whole trains of refrigerated automobile vans are loaded with meat at the slaughterhouses each day and driven up to the field kitchens, from which the men in the trenches are fed. Every known kind of vehicle is used to convey food to the Front, however; and it is interesting to see a drove of cattle going from railroad yards to the slaughterhouse corrals with their own food, for the short space of life that is left to them, strapped on their backs in sacks.

There are nearly three hundred thousand horses and mules with the army of a million at Verdun, incidentally; and they consume something like five and a half million pounds of hay, oats and mixed feeds every day. This presents a picture of tremendous transportation difficulties; but, expressed in tons, it sounds much easier. The figures were given to me in daily rations for each horse; and the item of bran, at least, was not expressed in anything even so generous as pounds; it was expressed in grams. Each draft animal in the army gets three hundred grams of bran each day. Bran is not plentiful, because, for *la boule*, wheat is milled in a manner that leaves a very small percentage of this commodity.

And yet the bread is white—whiter than that which is served in some of the best hotels. This surprised me, because I had eaten war bread in a good many countries, and had come to look upon it as a dose for the health's sake rather than as a palatable article of pleasurable diet. The first place I visited was a distribution center where they prepare and send out three hundred thousand rations every day. If you have any interest in knowing what such a place looks like, all you have to do is to vision to yourself about fifty good-sized, ordinary American country-town freight sheds, set end to end, ten in a line let us say, and with railroad tracks crowded with freight cars between them.

In the Military Bakery

Then you might set perhaps a dozen other sheds at various angles here and there round the outer edges of the main camp—and you have a perfect picture; though it would not do to forget the mud and the muck and the cinders, and, round the bakehouses, the great stacks of wood, which dozens of men are engaged all the time in reducing to the proper lengths for the vast brick furnaces connected with the ovens.

I saw the baking process the first time wrong end to. I came, first, into a bread storeroom, in which thousands upon thousands of big round loaves were stacked edge-up on racklike shelves set crosswise of the room and just far enough apart for a man to pass between them. It was a most extraordinary sight. It was just a part of that day's baking and much of it was still warm from the ovens.

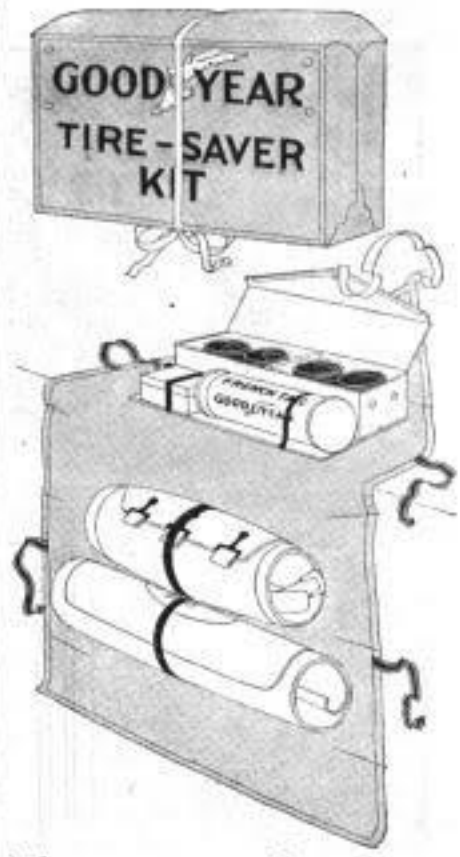
Each loaf is stamped with the date on which it was baked; so there is no chance to deceive the *poilu*. He always knows exactly how old *la boule* is.

La boule, by the way, is merely the army pet name for army bread, and means literally "the bake"—a bakery being a *boulangerie*. Far be it from me to expect anybody to know anything about anybody's language but his own. Goodness knows I don't! And when I am reading what purports to be straight English and come across a foreign word or phrase tucked in in italics, without explanation and with a superior air of ignoring the fact that the Tower of Babel was ever built, I always want to throw the book across the room and break something with it; so please excuse my being explicit.

I passed on through this vast bread-filled room, breathing the fresh fragrance with which its air was laden, and came finally into one of the oven rooms. This room was hot. It was brick-floored, but otherwise only a bare-raftered shed. Along one side of it was a row of ovens and furnaces—ten ovens and eleven furnaces—which made a furnace on each side of each oven. The room was filled with men, most of them stripped to the waist and working like Trojans. Some of them were stoking the furnaces, raking the glowing embers and piling the short pieces of wood far back in the deep interiors. Others were putting unbaked loaves into the ovens, passing them in on long-handled paddlelike shovels; others were taking the baked loaves out with the same kind of implement and stacking them on wheeled shelves to be conveyed to the storerooms.

The busiest man of them all stood next to an oven door taking the perfectly rounded unbaked loaves off their wheeled shelves, covering the bottoms of them with coarse meal and the tops of them with some kind of glaze, and stamping the date deep into them with three unvarying movements as he laid them one by one on the paddle that was to lift them into the depths of the oven. He worked with peculiar swiftness and precision, and there was never a break between his motions and the motions of the man who handled the paddle. In the art of bread baking, where absolute uniformity in a vast

(Continued on Page 35)



Extraordinary Protection

Given four good tires on the rims, a pair of spares behind, and your motorist is adequately protected against any ordinary misfortune on the road.

But the extraordinary misfortune—triplicate trouble, the third tire failing—what of that?

True, it does not often happen—but it *may*. And if it *does*—?

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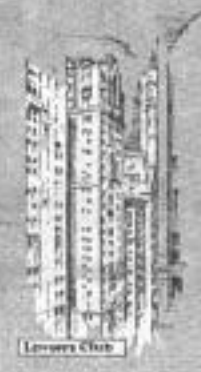












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GENERAL CHEMICAL CO.
FOOD DEPARTMENT
NEW YORK























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(Continued from Page 33)

output is demanded, guesswork in timing operations and maintaining oven temperatures is not possible.

Just beyond the oven room was a room where the loaves were placed to go through the "rising" process, and beyond this was the mixing-and-kneading room. The mixing and kneading are done by machinery; and the flour is brought across on an overhead trolley from a warehouse on the opposite side of the railroad tracks and is let down into the mixing vats in a controlled stream as it is required.

The kneading machines were so nearly human that they all but used bad language over refractory lumps of dough; and I could have stood and watched their methodical, marvelous motions for hours on end. One hundred and fifty thousand loaves a day is the output of this bakery—about one-third of the amount consumed daily by the army at Verdun.

Adjoining the mixing room was another storeroom, filled with yesterday's bake, and many men were engaged in loading this into freight cars, which stood on the tracks alongside. For transportation to the Front the bread is not wrapped up or protected in any way, but is packed into the box cars just as it is, in even rows all the way up to the roof. A carload of *la boule* is a rather wonderful thing to see. It means so much in the general, unbelievable scheme of things.

The trains go out from this station with the regularity of a perfect railroad schedule, and in each train there are carloads of every article included in a soldier's ration except fresh meat. There is a slaughterhouse connected with the establishment, but it is for killing animals to be made into Bologna sausages and Frankfurters. These things the Frenchman likes no less than the German, and they are issued occasionally by way of variety in the meat ration.

Coffee is one of the really important items and is as necessary to the Frenchman as tea is to the Englishman. Very few Frenchmen ever drink tea; but, even so, the army manages to consume nearly twenty thousand pounds of it every week. The coffee, coming from Brazil, the East Indies and other coffee-producing countries, is delivered to the distributing centers green and all mixed up with chaff and hulls; so the odor of roasting coffee crowds the odor of fresh bread in the atmosphere of such an establishment. The coffee is first roasted in great round, revolving, self-regulating ovens—which do everything but go to the bins and fill themselves—and is then dumped into clearing screens. When it is cold and perfectly free from chaff and dirt it is sent to the grinding room, where it is run through the mills into sacks; and the sacks are at once packed into freight cars for transportation to the Front.

The Makers of Sandbags

All this is done on schedule time—do not forget that. Everything moves with clocklike regularity. While a train is loading on one side of a warehouse with foodstuffs ready for consumption another trainload of raw materials will be unloading on the other side, the spaces being filled as fast as they are emptied. There were two thousand men engaged at this center, without counting the train crews; and it is only one of many. It takes three such to supply the Army of Verdun, and the meat supply is a thing with which they have nothing to do.

All the supply centers are located on direct lines of communication with the distributing bases just behind the battle area, and each great division of this area has its own centers, together with its own ports and sources of supply. The aim of the transportation department is to avoid waste motion, because waste motion in such an enterprise means waste in a hundred and one different directions.

The item of sacks: Wherever you find a number of women at work in a sewing room, in Paris or in any other town, in some corner or section of that sewing room you will find a certain number of women engaged in making sacks. The *sac à terre*, or sandbag, is everywhere. Can you imagine the millions upon millions of yards of sacking required to make the millions of sacks necessary in the shoring up of hundreds of miles of trenches? It is beyond calculation. There are lines of sandbags belting the world in all directions. One's mind runs up and down the map of France, with the French lines on one side and the German lines on the other; it goes on down into Italy, across to Serbia, into Bulgaria, on to Rumania, across to Austria, thence to Russia, up into Poland, down into Asiatic Turkey; still on down to the banks of the Suez Canal and across to the wastes of the Syrian Desert; everywhere battle; everywhere trenches and protected guns; everywhere sandbags, which descend upon the armies from—the armies know not where—from thousands of sewing rooms, large and small; from hearthsides; from hamlets; from hovels and palaces; from everywhere that sacking is; from every corner where unskilled hands can be employed in this least skilled of all the labors.

The consequence is that coarse sacking is unbelievably precious. At my center of supply for the Army of Verdun I went into a room where fifty women—the only women employed there—were mending sacks. They were operating American darning machines, which were run by electricity. Some of the sacks had only small holes in them and were easy to do; others were in rags and tatters, and had been mended and remended dozens of times. No matter; no sack is admitted to be hopeless so long as there is any surface left that can catch and hold the darning thread. It was both amazing and amusing. The women get four francs a day and work from seven until twelve and from one until six.

Conservation of Wine-Casks

At night men take their places at the machines and work from seven until midnight and from one until six in the morning. It is a grilling, cruel service—dusty and dirty beyond belief; but the sacks have to be mended. So many things are transported in sacks, you see; and for the indispensable sandbags, which must be uniform in size and quality, all available new material is required.

And almost immediately I came upon another minor but highly important economy. French wine casks are magnificent things. They are made of seasoned wood, and are often bound in brass with twisted thongs or some other kind of ornamental hoops. The older they get the better they are. New wood does something to wine that it shouldn't; I do not know what it is, but it is something very undesirable. Now France has never found it necessary before to transport a million and a half liters of wine in casks every day, and the question of casks is a serious one. The wine is sent from the sources of supply to the distribution centers in large tanks on flat cars—not unlike oil tanks, except that they are made of wood and are squat and rather quaint, instead of being made of steel in elongated and altogether utilitarian-looking form. Casks is the word—not tanks.

From these giant casks the wine is pumped into smaller casks, the size of a coal-oil barrel, and these smaller casks go to the Front. In the big wareroom where they were filling these—through a dozen sections of hose attached to the gigantic tubs on the railroad—I noticed the sign painted on each end of each of them: "Soldiers! Attention! If You Want Wine Take Care of the Casks!" It was exclamatory—imperative.

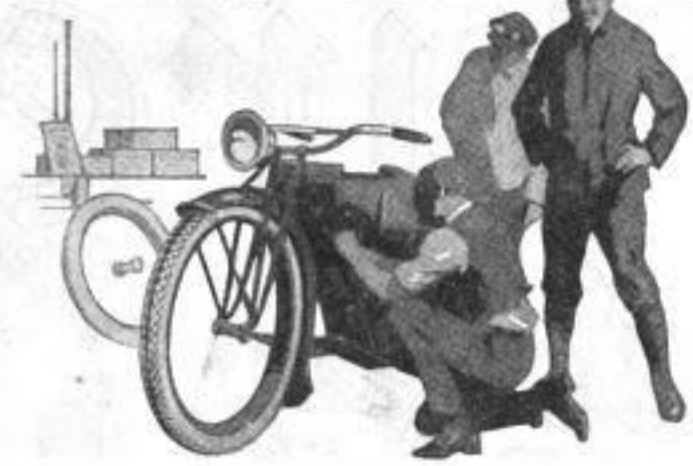
Then I passed on down the steps and into a vast cooperage shop, where the busy kunk-kunk of hammer and chisel was making a merry din on hoops and staves. New casks? Not at all. The coopers were engaged in repairing old ones that had been broken in transportation. They are worth their weight in wine a good many times over. Every smallest bit of the fine old wine-soaked wood is utilized, and when enough broken staves are collected they are made into kegs—wee, tiny ones sometimes.

This, also, was both amazing and amusing when one thought of the almighty cost and waste of war; but only because an American knows nothing at all about wine. One would think that the millions of *poilus* would be glad to get their wine in any kind of receptacle. But no; even to bottle it is an offense. The Frenchman is brought up from infancy on his light native wine. If the wine was not properly handled there would be one grand ruction in the ranks—and a sick French Army, perhaps. The question of health enters into every calculation of the Commissary Department.

I need only mention that there are enormous stores of everything in the warehouses connected with this central station, and that in the trains which are sent out there are carloads of dried vegetables, *julienne*—or soup vegetables—tobacco, potatoes, rice, spaghetti, macaroni, hams,

(Continued on Page 37)

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(Continued from Page 35)

bacon, sugar, salt, and—to be remembered later—flour. With all their vast oven capacity, the general-supply stations are not able to produce the necessary quantities of bread, and at least one-fifth of the baking has to be done at the Front.

One day I was on my way down to Nancy. The train rolled into the station of Bar-le-Duc. Bar-le-Duc! One thinks of a wonderful and very expensive little currant preserve, put up in small, thick octagonal glasses—a preserve one orders once in a while with cream cheese. This is where it is made—at Bar-le-Duc, the station for Verdun. The train rolled into the station of Bar-le-Duc, and I looked out of my compartment window in time to see a party of American men, under the escort of a French colonel, get out of a car up ahead and hurry into a war-gray limousine that was waiting for them on the other side of the platform, behind the high picket fence. They were going to Verdun.

A long, rolling, sullen rumble of guns spread itself out across the north horizon. Verdun! Let me tell you that when you are within sound of the guns you can think of nothing else; you can hear nothing else; you can feel nothing else—the guns are killing, and you know it. Their heart-chilling roar is the final ungodly expression of all that war means—sentiment, suffering, havoc and horror, and ruin—the voices of the guns!

From Bar-le-Duc to Verdun—in ordinary times, if you were motoring down round there and should get into Bar-le-Duc along about luncheon time, you would probably say "Oh, come on; let's go on up to Verdun for lunch!" It is just that close. A large part of the station at Bar-le-Duc is an evacuation hospital, and there are many new corrugated-iron sheds off behind the station, which are hospital wards.

Verdun cost France almost a generation of stalwart,. magnificent men, the best France had. The hospital sheds at Bar-le-Duc are eloquent of a soul's agony—and the soul is the soul of France! The triumph of victory soothes, but cannot heal that hurt. You think these thoughts calmly; you look upon long lines of stretchers bearing their bleeding burdens—calmly; the guns chill your heart, but you listen calmly; you go about your business calmly; not one shadow of indifference in anybody anywhere, but in everybody everywhere a mighty calm—even up behind the guns! It is unbelievable; it is France!

On my second arrival at the station of Bar-le-Duc I was one of the alighting passengers. That seemed strange to me, because never for one instant in my life had I wanted to go to Verdun or near any other battle. But I was following food supplies up to the point of ultimate consumption. The ultimate I did not achieve; nor would I ever, except under extreme compulsion. The ultimate is in the trenches.

The Sacred Way

There is a roadway leading from Bar-le-Duc to Verdun, upon which has been fastened a name that will cling to it through the ages. It is The Sacred Way. When the Germans opened their assault on Verdun last February naturally their first concern was to cut the communications in the rear of the fortress; and they succeeded. Every railroad, every highway, was subjected to a raking and continuous bombardment and if it had not been for this little road leading up from Bar-le-Duc the French would have found themselves faced by really insurmountable difficulty. Instantly the commander of the forces called for every available motor truck in France and within a space of hours he had between nine and ten thousand of them. Everything necessary to the defense of Verdun was rushed to Bar-le-Duc—men, munitions and supplies; and within a space of hours the marvelous procession was started. Everything was ordered off The Sacred Way and the motor-lorry trains had but one order: Keep moving!

It is a winding road more than twenty miles long and neither wide nor finely surfaced. But it was the only way! The motor train was started, and from the latter part of February until the first of May, in a double line, it kept moving, day and night—one line toward Verdun, the other toward Bar-le-Duc. And during those two terrible months everything and everybody getting into Verdun got in over this roadway. No wonder they call it The Sacred Way! It saved France!

I talked with a man who drove one of the motor lorries throughout the entire time. He is a middle-aged gentleman and looks tremendously fine in his blue soldier uniform. In ordinary times he is a silk manufacturer at Lyons and is exceedingly prosperous, but he had to enlist for some kind of service; he could not be happy otherwise. He was too old to fight, but he could drive an automobile; so he went into the Transportation Division.

He talks about his two months on The Sacred Way in a curiously detached and humorous manner. He likes best to tell about the crippled cars and how they were treated. It was so funny to see the big, lumbering lorries lying on their backs, with their heels in the air, waiting for help that was generally so slow in coming. The order, you see, was to keep moving and the road was narrow; so if anything went wrong with a car, and it stalled in its tracks, the only thing to do was to dump it off on the roadside, which usually meant seeing it turn turtle down the slope into an adjoining field.

There were two men with each truck, because a man must eat and a man must sleep—and the order was to keep moving. It was twenty-eight hours to and from Verdun, and no one man could stay behind a wheel so long. When a car went wrong and was dumped off the road its crew had to stay with it; and sometimes it took as much as three days to get a repair car up to them. They would have no extra food with them, of course, and would be dependent on the graciousness of passing comrades.

The New Road to Verdun

Nobody could stop to speak with them, but they could usually depend on having food tossed to them from the always-moving line; and so they fared. And I can imagine that with such succor they fared very well indeed, and that such a period of enforced inactivity might have been made the occasion for one grand, long and sorely needed sleep.

Within a very short time this road was a quagmire, and it became literally a case of "navigating" it under difficulties that the least imaginative can easily picture for himself. And, in addition to such obstacles as mud and ruts, the Germans soon discovered the use to which it was being put and began to shell it. They would cut it in one place one day and in another place another day, and there would be casualties, which included both men and motors; but the determined Frenchmen would merely move off and make a detour through the fields, while roadmen followed up the bombardments, filling shell holes and making repairs as fast as the damage was done. It was a magnificent performance, and The Sacred Way will be, to the French, The Sacred Way for all time.

Meantime railways were being built; and at the end of two months there was a perfect system of railway transportation ready for use, and the worn-out motor train could at last stop moving. The railway was built in two months!

My host, the colonel in command of that division of transportation, took me first to the main yards, where I could see the trains being made up for the terminals behind the Front. This was not at Bar-le-Duc, but at a town more directly connected with the zone of operations, as well as with the bases of supply in the center of France. The small railroads leading to different points on the ten-mile Front of this sector are narrow-gauge and necessitate in some cases the reloading of materials; but fortunately much of the rolling stock is adapted to either kind of track.

Having seen the cars being loaded at a base of supply, it was interesting to behold them again at their destination. The railway yards are a network of tracks, with perhaps thirty-odd long sidings, and onto these sidings the cars are shunted as they arrive, and in the order of what they contain. On one track there will be nothing but bread; on another, dried vegetables; on another, tobacco—and so on; while on several there will be long trains of hay cars, or cars filled with oats and other kinds of feed for animals.

To cross these tracks is dangerous business, as I discovered for myself in my own way. I missed being run over by a big switch engine by about three feet, and the engineer shook his fist at me. I apologized. There is a terrific air of constant and swift motion, with engines plunging hither and thither in bewildering numbers. They are

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Spotless Cleanser has no doubles—no rich or poor relatives. It's soft, smooth, snow-white, odorless, and *so* considerate of your tender hands. If you want this unwearied servant at your beck and call, you must ask for it by name.

Sold everywhere in the enameled, rust-proof can. Made by The Reynolds Corporation, Bristol, Tenn.-Va., U. S. A.

SPOTLESS CLEANSER

making up trains for the zone and the process is to take one car from each siding. When a train is finished and ready to go up where the men and the guns are, it has in it a carload of each thing needful.

Most of the motor lorries that were released from The Sacred Way are now doing business close up behind the Front, in the spaces between the railroad terminals and the field kitchens and headquarters, which might be described as "on the brink of the trenches," and from which the soldiers in the trenches are supplied with their daily rations. This is the most dangerous of all the services.

To illustrate how dangerous it is I need only say that in taking Douaumont and Vaux the French lost six hundred water carriers alone—six hundred of them killed, and nobody knows how many wounded. No matter what happens, the water supply must not be cut off. Which brings me up to the emergency trench ration.

Each soldier always carries with him into the trenches twelve hundred grams of war bread—a kind of hard biscuit similar to that which we know as hard-tack; two tins of beef of three hundred grams each; a tablet of compressed coffee of seventy-two grams; a one-hundred-gram cube of compressed soup materials; one hundred grams of sugar; and two hundred and fifty grams of chocolate. This ration is known as "A Picnic Lunch," and is, altogether, about five pounds of food—a two-days' supply. It is for use in emergency, only when a trench or position is under impassable bombardment and cut off from the supplies in the rear. In the trenches the men have all the necessary utensils for preparing hot food, and they are provided with solidified alcohol for cooking purposes.

The Field Bakeshop

As a rather interesting and important small item, each soldier is given fifteen grams of tobacco every day. This does not sound like much tobacco; but for my own benefit, to ease my mind of a fear that it was not enough, I demonstrated that it will make at least twenty fairly plump cigarettes or fill six pipes; and that ought to be sufficient for any man—though, of course, it isn't. The men get only one package of cigarette papers a month and a box of matches every fifteen days. Not a liberal supply of either article; but there is hardly a soldier in France who does not own some kind of little patent device for lighting cigarettes. They are precious articles and excellent things to include always in gift packages to the Front.

As for cigarette papers—well, they cost only a penny a packet, and the French soldier gets the grand sum of five cents a day in the way of wages! He can afford to buy cigarette papers. Matches and tobacco are state monopolies in France, and it would be interesting to know just how much of the army wage of approximately eight hundred thousand francs a day—not counting officers—is returned to the government coffers by the purchase of these articles and turned over to profit in what is known as "indirect contribution."

My colonel made me walk through a mile and a half of railroad sheds—not all in one place, of course; no such thing as all the eggs in one basket—but all located near the railway terminal, just behind the Front.

Then we went to the field bakeshop, where they make up the difference between the daily demand and the daily output of the bases of supply. If I had never seen a base bakery I should have thought of this one as colossal; but, even so, its crudity would have given me my first and most definite impression. It is under canvas, and was cold and uncomfortable everywhere, except in the immediate vicinity of its vast brick ovens and furnaces.

Here they bake one hundred thousand loaves of bread a day, and as everything except the mixing is done by hand there are many men at work. It is a hive. The mixing machines are run by horses. There were two horses at work, a bay one and a gray one; and I thought they looked pitifully bored. They were hitched to long poles connected with a series of cogwheels that turn the shaft attached to the mixing machines, and all they have to do is to go round and round interminably.

I stood and looked at the poor beasts with grave interest, seeing in their unvarying course an illustration of the clocklike regularity of the system by which a great army is provided with the necessities of daily life.



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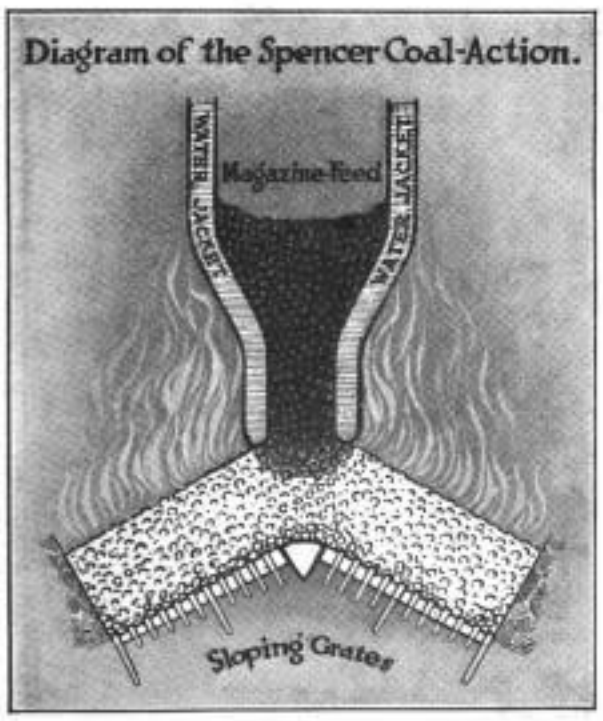
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Under the mouth of that Magazine the Spencer has *Sloping Grates* which prevent the coal from piling in a pyramid, but automatically distribute it at just the depth the fire wants it for perfect, even burning. (See diagram on left).

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The Spencer *reduces labor* to a minimum. Because of the automatic action of the Magazine and Sloping Grates, the Spencer needs attention but once a day in mild weather and twice a day in coldest weather. In a *residence*, only a few minutes a day. In a *big building*, the janitor or porter is enough, and he can do a full day's work on his other duties.

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From this ideal of a United Republic came the name: Union Pacific.

Since the reorganization of this national railway in 1897, over $269,700,000 have been invested in improvements—the debt of $60,000,000 to the Government has been paid in full—and the whole people benefited.

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For further information write to Gerrit Fort, Passenger Traffic Manager, Union Pacific System, Chicago

Lincoln and Gen'l Dodge at Council Bluffs, Aug. 1859

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Very Temporary Captain McLean

By PHILIP E. HUBBARD

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. SOULEN

NEXT morning, correctly dressed for his appearance in the rôle of Divisional Commander, Mr. Gavin McLean stood gazing over the rail at the headland on which stands the town of Le Havre, as the S. S. Scorbutic—commandeered as a transport from the Pale Moon Line—dropped anchor in Havre Roads and awaited the arrival of the pilot who was to take her up the Seine to Rouen.

What Mr. McLean saw did not impress him with any idea that he wished to carry his adventure any further; but it seemed that the disclosure of his identity could only lead to serious trouble, if not to capital punishment; whereas, provided General Ferguson was as little known as seemed to be the case, there appeared to be a certain sporting chance that Mr. McLean might be able to pass himself off as that now defunct commander. And it seemed fairly certain that the very boldness of the enterprise promised success.

The pilot boat fussed alongside; the pilot climbed the Jacob's Ladder and took charge of the ship.

A bundle of papers followed him on the end of a line, and presently a quartermaster made his way to where Mr. McLean was standing and, touching his cap, held out a telegram to him.

Mr. McLean took it, glanced at the address, and, seeing that it bore the name of General Ferguson, acknowledged proprietorship with a curt nod and hastily tore open the envelope.

The message was from General Headquarters, and General Ferguson was instructed to report himself by telegram to that assembly on arrival at Rouen, and forthwith to take over command of the —th Division.



"Ach! So!" Exclaimed the German. "What is it You Have to Me Brought? Is it a Joy?"

Meantime the clattering winch on the forecastle head had hauled the Scorbutic's anchor out of the mud of Havre Roads, and, under command of the excited and gesticulating pilot, the boat pointed her nose toward the river and pushed off on the trip to Rouen.

Mr. McLean found the river trip past the quaint little French towns and the luxuriant orchards, where the apples were ripening, quite a pleasing experience; but he was haunted all the time with the fear lest any of the members of General Ferguson's Staff should have been intimately acquainted with that warrior and so challenge the identity of his newly made representative.

However, he argued to himself that, since General Ferguson's appointment had been an afterthought and made in place of a commander who had been incapacitated by sudden illness, the selection of the staff would naturally have been made by the first general appointed to the command. And, since that worthy would probably have selected his own personal friends for the various jobs, with slight reference to their capabilities, it was unlikely that any of Mr. McLean's future satellites would have any knowledge of General Ferguson or of the dead man's personal appearance. To this day there are said to be general officers, living in comfortable châteaux at the back of the Front, who have never been seen by any of their commands except the individuals of their personal staff; so Mr. McLean was really on safer ground than he thought himself to be.

In any case, here was Mr. Gavin McLean, arrayed in General Ferguson's uniform, in possession of his dispatch case and kit; and as senior officer of the division he would be distinctly at an advantage if confronted with any junior who presumed to question his identity. So finally he determined that, in the event of any such gross disrespect from anyone junior to himself, he would promptly place any such misguided junior under close arrest, and take an early opportunity of dealing with him in some way calculated to close his mouth forever.

At length the Scorbutic picked up the lights of Rouen—it is a long trip up the river, and daylight had faded into dusk by the time they reached the city—and was eventually moored alongside one of the quays below the traveling bridge.

The quay was almost deserted, except for a sentry or two; but presently a transport officer strolled down to the ship and, using his hands as a megaphone, shouted an inquiry as to whether General Ferguson was on board. The reply from the bridge being in the affirmative, the officer departed at a brisker pace and disappeared round the corner of a shed.

The gangway was lowered to the ship's side from the quay by a party of Frenchmen in blue overalls. Before it was secured, a party of four officers in service dress, wearing the red badges and cap band of the staff, and headed by the Naval Transport officer who had appeared first, came at a smart pace down the quay and, halting at the gangway, saluted as General Gavin McLean-Ferguson, after a brief farewell to the Scorbutic's commander, walked up the gangway to meet them.

Mr. McLean returned the salute and a pause fell. Evidently military etiquette demanded that the general should speak first.

"Carry on, gentlemen!" said Mr. McLean.

A major stepped forward and saluted. Mr. McLean returned the salute.

"I'm Tripwell, your G. S. O. 1, sir," said the major. "I hope you had a good crossing."

"Verra fair," said Mr. McLean. "Carry on, Major Tripwell."

"Have you had any dinner, sir?"

"Aye," said Mr. McLean. "Carry on!"

The major looked at this general who had absorbed the word of command of the senior service, and then, with a smile, inquired:

"Would you prefer to go to a hotel, sir, first, or straight to the station? The last brigade of the division is entraining now, but they don't pull out till nine-thirty."

Mr. McLean remembered his telegram.

"Ah've or-rder-rs to r-repor-rt at—where was it?—some alphabetical place. Ah'm thinkin' it was ca'ed X. Y. Z."

"X. Y. Z?" queried Major Tripwell, repressing a smile.

"Na!" corrected Mr. McLean. "Ah'm wrang—it wull be G. H. Q. Ah was cer-rtain it was some pair-rt o' th' alphabet."

The staff here supplied the usual "laughter in court" which is the perquisite of all sitting magistrates and broody generals.

"Very good, sir—very good, indeed!" said Major Tripwell.

"Aye," said Mr. McLean; "but the queastion is, wheer dae Ah find this G. H. Q., an' whae micht he be? Ah canna ca' tae mind ony name beginning wi' a Q excep' Quilp. An' it'll nae be yon dwar-rf frae Dickens' Auld Curriosity Shop, Ah'm thinkin'."

The staff rocked with laughter; truly this general was a wit, and there was a twinkle in his eye that they liked.

"General Headquarters has moved to-day, sir," said Major Tripwell; "they've gone up to——"

"Hae they, ondeed! But Ah thocht General French was the Commander-r i' Chief?"

"Very good, sir," replied Major Tripwell with the necessary laugh.

"He and the Headquarters' Staff have all gone up to——"

"Aweel! Ah'll e'en gae after-r them; but we'll hae a wee drap in our e'e fir-rst. Hae ye discover-red a public wheer the stuff's fitten tae dr-rink?"

"The Lion d'Or, sir, where we are staying," remarked a young A. D. C. "Their stuff's quite drinkable."

"Then carry on tae the Lion d'Or, gentlemen," ordered Mr. McLean.

And, again saluting, the staff trooped across the quay toward the hotel.

Arrived there, the —th Divisional Staff, headed by their general, clattered into the salon and, settling themselves into chairs and settees, awaited their commander's lead.

This was speedily given in the shape of "*Whiskee Ecossais et eau-gazeuse!*" And by paying for drinks all round Mr. McLean established a reputation for good fellowship second only to that already made as a wit.

Major Tripwell introduced the remaining members of the staff, and Mr. McLean was charmed with the air of deference that was apparent on all sides. His two A. D. C.'s—he had not the vaguest notion what an A. D. C. might be or what duties he was supposed to perform, but soon discovered that they were to all intents his body servants—were two typically British subalterns, Lord Percy de Warr-Wentwisthle and the Honorable Anthony Hammerfoot, both well-grown, well-groomed young men, conspicuous only for a slight deficiency in the development of the chin, and each the possessor of a diminutive mustache, carefully trimmed to show mouths that might better have been hidden.

The ordnance officer, Major Twigg, who, as he had only the day before been transferred from an infantry regiment, knew nothing of ordnance work, was an excellent fellow, a county cricketer, and a first-class game shot; and to him Mr. McLean took a great fancy.

The remainder of the Divisional Staff—the A. D. M. S. and his deputy, the D. A. D. M. S., and the veterinary officer—being at the moment engaged on duties connected

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with the entraining, were not present at this first meeting; while the senior A. S. C. officer, commanding the divisional train, had gone on in advance of the troops. But Mr. McLean gathered from Major Tripwell that these noncombatant people—with the exception of Major Twigg—because of his cricket—were not encouraged to associate with the fighting staff for more than an occasional conference.

There was one awkward moment when the Honorable Anthony Hammerfoot was in greater danger of his life than he had ever been before.

"Aw—by the way, sir," drawled the youth, "I—aw—heard from my—aw—aunt, Lady Cowcaddens; she—aw—asked to be remembered to you."

"Indeed!" said Mr. McLean, wondering whether this was a trap.

"Yaas—aw—she saw you'd been appointed to take over the division; she—aw—met you once at some relation of yours in Scotland."

Mr. McLean, whose only living relative was a struggling fishmonger in Edinburgh, thought this improbable. However, he plunged boldly.

"Verra guid o' her leddyship," he said; "ye'll be gien' her ma kin' regair-rds when ye send her a few scrapes."

"Aw!" said Hammerfoot. "Very good of you, sir."

"Naet at all!" deprecated Mr. McLean, and the incident closed; but Mr. McLean decided that the Honorable Anthony Hammerfoot should be the first candidate for any danger point he could find for him.

At twenty minutes past nine Major Tripwell suggested a move toward the station, and, with their general in the van, the staff set out to give a send-off to the last brigade.

"Wull we no' tak' the train?" inquired Mr. McLean.

Major Tripwell reassured his chief. The staff, it appeared, were to proceed by automobile and would not need to start before the next morning early, since they could easily overtake the slow-moving troop train.

Mr. McLean, in anticipation of at least one comfortable night in a hotel bed, reflected that it was better to be a general officer than a private soldier; and as the overcrowded train steamed out of the station he decided that war was eminently a game to be played by those of high social status or advantage in military rank. Before leaving the station, Mr. McLean instructed Major Tripwell to dispatch a telegram to G. H. Q., reporting his arrival. And when this had been handed to the Honorable Anthony Hammerfoot for conveyance to Signals, the staff retraced their steps to the hotel and prepared for bed on the principle that the man with the whisky inside him sleeps better than the man who looks at the label.

General McLean-Ferguson slept the sleep of the full, and was wakened from a dream of diving into a calm blue sea of warm water by his soldier servant, who was profuse in his apologies for having inadvertently upset a cupful of scalding tea over his enraged commander's head and pillow.

"Ye gr-reat gowk!" spluttered Mr. McLean.

"Very sorry, sir!" said the man. "I'll fetch another cup."

Mr. McLean checked him.

"Ah'm no wantin' ma bath i' ma bed," he remarked. "Yon cup ye brocht me'll suffice. Man, Ah've a min' tae hae ye shot!"

The servant withdrew, suppressing a grin, and the moist general rose from his tea-stained couch, bathed and dressed himself, and repaired to the *salle à manger*.

General McLean-Ferguson had not omitted to retain the large sum of money in English notes with which he had left England, so he had no fear of bankruptcy; but, much as it went against the grain to abandon loot, he concluded that it was wiser to say nothing of the car lying in the hold of the Scorbutic. So the Naval Transport officer, finding no claimant for the car, sent it back to England to his own wife, who eventually sold it to the War Office for a good round sum. It is an ill war that brings no patriot any money!

After a substantial breakfast Major Tripwell informed his spurious commander that the cars were ready for the journey to the Front, and the party set out, General McLean-Ferguson in a large limousine, the incompetence of whose driver gave him heartburn every time the man changed gears, and the remaining officers—with the exception of Major Tripwell, who traveled with his chief—in two open touring cars.

Away they sped through avenues of poplars over the splendid roads of Northern France, without incident worth recording till they reached the town of ——, where G. H. Q. was already installed.

The leading car, in which was the Honorable Anthony Hammerfoot, had gone on ahead to report General McLean-Ferguson's arrival, and just outside the town the limousine met this car returning. At a sign from the general both cars stopped and the Honorable Hammerfoot jumped down to make his report.

"The Commander in Chief has gone up to the Front, sir," he reported; "that is to say, he's gone up somewhere at the back of the Front. Here are your orders for the division, sir."

The Honorable Hammerfoot handed a large sealed envelope to his chief, who took it, opened it, and, after a brief glance at the contents, handed the package to his G. S. O. 1, with the exhortation "Carry on!"

After a leisurely lunch at ——, during which Mr. McLean still more firmly set up a reputation as a wit, the party proceeded as fast as the cars could take them to ——ville, where the division was to have detrained and billeted for the night; but on arrival it was found that the orders had been changed. Now when the British Expeditionary Force departed for the theater of war it was the common belief among the optimists who composed it that the war would be of short duration; in fact, many of the officers gave it as their opinion: "We shall knock hell out of the Germans in six weeks!" And that, since one volunteer was worth at least ten conscripts, the superior numbers of the Germans counted for nothing, except to make a larger and more easily seen target, which even a third-class shot could not fail to hit. Everything was taken in a spirit of trust, even to the extent of accepting without verification the statement that the position selected for meeting the German advance had been properly prepared and intrenched; and that all that remained to be done was to occupy the trenches and blow the Germans to "blazes" as fast as they were foolish enough to offer themselves as targets.



Infantry, Cavalry, Guns, Staff Cars and Transport Were Jammed Together in a Mass

While General McLean-Ferguson and his staff were making their way to the scene of operations in leisurely fashion, affairs had been moving. And so it came about that, before Mr. McLean got in touch with G. H. Q. or had any opportunity to really take command of the —th Division, the occupants of the three cars became aware that the road and the adjoining fields in front of them were filled with a disorderly rabble of khaki-clad figures, intent on a Marathon, whose goal was evidently not in the direction of Berlin, as should have been the case.

"What's happened?" exclaimed Tripwell.

"Ah dinna ken," replied his commander; "but Ah hae na noticed ony Ger-rmans passing us on the road, or Ah'd hae thocht mebbe oor laddies weer chasin' them. They seem tae be in a michty haste tae get hame. Ah doot they've killed a' the Ger-rman Airmy, an' the job's finished wi'."

"It's a bally run," murmured the major.

"It's a' that," said General McLean-Ferguson.

"We must stop it somehow," said Tripwell. "Good Lord! It's our own division, or part of it; that's the —st Brigade over there."

Mr. McLean, who had the crook's trained eye for cover, took a hasty glance at the surrounding country. What he saw reassured him to a certain extent, for the three cars had stopped at the far side of a ridge of low-lying hills, from the foot of which the Plain of Flanders stretched away to the northeast, over which the road wound like a white ribbon.

"Gin we can stop some o' these steeplechasers," he said, "there's a fine place at top o' yon hillocks, wheer we could hide them."

Major Tripwell glanced back in the direction indicated. "You're right, sir," he said. "It's an ideal place."

At this moment the leading car dashed round the corner facing them and pulled up in a slither of dust and shrieking of brakes. The Honorable Anthony Hammerfoot leaped down from it and ran across to the limousine.

"There's been a devil of a scrap, sir!" he sputtered. "The Germans aren't playing the game—they started the attack before our people were ready. You'd better get back, sir."

Mr. McLean looked steadily at the young man.

"Mister-r Hammer-r-foot," he said, "I wull ask ya tae notice that Ah'm the mon that gies or-rder-rs here."

"But it's a retreat, sir—a strategic retreat; we shall be caught in the devil of a mess if we don't hustle back."

Mr. McLean looked at Major Tripwell.

"Got the wind up," said that officer. Mr. McLean whipped out his service revolver and covered the Honorable Hammerfoot.

"Mister-r Hammer-rfoot," he said sternly, "gin Ah hear-r another-r wor-rd like that, ye'll nae see England again! Tur-rn yon car-r roond an' get it dr-rawn across the road ower agin' yon cor-rner. An' do ye sit there; an' if ony mon tries tae puss ye, ye'll shoot."

Mr. Hammerfoot, steadied by this sudden ferocity on the part of the general, whom he had hitherto regarded as a comedian, pulled himself together and saluted.

"Yes, sir!" he said, and proceeded to carry out the order.

The advance parties of the strategic retreat were rapidly bearing down on the staff; and, after a hurried consultation with Major Tripwell, General McLean-Ferguson uttered the magic words:

"Carry on!"

Now Tripwell was a good soldier, who knew his job; and he had that magnetic touch about him which is needed for the leadership of men. And as Mr. McLean, being a civilian and quite conscious of his own inability to cope with a military problem, left matters to him, he proceeded to issue sharp, crisp orders to the remainder of the staff, with the result that the first straggling bodies of men were speedily halted and, in their turn, set to policing the road and the surrounding fields.

In a very short time something like order began to show itself. And as the mixed bodies of men were collected and formed up, and more officers sorted out to take charge of them, they were ordered to retire to the crest of the rising ground, to line the hills, and to intrench themselves so far as possible.

Meantime the road ahead had become a scene of indescribable confusion. Infantry, cavalry, guns, staff cars and transport were jammed together in a mass, tailing off along the road and becoming momentarily thicker; while across the road, blocking the way, was an open touring car, in which sat the Honorable Anthony Hammerfoot, with an automatic in his hand, threatening all and sundry who attempted to pass.

Major Tripwell turned his attention to this point as soon as he had disposed of the first policing of the fields, and in an incredibly short space of time succeeded in reducing the chaos to order.

The British soldier is a great-hearted man and, given leadership, can and will go anywhere and accomplish the well-nigh impossible. Major Tripwell was a born leader and, though he didn't know it, had the luck to be acting under the only orders that could help him—the magic words, "Carry on!" given to him by this Scottish crook, who had scandalously usurped the title of G. O. C. Division, and now sat coolly lolling back on the cushions of the big limousine, smoking a cigarette and looking as if he hadn't a care in the world.

Gradually the strategic retreat was sorted out and the mixed troops strung out in a long line near the crest of the rising ground, digging shelter trenches for all they were worth. And, before night fell, the rout that had threatened was reduced to a formation that promised to give the advancing Germans quite a lot of trouble to dislodge it. Touch was established with the columns on each side of the position, and Mr. McLean had the satisfaction of receiving a message from the Commander in Chief, stating briefly his commendation of the action taken and issuing instructions for the coming fight. The message ended with an order to General Ferguson to report at G. H. Q. for verbal conference forthwith.

After consultation with Major Tripwell, whom he again exhorted to "Carry on!" in his absence, Mr. McLean, accompanied by the Honorable Anthony Hammerfoot, departed in the limousine for G. H. Q., greatly wondering whether the C. in C. or any of his understrappers had any personal recollection of the late General Ferguson's personal appearance and mannerisms.

It is wildly improbable that Mr. McLean could have bluffed his way with success through the pitfalls which must have surrounded such a visit. But again his luck intervened, and it chanced that the driver of the limousine made a wrong turn in the gathering darkness; and, before the occupants of the car had time to realize what was going forward, they found themselves in the middle of a very pretty little scrap that was developing on the left of the new position. The Germans were following up their first day's success and no rest was to be given to the "contemptible little army."

Before Mr. McLean could give any orders, they were under heavy fire from the German guns; and as they turned a corner at the edge of a wood a shell burst overhead and scattered shrapnel bullets in an unpleasing shower. The car lurched as the driver fell forward over the wheel. The Honorable Anthony Hammerfoot gave a grunt and slid to the floor of the car, remaining there in a sprawling heap; and the car ended its career in the ditch at the side of the road.

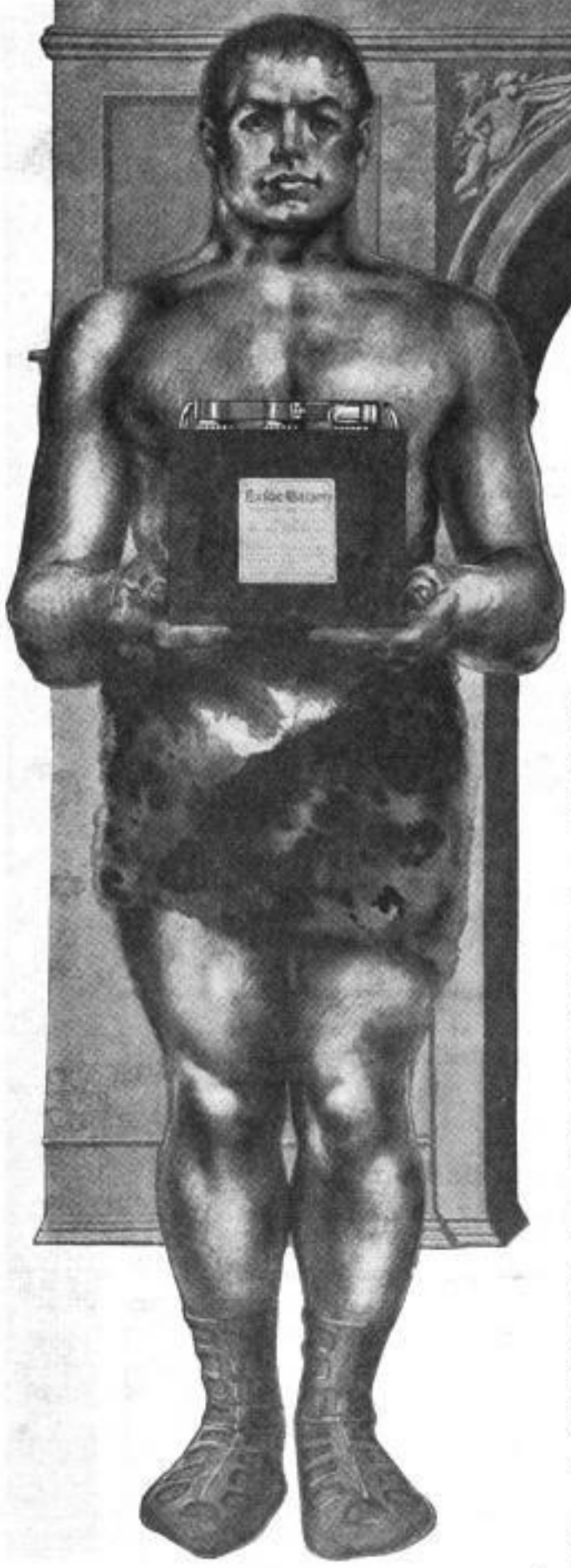
When Mr. McLean came to himself he found, to his surprise, that, beyond a splitting headache and a general feeling of having been severely beaten with a club, he was to all intents unhurt. He crawled

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(Continued from Page 42)

from under the wreck of the car and endeavored to pull his scattered wits together. Dawn was showing in the eastern sky and it was evident that he had been unconscious for some hours. After a futile attempt to revive the driver and the Honorable Anthony Hammerfoot, who were both very unpleasantly dead, Mr. McLean revived himself with a pull at his flask and reconnoitered the position.

A little farther along the road he found the remains of what had been a field ambulance—shattered wagons, dead horses, and—alas!—dead men littering the ground most untidily. And then, as he listened in the stillness of the dawning day, he heard the tramp of feet and a command given in a harsh, guttural tone.

It dawned upon Mr. McLean that the tide of battle had passed on and left him stranded within the German lines. Very quietly he crept into the wood on his left and concealed himself among some tall bracken.

The tramp of feet and clash of accouterments died away in the distance. Creeping forward among the cool bracken stems Mr. McLean endeavored to get a glimpse of the troops on the road; but he could see nothing, and he was disagreeably wakened to the horrors of war by his hand's coming into contact with a dead, cold face.

Instinctively he drew back; and then, as the light of dawn penetrated the thicket of bracken stems, he saw that the dead man who shared his hiding place was an officer. On the dead man's sleeve was the white brassard, with the red cross, which showed him to be an army doctor.

Mr. McLean considered the position. It appeared to him that, from the commonsense point of view, he was to all intents doomed to be a prisoner of war; and it was obvious that the capture of a British general would be something which would cause a certain elation in the stolid Teuton mind, even to the extent of advertising the fact. If General Ferguson was captured, General Ferguson would, in course of time, be put into communication with friends in England — possibly exchanged; or, at all events, he must meet with fellow countrymen who would discover the fraud, and then —— Mr. McLean was uncertain whether the end would be a firing party or a rope; but it was clear that it would be one or the other.

It seemed expedient, therefore, that General Ferguson should be discovered killed in action, while his unauthorized representative assumed the character of an army medical man.

To this end Mr. McLean stripped off his own service jacket, with its staff badges, and put on the unfortunate medical officer's coat and brassard; and after a hunt among the bracken he discovered the dead man's cap.

Having arrayed the body of the dead doctor in the garb of the late General Ferguson, and ascertained from the dead man's identity disk that for the future his name and rank were to be Captain Dougal McDowell, R. A. M. C., Mr. McLean made his way out of the wood and onto the road.

Gaining the top of the hill, he looked to right and left of him. Away in the distance he could see moving bodies of troops, and his field glasses soon discovered to him that these were Germans pushing on in the direction of the town through which he had traveled on the previous day. He could hear the growling of guns in the distance and, turning, saw the head of an advancing column coming up the hill.

"Aweel!" he reflected. "Gin Ah'm tae be a prisoner-r, it's as weel Ah'm a doctor-r man—gin Ah recollec' aright, there's some fulish rule o' war-r that gies either side the choice o' keepin' the ither-r's doctor-r men tae wor-rk at their ain wounded. Ah ken verra little aboot doctor-rs or medicines, but gin they pit me tae look after-r wounded Ger-rman swaddy men, Ah'm thinkin' Ah could wrastle wi' an ampytation at a pinch; an' the mair Ger-rmans there air i' the wor-rld wi' less than their proper-r complement o' airms an' legs, the better it'll be for Auld Englan' an' Bonny Scotlan' i' th' lang rin."

With which piece of excellent though brutal philosophy, Temporary Captain McDowell, R. A. M. C., *né* McLean, hobbled down the road toward the advancing column of Bavarians, with his hands stretched well above his head as an indication that he was prepared to surrender.

Conscious of a certain lack of dignity in his progress, but stretching his arms high above his head, Mr. Gavin McLean approached the head of the column of German troops; and, since the commanding officer was just then in rear of his command, was forced to the further indignity of surrender to a mere subaltern.

At the moment of his surrender the order to halt was given, and Mr. McLean, under armed escort, with the cold muzzle of a rifle pressed uncomfortably against the small of his back, was hustled to the tail of the column, and there pushed in front of the commanding officer.

That worthy, being a Saxon, received him with more courtesy than Mr. McLean had expected.

The German colonel was a stout, elderly individual, with a large, flat face and multiple chins, who sat astride a Belgian farm horse, whose back, in spite of its strength, sagged under the old gentleman's weight.

"*Ach!* So!" exclaimed the German. "What is it you have to me brought? Is it a spy?"

Mr. McLean, recovering from his surprise at hearing himself addressed in English, shook his head vehemently.

"Ah'm nae spee!" he said.

"Then—*Donnerwetter!*—what is it you in our so-much-to-be-admired and presently-all-victorious ranks do?"

"Ah weer stunned by a shell that exploded maist onpleasantly near tae ma heid."

"*Donnerblitzen!*" exclaimed the colonel. "And this language of the most unpronounceable and barbarous description which you speak—what is it? You English are not—you in the garb of an English soldier masquerade—you are a spy! *Teufel!* We will you shoot!"

"Mon," said Mr. McLean earnestly, "dinna be sae hasty—Ah'm nae a spee, Ah'm tellin' ye. Ah'm a puir Scottish body, wi' the maist honest intentions."

"A Scotlander! *Himmel!* You the truth do not speak. You wear breeches!"

"An' why for no?" inquired Mr. McLean.

The Saxon colonel spat profusely into the road.

"All Scotlanders wear the—how you call?—the accursed petticoat of indecent brevity—you have breeches!"

"A kiltie is it ye'er fashin' aboot? Mon, be not sae fulish! Hae ye ne'er seen a Scotsman i' breeks before?"

"*Nein!*" replied the Saxon stolidly. "All Scotlanders the indecent petticoat themselves wrap with. We an entire regiment of Scotlanders took prisoner only yesterday—there was not a pair of breeches among them—they all the accursed petticoat of too-short-to-be-decent length wore. You are no Scotlander. You are a spy!"

"Mon," said Mr. McLean, feeling that he was arguing for his very life, "Ah'm naethin' o' the sor-rt. Ah'm a doctor-r."

"A doctor! That is than a spy rather worse!" said the Saxon.

"Ah'm inclined tae agree wi' ye," said Mr. McLean; "but there's naethin' i' the rules o' war-r to enable ye tae shoot doctor-rs."

"*Nein!*" said the colonel. "Though, if I my way had, I would all doctors instantly shoot, without trial."

"An' I'm nae denyin' that ye wadna be daein' the best for humanity gin ye did it—for we've a michty lot o' frauds amang us; but Ah claim immunity under the Geneva Convention—Ah'm nae a spee!"

"If you a doctor are, where is your ambulance?"

"Blawn tae hell wi' yon artillery o' yeer-rs—Ah but 'scapit wi' ma life—the rest on 'em's lyin' aboot i' maist ontidy fashion at the top o' yon hillock."

"We will for the necessary and much-to-be-desired inspection of the remains proceed. If you are to me lying—you will be shot."

The Saxon colonel gave a string of verbose orders to his adjutant, and the column resumed its promenade to the top of the rising ground, halting again as the tail of the column arrived at the point where the remains of the ambulance littered the ground. The colonel examined the débris.

"So!" he exclaimed. "You have to me the truth told; but I am not understanding why you do not the indecent petticoat of all-too-much-brevity wear if you are a Scotlander."

"Ye wull obsairve," said Mr. McLean, "that yon half of an or-rder-rly, in the ditch there, is nae wearin' a kiltie; the British Airmy Medical Ser-rvice dae not wear the kiltie, Ah'm tellin' ye."

The colonel grunted, but appeared to be convinced that Mr. McLean was speaking the truth.

"You are willing to look after my brave and suffering wounded-who-are-to-be when we into action go?" he inquired.

"Aye," agreed Mr. McLean.

"Then we will you to our ambulance attach."

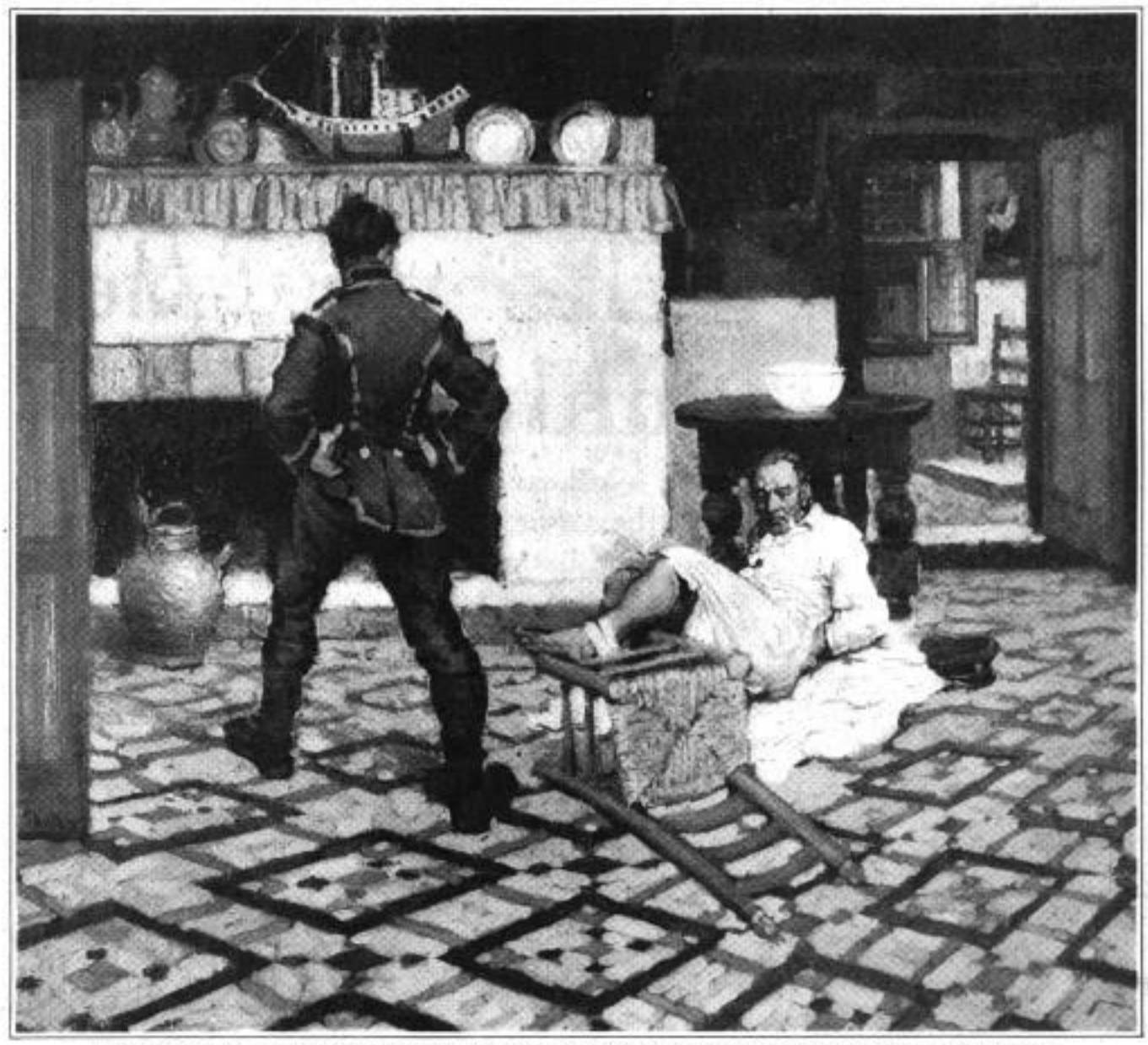
The colonel barked several long-winded orders to a subordinate and the column resumed the march, while Mr. McLean was taken to the ambulance and handed over to the medical officer in charge. This individual proved to be a slow-witted youngster of stolid appearance. However, he was good-natured enough and spoke English more fluently than did his commander.

Seated in his car, Mr. McLean was speedily supplied with refreshment for his inner man; and, as he ate, his captor conversed on war, *Kultur*, and the superiority of Teutonic surgery. From him Mr. McLean learned that the progress of the German armies had been practically uninterrupted since the fall of Liège, and he was amazed at the story of the failure of the allied forces to stem the tide of the Kaiser's invading hordes.

As the column to which he was now attached formed part of the reserves of Von Kluck's army, they met with no resistance to their advance; and for the next three days Mr. McLean had nothing to do but sit in the car and listen to the boasting of the German doctor.

The country they passed through showed everywhere the devastation caused by the fighting, and some of the scenes were such as to cause Mr. McLean to renew his vow that he would, as soon as possible, carry out his intention of amputating everything possible from as many Teutonic patients as might fall to his care.

(Continued on Page 48)



Before His Opponent Had Come to His Senses Mr. McLean Had Lashed Him Firmly and Neatly Hand and Foot

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(Continued from Page 45)

On the fifth day of his captivity, after the column had covered some ten or twelve miles, a halt was called, and Lieutenant Herr Doktor von Leinmann—Mr. McLean's captor and colleague—was summoned to a conference at headquarters. After an absence of an hour he returned, swearing strange oaths in the German tongue; and from him Mr. McLean learned that the German arms had met with an unexpected reverse just as they saw their goal in sight.

It appeared that Von Kluck had disregarded the "contemptible little army" of England, marched across their front; and, between that weary band of devoted warriors and the army rushed out from Paris by the French, he and his army had been outflanked, and their long line of communications so threatened as to make farther advance impossible.

Mr. McLean, who by this time was exceedingly tired of the patronizing attitude of his captor, heard this news with a satisfaction he had great difficulty in concealing.

After a day of indecisive waiting the German reserves were hustled into a position behind the River Marne; and there, on the outskirts of a small village, Lieutenant Herr Doktor von Leinmann established himself and his ambulance in a barn, which had been allotted to him as a temporary hospital. The German forces were strung out in a line of hastily made intrenchments, and the attack of the allied French and British Armies prepared for.

Mr. McLean, arrayed in a white rubber apron, his hands incased in rubber gloves, chatted with Von Leinmann and by skillful evasion and bluff evaded the surgical pitfalls which that worthy arranged for him.

They had not long to wait, for the allied advance was as successful as had been that of the Germans in the first rush, and the force to which their ambulance was attached was soon in the thick of a very pretty fight. The first case arrived; and, as the man was suffering from a compound fracture of the upper arm, accompanied by severe laceration of the muscles, Mr. McLean's counsel in favor of amputation was favorably received by his colleague, if not by the patient.

For some hours, then, Mr. McLean, by a skillful exhibition of bluff and nerve, and covered by the confusion caused by the ever-increasing stream of wounded, assisted the German doctor to cut, hack and probe his way through Teuton brawn and sinew; and even his cold-blooded partiality for lopping off arms and legs, regardless of the future utility of the wretched patients, passed unnoticed in the heat of the moment.

Presently came a lull, and the German surgeon turned his attention to the less serious cases awaiting treatment. Selecting a case of scalp wound, in which the man had suffered only very slight injury to his head, he requested Mr. McLean to deal with it while he himself attended to another case.

Mr. McLean ordered his patient to lie down on the operating table; and, overbearing this strange prescription, the German surgeon interposed.

"For why you require him to lie down?" he asked.

"Tae oper-rate!" replied Mr. McLean.

"But he a bandage requires. What were you about to do to his head?"

"Amputate it!" replied Mr. McLean shortly, and flourished a large and vicious-looking knife.

"Amputate? Nonsense! Are you mad?" exclaimed the German. "How can you amputate his head?"

"Jist as Ah wad hees leg or hees airm," said Mr. McLean; "wi' yon knife."

"The man's mad! Amputate his head! *Donnerblitzen!*" exclaimed the German, aghast.

"Why for no?" inquired Mr. McLean. "Yon's an ugly-lookin' laddie—he'll dae better wi'out a head like yon."

What would have been the upshot of Mr. McLean's rashness is not determined, though one may hazard a guess that it would have led to his undoing; for at that moment the bombardment began again at a range which was evidently closer than before, and as the look of suspicion dawned in the German surgeon's eyes a shell struck the temporary hospital and wiped it out of existence.

When Mr. McLean came to himself he found that he was lying under a heap of rubble, half smothered, but otherwise unhurt, while round him lay scattered portions of the temporary field hospital.

Mr. McLean pulled himself out of the mess that surrounded him and took stock of the situation. Beyond a few bruises, he found he was unhurt; but his clothes had been literally torn off his back.

Looking round him, he discovered that, so far as the gathering twilight would permit him to see, he was alone with the dead, while in the distance he could hear the bark of the guns and see the flares sail up skyward.

"Aweel!" murmured Mr. McLean. "There's nae doot Ah wasna bor-rn tae be shot—here's the second time wi'in a week Ah've been blawn tae shreds an' come oot alive! Ah've the luck o' the deil—God bless him!"

He searched round among the rubbish for something with which to clothe himself; and, seeing two feet sticking out from a pile of débris, he proceeded to unearth the owner. In the course of a few minutes he brought to light the body of a lieutenant of cavalry and transferred that defunct officer's clothes to his own person.

In the pocket of the coat he discovered French, English and German bank notes amounting to a total of over fifty thousand dollars; and, with a view to possible future developments, he ripped open the lining of the coat and hid the notes carefully between cloth and lining.

Just as he finished making his safe deposit he noticed that the musketry and artillery fire were dying down; and, without any very definite plan, except to get away from his German captors, he made off in the direction of what he judged to be the English lines.

Progress was quickly barred by a wide river; but, finding some logs and a few hurdles on the bank, the ingenious Mr. McLean, with some wire torn from a near-by fence, contrived to make these into a raft, and on this, when launched, he sat, and with a long hedge stake endeavored to pole his way across the stream.

The current carried him quickly down the river, and it was not before he had been swept along for more than a mile that he contrived to push his clumsy raft under the opposite bank. Wading through the shallows toward a point where he could conveniently climb the steep bank, he heard an unmistakably English voice give the command:

"Hands up!"

With lightning speed Mr. McLean's hands shot up over his head; and as he reached the landing place he made out through the gloom that his advance was covered by several rifles projecting through the hedge. Being under no misapprehension as to the probable consequences of trying to bolt, he made no attempt to leave the water, but stood there to parley with his captors.

Before one of these showed in the flesh, a thought flashed through Mr. McLean's mind: How was he, who could speak no word of German, to explain his presence clad in the uniform of a German officer? A vision of a firing party and a wall flashed to him, and for the moment he was paralyzed with fear.

"Who are you?" inquired the voice behind the hedge; but Mr. McLean made no reply. "Speak up—if you ain't dumb!" commanded the voice.

This gave Mr. McLean his cue.

"Dumb!" he thought to himself. "Yon's the idee—dumb; an' deef too; like tae yon German swaddy that was brocht in wi' shell shock—dumb an' deef. Yon's what Ah am."

"Speak up, you damn son of a Dutchman!" repeated the voice.

No answer.

"Oh, blow his silly head off an' be done with it!" said another voice.

"Can't do that," said the first speaker. "It ain't done in the best armies—anyway he's all alone and looks struck silly. Go and grab him, Jenkins—you, too, Tonks."

As a result of this command, two privates of British infantry crawled out of the hedge and approached Mr. McLean. Private Tonks jammed the muzzle of his rifle into the pit of Mr. McLean's stomach, while Private Jenkins grabbed him by his outstretched wrists and hauled him up the bank.

"What's your name?" inquired Private Tonks.

Mr. McLean replied with a gurgling noise in his throat.

"Come on aht o' this!" remarked Jenkins.

And with scant ceremony the two soldiers twisted Mr. McLean toward the hedge and urged him forward with their rifle

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butts, finally pushing him through a gap, to the detriment of his uniform.

On the far side of the hedge Mr. McLean was confronted with a small body of British troops under command of a subaltern, and to the latter his captors escorted him. The subaltern, being unable to extract any word from Mr. McLean, and being satisfied that the latter was a German officer—who else could he be, wearing a German officer's uniform?—came to the conclusion for which Mr. McLean had hoped, that the supposed German must be suffering from some injury which interfered with his power of speech.

Mr. McLean was, therefore, treated with kindly sympathy, given bully beef and biscuit, and presently sent under escort to a spot about half a mile from the river bank, where the British had established a field hospital.

The escort handed Mr. McLean over to the hospital orderly, with the brief diagnosis "Deaf an' dotty, and a son of a gun!" and returned to their hedgerow.

Mr. McLean was interviewed by the medical officer, who, getting no reply to his questions beyond the gurgling sound at which Mr. McLean had now become an adept, diagnosed the case as "Shell shock," and sent him, under escort, to the clearing hospital.

Gratified with the success of his ruse, and inwardly rejoicing in the courtesy and kindness meted out to him by the good fellows of the R. A. M. C., Mr. McLean, as an interesting case—one of the first of many genuine cases to come—was dispatched from point to point along the line until he found himself at Havre, whence, after a brief detention, he was sent to England.

Now in the early days of the war the English, with their insular contempt for all things and people not British in origin, were extremely careless in their manner of guarding their German prisoners. It was presumed that no German officer would attempt to escape, and that if he did escape it would not matter. So, instead of confining prisoners in fortresses and dungeons, after the German fashion, the British authorities put their German officer guests in a large and well-appointed country house known as Donnybrook Hall, treated them with the utmost kindness—not to say slackness—and allowed them very considerable latitude as regards their method of living.

To this courtesy the German officers responded by plotting to escape, and as a preliminary step had dug a tunnel from the cellar of the Hall to a point beyond the inclosing wall surrounding the gardens.

To Donnybrook Hall, in the fullness of time, came Mr. Gavin McLean, known to the authorities, from the name found marked in his clothes, as Lieutenant Horstner; and being there regarded by both German prisoners and English guards as a harmless idiot, he was permitted to roam about the house and grounds much as he pleased. It was not long before his explorations took him to the cellar; and there, to his surprise, he found a party of the prisoners busy disposing of the last basketfuls of earth from the tunnel.

The excavators did not notice Mr. McLean's entrance; and, safely hidden behind an empty wine bin, he watched the Germans creeping back and forth from the tunnel's mouth, and noted how, when they knocked off work, they covered the entrance with loose boards, on which they piled empty cases and old sacks, so that the work was completely hidden from the chance observer.

Mr. McLean deplored his ignorance of the German tongue, but he gathered from the jubilant expression of the workers that their self-imposed task must be near completion.

Hidden behind his wine bin, Mr. McLean remained in the cellar until all the excavators had cleared out, and then proceeded to explore on his own account. He had noticed that the Germans had cached their tools and stores in the mouth of the tunnel; and, as soon as he had removed enough of the covering for his purpose, he lowered himself into the hole and by the light of a match searched among the stores. He found picks, shovels, crowbars and, what was more important at that moment, a supply of electric torches and a compass.

Armed with pick, compass and torch, he crawled cautiously along the tunnel, which led him for a distance of a hundred paces in a direction due northwest. At the end of the tunnel, which had been carefully shored up with rough timber throughout its length, he found that a chamber had been excavated to a sufficient size to allow two men to work. And from this chamber the tunnel took a direction due west, and was carried in an upward slant, which, he calculated, must bring the end of it to the surface at a distance of only a few feet from the point where the tunnel then ended.

Reviewing the situation, he carefully went over the ground a second time, checking his measurements and compass bearings. This done, he pocketed the compass, covered the entrance to the tunnel and returned to the outer air. The German prisoners were scattered about the grounds, and presently the dinner bell summoned them to the dining hall.

Mr. McLean, knowing that his own movements were never very carefully observed, absented himself from dinner and made his way to the side of the house corresponding to the part of the cellar from which the tunnel started.

He took a compass bearing, walked the requisite number of paces, and by this means roughly checked the ultimate direction of the tunnel to a point on the far side of the high wall surrounding the house, and, so far as he could reckon, determined that the exit planned by the prisoners would be within the limits of a thick wood at the back of it. Mr. McLean hurried back to the house and, smiling idiotically, sauntered into the dining room and took his belated dinner.

That night, after "Lights out!" Mr. McLean rose from his bed and with great stealth crept down to the cellar. He opened up the tunnel, selected a pick and shovel, and by the light of a torch crept down the narrow burrow to the far end. Here he removed his coat and, after some preliminary investigation, fell to work to cut upward at the same angle as that planned by the Germans.

It was hard work, and once he came within measurable distance of an unpleasant end by reason of the collapse of his new excavation; but he worked like a Welsh miner, and at last his efforts were rewarded by the feel of the pick driving clear of the last layer of earth and turf that kept him from the outer air. A few more strokes and Mr. McLean felt the fresh night breeze and smelled the scent of the pines.

He enlarged the opening sufficiently to enable his body to pass and then retraced his steps along the tunnel. Halfway to the cellar he stopped and proceeded to cut away the underpinning, with the result that after a few strokes of his pick the earth fell in, cutting off the passage from the cellar.

"Ah'm thinkin' they'll be verra disappointed wi' yon tunnel!" reflected Mr. McLean as he retraced his steps to the far end, picked up his coat—the lining of which was still stuffed with bank notes—and squeezed through the narrow opening to the outer air.

Consulting his watch by the light of the electric torch, he found that it was nearly three o'clock in the morning; and, with a sigh of satisfaction at his regained freedom, he picked his way cautiously through the wood and on the far side of it discovered a main road. A walk of a hundred yards brought him to a signpost, and from it he learned that he was on the main road to Wolverton, while the cross-turning led to the village of Yelmpton, distant about half a mile.

His chief anxiety now was as to his clothes, for to be seen in the guise of a German officer would entail recapture and an ignominious return to Donnybrook Hall. But Mr. McLean had not been an expert cracksman for nothing, and he relied on his past experience in this direction to obtain a new outfit.

On the outskirts of the village he noticed a good-sized house, which stood back from the road; and, with great caution, he entered the gate and crept up the drive leading to the front porch. He found a window that promised well to his practiced eye and speedily slipped back the catch with his knife. Removing his boots, he climbed in at the window, and by the light of his torch saw that he was in a well-furnished dining room.

He crept noiselessly to the door, opened it and listened. Not a sound! Noiselessly he crossed the hall, mounted the stairs and stopped to listen. No sound fell on his ear.

Investigation with the torch showed him three doors leading from the landing on which he stood. He tried the nearest and found it locked. The second yielded to his touch and he swung it gently open. At that

(Concluded on Page 52)



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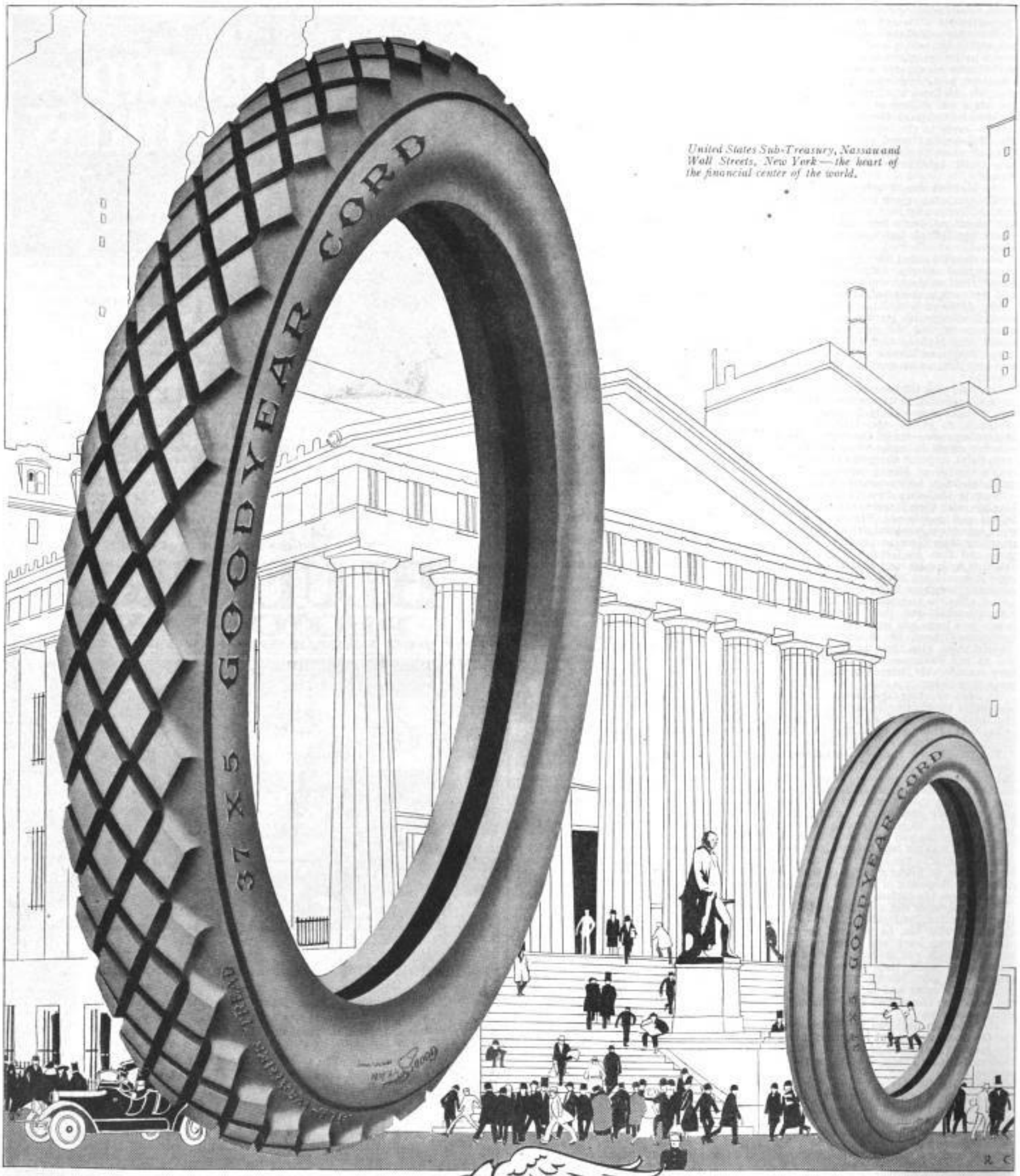
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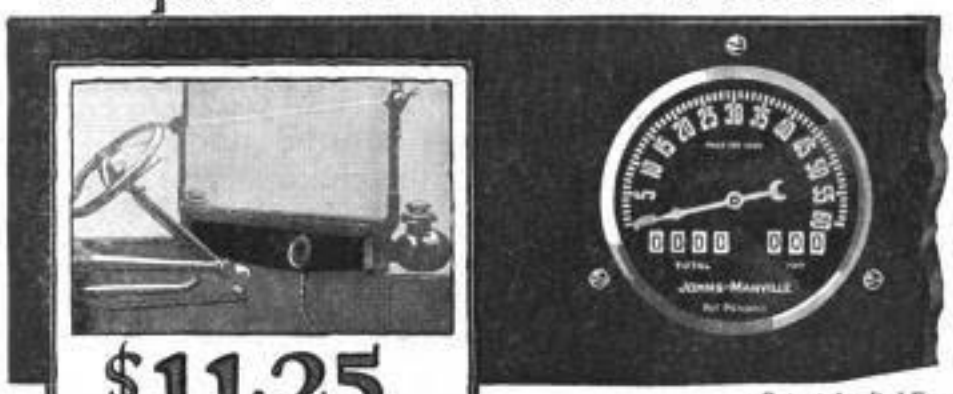


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(Concluded from Page 49)

instant a switch clicked and the room was flooded with light.

Dazzled for a moment, Mr. McLean stood blinking like an owl in sunlight, and when he recovered himself he found that he was looking down the barrel of a .45 revolver, held in the steady grasp of a man of about his own size.

"Hands up!" said the man behind the gun; and Mr. McLean, who was getting used to this form of exercise, obeyed with the precision of an automaton. "Breaking in here to carry on as you did in Belgium, I suppose! I've a mind to strew your brains on the carpet!"

The threat sounded ruthless enough, but Mr. McLean detected the shadow of a quaver in the voice, which told him of a bold front to cover a certain nervousness; so he said nothing, but stood like a statue, his arms outstretched above his head.

"Lucky you happened in here to-night," said the man with the gun. "My wife's away, and the servants too; so you won't even have the satisfaction of frightening a woman."

The man with the gun drew nearer as he spoke and, with the boldness of inexperience, stood quite close to Mr. McLean, the muzzle of the pistol almost touching the latter's chest.

On the instant Mr. McLean saw his chance and took it.

With a quick swing of his left arm he struck his opponent's wrist outward, turned sharply to the left; and, as the man involuntarily turned in the direction of the blow, Mr. McLean swung his right and brought a hard fist, with a thud, to the point of the armed man's jaw.

The gun clattered to the floor and the man sank in a heap. Hurriedly Mr. McLean pounced on the gun and pocketed it, dragged a sheet from the bed, tore it into strips, and before his opponent had come to his senses had lashed him firmly and neatly hand and foot with his own bed linen.

Presently consciousness returned to the fallen man, and Mr. McLean, to save trouble and conversation, gagged him with a cartridge from the gun and a strip of linen. Having made his prisoner thus secure, he stood over the disgruntled householder and addressed him.

"Mon," he said, "Ah'm no a German. Ah'm a veectim o' circumstances. Ah want naethin' frae you but a suit o' clothes, an', by the look o' ye, it's yeers that wull fit me fine! Gin ye had treated me as one gentleman tae anither Ah'd no ha' had tae tie ye up; but Ah canna' trust ye the noo. Ye say the ser-rvants are awa'?"

The supine victim nodded his head in assent.

"Aweel! Sae muckle the better. Gin ye gie me yeer wor-rd ye'll nae call oot, Ah'll tak' oot yeer gag. Nod yeer heid gin ye'll behave yeersel."

The man on the floor contrived to nod his head and Mr. McLean loosened the gag.

"Blast you!" said the victim as soon as he was free to speak.

"Gin ye use sweer wor-rds tae me Ah'll e'en gag ye agin. Ah canna abide a mon who sweers."

The victim relapsed into silence, and Mr. McLean, after making sure that his lashings were fast, explored the room and helped himself to a suit of clothes, a shirt, and other necessaries. Dressing himself with care, he selected a pair of boots from the shelf, tried them on, and decided that they were a fit. Then he stood over his host and admonished him: "Ah'm obleeged tae ye for the claes; an', tae show ye there's nae ill feeling, Ah'm leaving ye this five-pun' note tae pay for them. Gin Ah could trust ye Ah'd untie ye an' let ye loose, but Ah canna tak' the reesk; so ye'll e'en hae tae stay here till Ah can telephone tae the police tae come an' set ye free. Guid mor-rnin', ma mannie! An' the next time ye try tae hold up an honest bur-rglar man dinna come sae close wi' yeer gun. It's there ye went wrang."

With which parting advice, Mr. McLean picked up his German uniform, turned out the lights, and closed the door after him as he left the room.

He hurried down stairs, let himself out at the front door, and after removing the collection of notes from the lining of the tunic, heaved the uniform into the depths of a shrubbery and strode away down the drive.

He made for the main road and, taking advantage of a passing farm cart loaded with vegetables for Wolverton Market, swung himself to the tailboard and rode comfortably to within easy walking distance of the town. He went to the station, found there was a train to London in half an hour, had some breakfast at a coffee shop just outside the station, and three minutes before the train was due went to the public telephone in the station and called up the police.

"Hello!" came the reply.

"Hello, yeersel'!" said Mr. McLean. "Wull ye be sae guid as tae send an officer tae the first hoose on the Yelmpton road? There's been an accident and a gentleman needs yeer kind assistance."

"Who's that speaking?" inquired the voice excitedly.

"Me!" said Mr. McLean, with admirable brevity, and hung up the receiver.

The train steamed into the station, punctual to the minute, and Mr. McLean swung himself aboard with the comforting feeling of a man who has done his duty to the suffering.

Mr. McLean had no difficulty in evading all attempts to trace him. He adopted the simple plan of making no attempt to hide, but returned to his Chiswick home and set about conducting his garage and repair business without delay.

By exercising due precaution he contrived to exchange his German and French notes for English gold, and on reckoning up his resources found that his martial experiences had made him richer by some eight thousand pounds.

Being a Scot—and a canny Scot at that—he lost no time in finding a suitable site on which to erect a larger workshop, with room to expand in the near future. This done, Mr. McLean searched round until he saw his way clear to accepting a small subcontract for munitions work, as he was convinced by what he had seen that the war was not likely to be over for some considerable time.

By the purchase of a small existing factory and the development of his new works he has blossomed into one of the most successful English subcontractors. And, with admirable patriotism, he was heard lately to express the opinion that—"Gin the Government would but tak' off that shameful robbery of a supertax"—he would be able to retire from business in six months.

However that may be, there is no doubt that the once Very Temporary Captain McLean is among the most successful of the war contractors; and it will not be surprising if, in the fullness of time, he becomes one of the most respected members of the British Parliament.

He has been nursing a constituency for some months now, and by judicious gifts to the deserving poor—there is no graft in British politics—he hopes to head the poll at the next election, and to become a pillar of the British Constitution, instead of a Very Temporary Captain.

THE END



It Was Not Before He Had Been Swept Along for More Than a Mile That He Contrived to Push His Clumsy Raft Under the Opposite Bank

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Sense and Nonsense

Faith

THE eyes of you were dark and sad,
Like pools too deep and still,
Whose lure might drown a wistful lad,
Oh, Moira-of-the-hill!
The way we went o'er the springy sod,
Where the heather met the sea,
Was an old, old way you'd often trod,
But a new, new way to me.

They said: "She keeps no faith with men;
She'll keep no faith with you.
Her heart's a wild bird in the glen
That feeds as wild birds do.
Of all the lasses who live and love
Where the lough lies long and still,
There's none so faithless to troth will prove
As Moira-of-the-hill.

"She'll love you, lad, maybe to-day,
But she'll love young Will to-morrow;
And she'll never have less than her own wild way
With a lad, to his lifelong sorrow—
Unless, indeed, it should come to pass
That the rivers should backward flow,
Or daisies bloom at Candlemas,
Or roses under snow."

So over the world I went and away
Where the stars are gold in the blue.
Dim as a dream was that yesterday
Of the old green land and—you.
Home I came with an empty hand,
And a heart burnt out and chill,
Though I'd loved a lass in every land—
But I found you faithful still!

You'd kept a tryst where was none to keep,
Since that day by the purple sea;
And your eyes were sad, as of those who weep
For the thing that may never be.
Oh, never again will I doubt you, lass,
Whatever may come and go,
Till daisies bloom at Candlemas,
And roses under snow!

—Mary Lanier Magruder.

Discovering Columbus

DURING the recent campaign a Tammany leader on the East Side, a self-made man and one not entirely completed yet in some respects, was addressing a mass meeting of Italian-born voters on behalf of the Democratic ticket.

"Gintlemen and fellow citizens," he began, "I deem it an honor to be permitted to address you upon the issues of the day. I have always had a deep admiration for your native land. I vinerate the mimory of that great, that noble Eyetalian who was the original and first discoverer of this here land of ours.

"Why, gintlemen, at me mother's knee I was taught to sing that inspirin' song: Columbus, the Jim of the Ocean!"

Whereupon there was loud applause.

Not the Right Smell

SOMEBODY sent David Warfield, the actor, a case of rare old rye; and he, in turn, expressed a quart of the stuff to a friend living in a New England village, where local option rules.

Because of the prohibition law the local agent declined to deliver the package, and the consignee went to the station personally to claim it.

"That's all right," he said; "that's just a bottle of ginger ale which was sent to me by my old pal, Dave Warfield."

"Dave who?" asked the suspicious agent.

"Dave Warfield. You know who I mean—Warfield, the Music Master."

The agent shook the package and sniffed at it.

"Call it ginger ale ef you're a-mind to," he said; "but I know better. And, furthermore, I wanter tell you this here parcel never come from no music teacher neither!"

An Exception

MR. JUSTICE VICTOR DOWLING, of New York, who, as might be guessed from the name, is of Irish descent, tells this one on himself:

Once upon a time, a few years ago, he was presiding at the trial of a separation suit between a couple financially and socially distinguished along the Eastern seaboard—a suit that naturally attracted a good deal of attention.

The attorney for the husband was having his inning. It was the aim of the lawyer to show that the lady in the case owned a quick and fiery temper, and that she was addicted to upsetting the domestic arrangements of her home on slight provocation. Pursuant to this intention he put upon the witness stand a tall, solemn Swede, formerly in the plaintiff's employ as a coachman.

The Swede, under the crafty promptings of counsel, told in broken English of a certain occasion when his mistress had flown into a violent passion at a certain footman, and had demanded the luckless footman's discharge upon the assertion that he was drunk.

"Well, was this man drunk?" asked the lawyer when the witness had finished describing the incident.

"No," said the Swede; "his name bane Shaughnessy—but he not bane drunk!"

Those Large Moving Bodies

"ROOSEVELT was certainly the most bellicose president we ever had," said the husband, looking up from his paper.

"Bellicose!" echoed his wife dreamily. "Aren't you thinking of Taft?"

Faint Praise

AT THE Players' Club a group of writers were discussing the work of various artists. Somebody mentioned a popular illustrator who is much given to speaking favorably and at considerable length of his own productions.

Oliver Herford considered for a moment.

"Yes," he said; "if that fellow was as good an artist as he is a talker he would still be a fair talker."

Around the Corner

AROUND the corner I have a friend,
In this great city that has no end;
Yet days go by and weeks rush on,
And before I know it a year is gone,
And I never see my old friend's face;
For Life is a swift and terrible race.
He knows I like him just as well
As in the days when I rang his bell
And he rang mine. We were younger then;
And now we are busy, tired men—
Tired with playing a foolish game;
Tired with trying to make a name.
"To-morrow," I say, "I will call on Jim,
Just to show that I'm thinking of him."
But to-morrow comes—and to-morrow goes;
And the distance between us grows and grows.

Around the corner!—yet miles away. . . .
"Here's a telegram, sir."
"Jim died to-day!"
And that's what we get—and deserve in the end—
Around the corner, a vanished friend.

—Charles Hanson Towne.

The Breath of Scandal

"YES," said a lady of high social distinction at the Colony Club in New York; "I dearly love a Bronx cocktail before dinner, but I never take one. The odor of the gin stays on my breath for hours, and my husband doesn't like it."

"Only too true!" stated Beatrice Herford, the society monologuist, dreamily. "The wages of gin is breath!"





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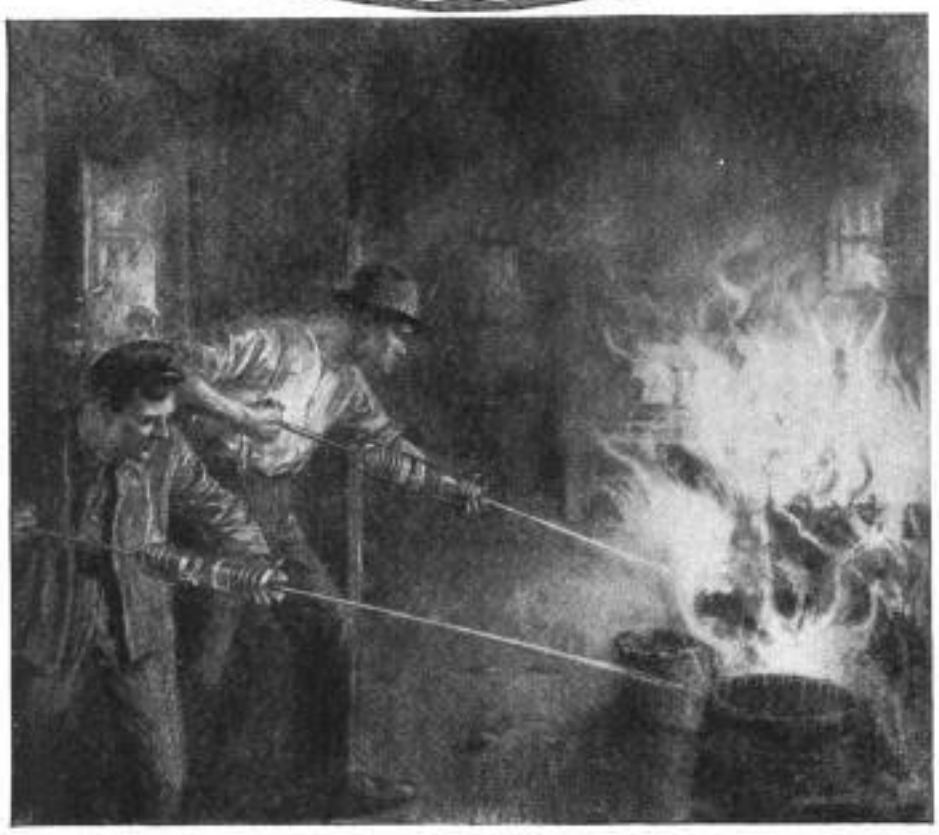


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THE SHRINKING DOLLAR BILL

(Concluded from Page 8)

"Nature seems to have conspired against meat production all over the world. We have had two bad corn crops. That of 1914 was frozen and the 1915 crop was burned up. In Argentina they had six months of drought. Now they have the locust scourge. They are buying cattle here that used to be furnished from the Platte country. Australia had bad conditions too. Our Pacific Coast used to swim with Australian beef. Now Australia is buying mutton for its own use from New Zealand, and consequently is not exporting anything to us.

"The men in the trenches are eating an immense amount of meat—undoubtedly a lot more than most of them ever ate before. It is mighty fortunate we had a big crop of hogs in 1916—otherwise a meat famine would be upon us. We had such a good hog year that it saved the situation. The high prices have compelled the Western hog grower to keep his hogs healthy—hence the big crop. Beef is now a luxury and it will continue so.

"Figures will show an increase in sheep. These seven markets in 1916 received 11,637,000 sheep against 11,160,000 the year before; but in 1913 they had 13,500,000 sheep. Our native sheep industry—that east of the Missouri River—has disappeared. The sheep in this country cannot compete with the dairy cow and the hog. Cattle raising is now on a remunerative basis. Cattle will take care of themselves. So will hogs. Sheep must be constantly watched and cared for. Lambs used to sell at six cents a pound; now they are thirteen and a half cents. Sheep used to sell for three cents a pound; now they are worth ten cents. We can raise sheep in this country profitably.

"Another factor is our booming industrial situation, and the increased consumption due to big wages. This is illustrated by the fact that the big steel-making towns are enormous consumers of meat. Pittsburgh consumes more beef a head than any other city in the world; while Gary, Indiana, has a larger individual meat consumption than any other city in this country.

"For a few months after the war broke out, during the temporary lull in manufacturing, the meat packers were sending the manufacturing centers practically nothing; now they cannot fill their orders. If the fires were banked the men would stop eating meat; experience has proved this. Whenever there is a highly profitable season for the workers they seem to try to eat up their wages in the form of meat."

The Men Who Eat Less Meat

In this connection, however, it is well to remember that a large public—men receiving moderate salaries or incomes that have not increased materially—have cut down on their meat consumption. To some extent this has offset the unstinted meat feast of the wage-earner with the fat pay envelope.

Mr. Poole declares that if a strike should occur in New York City the cattle demand at the Chicago Stockyards would drop thirty per cent, the market for meat being very sensitive.

"Export orders," says this expert observer, "do not cut so great a figure in the grand result, after all. If our home industries keep going at a good pace and the workers have plenty of money there will be sales for all our meats. This is the dominant element in the meat situation.

"The trouble with our whole retail system is that its overhead charges are excessive. We are trying to retail meats about as we do whisky. You find half a dozen meat markets in a neighborhood where there should be only one. There are salaries to be paid, high rents and high delivery and collecting costs to be met. There are so many meat markets that they crowd each other and make all demand larger profits in order to earn a living.

"From this condition has sprung into being a new element in the meat game—the meat peddler; the man with the automobile truck who buys his meat at the packing house and pays cash in advance for it by always keeping a thousand dollars on deposit with the packer. He then cuts his meats on benches that are furnished him by the packers and peddles them to the retailer. His profit runs from twenty-five to forty per cent. It is safe to say that this peddler will take at least twenty-five per cent profit. He relieves the packer of the job of delivering and also lifts from his shoulders the necessity of carrying a lot of accounts. This means, of course, that the packer does not need to worry about drivers' strikes and bad accounts. So, of course, the packer encourages these peddlers. The packers want cash and a quick turnover. They are willing to take a small profit provided they can depend upon these two things.

"Just to show you how that works out: The little meat-market man in this neighborhood, who drives over to the packing house and buys direct for cash, can sell his goods twenty-five per cent cheaper than can the average retailer located at a distance. The trouble with the average retail meat man is that there is not enough volume of trade open to him to stand his excessive overhead costs without the addition of excessive profits. So many workers must get their pay out of meat retailing that prices must be boosted to break even.

"The packers do not take big profits. They are content with less than two per cent. But they have such a tremendous volume and get so quick a turnover that—together with the proceeds of their by-products—they are making a mighty good thing out of it."

A Look Into the Future

"Of course these high prices are going to stimulate production. That is one good thing. No country in the world can raise domestic animals at less cost than can the United States. And we are getting back into the cattle game very fast. The Western States are coming back rapidly. When they begin to save beef calves and cows they come back into production at a stiff pace.

"Children and women are saving calves everywhere. I saw a boy with five calves last summer and I asked him what he was going to do with them. He replied that he was going to make five hundred dollars on them next summer. Women are raising calves in orchards and along the roadsides all over the West.

"Just contrast conditions with those of a few years ago. A man who was in here then was asked what he expected to get for his cattle, and he answered:

"'Don't know. Don't give a damn! If they're sold at all they're well sold!'

"Don't make the mistake of thinking that we know just where we are headed for in this matter of meat production. There has been a lot of gambling in cattle and values are inflated. Australia and Argentina will come back and make themselves felt eventually.

"Germany swears by the hog—they're wise over there! The hog is the one best life-saver in the meat game. The fecundity of that animal is something marvelous. Again, it doesn't take so long to make a steer as it once did. We used to market them at four years; now they are turned in at two. There has been a great sacrifice of good small stuff recently, though. Thousands of cattle come in here weighing about eleven hundred pounds when thirty days of corn would add two pounds a day to each creature.

"A few years ago the Canadian packers tried to hog it and would not pay fair prices to the farmers. The farmers promptly went back to grain. The result is that the Canadian packers are buying meat right here, slaughtering it here and shipping it dressed to Canada. They have learned their lesson.

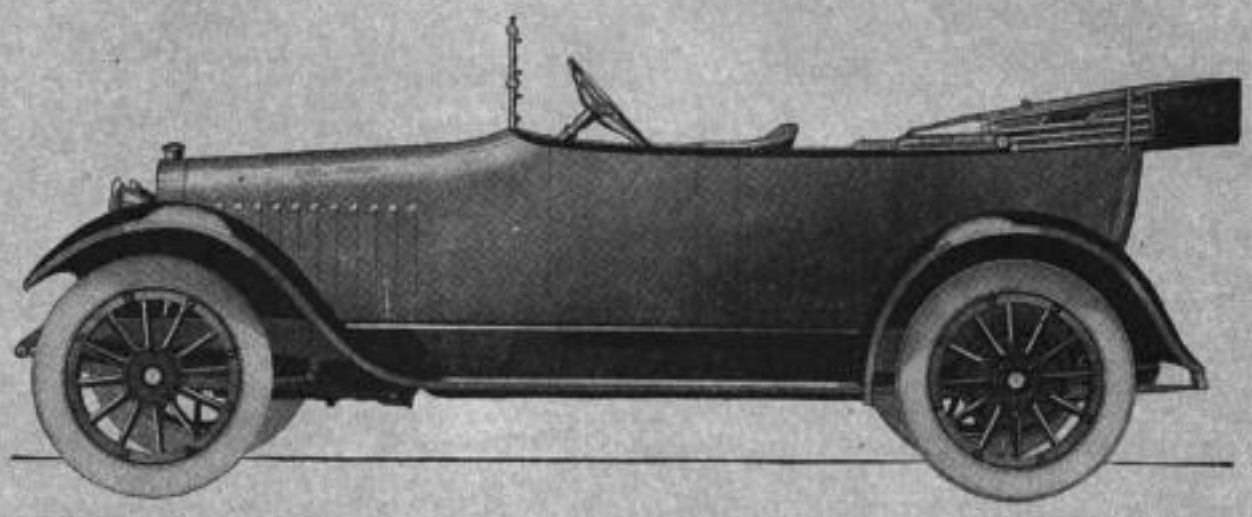
"Though this is an era of strange and unexpected happenings in an economic way, and the meat situation will undoubtedly develop its share of surprises, the consumer may as well dismiss from his mind any fond hope that we are going to see cheap meats again, though they may and probably will become less expensive than at the present moment."

No fact concerning meats that has lately been brought to the surface is of greater interest than the statement made in a 1916 United States Department of Agriculture report, that the stockman or raiser receives from two-thirds to three-fourths of the gross returns in the marketing of beef, the remaining one-third or one-fourth, as the case may be, being divided between shipping and marketing expenses, packers' gross profits, jobbers' gross profits and retailers' gross profits.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Crissey. The second will appear in an early number.

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THE MAN WHO WAS AFRAID

(Continued from Page 20)

Those stupid boys—they don't realize! You mustn't go, even to Camp Whitman, Benton. If you got that far you'd probably take it—example, and all that. But there's nothing decided if you refuse even that; you can stay at home—and whatever they do won't amount to anything, because your term's almost out. Think of it! You can stay here, Benton—safe—when the company goes out to-morrow. Timothy says there won't be anything—no court-martial or heavy discipline to face—the War Department won't be able to do much. Everything's all right, dear. You will simply not go!"

She threw her arms about him; but Benton stood rigid.

"That—that's desertion, mother—morally."

"Not for you. You wouldn't go to Mexico in any case. You'd never take that oath. We never meant you should. Nobody decent and Christian goes to war. . . . It's all wrong; a work of the devil. A righteous man has nothing to do with it; and you're out of it—safely—Benton. Oh, my dear! My dear!"

Then, as Benton still stood silent, she drew back from him in terror.

"Why—you don't want to go, Benton!"

The boy looked at her with a face like death.

"Oh, mother," he said, "don't you know me better? Don't you know I couldn't want to go?"

That was the evening when the thing came out of cover and stalked boldly up and down the main-traveled roads of town gossip:

Bennie Clune was not going to the Front—wasn't even going to the main camp!

"Oh, but, my dear, he'll have to! That's desertion, and there's a penalty."

"His mother has arranged for that—and her lawyer. They're not afraid of the consequences. They found out there won't be any heavy ones—Mr. Aitken talked to the Department. . . . And they won't mind what folks think! I think it's a burning shame—a cowardly thing ——"

"Oh, but what could you expect? Why, everybody knows what Bennie used to be like—you'd hardly think he'd stand up to anything with any risk about it."

"Oh, I know, Jim Greely was telling us that he remembers ——"

Yes; it all came out afresh then. All Bennie's dark past roached up its mane and pranced about town recalling to people exactly what Bennie really was. He fell from Benton to Bennie in a jiffy, and all the fine military panoply fell away.

They talked it all over at the farewell dance that night—the dance where Elsie Revere, with flaming cheeks and a rose-and-silver frock, led the march with Pod Fisher. There was no sign of Benton; and, watching Elsie, people whispered again. He was to lose not only honor but love, they said. Elsie was a little soldier-girl—no quitters for her! Bennie must be crazy not to realize; and he was so much in love too! But then, as a few concluded, perhaps it wasn't really true.

Yet it seemed not unlikely. Toward nightfall the Clune household had veiled itself in silence; no member was seen on the streets; the telephone, importunate on behalf of the curious, remained unanswered. There was an editorial in the evening paper referring to "any fellow townsman who shirked his duty and absolved himself on a technicality," with the usual attendant embroidery on "honor" and "manliness."

But, at that, people didn't really believe that he would put it through—would actually quit it cold—until they were forced to; not until, at nine o'clock the next evening, Company X marched out of its Armory and went swinging down to the station in full marching kit, and they saw that Benton Clune wasn't with them. But even then the thing didn't make more than a ripple of interest on the thrilled and watching crowd.

You could hear the noise they all made back in the street where the Clune house stood. The place was darkened; but in an upper room two persons sat listening.

The company band was playing Onward, Christian Soldiers! And they could catch the roars of approval as "the boys" swung by. They could almost see it all—the motor, flag-trimmed, with the handful of proud old Grand Army men in it; the vets of the Spanish War, who marched behind; the band; the ambulance detachment; the company in full turnout.

And as he listened, Benton Clune's breath and spirit failed.

"Oh, God!" he whispered, and a great choking sob surged to his throat.

The woman sought to comfort him:

"My boy, let them go; they are fools and do not realize it. . . . Some of them may never come back. It is all wrong—all wrong!"

The noise had moved on to the station, where the specials were waiting. There was a lull; then the night wind came through the blinds, bringing a thread of sound—a man's voice, barytone, singing to the crowd:

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died ——"

And, on that, the man in the silent upper room put down his head and sobbed like a child.

"Afraid! . . . Afraid, mother! . . . That's what I am! . . . Not a man—just a lay figure. . . . There's not a dog in the street out there but has more sand—more spirit. . . . I've been a coward all my life. . . . Let's be honest and face the truth. . . . I daren't do what those boys are doing!"

She came and touched his hair softly.

"You're just overwrought, Benton. To-morrow ——"

He sprang up at her touch.

"The truth! It's the truth! Don't you see? It's the coward's part—the one I've always played. And it's your fault, mother. Oh, I've a yellow streak, no doubt; but you helped me—you taught me fear all my life! To be a coward! Think of it! I've had good ancestors, real men—fighting men—Americans! . . . And you—you and I—have let me be like this. Afraid! I want to go, mother—part of me; I want to rush out there and be a man—and I daren't! I'm afraid! . . . That's what I'm like. Coward! Coward!" he screamed suddenly. "Not honor or the girl I love counts—nothing but fear! Fear!

"Mother"—he spoke more calmly—"do you know who they've got down there? Do you know who my marching mates would be? Sam Hedrosian, a naturalized Armenian—Armenian, mother—a shoemaker; and Pat Flynn, a cabman; and the two Schwartz boys, whose father runs the Dutch brewery—they're going out to fight if need be—if they must—for my country—'My country, 'tis of thee'!" He laughed bitterly. "And I am an American, mother—what they call a real one, with roots way back in Colony days. . . . And you—my mother—a Daughter of the Revolution! And I daren't go! I daren't! They are the true Americans, and I—I'm just afraid!"

He flung himself down, his face buried.

For two days no one emerged from the Clune house. On the first morning people observed a figure propped up on their veranda—a dummy figure of a soldier, crudely dressed in brown hook muslin, to represent khaki. There was an infant's feeding bottle tied to it and a placard on its breast. One or two got near enough to read it:

I AM THE LATEST WAR BABY.
I ALWAYS STAY AT HOME, SAFE WITH MY MA.
I LET THE OTHER FELLOW DO IT.
I AM THE MAN WHO IS AFRAID!

Presently a servant came and removed it.

Toward nightfall of the second day Benton Clune went out of the house for the first time. He walked down the street, looking neither to the right nor the left until he came to Elsie Revere's home. There he stopped and made as though to enter, putting a foot on the first of the veranda steps. As he did so the door opened and Elsie herself came out. At sight of Benton she turned white and seemed about to speak. Then she put out a hand and touched the big flag behind her. As though its touch heartened her, she lifted a proud head and smiled, instead—not a pretty smile—and let her cool eyes sweep the figure before her from head to foot. After a moment she turned her head away indifferently.

It was on the fourth day after that, when Benton came out of his room and spoke to the white-faced old woman who sat huddled in her chair.

(Concluded on Page 61)

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Heat Your Home The Moistair Way!



Could Your Family Live in a Dry Kiln?

Yet thousands exist under conditions *little better!!*

Cold weather arrives. Doors and Windows are shut *tight*. Fresh air is excluded. The heat is turned on—and the whole family hibernates! Now for a winter of hot, stuffy air—air with the dryness of a dry kiln—unhealthful, dangerous! The air is breathed over and over! It fairly reeks with "dead" gases—poisonous, disease breeding.

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Warm fresh air, *properly humidified* as it is by the Round Oak, is more comfortable at 68 degrees than *dry* air at 75 degrees.

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Handsome illustrated book fully describes this modern plant. With book goes a blank, which filled out and returned to us will shortly bring you a scientific Heating Plan drawn up by our engineers to meet your exact requirements. Cost of installation, etc., goes with Plan. And with no obligations to you. Send Coupon NOW!

With Book we also send name of nearest authorized dealer selling-and installing Round Oak Moistair Heating Systems. Many dealers sell on easy payments. To get the genuine, look for the trademark, which shows the Round Oak Indian.

Five Star Points of Round Oak Supremacy

***Health.** Only Heating System that automatically ventilates and HUMIDIFIES.

***Comfort.** Delivers pure, warm ever-changing moist air, free from dust, gas, smoke—fitted with gas-tight doors and dampers.

***Economy.** Longest fire travel all inside casing; improved hot blast *Ring*; extra deep fire pot; extra large combustion chamber affords perfect combustion; most heat on minimum of fuel.

***Convenience.** Simple regulator controls entire system. Self-cleaning. Ash pit dust-proof—seamless; fitted with sprinkler. Non-leak door frame cast on—not bolted. Easy to operate.

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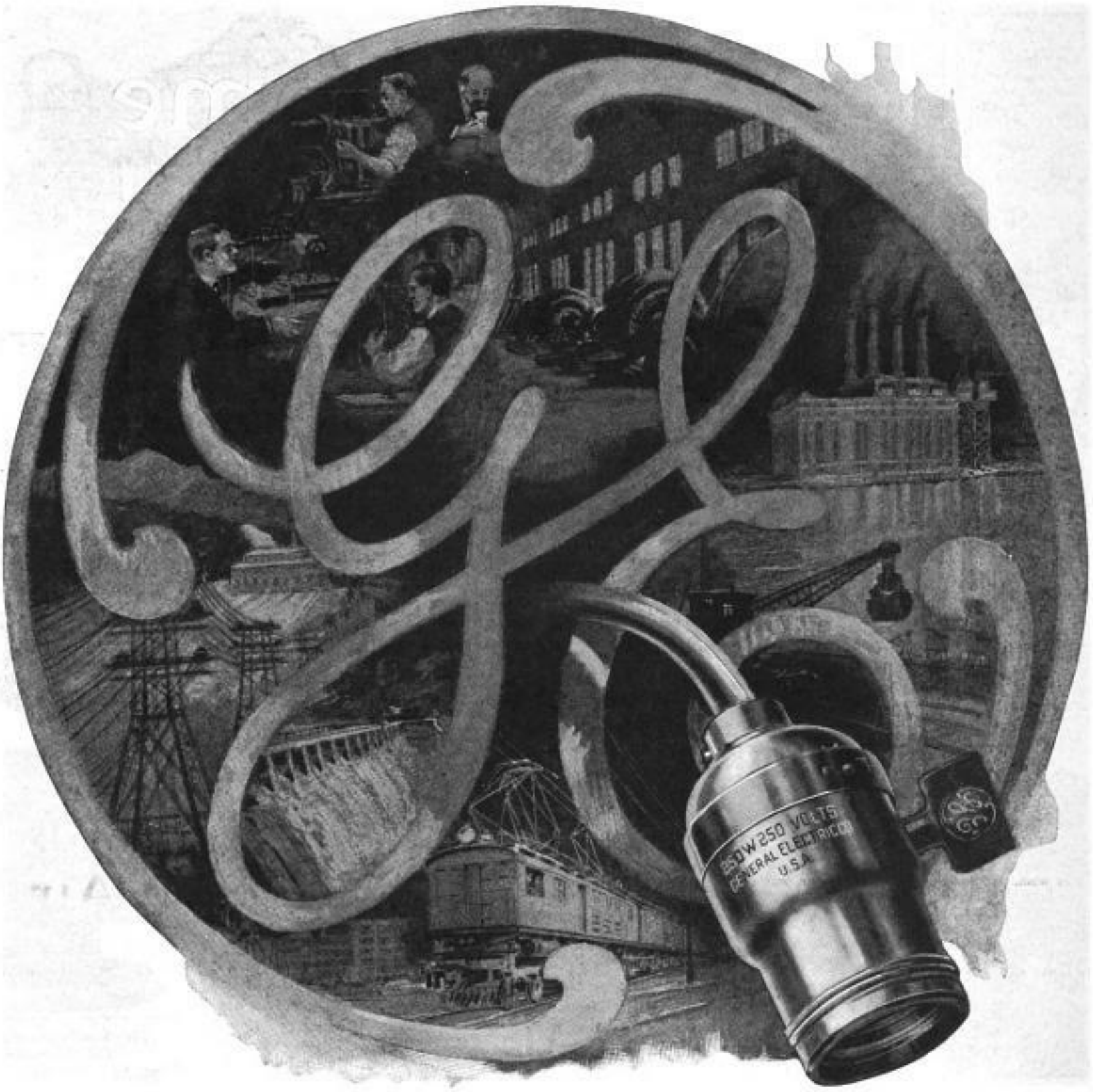
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(Concluded from Page 58)

"I'm going, mother. I can't stay and face it out—I'm going away where people don't know me. Perhaps I can find it yet—courage."

"Where will you go, Benton?"

"Anywhere to forget—everything. I've come to the end of things here."

He slipped away at dusk. He didn't even buy a ticket. They were making up a freight on a siding and he hid away in an empty box car.

It didn't improve matters back home, his going. "Full quitter's act," of course, people called it. Instructions had come from headquarters to penalize—lightly enough—the deserters who had stayed behind in the various towns. Benton Clune, it was learned, was to be reprimanded severely and assigned to the home recruiting station until the expiration of his term. But Benton wasn't there.

And after a while we forgot him. We were too busy reading about Camp Whitman, and the mud and rainstorms, the hikes and inspections, the Government processes, the potential military cabals, and speculating about war—real war—and our boys in particular. And suddenly Camp Whitman ceased to interest us. Our boys—our Company X—were to go to Mexico at last. The special train would pass through the home town en route.

They were due at eight o'clock; and at seven-thirty the little woman—a strangely aged and stilled woman these last days—who rocked and rocked herself so desolately all day in the big Clune house, looked up at a slight sound in her doorway.

She did not know him for a moment, so tattered and dirty and worn and torn he was. When she recognized him she cried out in terror; and, at that, he came quietly into the room. Under the lamplight he looked even worse, with a face strangely older, harder, and the eyes of one who has faced torture. He was bearded, unkempt, and bore the marks of a man who has, even if futilely, tried to pay his toll among men with fist and right arm. There was a long stripe of purple bruise on his face, and the scars of conflict about him.

"Benton!"

He spoke very quietly, quite without emotion:

"I have come back, mother. Do not ask me where I have been. . . . You may call it hell if you wish. It has been just that. You see, I made a mistake. I tried to run away from it all; I tried different ways—drink—different people—a new life—hard work. But I have found out the truth. If a man knows himself—a man like me—there is only one way." He swung round and faced her. "Mother, the only thing he can do is to fight himself—where he lost himself. That's why I'm here. I've come to ask you for a bit of supper—and a bath. The soldiers' special comes through in half an hour and I am going to meet it. Mother, I'm going to Mexico, and fight—me!"

Then a strange thing happened: the little woman began to sob.

"Perhaps you are right," she said. "You must do what is honorable."

It rained that night and only the persons most concerned went out to meet that train. Few saw the young man in civilian clothes, carrying a military kit, who ran out from the shadows of the freight house and straight toward the officers' section.

Colonel Corey and several others had gotten out and stood on the wet platform. The young man went up to the colonel and saluted.

"I am Benton Clune," he said, "and I've come to ask for another chance. I wrote to you from Downingsville ——"

"I have your letter."

"I wish to go with my company, if it is possible, sir—to take the Federal oath and enter the United States service."

Right up at his left loomed a flat car, loaded with big caissons; but he did not wince.

Our old Corey is a psychologist; a stickler for military etiquette, too, but a diagnostician of situations—and men. He looked at his watch now, quite casually—the big engine was getting up her head, drawing long snorting breaths—then back at Benton.

"Technically you belong here in the recruiting station, Benton; but on receipt of your letter I communicated with Sergeant Mayhew, and the matter has been arranged. You may take the oath and go with the company. You will report immediately to Lieutenant Ainslie."

Then the whistle sounded and Benton Clune started for Mexico.

No; there was no war; no chance for the spectacular; no thrilling dash to assist beleaguered comrades; no message-to-Garcia business; no rescue of a beloved officer, single-handed, in a hail of soft-nosed Mexican bullets—only the chance for reinstatement—to "come back"—that the daily grind of camp life offers. A fellow had to do it by grace of simple daily little things—not an easy matter; yet somehow Benton Clune did it.

You see, everybody knew what the mere first step had cost him—what it meant to break through the wild funk he had gone into; and everybody appreciated it.

Benton wasn't asking any favors either. He kept to himself and asked odds of no one, and bore silently the glances, the innuendoes and patronage of the less friendly spirits; he understood the embarrassment his appearance caused in a jolly, chaffing group, and he bore no rancor. He was alien—set apart by his own act. He threw himself passionately, instead, into the business at hand—set himself the task of becoming a good soldier. And little by little he slipped back into the respect of his comrades. And then came the thing that happened on the Juanarez River.

We got it in the papers via the messages of Special Representative Chester, who went out with the company:

"A brilliant rescue was effected last Saturday, when Private Clune, of Company X, saved the life of Private Hedrosian in the Juanarez River. A small detachment from the company had gone up the Juanarez and, returning, attempted to ford it. A mistake was made in the location of the ford, and not until the party were in midstream was it detected. The crossing they selected, though comparatively shallow, is filled with quicksands, and the men in advance drew back just in time. Unfortunately Private Sam Hedrosian, not realizing the situation, undertook to go through with it. In a few seconds he found himself sinking rapidly.

"For a minute it seemed Hedrosian would lose his life. But even while his comrades were frantically devising a lifeline Private Benton Clune, bringing up the rear, went out into midcurrent and literally pulled Hedrosian out of the jaws of death. He was able to get near him only by making a detour, working upcurrent, and fighting inch by inch for a foothold. His own life was endangered a dozen times, and his comrades will not soon forget the daring and plucky rescue, and the unselfish and generous impulse that led him to offer his life to save a naturalized American soldier."

Well, well! Were we proud? I guess yes! Bennie Clune, our man-who-was-afraid, to do a thing like this, a real man's stunt! To go out and play with death—and voluntarily court the sucking lips of that quicksand! . . . Shows what stuff the boy had in him after all; good stuff!

"Why, he's a regular fellow after all!" we said.

The boys got back only yesterday after four months on the Border.

Good Lord, but we got excited! At least five thousand of us were down there in space hardly enough for one—and all the flags were out again—and the bands—and —— Well, we certainly were glad!

There was an extra force of police to keep back the crowd, but they melted like snowflakes in Hades when the women saw those brown-clad arms and shoulders through the windows. They charged that train like a troop of Boches; and there were mothers and sweethearts and sisters and infant offspring all over the landscape.

And right in the thick of it were two women clinging to each other—one little and elderly; the other young, radiant, clad in white, her arms full of flowers. They went right up to a window where a good-looking, blue-eyed, rather thin young fellow looked out, and they literally ate him up with their eyes. The older one could not speak at all—could only look up, worshiping and weeping; but the younger one held up her flowers, and a soft small hand besides.

But the boy did not take her hand for a moment. He looked down at her, his heart in his eyes, and spoke falteringly:

"Elsie—you said—before I went—the man you marry would be soldier stuff ——"

"He is!" the girl flashed back proudly.

Then they couldn't hear the sound of their own voices for all the joyful racket we made because the boys came home.



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ONE EVERY MINUTE

(Continued from Page 25)

The office manager read it and returned it to Mr. Shadd. His staring eyes were darting such volleys of interrogations that Shadd volunteered:

"Mr. Lipps, that represents—er—a part of one of my —— Well, you might call it one of my lucky investments. I have made it a practice to trustee one-half of the profits of such deals. I am sure of the income at all events. After my death the principal goes to my—my beneficiaries. My wife is the chief one, of course; but Winifred comes right after her."

"I'll be da—er—I'm sure I'm much obliged to you, Shadd," said the office manager deferentially. "I hope you will visit us and see for yourself what she is like."

"I bet she's a little queen," said Shadd happily, thinking of his own royalty.

"Thank you," said Lipps with respectful gratitude.

Fortune had waved her magic wand over these two men and they had changed positions.

"And you won't say anything about it in the office, will you, Mr. Lipps?" said the modest benefactor.

"No. But say, Shadd —— Well, I never dreamed you—er ——"

"I don't blab my business all over the shop. That particular investment was a little deal of mine in one of the war brides. I closed it out just before the news of the sinking of the Lusitania reached the Street. But the reaction had to come."

"So you said. Well, they are still going down," said Lipps, gazing with a sort of gloomy admiration on Mr. Shadd.

"Are they?"

"Yes; I just had 'em on the phone ——" Lipps stopped himself—too late.

Shadd smiled commiseratingly, lumping Lipps with the Rumneys and the Meiggses and the Paines. Then he observed slowly:

"Well, I've never had any trouble in knowing when to get out. Even before I buy, I figure out at what price I'll let 'em have mine. A man ought to know what profit will satisfy him, and when his price is reached he ought to slide out, no matter if everybody says the stock is going a hundred points higher. Why, when I sold my Undersea ——"

"You didn't have Undersea?" And Lipps stared, awestricken, at this clerk, suddenly revealed a great man.

"Two hun—lots of two hundred shares each, bought at eight and nine—plain nine! I sold one lot at 300 and the other at 301."

"What!" almost shrieked Lipps. "I bought ten shares at 185 and another ten at 200 on inside information, and I thought I was a plunger—paying such prices."

"I wasn't gambling," said Shadd almost reprovingly. "I happened to know what business the Undersea Craft Company stood a good chance of getting."

"How did you know it?"

"I—I—I have a friend, and—— Well, I make it a point to keep posted."

Shadd had doubled his purchases and his profits in the telling; and though he did not yet believe his own lies he found no trouble in making Hen Wilkins an insider.

"Well, I'll be blowed!" exclaimed Lipps, looking at Wilberforce as if he couldn't believe his eyes. "I never should have thought ——"

"You'd never what?" And Shadd frowned, thinking Lipps thought he was lying.

"I'd never have held on to mine if I'd only known you were selling yours," Lipps corrected himself, trying to look as if Shadd were the source of all wisdom.

After what Wilberforce had received in Woodcock's office, the tribute left him calm. His indifference impressed Lipps profoundly and he said:

"You might have told a fellow."

"I—I don't talk about my little deals."

"Little deals?" echoed Lipps; and Shadd was rewarded. "I know you don't, you old oyster!" And the manager slapped Shadd's back tentatively in lieu of the old-time nod.

Shadd noticed that Lipps went into the private office. He never knew what Lipps said; but that night both partners, as they went home, stopped and shook hands with Wilberforce Shadd. And both partners said, most cordially:

"Good night, Shadd."

Lipps said:

"Good night, old chap. I'm not going to thank you again for Winifred. But, say, the next time you have a good thing ——"

Shadd shook his head. He knew he should never again gamble. He had no money to gamble with; and, moreover, tip giving was dangerous to a reputation for infallibility.

Lipps frowned. Stinginess with money is bad, but stinginess with stock-market tips is far worse. But Shadd, thinking of Henry Rumney, remarked slowly:

"The last time I gave a tip to a friend he made fifteen thousand dollars. You'd think he would have been grateful, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, I would. I know that I ——"

"Well, he called me a skunk because I didn't make my tip strong enough for him to have mortgaged his home, and so on. He said I ought to have made him buy enough stock to make one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. He blamed me for not making it. We don't speak now. I don't say you'd be the same, Mr. Lipps; but I'd like to keep your friendship."

"No matter what you did to me, I'd be your friend," said Lipps earnestly. "So long as you mean it for the best, I am not the kind to whine if the tip—if things don't come out as we hoped. Just try me, Shadd, the next time you have something good enough for you."

Shadd, noncommittally not answering, turned to his work. Whereupon the manager said:

"Go home, man! People will think I'm a slave driver. You have all day to-morrow. Come on! I'm going your way."

Wilberforce did not wish to go with Lipps, because it suddenly struck him that he had to do too much lying to the manager. He never before had been obliged to lie about anything; but his stock-market winnings somehow made him say things he never meant to say. To begin with, the very winnings did not seem true. He could not quite persuade himself that he really and truly was worth sixty thousand dollars. It, therefore, did not seem any less true to imply that he was worth one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. If you believe in miracles there is no need to be conservative. That is probably why all men magnify their market winnings.

"I've got to finish," said Shadd determinedly.

"That's some employee!" muttered Lipps, thinking of Shadd's wealth and Shadd's loyalty. Then he said: "Fine chap!"

Thinking of Winifred's luck, he wondered what the precise amount might be. Well, it was velvet, anyhow.

XX

WILBERFORCE SHADD left the office pleased with himself. Lipps' kindness; the new amiability of both partners; the deference of Molloy and Ross; the respect, bordering on fear, with which he was regarded by the lesser clerks, who had heard whispers of millions—curiously enough did not strengthen his sense of loyalty to the firm. No longer fearing, he no longer could feel grateful. What he thought was that he was a man with two thousand and eighty dollars a year from his salary and three thousand dollars from his investments. This did not give him earnings of five thousand and eighty dollars a year; it gave him the five thousand and eighty dollars without the need to sweat.

He carried his head high. His eyes were bright, his step elastic, his entire bearing that of conquering youth.

His wife was in the kitchenette, and not, as he half expected, in the vestibule, waiting for him as a sort of reception committee. He sought her, his eyes beaming brightly and kindly.

"That sure smells fine!" he vouchsafed, taking a deep inhalation of beefsteak-pie steam; others might as well share his happiness if talk could give it to them.

She turned toward him eyes utterly free from fear; so that he scarcely recognized her.

"Say," she asked bluntly, "what did you tell Mr. Warren?"

"Mr. Warren?" he echoed, and looked blank.

There was no need to lie, but it is always well to play safe; and, moreover, there was a curious expression in her eyes—a sort of challenge that made him uneasy, on general principles.

(Continued on Page 65)

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Think how many years older your face looks than skin that is unexposed—for instance, on your arm. Yet the world judges your age by your face! How unfair to yourself not to counteract the evil effects of dust, dirt, wind and weather; not to have the clear, youthful, healthy and attractive skin that is rightfully yours!

And it really is so easy to acquire!

Pompeian MASSAGE Cream



A pinch of Pompeian MASSAGE Cream rubbed in and then rubbed out again, cleanses and purifies the pores. The gentle frictionizing stimulates circulation, brings out the glow of health that soon becomes characteristic of Pompeian users, whatever their age.

Make This Test

When called to meet some one before whom you wish to appear your best, do this: Rub a pinch of Pompeian MASSAGE Cream into your cheeks. Rub it out again!

What happens, besides the removal of hidden dirt and grime? Your mirror tells you! Shine and oiliness have gone. Gone, too, the drawn, weary expression. Refreshed, youthful cheeks smile back at you.

But best of all is the greeting of your friends, "Why, how well you are looking!"

We repeat, "Refuse to grow old."

Pompeian MASSAGE Cream in jars, 50c, 75c & $1, at stores wherever toilet articles are sold. Buy a jar today in the one nearest you.

The Pompeian Mfg. Co., 49 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.



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and Trial Jar

Miss Pickford has granted the makers of Pompeian toilet preparations permission to offer the **FIRST** Mary Pickford Art Calendar. Size 28 x 7¼ inches, in beautiful colors. Art store value 50c. Our price 10c. A trial jar of Pompeian MASSAGE Cream will be included.

Pompeian NIGHT Cream
For Dry Skins

Yes, Mr. Close Shaver, we frankly made Pompeian NIGHT Cream for the ladies, to soothe and beautify their dry, chapped skins at night. To our surprise we find that Mr. Man has acquired the habit of dipping into his wife's jar after a close shave on a cold, skin-drying morning. Then he gets a tube for himself! Yet we did not have him in mind at all when we originated this wonderfully soothing, snow-white cream! Jars 35c & 75c; Motorists' tubes 25c, at the stores.



P. S. Good for the kiddies' chapped hands and lips, too.

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For Dandruff

For dandruff, nearly everybody has tried something either over-perfumed or actually unpleasant in itself. Pompeian HAIR Massage is neither; has a *vanishing* perfume and is wonderfully effective. Enthusiastic men and women write us about Pompeian HAIR Massage. Men sprinkle it on the hair; massage it into the scalp gently for a few moments and then use a soft towel. Presto, in three minutes the scalp is cleansed and the hair fluffed up so it looks twice as thick as it really is. In a short time dandruff goes. Applications and bottles at the better barber shops. Bottles, at the stores, 25c, 50c & $1.



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THE BROTHERHOOD MAGNIFICENT



THE most glorious reward we can point to for the social strivings of this and past centuries is the many ways, and the stable, practical ways, in which the Brotherhood idea is manifesting itself today. The basic yearning in man for fellowship and mutual aid, cradled and ever nourished in the Church, now finds expression through innumerable channels.

Early Societies and Guilds did their part. The State now assumes vast responsibilities; the commercial corporations have their welfare programs. The Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Knights of Columbus, in addition to a great number of Beneficiary Societies, all are manifestations of the Brotherhood idea.

It is in this spirit that we want to welcome you into the order of The Maccabees, where the Brotherhood idea means not only warmth of fellowship but financial provision for the future, with complete independence. The Maccabees found their inspiration in the words and acts of Judas Maccabeus. Before going to battle twenty-two hundred years ago, facing ten to one in numbers, he said to his little army: "If any of you has builded a house, or married a wife, or planted a vineyard within a year, step out of the ranks."

Thus do The Maccabees provide for the women, the children, the old and the sick. Here is a great modern organization, with investments in bonds and other assets of over **$21,000,000** and a live membership of **300,000** serious, practical people. A true fraternal and economic brotherhood, owned by the people, run for the people, giving all the benefit of the economy in operation through co-operation, as evidenced in low premiums.

The Maccabees was the first large fraternal organization to take the important step of getting right financially and computing its rates on a standard that would bear rigid commercial analysis. ***A Maccabee certificate is as good as gold.*** Maccabee homes have already received over **$90,000,000** in benefits paid.

Whole Life 20 Annual Payment Certificates

This is one of the many popular forms of Insurance protection now offered by The Maccabees. It appeals strongly because it enables men to provide in fruitful years ***a paid up certificate*** which will guard them against want and dependence in later or less prosperous times. White persons from 18 to 50 years of age are eligible, if in sound health. There is doubtless a local lodge or "Tent" near you. Inquire of its officers or write any branch manager or headquarters for information and address of nearest lodge—"Tent."

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The Maccabees

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(Continued from Page 62)

"Yes; Mr. Warren," she firmly repeated.

He looked at her steadily. Then, having found an excellent answer, he replied with much dignity:

"I said to him I wished to give my wife the sixty thousand dollars I made in Wall Street by investing my money in a stock that everybody said wasn't worth ——"

"He said you had tied it up so that nobody could take it away from you."

"You didn't understand him, my dear."

"He said so, himself," she insisted.

"It's true, in a way," admitted Shadd conciliatingly. "I've given the money to Mr. Warren to invest safely according to law, and hold it in trust for you, so that nobody can touch the income—not even for debt. The money itself is yours."

"How is it mine—and I can't touch it?"

She gazed at him in the utter noncomprehension of a logical mind.

"The idea is to protect you against loss as long as you live."

"Well, I never wanted to lose it."

"You would have if you had bought those Long Island lots, and ——"

"Who wanted to buy Long Island lots?" she said, beginning to blink her eyes.

"Jersey, I meant; or any other wildcat scheme." He felt he was not of the stern stuff of which conquerors of dollars are made; and to conceal his growing weakness before the menace of her tears he asked with a ferocious frown: "How did you know I was in Warren's office?"

"I went there, myself. You hadn't been gone an hour. He said you were the only man he ever heard of who had brains enough to salt away for keeps the money he'd made in Wall Street. That doesn't prove it's my money, does it?"

"Oh, no!" he said deprecatingly, not having heard her last eight words. "Oh, no! I'm not the only man."

"He said so," she asserted.

"Very well, dear." He had done his best to be modest.

She looked at him with the admiration of their courtship days. He felt himself getting first hot and then cold. What if she ever found out the truth about his wisdom? Presently she asked:

"Will you always have the sixty thousand dollars drawing interest?"

"Always."

"You can't lose the money—not even if you try?"

"No."

"Mr. Warren said to me: 'Well, Mrs. Shadd, you don't have to save money. It's already saved for you,' he says. 'All you have to do is to spend your income in having a nice time. You can't be really extravagant,' he says, 'no matter what you do with your money.'"

Mrs. Shadd shook her head to show she didn't believe the lawyer; and looked at her husband to see whether he would confirm Warren.

"He's right," said Shadd in a judicial voice. Then, still judicial, he added: "He did exactly what I told him to do."

But he did not say he told Warren to do it because he wanted to put the money out of the reach of Mrs. Shadd.

"In that case ——" Mrs. Shadd paused and looked frightened.

Her look of fear made Shadd look brave. He prompted encouragingly:

"In that case what?"

"I might have an automobile."

"For what?"

"For me to drive," said Mrs. Shadd uncomfortably. "Mrs. Warren uses Mr. Warren's all the time."

"She does!" sneered Shadd.

"She knows we've got the money," confessed Mrs. Shadd.

She did not tell her husband that Mrs. Warren's new friendliness was something wonderful—especially about giving advice. Mrs. Shadd had been inhaling incense all the afternoon; and, while she was getting her poise back, it had not been an unpleasant experience.

"You'll break your neck," said Shadd crossly.

"Mrs. Warren says it's the easiest thing in the world. I met so many nice people. They all drive their husbands' cars."

"Your husband hasn't any."

"Mr. Warren said no matter what you did, you couldn't lose your money. He said I simply couldn't be extravagant. I don't want to throw away money, but I ——"

"Warren's an ass!" said Shadd.

"But I promised to go with Mrs. Warren to look at some cars to-morrow. They demonstrate them for you, you know. And you don't have to buy if you don't feel like it."

"What's the use of going if you are not going to buy one?" he asked disagreeably. "You'd better tell her you can't go."

"I—I can't, Wilberforce!" she almost wailed. "I said I would. I—I ——" She paused, not liking to admit audibly that she was ashamed to back out. "I—I've just got to go!"

She went over to him and kissed him. Her cheeks were wet. He felt it with his own. He did not kiss her back.

"Damn!" he muttered.

The automobile was hers and he knew it. He hadn't bought a thing for himself. At the rate she was going how long would the money last? What were these women trying to make his wife believe she was?

XXI

BOTH partners believed the stories of Shadd's success in Wall Street. Why shouldn't they? The thitherto taciturn clerk was the kind of expert who could say about a stock "I don't know anything about it!"—and smile. So everybody knew that what he did not know was much more valuable than what other people said they knew.

Shadd, finding that his words were listened to with eager interest, began to think well of the speaker. He perceived that they knew he had beaten the unbeatable game; and they naturally assumed, first, that he had beaten it to the tune of at least a million, and, second, that his triumph was the result of both brains and valor. He perceived, also, that it was not necessary actually to have money in order to be considered a success. It was enough to be suspected of having it. Perceiving these things so clearly, he also perceived no reason why he should not think Wilberforce Shadd was everything the world thought him.

On the same day that poor Mrs. Shadd was literally forced by Mrs. Warren's success worship into buying the automobile, to pay for which Shadd had to borrow the money, anticipating his coupons, Mr. Morris looked up from the Wall Street page of the Tribune and said to Cunningham, the junior partner:

"I thought he lacked ambition, and all the time it was that he didn't need the money. No wonder he was the only man in the office who never asked for a raise!" He spoke as if he had succeeded at last in explaining the utterly inexplicable.

"No," agreed Cunningham perfunctorily. Then, with real animation: "I asked him whether he thought the decline was over. He said he didn't think so. Then I asked him point-blank whether he was doing anything in the market, himself." Cunningham paused to admire his own courage and sagacity.

"Well? Well?" said Morris impatiently.

"He looked me straight in the eyes—you know we used to think we ought to fire him because he always avoided looking at us—well, he looked straight at me and said: 'Mr. Cunningham, I am not buying anything.' And so I've decided not to begin averaging yet."

"That's all very well; but why in blazes didn't you ask him whether he was selling 'em?"

"I didn't think of it," confessed Cunningham. "Fool!"

He meant himself. His partner nodded a cordial agreement and said:

"I shouldn't be surprised if he was short ten thousand shares of Structural Steel."

As that particular stock had broken forty points since the sinking of the Lusitania, the little deal would have given Shadd a paper profit of four hundred thousand dollars.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Cunningham, naturally assuming that Morris' surmise was a fact.

"I am going to promote him," went on Mr. Morris with the look of a man bent on doing justice.

"There's no vacancy," objected Cunningham, who saw at once through the subterfuge.

"I—er—we'll create a position in which his judgment will be of value to—er—the firm."

Mr. Morris, thinking of infallible stock-market tips, spoke almost piously. But Cunningham, knowing that Morris hated to raise salaries, pointed out:

"If we do we'll have to pay him more."

"Not at all," denied Morris. "He has his future assured. He doesn't have to worry about panics or business depression or the



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loss of his job. By trusteeing half of his profits he never plays except on velvet. Great trick, that! Probably that's why he has always beaten the game."

"Bet your life!" agreed Cunningham, recalling that he himself had never had any velvet to play on in his life.

"He always," pursued Mr. Morris, still intent on not raising the salary of the man from whose stock-market tips he expected to make a fortune, "is in the contented frame of mind of a man who knows that a nice little income is waiting for him the moment he wants to quit his daily grind. Why, with such a man we have all the benefits of a pension system—at his own expense!"

"Supposing," inquired Cunningham coldly, "he should ask where the promotion comes in?"

"Well," replied Morris, "we'll give the position a high-sounding title. There are men who would rather be spared the humiliation of punching the time clock than get more wages. All a matter of titles!"

"Shadd isn't that kind," said Cunningham. "However, I'll see him; and I'll ——"

"No. I'll talk to him, myself," the senior partner broke in hastily. "He's a valuable man. I'll do it now." And he left the private office.

Cunningham sneered. Then he decided to take Shadd out to luncheon and immediately thereafter invite himself to accompany Mr. Shadd downtown to Mr. Shadd's brokers. He would love to see how that quiet, taciturn man, who had fooled them all for years by keeping his mouth shut, went about the business of making the ticker cram bushels of dollars into his pocket; and ——

"Well," announced Mr. Morris, picking up a letter from his desk so he shouldn't have to face his partner, "I did as you suggested. I raised his salary."

"I suggested?" indignantly interrupted Cunningham.

"Certainly you did."

"Not I," denied Cunningham. "With our increase in expenses, I thought you might give him the title of Imperial ——"

"After I told him that I—we had decided to make him confidential adviser and a sort of assistant general manager, he asked: 'And the salary?' Then, of course, I had to tell him we'd give him an increase of fifty ——"

"Fifty!" yelled Cunningham, sure now that Shadd would give them all to Morris first.

"Fifty per cent," explained Morris. "Why, that's only twenty dollars more a week. It sounds bigger when you say 'An increase of fifty per cent.'"

"Did you ask him whether he was short of the market?" interrupted Cunningham, weary of listening to unessentials.

"No; I didn't. I—did—not!" replied Mr. Morris with much dignity.

"Then, if we don't know what he's doing in the market, what was the sense of increasing his salary?"

"He's an old employee, who should have had an increase long ago," rebuked Morris.

What he did ask Shadd, to use the precise words, was:

"Do you think any big money is to be made on the short side of the market after the big reaction some of the stocks have had?"

And Wilberforce Shadd, at once flattered and frightened by his responsibilities, astutely guessed the kind of answer that Mr. Morris, being long of stocks, desired. So he reverted to the elemental wisdom of children and poker players, and replied:

"Mr. Morris, the time to go short of 'em was when I did—er—I mean, not now."

Whereupon Mr. Morris realized that no increase in salary was too great for this man, who had lifted a great weight off his mind.

xxii

THE stock market had begun to stiffen and, with it, the hopes of the men who, not being so wise as Wilberforce Shadd, had not sold out at the top. To buy or not to buy is always an interesting question with people who have no stocks and do not wish to buy prematurely.

But to people who have stocks bought higher up, and wish to average, the question becomes vital.

Shadd entered the office with a frown on his face, as if he was greatly displeased—not with anything he had heard, but with something he had thought. This, however, did not discourage Lipps, who was waiting for him, his newspaper open at the financial page.

"Good morning, Wilberforce," said the office manager. "How are you this fine spring morning?"

"'Lo, Lipps!"—short and snappy from Shadd.

"My boy, you haven't answered my question." Mr. Lipps' rebuke was plainly prompted by affection.

"What question?"

"How do you feel?"

"Rotten!"

"Not sick, old man, are you?"

Lipps' face showed real solicitude. If the previous day's strength foreshadowed the resumption of the bull market, it wouldn't do to have the great conqueror of dollars in the hospital.

"No, not sick; only married," answered the philosopher Shadd. "I tell you, Lipps, just as insufficient capital is the cause of ninety-five per cent of our commercial failures, I firmly believe wives —— Oh, pshaw! Let's talk of something else."

Lipps was more than willing to obey his dear Wilberforce. He promptly said:

"I see the market closed pretty firm last night."

He gazed at Shadd, with his soul in his eyes. Shadd, a married man and, therefore, an adept at seeking painful forms of self-torture, instantly thought of the worst thing that could happen to any human being: To see the market go up by leaps and bounds, day after day, with nary a reaction, and he long of nothing—not one share!

He turned to the office manager and said solemnly through his clenched teeth:

"Lipps, we are going to have the biggest boom this country ever saw. Yes; that the world ever saw! Everything that's happened up to now is nothing, absolutely nothing! compared with what's coming!"

Lipps was thrilled by the speaker's voice, by the speaker's look, and by the vision of what the biggest boom this country ever saw would do to the bank account of Mr. Alvin J. Lipps. Then, to convert the bank-book figures into hard cash, he asked with a sort of deferential eagerness:

"What stocks would you buy?"

"Any of them! All of them!" answered Shadd savagely.

Lipps could not help looking disappointed. General tips were never satisfactory. It would be his luck to get into the one dead one in the entire list. He thus began to feel that the boom would do him no good. This thought made him desperate. He asked—almost on his knees:

"Wilberforce, won't you please tell me when you buy anything? I want to trail behind you and keep my mouth shut. If I could get in when you do, and slide out with you, I'd be more than grateful. You don't have to give me any reasons. Just say 'Do this!' and I'll do it."

He looked as he felt—ready to obey Shadd, no matter what the command might be—to the death!

Shadd shook his head.

"I don't know," he said gloomily, "whether I'll ever touch 'em again."

By speaking of American securities as though they were playing cards he gave himself a professional standing that made Lipps, thinking of his uncashed ticker profits, say in genuine distress:

"Don't talk that way, old chap! I don't know what's happened and I don't want to pry into your private affairs. But whatever it is, you want to forget it. If what you say is coming, it's your duty—by George, it is!—to—er—to take advantage of it."

"What's the good?"

"You want to get out of that mood. There is no reason why you shouldn't be contented. You've got everything a man could ask for—money, health, the good will of your fellows, the certainty of a partnership in the old firm before very long ——"

"And a wife!" said Shadd, completing the catalogue of his blessings.

Lipps shook his head commiseratingly, and discreetly kept his mouth shut. Then he ventured on a muttered:

"Too bad!"

It turned Shadd's trouble into words, as verbal sympathy is so apt to do:

"Sometimes, when I think—I don't want to tell you my troubles, Lipps."

Lipps did not want to hear them, but he thought of the future supply of tips. He said:

"Sometimes it helps a man to speak. If you think I can do any good—why, go on and tell me, old man. After all, a friend is a friend."

Lipps was looking sympathetically at Shadd, but he was thinking how hard it was sometimes to tell good tips from bad. The last time he got two at the same time—from a banker and from Vin Markey, the cashier at Kendall & Robert's, a rival firm. Lipps took the banker's tip. The stock went down seven points, while Vin's stock—which he didn't buy—went up twenty-three. What he would do would be to follow not Shadd's tips, but Shadd's actual operations. There would be no bad tips that way. He therefore put his hand on Shadd's shoulder and said fraternally:

"Just what's the matter, brother?"

"I married her because her father was a man who couldn't keep a cent—went through half a dozen fortunes! Never had any money in the house. It made his folks learn to count their pennies. I didn't have very much when I married; but she was—my wife, I mean—she was a great manager. Say, at times she really was what you might call close!" And Shadd, thinking of Ann Elizabeth as she used to be, now looked indignantly at Lipps.

"Some of them are," admitted Lipps reluctantly.

"My mistake," pursued Shadd, "was in letting her know I had made that—that I ever made a cent in Wall Street. I ought to have let her think my salary was all I had."

He shook his head in wonder at his own imbecility. In the old days they used to save money. Now he had been obliged to borrow one-half of the first year's interest on the sixty thousand dollars to pay for the wholly unnecessary automobile. He hadn't spent a cent for himself except for actual necessities. He couldn't afford it!

"You couldn't live on your salary," smilingly expostulated Lipps; he didn't like tightwads; but this was a friend.

"We did, for—er—quite a time," said Shadd, who had become an expert at catching himself in time. "And now she is running round with a lot of bens who have nothing to do but gab and spend their husbands' incomes. Say, she's opened charge accounts in every shop in the city!"

He did not say that Mrs. Warren had made Mrs. Shadd do so, and that Mrs. Shadd had bought nothing.

"It's too bad! But after all, old man, you can afford ——"

"I can't afford to buy a three-hundred ——" He paused. Mrs. Shadd had timidly asked for a three-hundred-dollar diamond ring, because all the other women wore them. Shadd went on, the pause barely two seconds long: "—— thousand-dollar pearl necklace, can I? Especially when she'd never wear it, but keep it in the safe-deposit box, afraid she'd lose it. Can I afford it? And a thousand other things a day?"

"You're right."

"She thinks, because I trusteed—er—half my Wall Street winnings, that my principal is income; and, of course, she doesn't see why she shouldn't buy everything that's for sale, and ——"

"Telephone, Mr. Shadd," interrupted an office boy respectfully—the office had decided that the real boss was Shadd, the millionaire, seeing how deferentially he was treated by Mr. Morris, Mr. Cunningham and Mr. Lipps. Jim Molloy and old Ross confirmed the office suspicions.

It was Mrs. Shadd, who at one time feared that Wilberforce might lose his job if he was five minutes late, or if he wore a sporty necktie. The wheels of the ticker had revolved since then, and her new friends were sowing seeds in the garden of her soul.

"Oh, Wilberforce dear!" she said. "The Reverend Ernest West is getting up subscriptions for the most wonderful charity ——"

"Don't you sign any paper!" interrupted Shadd in a shrill voice.

"I haven't. Mrs. Warren wanted me to give him a check, but I told him to see you. He's going to get one thousand strong, healthy orphan boys. Then he's going to buy a thousand acres of good orchard land; and he'll set out one hundred thousand apple trees. The boys will do all the work; it's easy, you know—pruning and mulching, and all that. And by the time the boys are of age Mrs. Warren says the trees will be bearing; and, instead of being the flotsam and jetsam of a great city, or homeless wanderers along the nation's highways, they'll be expert orchardists and rich men. The land costs only fifty thousand dollars—for a thousand acres, dear; just think of it! And the trees ——"

"I see where the Reverend Ernest comes in," said Shadd, cuttingly, and hung up the receiver.

He turned to Lipps, murder in his eyes.

(Concluded on Page 69)

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Thinking of You



HERE is a great big institution which is governed by the same simple, everyday thoughtfulness and anxious desire to please you that makes what your mother cooks for you taste better than anything else.

You know that when your mother prepares a dish for a meal, that dish becomes the *chief feature* of the occasion. Your mother has been careful in selecting the materials, she has been *particular,* she has been watchful—she has been *thinking of you.*

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There, then, you have the *secret* of the "deliciously different" old-time taste which appeals to and gratifies *particular* people.

AND every step of the curing and smoking and packing is watched and inspected and protected, because we insist that Wilson's Majestic label must be your guaranty of the cleanest, choicest food products.

That label itself says to you: "Here is a food product which is pure; clean, excellent, prepared with respect —and *good.*"

Order Wilson's Majestic Ham and Bacon today. Buy the whole ham or whole piece of bacon, as a matter of economy.

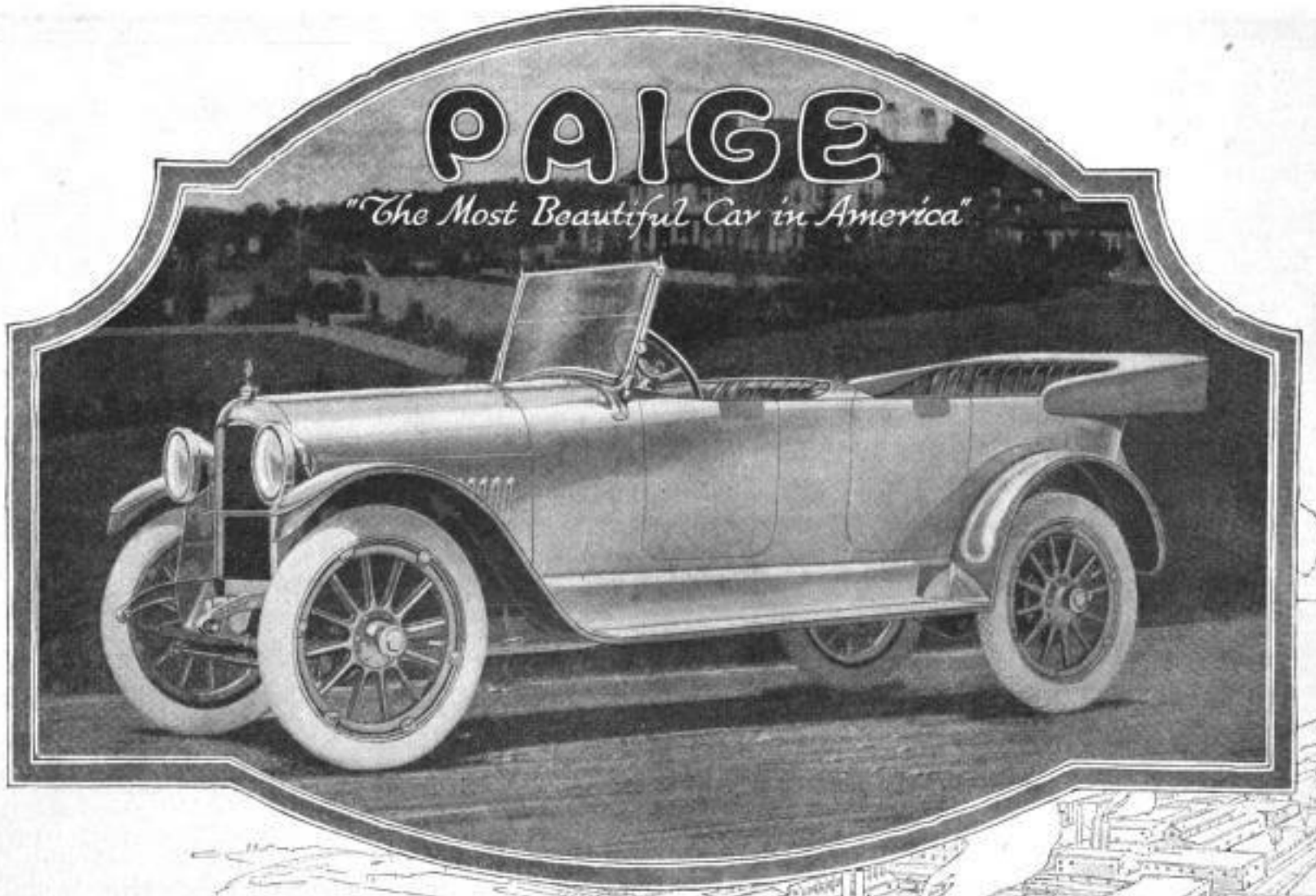
All Wilson and Co. food products are prepared under U. S. Government supervision.

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Be particular—ask for Wilson's Majestic

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The Home of "The Most Beautiful Car in America"

THE Paige Car is made in a mammoth plant which covers more than ten acres of floor space.

Here—in the home of "The Most Beautiful Car in America"—the art of precise manufacturing is found in its highest form of development. There is no guess-work—no "rule of thumb" measurement.

Many of the operations require one one-thousandth of an inch precision, and a rigid, uncompromising inspection system sees to it that these standards are maintained day in and day out.

Paige Cars are manufactured as carefully as the finest Swiss watches. Only the most expert mechanics are employed, and practically every labor-saving device known to modern shop practice has been installed to insure economic production.

The Paige Car is superbly built. For that reason it is a glutton for hard work and constant service.

The Paige Car is superbly designed. For that reason it is universally recognized as "The Most Beautiful Car in America."

Stratford "Six-51" 7-passenger	$1495 f.o.b. Detroit
Linwood "Six-39" 5-passenger	$1175 f.o.b. Detroit

Paige-Detroit Motor Car Co., Detroit, Michigan

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(Concluded from Page 66)

"What is it now?" asked the alarmed Lipps.

"A thousand-acre orchard for fifty thousand dollars and one thousand orphans ——"

"A thousand orphans!" interjected Lipps incredulously.

"That's the way she does things," said Shadd.

"A thousand orphans?" repeated Lipps.

These ticker fortunes have a habit of shrinking when the unexpected happens in the stock market, as it always does. But, even though part of Shadd's principal was held in trust, no fortune could stand such an increase in its family.

"One thousand!" Shadd spoke with bitter distinctness. "And she's sending the Reverend Ernest West to get a check from me."

"Are you going to give it to him?" indignantly inquired Lipps, thinking of Winifred's legacy.

"N-no! But"—Shadd paused, for the reaction had left him less murderous—"he'll chin; and if I am polite to him he'll persist. And if I lose my temper and tell him to go to Hades, I'll feel rotten all day. And just when I wanted to keep my head clear!"

"Don't bother! Just you let me see him," said Lipps, thinking that the clearer the head, the better the tip. "I'll tell him!"

He would care for Shadd's fortune with his life. Shadd was a nice chap—and childless.

"Will you?"

"Yes. It won't spoil my appetite!" said Winifred's father.

(THE END)

THE SCENT OF APPLE BLOSSOMS

(Concluded from Page 16)

"Well," he demanded, "what do you want? That was a fine piece of work you did, lying about me to an old friend."

"I got a note for you, Bray," said Doyle.

"Ordering me off the premises, hey?" sneered Bray. "Well, let's see it."

Silently Doyle handed him the note. The Mississippi Mixer read it.

"*Dear Russ:* I can't forget that we were old chums. There are two things waiting for you in the manager's office. One is a ticket to Freeport. If you come there's a job, a job of hard work, waiting for you. You can make good if opportunity and yourself will help. The other thing is a check for a thousand dollars. If you take that, I will know that the Russell Bray I used to pal round with is dead, and I shall never expect to hear from him again.

"Your old friend,
"SAM ORDWAY."

"Is this straight?" demanded Bray of the house detective.

"I know that I had a talk with your friend Ordway before he left," said Doyle. "I told him that you were a likable guy, and maybe if you had a chance that you'd straighten out and ——"

"Quit the preaching! I mean the thousand. Is it there?"

Doyle looked his contempt.

"The cashier will give you the money for the check."

He turned his back as Bray rushed to the manager's office. Five minutes later, a thousand dollars in fifties in his pocket, Bray sauntered down Fifth Avenue. It was a great thing, this having made friends. Even after they got sore at you they sometimes made good. A thousand dollars would just about fix him up so that he could put across a nice little deal that would net him four or five thousand, with no comeback from the police either. Ordway was a soft one! With his pretty little sermon —— Oh, hell, it made Bray sick!

He stopped at the corner of Twenty-ninth Street. He had a hard head, and yesterday's libations had not affected his nerves or his stomach. A good luncheon now. Lucky that Ordway didn't know of the telegram. Well, let him suspect! Bray had his cash. He laughed.

A little fat man, emboldened by the smiling countenance, accosted Bray:

"Excuse me, sir, but I'm getting married."

"Well, don't let me stop you," said Bray.

"N-no, sir. But I'm a stranger in this town, sir. The lady, she's got an old landlady of hers to stand up with her, but I don't know a blamed soul in this town, and—and—it's just this church. I wonder ——"

"Best man, eh?" Bray's eyes narrowed. The little man looked prosperous. "Well, you bet I will."

He was best man at the wedding of Martha Westcott and Garfield Ordway; nor did he decline an invitation to the late breakfast that followed the ceremony. The lady who had "stood up" with the new Mrs. Ordway was much impressed with the bearing and manner of the Mississippi Mixer. She devoted herself to him. Bray hardly heard her. He was amused with idle speculation as to for how much and how easily he could trim the groom; but he started as the landlady said:

"And if it wasn't for someone sending a telegram, with that French lady's name signed to it, to a Mr. Sam Ordway, just think! They'd never met, and ——"

"What's that?" demanded the Mississippi Mixer.

The matron of honor decided that she had not been making so great an impression as she had thought. She repeated with detail. Bray stared at the bridal couple. So he, Russell Bray, had brought them together. "Miss." "Mass." He could visualize the messenger boy stealing thirty cents by altering a letter.

Then Sam Ordway would never know of the dirty trick that Bray had tried to play upon him. Bray felt suddenly ashamed—and glad.

He looked at the bride and groom. By George, they were already in love with each other! And they were going back to a jerk town in Massachusetts, to live like clams, and ——

"See, Martha? I made him promise to search the whole city, and I guess he did, but he got them! My, don't they smell fine? There'll be loads of them right outside your window, Martha, when you wake up to-morrow mornin' back home."

Ordway sniffed loudly as the smiling head waiter brought the bough of apple blossoms to their table.

"Some says orange blossoms, but I says apple blossoms for a bride," he cried. "What do you say, Mr. Bray?"

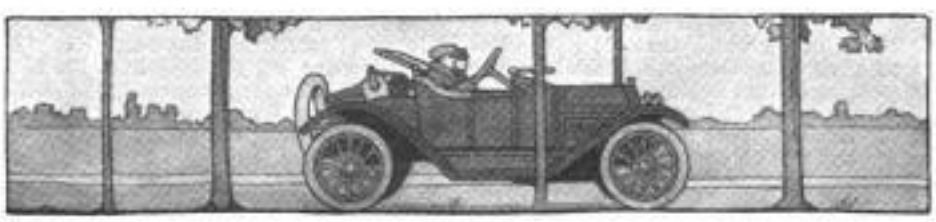
Bray smelled the fragrant odor. He saw himself, fifteen years old, palling round with Sam Ordway. To live like a clam, but —— He rose to his feet.

"I just remember an important engagement, Mr. Ordway," he said. "Will you forgive me if I wish you and your wife all happiness, and leave?"

"But I want to hear from you sometime," protested Ordway. "What's your address, Mr. Bray?"

"My address?" Bray's nostrils quivered faintly. The apple blossoms' fragrance filled the air. He could go back to the hotel, surrender his thousand dollars to the cashier, get the ticket, the ticket to—home! To home, where there were Martha Westcotts that he'd played round with as a boy, only their names were Sally Blair, and Peggy Joralemon, and —— They couldn't all be married, and—he sniffed the apple blossoms once again.

"My address?" he repeated. "It won't be hard for you to remember—it's Freeport, Mississippi."





More Coal Bills Cut One-Half to Two-Thirds

Guaranteed With the Williamson *Underfeed*

House Number One—9 rooms, coal bill reduced 50%. House Number Two—$37 heats 8 rooms. House Number Three—9 rooms heated for $36. Read the letters to the left. Then remember that we have thousands of others just as interesting—telling of coal bills cut ½ to ⅔, *guaranteed with the UNDERFEED!*

House No. 1 Saves

"The UNDERFEED is heating nine rooms and giving very successful results with about ten tons of soft coal per season. You can always rely on my putting in a good word for the UNDERFEED, as it is saving me at least 50% in my fuel bills each season."
(Signed) Herman W. Koch,
725 Chestnut St., Burlington, Wis.

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"Referring to the New-Feed UNDERFEED furnace I can not say enough for it; it has cut my fuel bill more than half. It only cost me $37 this season and we heated 8 rooms and we were good and warm.
"We have a hard house to heat because it is all opened up. If it hadn't cut my fuel bill any I would not say a word because it is a comfort to take care of and also clean. We burn Cripple Creek Slack, $3.25 a ton."
(Signed) Frank Wellman,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

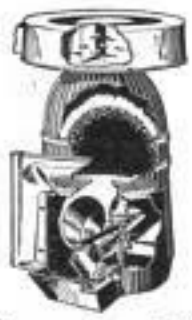
House No. 3 Saves

"The UNDERFEED is in every way satisfactory. I have a large house; four rooms about 16 feet square and five rooms smaller. Use low grade slack costing $2.00 per ton. Used about 18 tons coal; long, hard winter."
(Signed) C. C. Watson, Butler, Pa.

And all this guaranteed money-saving has a real meaning for you. The UNDERFEED *saves* because, first of all, it burns the cheaper grades of coal without dirt or waste. It *saves* because of its scientific principle by which coal is fed from below—the hot, clean fire always on top in direct contact with the most effective radiating surfaces. It *saves* because smoke, soot and gas are consumed as they pass *up through* the fire. It *saves* because there are no clinkers or partly burned coals—everything reduced to a clean white ash.

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GRANDPA MAKES HIM SICK

(Continued from Page 14)

finally have to get off and lead; and I guess it's some job to drag a horse across the Chimneys!

"And about the time he gets across he'll meet us coming back!" Old Sim laughed long and weirdly. "And then he'll have to turn right round and cross the Chimneys again! Won't he be sick? Soft as a ripe tomato, Bill Hogard is. Nearly all the riding he's ever done has been on a chair in the Palmer House barroom. And about the only kind of criminals he ever caught were peaceful, law-abiding citizens, who just wanted to get drunk a little bit."

They traveled on. Old Sim had picked up a greasewood club, thick and tough, with a huge knob on one end, which caused it to resemble an exaggerated drumstick. With this resourceful implement he enlivened the Weasel's phlegmatic mount, bestowing upon its listless rump thumps of superior puissance, and scandalous invective of the vintage of Forty-nine.

Soon the country became more difficult. The desert growth grew higher and they began to encounter vast fields of cactus growing among the endless stretches of piled bowlders and yucca trees.

Emerging into a comparatively open space they came upon the sheriff. He sat in the stingy shade of a yucca, fanning himself with his hat. About him sat the members of his posse in varying degrees of semi-exhaustion. All were hot, weary and discouraged. Old Sim had been right. The ride across the Chimneys had broken their hearts. Near by stood the sorely tried horses of the party, their noses drooping nearly to the ground.

At first the astonished sheriff saw the Weasel only. He got to his feet as quickly as his stiffened muscles would permit and started to approach the captive, who sat upon his burro, inscrutable and passive.

"Well, Weasel," he exulted, "we've got you, haven't we!"

"*I've* got him!"

Old Sim Yaples gently interposed himself between the prisoner and the sheriff.

"What do you mean?" demanded Hogard. His sinister cross-eyed glare menaced Old Sim. "Ain't I the sheriff of the county? I've been trailing this man. Now I've got him; and I'll take him ——"

"*I've* got him!" Old Sim softly corrected again. "I'm a regular sworn peace officer of the thriving city of Copper Sky. I've arrested this man. We're in another county now—had you thought of that? And you'll *not* take him! He's my prisoner and I'll deliver him at the courthouse in the county seat and collect my reward. I don't trust any man with an eye like yours, Bill Hogard. I'll hang on to my prisoner if all hell pops!"

The old man's bleary eyes met the sinister, cross-eyed glare—and stayed. The sheriff hesitated.

"Where's your warrant?" he asked.

Old Sim relaxed and worried off a chew of tobacco.

"If you look close," he suggested, "you'll see my warrant!"

The sheriff's eyes traveled over the old desert man, took in the enormous star glittering upon his breast, and clung at last to the big shiny revolver in his belt, one brown old claw hovering near—unostentatious but handy.

Tales of Old Sim Yaples, vague tales but dark, recurred to the sheriff's mind; stories of men who had stirred up this viperish old desert rat, and ——

He recalled, moreover, the old fellow's reputed proficiency with that same worn revolver. It was notable, also, that Sim Yaples was always pleasantly willing to use it. . . . He hesitated yet again and the cross-eyes wavered slightly. Old Sim turned.

"Hup kai!" he yelled, and whacked the sleeping jackass upon the same old spot. "*Vamos pronto!* Hup kai!" And he was off over the awful going of the Chimneys.

The sheriff, still irresolute, turned to his posse.

"The old hellion's drunk!" he said. "Maybe it's just as well to humor him a little. We'll let him go ahead a while."

"You better watch that old poison lizard," advised Red Ochiltree. "He's hatching something in that bald head of his."

It was a hideous journey, back over the hot inferno of the Chimneys, across which the sheriff and his posse had already toiled. However, Old Sim Yaples seemed never to tire. His moccasined feet sought surely and with unerring judgment the best going and his ancient shins always miraculously escaped the knobbed stalks of the wicked desert cactus, appropriately named the Devil's Walking Stick.

And the sheriff, perforce, followed. He dared not lose sight of the prisoner; but his tortured body begged for rest and every step of the way was like the cruel massacre of Saint Bartholomew. So weary he was that he could not think calmly and with the good judgment which should distinguish a man holding his high office.

Old Sim was a constable; there was no gainsaying that. He had made his arrest in another county; that also was not to be denied. To take his prisoner from him by force—that was the problem which worried the sheriff. He could not figure out exactly what would be the result of this proceeding. If only the diabolical old walking machine would stop and camp until tomorrow! Perhaps he could be made drunk; or failing this, perhaps he might be bribed—no, that wouldn't do; the old man already was worth a million, so it was reported. . . .

Over and over the sheriff mulled the problem, until his mind grew as weary as his body. But still the procession wound onward through the devilish desert wilderness, a wilderness high enough to shut out the air and the wider view, but not high enough to shelter one from the brassy sun which beat upon the sheriff's palpitating brain.

Night came. The moon was just coming up over the Panamints when Old Sim at last condescended to camp for the night. Ignoring the sheriff and his posse he helped the Weasel to dismount, took the cuffs from his hands, and gave him his supper. Afterward he put the Weasel carefully to bed and sat by his side while he slept; all through the night his faded old eyes were alert, vigilant and sleepless.

At an ungodly hour he was on the trail again. He had made no noise and the sheriff very nearly got left. The bedeviled officer, awakening barely in time, hustled to horse without any breakfast, and again took up his position at the tail of the procession. The prisoner's hands were now manacled in front of him and he smoked a cigarette.

"Better turn him over to me now, Yaples," called the sheriff as he rode up.

"Much obliged!" retorted Old Sim with elaborate politeness. "But I'm going strong yet, sheriff—that is, for an old 'Grandpa' of Copper Sky!"

Again the sheriff hesitated. The saddle had used him most cruelly and he had had no breakfast. Nor had his sleep been all that it should have been. No man can feel the proud swelling of conscious superiority when his whole body is one grand ache, crying out for food and sleep and comforting embrocations. He fell in behind again.

"I'll ride up close," he said.

"Ride where you dang please," said Old Sim ungraciously, "just so you don't bother my prisoner."

It was yet fifteen miles to the county seat. They had traveled long, but their progress had been slow, for speed was not to be thought of when crossing the Chimneys.

IV

IT WAS late in the afternoon when the motley cavalcade swung into the lower end of the county seat's main street. Old Sim had been drinking for an hour and somewhere he had lost his hat. Before entering the main business section he stopped and led the pack burro ahead. The long rawhide rope was still attached to the Weasel's manacled hands. Sim took the other end and climbed upon his pack donkey with it, sitting astride the mountain of water casks and camp paraphernalia. He kept the rawhide rope ostentatiously in his right hand, thus establishing clearly in the observer's mind that the Weasel was his individual captive. In his left hand he still carried the knob-ended club.

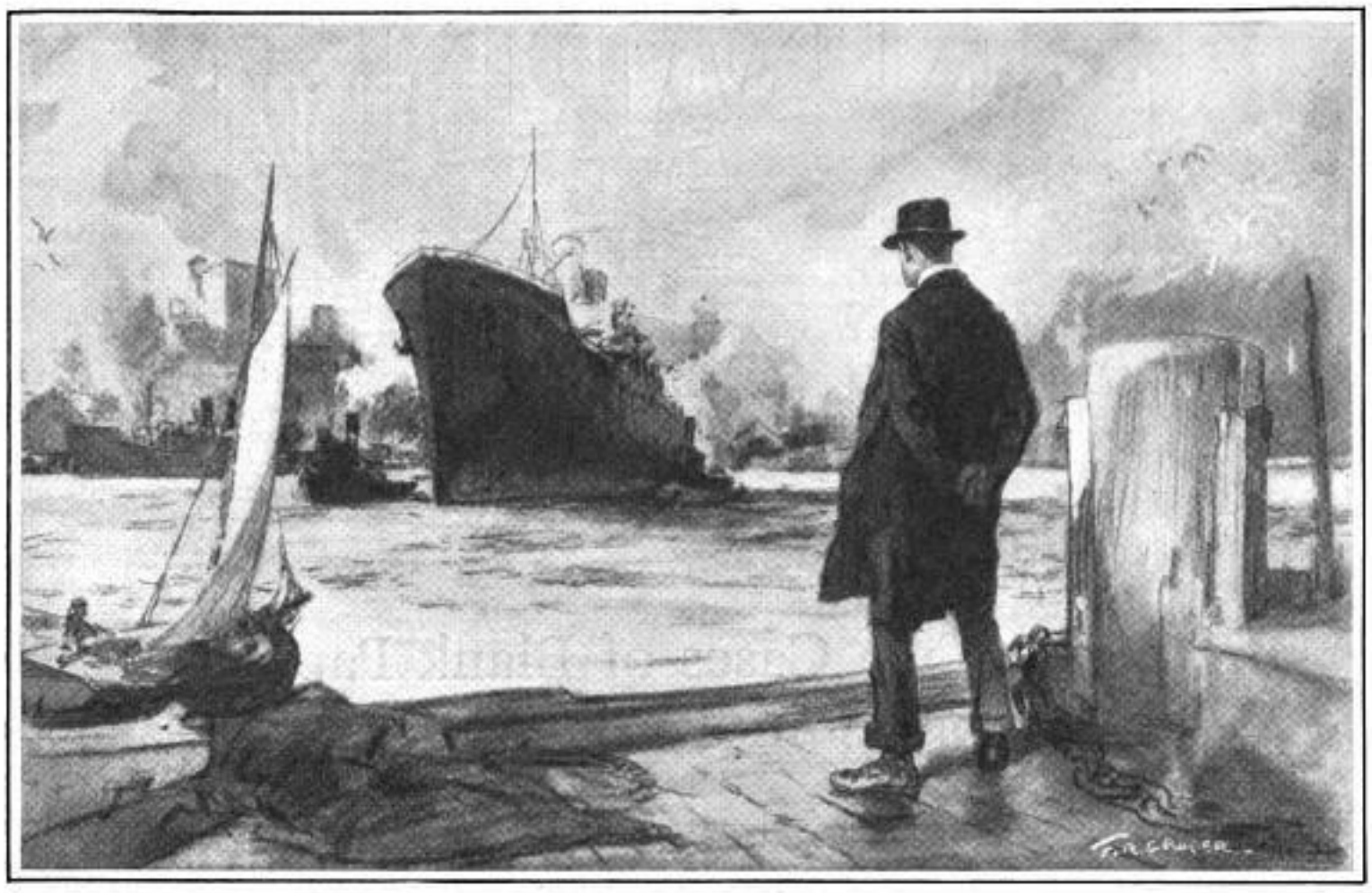
"Better rush him now, sheriff," suggested Ochiltree. "Quick—now ——"

But at that moment, looking straight ahead like a Roman general heading the triumphal march into his home city, Old Sim drew the big revolver from his belt; and again, just for a moment, the sheriff hesitated—just for a moment, but that moment was fatal.

Old Sim's skinny brown hand shot into the air, holding the gun and the rawhide

(Continued on Page 73)

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The Man on the Dock

DOWN on a dock at New York, where ships come from afar to discharge their cargoes of crude rubber, is a man with a strange occupation.

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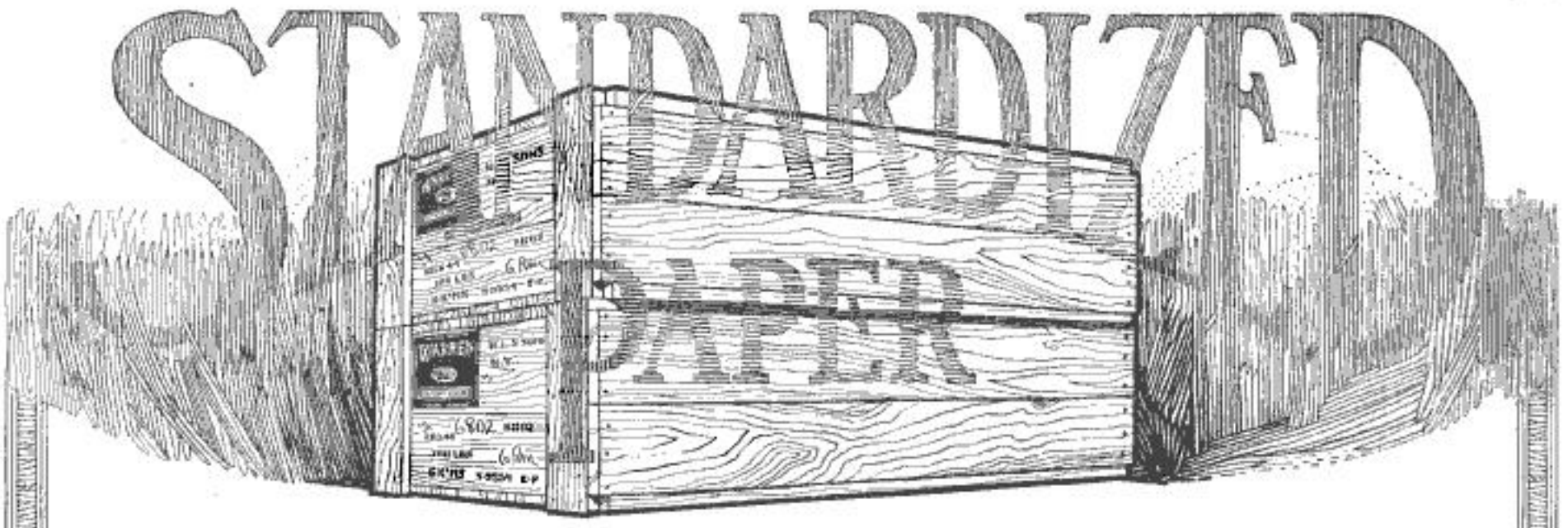
But not yet do they reach the selling force. The finished factory products are tested repeatedly to see that they conform to the quality standard set for strength, elasticity, softness, resistance to wear, and the effect of heat and light. They are run on special machines that in a few hours duplicate the wear and tear of months of use; and finally pass the last ordeal of severe actual-service tests.

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United States Rubber Company

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(Continued from Page 70)

that advertised his prowess. The heavy gun cracked. Chairs went over backward on the Palmer House porch, a block ahead, and the loafers in front of that high-toned hostelry sprang to their feet and looked down the street.

Again the gun popped; and Old Sim, one hand still holding aloft the revolver and the end of the rawhide, the other hand beating time with the knobbed club upon the pessimistic donkey's resounding ribs, lifted up his screeching voice and sang. Unmusical was the song, but full of interest. The accented syllables indicate the beat of the club at regular intervals:

"He *turned* me *down* when I *came* to *town*,
This *cross*-eyed *cus*-to-*mer*;
He *passed* me *by* with his *cold* cross-*eye*—
And *me* an *old*-ti-*mer*!"

At the first bark of Old Sim's gun it developed that the sheriff's horse was gun-shy. The weary brute came to life as though struck by an electric shock, lifted its forefeet into the air, brought them down, and then flung its rear heels skyward. A poor rider at best, the sheriff struggled with it; but the frightened animal refused to consider reason. Another crack of the revolver and it came buck-jumping after the procession as Old Sim, throwing back his bald head, once more emitted the introductory "O-o-o-h—" that always preceded the chorus, the drumstick held aloft; then—thump:

"*Bury* me *deep* in the *clay*, boys!
Pity me *if* you *can*.
Write this *down*, when you *come* to *town*:
'*Beware* of a cross-eyed *man*'!"

The crowd on the Palmer House porch roared wild Homeric laughter. Even the prisoner laughed, bending over his irons. As far as one could see, the saloons were pouring the howling citizenry into the street.

The parade moved slowly along between two gathering gales of crude, unrestrained mirth, and still the sheriff struggled with his crazed steed, killing fury in his cross-eyes and his face mottled with exertion. Opposite the Palmer House he lost the reins and thereafter he clung to the saddle horn. Still, with a strange, unreasoning animal perversity, the accursed horse kept its place in the procession; and, though it circled all over the street, it kept going forward. And always, above the din, the voice of Old Sim Yaples, coming to the chorus with that eldritch screech of an afflicted coyote:

"O-o-o-h—" Then—thump:

"*Bury* me *deep* in the *clay*, boys!
Pity me *if* you *can* ——"

At last to the sheriff's horse came a dim flicker of horse sense. He saw a side street and recognized it as the avenue leading to his livery-stable home. He shot down this side street and the sheriff assisted the departure with savage curses, still clinging to the saddle horn. He was out of the parade for good.

He was through, and he knew it. Not one chance in a thousand would he have of reëlection. Before midnight Old Sim would have related the story to appreciative voters in every saloon of the county seat—of how he had gone alone into the desert and caught the Weasel; of how he had stood off the sheriff and his posse; had maneuvered them into the main street of the town to make fools of them.

"I'll make you sick!" the old man had threatened.

And he had made his word good. The sheriff was indeed sick. His very name, he knew, if mentioned in that town during the next twenty years, would be the signal for a loud, coarse guffaw.

There was something pathetic in the downfall of the man—something deserving of pity; but the desert is pitiful only to the strong.

Old Sim Yaples delivered his prisoner at the courthouse jail as he had promised. Just as he was getting ready to go out and collect his reward he and the Weasel were left together, with no one near.

"Weasel," whispered the old man, "I spent a night here not long ago. This jail won't hold a good man till midnight—and the sheriff will sleep sound to-night, won't he?"

"Sure!" said the Weasel, his quick cunning leaping ahead of Old Sim's words. "What is it? Quick!"

"You remember the stone I leaned back against when we were having our li'l' party at Squaw Rock Water Hole? After I had cuffed you?"



After Meals—*Billiards!*

Of all the hours in the day the "Billiard Hour" is best. Then fathers and mothers gather with their happy brood around the Brunswick Carom or Pocket Table, now the life of thousands of homes.

Dull care vanishes when Billiards starts and sport is king till bedtime comes.

For parties, holidays and leisure hours—for health and happiness—*your home needs billiards.*

BRUNSWICK
HOME BILLIARD TABLES

Live cushions, true angles, fast ever-level bed—on Brunswick Tables your skill will triumph best.

Beautifully built of rare mahogany and oak—life-time construction and scientific playing qualities.

A Size and Style for Every Home

"Quick Demountables" can be set up easily and folded away in a closet when not in use.

"Baby Grand" and "Regulation Grand" for homes with a spare room, basement, loft or private billiard room.

Cues, Balls, Etc., Free

You can enjoy the delights of Carom or Pocket Billiards every day without incessant expense. There is nothing to buy but the table—we include a High Class Brunswick Playing Outfit Free!

Write Today for Color Catalog

Low prices, easy terms and home trial offer all explained in our handsome billiard book and catalog—"Billiards—The Home Magnet."

It pictures all tables in actual colors, shows photos of homes like yours with letters from Brunswick owners that will show you the endless amusement you are missing.

Get this book by return mail free. Send today.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY
Dept. 46 E, 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Send Your Address Today For Color Catalog

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO. (726)
Dept. 46 E, 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Send free, postpaid, a copy of your billiard book and color catalog—

"Billiards—The Home Magnet"

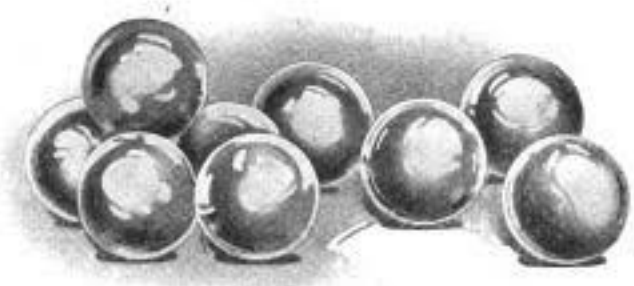
and tell about your home trial offer.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

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NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS



Obviously rolling balls at the points in your automobile mechanism where one part rotates on another, so thoroughly assist performance that less power is required.

Every ball bearing in your motor car adds materially to its performance, its permanence, and its inexpensive operation.

THE NEW DEPARTURE MANUFACTURING CO.
BRISTOL, CONN., U.S.A.

Conrad Patent Licensee

¶ Dinner is never over until Beech-Nut Mints have been served 5¢



Tasteful Confections that Melt on Your Tongue ~

Also Beech-Nut Cloves, Beech-Nut Wintergreens, Beech-Nut Chewing Gum
BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY, CANAJOHARIE, N.Y.

"Sure—yes! Come on, old-timer; come on! They'll be back here in a second ——"

"Scrabble in the sand where I sat. You'll find twelve hundred ——"

The jailer came up then, and Old Sim went forth to enter upon a spree that should far outshine the celebration which the now humiliated sheriff had ruined just when it was getting good.

A big round moon stood high above Squaw Rock, making of the landscape a spatter of shadow and white light. Into one of the patches of moonlight came a figure. It looked like a man, but it moved like a wild thing.

Twice it started to approach the rock by the water hole and twice it hesitated. Then it circled entirely round the spot, noiseless, furtive, exactly like an animal that has once found a trap and suspects another. At last the figure ventured nervously into the patch of moonlight and knelt by the rock, digging swiftly in the sand.

Presently there was a low exclamation. The man came to his feet, holding something in his hands. It rustled; also, it clinked with a dull and pleasant sound. There was a gleam, too, as it turned in the moonlight.

"He played square!" whispered the man. "I thought maybe it was a trap—but I risked it. And he played square!"

Perplexity, amazement, exultation and many more emotions were in the attitude of the man as he stood in the patch of moonlight, looking at the double handful of paper and gold.

Then —— A wandering rabbit, perhaps, or a night owl flapping to the ground by the water hole; but an instant after the faint crackle in the brush the patch of moonlight was all white again—and the Weasel had melted into the desert.

EXIT POST-MORTEM MERCHANT

(Concluded from Page 22)

our mistakes and trace them down to their sources. Understand? Look here, Quartersaw, do you know what happens every time goods are returned to us?"

Answering his own question, he handed the furniture man a schedule of thirty-three distinct things that had to be done in such cases. Nine executives were involved and twelve other employees. With considerable labor the research man had ferreted out this schedule from the routine of the store. Roughly he estimated that the money cost of one such transaction, in time and other expense, ranged from five to twenty dollars—sometimes more.

"It cost us somewhere round ten dollars to take back those table pads, Quartersaw. Now I want you to find out—diplomatically—why Mrs. Woodcliff Lake wouldn't keep them."

Later Quartersaw reported this:

"She says they were a week late in reaching her; so she bought elsewhere, not wishing to mar her new mahogany table."

To-day there is a system in that store, developed out of the investigations of the research bureau, which pins the responsibility on the very man who does a thing or doesn't do it. Of course this system, like all others, breaks down at times. But let us suppose that it breaks down in the furniture department and it isn't possible for the executives to tell what particular man is to blame for returned goods, or for something else. In that unhappy event Quartersaw himself must take the full blame, because he is the head of the department. A certain number of demerits are added to his record, anyway, no matter who is at fault in his department; but if the blame cannot be definitely fixed he gets a lot more of these demerits.

Tough? Yes; but the research man smiles and shoulders the blame for Quartersaw's predicament, for the store has cut down its returned goods sixty-five per cent.

Some research work devoted to charge accounts revealed the fact that the store had been neglecting some fertile fields. The credit manager had worked along conventional lines, and had lacked the imagination to undertake a statistical study of potential and actual customers. Curiously it requires imagination on which to base a mathematical inquiry.

"What kinds of charge customers pay the most promptly?" asked the research man of Mr. Cashdue, the credit chief.

"In a general way I should imagine ——" began Cashdue. But the research man didn't care for that variety of imagination.

"Omit generalities," he said. "Have you any exact facts that will show whether our charge customers who work on salaries are better payers than those in business for themselves, or vice versa? Have you ever dissected your credit records to discover whether families that have incomes round twenty-five hundred dollars a year, say, are more desirable relatively than those who have ten thousand? Did you ever take these two classes of families and analyze their purchases for a year, to discover what kinds of goods they bought and what the approximate net profit to the store might be on each class?"

"No; we have never been equipped with the office organization to make such an investigation."

"Did you ever make any such investigation based on groups of our charge customers, classified by ratings? Is the man worth ten thousand dollars as good a customer relatively as the man who ranks in the hundred-thousand-dollar class?"

Cashdue had opinions, but only meager facts.

"Have we ever gone out into suburban districts, or into the city itself, and made systematic studies of the residents, in order to provide ourselves with lists and information on which to carry out a campaign for good credit accounts?"

"No."

"Have we ever made an intelligent research into groups of spot-cash customers—people who have no charge accounts with us, but who might be much more valuable to the store if they had such accounts? Wouldn't it give us a great leverage if we were to list a few thousand of these people with cash in their pockets, and get concrete facts about them?"

Cashdue, of course, had vaguely contemplated the possibility of some of these things; but the research department is organized to turn contemplation and inaction into coördinated investigation, and this credit research is now being made. As the names and facts are gathered, the research man takes them and handles them from the standpoint of the economist and statistician. It is safe to say that ultimately this store will largely increase its credit business along conservative and profitable lines.

Analyzing the store's advertising, this research man found that certain departments were not getting adequate representation. It was found that some lines of goods—notably commercial stationery, linings and jewelry—actually had been given no space at all for nearly a year.

At various times the research man sends his assistants about the store to count the customers who trade at the various departments or who pause to examine goods but do not buy. These lookers are recorded as carefully as the regular customers; and when special advertising is done a certain allowance is made, in the calculation of sales results, for the nonbuying visitors. This factor is called advertising goodwill, on the theory that many of these people will become purchasers at the store in the future.

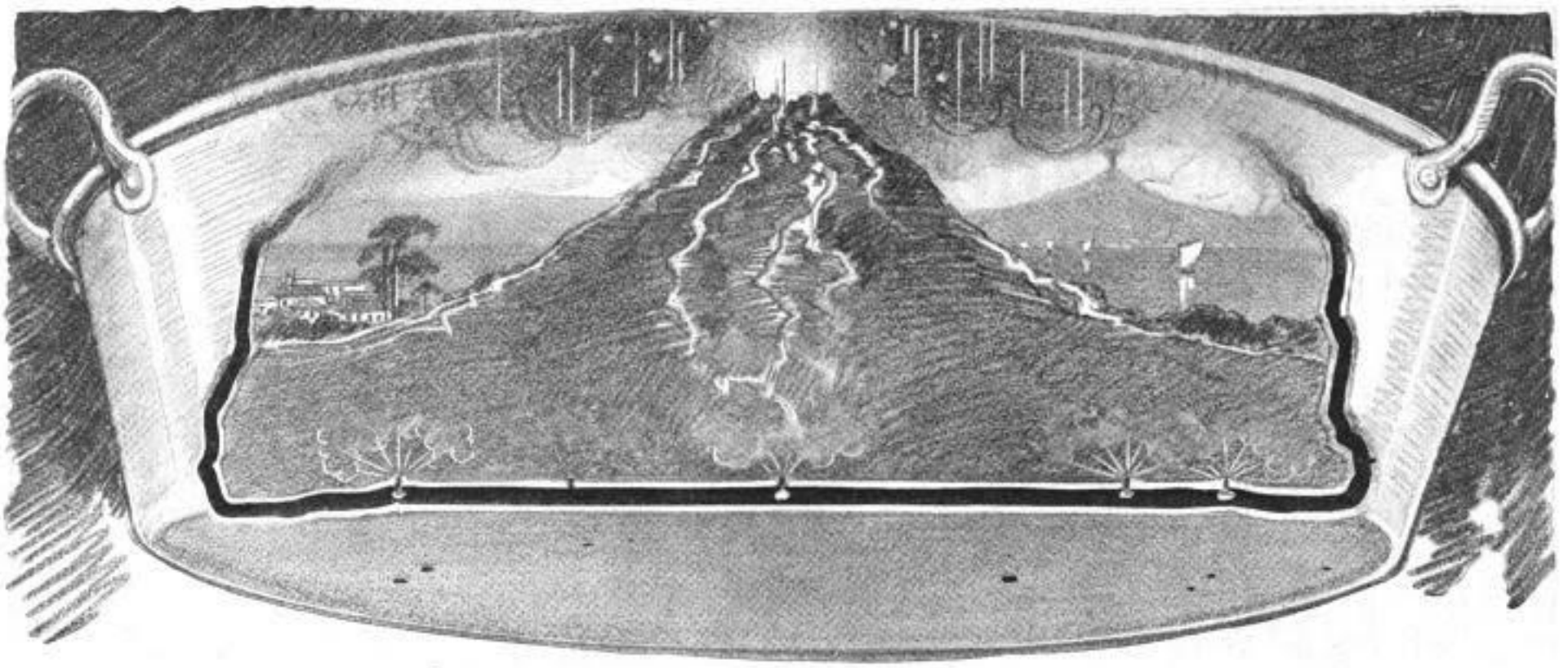
The men who do the counting of customers use small watchlike machines, which they hold in their hands; and they supplement the bare counts with pencil and notebook. They keep track of men, women and children; young, middle-aged and old; and, for purposes of special study, sometimes note the characteristics of the customers, such as faultfinders, boosters, discriminating or careless buyers, and so on.

Sometimes, for periods of days or weeks, the tally men are stationed at all entrances and a record is made of the total number of shoppers. Similar counts are made at the entrances of competing stores.

All this information is grouped and analyzed. It shows, for example, various kinds of ratio in each department. It shows the sales peaks and valleys, department by department and hour by hour, and thus indicates the number of clerks required. It reveals the time of the average sale in the different lines of goods; and this, when reduced to comparative studies year by year, and in connection with the same studies in other stores, gives important efficiency data.

Post-mortem merchandising is going out of fashion at the big stores. Post-mortems come too late; but the research man forestalls them.

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Every Gas Pocket Becomes a Miniature Vesuvius

Imperfections in enameled surfaces come from impurities in the iron underneath. Chief of these are tiny pockets of gas. This gas expands rapidly and irresistibly in the heat required to bake the enamel. As the gas expands it forces through the surrounding iron and enamel coating—just as gases, lava and fire crack open the earth's surface in volcanic eruptions.

You know the result—rough places, blisters, easily cracked enamel and rapidly rusting base metal. Because of its comparative freedom from these gas pockets, because of its purity and evenness, many manufacturers of enameled products use

ARMCO IRON

Armco (American Ingot) Iron prevents waste. When you buy products made from it you have the most durable iron made. Whether galvanized, enameled or in plain sheets it stands up against corrosion or rust. Its purchase is economy.

The use of Armco Iron for enameled products insures a perfectly enameled surface which is easy to keep clean; is sanitary and a pleasure, besides, to the housewife's eye.

Manufacturers of enameled ware benefit by using Armco. It adds, of course, to the quality of their products. A far greater advantage, though, lies in the prevention of waste. Imperfect pieces are reduced to a minimum—there are practically no culls.

The distinguishing virtues of Armco Iron—rust resistance, enameling qualities, welding properties, electrical conductivity, workability—do not rest on its purity alone. Although it is the purest iron made, every step in its manufacture and handling is the subject of scientific and conscientious care. As a result it is most nearly perfect in respect to evenness and all the other qualities that form the basis of rust-resistance and waste prevention.

Of the many products made of Armco Iron these are representative: Furnace Radiators; Ventilator Ducts; Enameled products of all kinds; Kaustine Waterless Toilets; Metal Lath; Water Tanks; Boiler Tubes; Grave Vaults and Caskets; Corrugated Culverts; Underground storage tanks; Roofing; Fencing; etc.

If you have trouble securing any sheet metal product you want made of Armco Iron write to us. We will put you in touch with a manufacturer or dealer who will supply you.

Write for "The Story of Armco Iron"—Free. Any maker, any user of enameled products should know the superiority of Armco Iron. The whole story is told in this book. Get it today.

Manufacturers with special problems are invited to call on Armco Laboratories for data and research. They are both able and willing to render effective assistance.

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY, Box 844, Middletown, Ohio

Licensed Manufacturers under Patents Granted to The International Metal Products Company

BRANCH OFFICES: Chicago Pittsburgh Detroit New York St. Louis Cincinnati Cleveland San Francisco Atlanta



The Leonard Cleanable Refrigerator. This handsome enameled Armco Iron product, made by the Grand Rapids Refrigerator Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.



"Albairon" white porcelain enameled tops for kitchen cabinets and tables, manufactured of Armco Iron by the Enamel Products Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

"Albairon" white porcelain enameled tops for kitchen cabinets and tables are manufactured of Armco Iron by the Enamel Products Co., of Cleveland, Ohio, for the following firms: Cambell-Smith-Ritchie Co., Lebanon, Ind., Coppes Brothers & Zook, Mutschler Bros., Nappanee, Ind., the I-X-L Furniture Co., Goshen, Ind., and Wasmuth Endicott Co., of Andrews, Ind.



Perfect enamel work is shown in the "Armco" Iron Enamel Tank made on an Armco Iron base by the Kalamazoo Sanitary Mfg. Company, Kalamazoo, Mich.



Over seventy stove manufacturers testify to their belief in Armco Iron by using it for the sheet metal and enameled parts of their ranges.

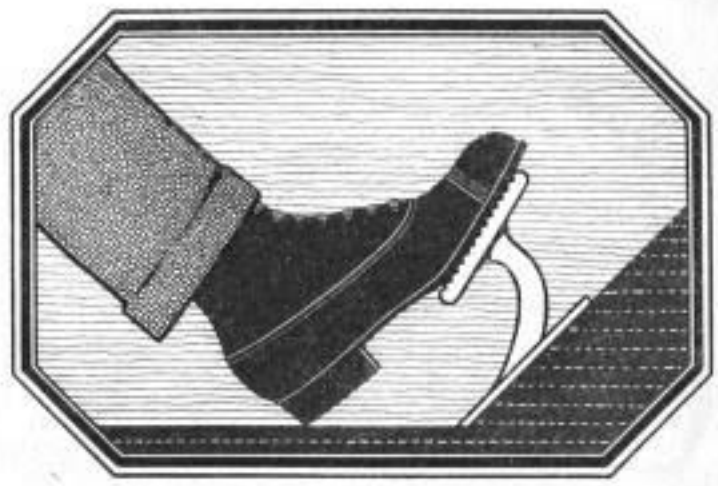
The trade-mark ARMCO carries the assurance that iron bearing that mark is manufactured by The American Rolling Mill Company with the skill, intelligence and fidelity associated with its products, and hence can be depended upon to possess in the highest degree the merit claimed for it.

ARMCO IRON Resists Rust

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How often do you press the brake pedal ?

←LOOK FOR THE SILVER EDGE→



You can't expect to get more out of your brakes than you put into them

YOU are particular about the tires you buy. Are you quite so careful when selecting brake lining? Both are equally important and in continuous use when car is running. Service in each case depends upon quality. Inferior tires are worthless. "Cheap" lining goes to pieces quickly. You can't expect to get wear out of your brakes unless you put wear into them. Safety, surety, prompt action are weighed in the balance. Why not pay a few cents more for genuine Raybestos? Remember that—

Raybestos

BRAKE LINING WEARS

It wears like a strip of steel—solid wear all the way through. And every foot of Raybestos possesses that *necessary* hardness which means wear. For the sake of safety and economy, avoid imitations. The Silver Edge prevents substitution. Patronize one of the 12,000 reliable dealers who sell Raybestos—*the brake lining that wears!*

The Raybestos Company, Bridgeport, Conn.

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SOMETHING YET AGAIN: CHEMICAL CONTROL

(Continued from Page 17)

Again and again the banking experts of other countries have pointed out dangerous tendencies in the German scheme of finance and predicted a smash-up; but the German scheme has simply gone on working. It gets results for the Germans, whatever it might lead to in other countries.

Here is one illustration: The incandescent gas mantle, developed from rare earths that were nothing but mineral curiosities a generation ago, gave the gaslighting industry of the world a new means of growing in the face of electrical competition. When the war broke out supplies of thoria, which had come wholly from Germany, were stopped. John Bull was in a bad way for material, as we were ourselves. Investigation showed that the best deposits of thoria were in India, a British possession; but that German chemistry, backed by German banking, had secured a monopoly of these deposits, which had been worked for years at very high profits. John Bull had to take steps to gain control of his own thoria. The United States has deposits too.

When the American chemist goes to our bankers he finds a very different state of affairs. The average American banker has no conception of chemical values in industry, and is not able, under our banking laws, to do much about it if he had.

Our banking system has been compared to a pawnshop. Until lately it lent money, chiefly on stocks and bonds, to gentlemen who wanted capital for extending their speculative enterprises. You brought your securities to the banker just about as you would take your watch to your uncle, and the banker, after applying a drop of acid to your valuables, handed over part of what they were worth as a loan, and locked them up in his safe as a pledge.

Our new banking law extended the system to foreign commercial paper and to trade acceptances. Acceptances for merchandise bought of manufacturers or jobbers, and other negotiable instruments arising from trade and commerce, became rediscountable pledges for bank loans.

When Science and Capital Combine

We are now entering on a new era in business, when chemical industries and chemical control will need vast sums of money for development. Because our banking facilities are inflexible, it is difficult to get bank funds for these developments. The chemist does not blame the banker for legal restrictions imposed upon him by our banking system; but he does think the banker's knowledge of chemical values can be improved. If you take an article of value to a sure-enough pawnbroker, he will appraise it in a few minutes, and very shrewdly. It may be a watch or diamond, or your overcoat or ukulele—no matter; he knows values. But many a banker is not even a good pawnbroker within his own field. Though he has a fairly good eye for the things in which he is accustomed to deal, such as a listed railroad stock, a public-service bond, an industrial stock or a piece of commercial paper, there are other sound business assets that he does not understand, because he knows very little about the character of the business involved.

Sometimes he is timid and refuses to lend at all; while, again, he deceives himself and lends too much. When an enterprise involving chemical control is brought to him he will perhaps not see it at all. This is a bad state of affairs, for during the next ten years our industries are going to be improved and enlarged along this chemical line.

Even where the banker cannot furnish capital directly, his understanding and coöperation will help in securing it from promoters and investors not restricted by our banking system.

It is not well to scold the banker too harshly, however, for the importance of chemical control is not generally understood by the average business man. Almost any consulting chemist can point out factories in different industries that are operating on incorrect chemical principles. The fundamental chemical processes involved in their activities are wrong, and sooner or later they must fail, either of themselves or in competition with efficient competitors here or abroad. It is a hard job to straighten out these obscure chemical tangles, considering the lack of technical knowledge and the inertia of many business men.

A certain big corporation has a chemist on its staff. Several years ago this chemist worked out an improved process for making some of its products. Two hundred thousand dollars' worth of new machinery was needed to install the process, effecting remarkable economies in production cost. The chemist appeared before the board of directors again and again, explaining the technical details, but got no attention. The board simply yawned or looked up at the stars when he talked about his reactions and refinements, and said "Theory—blue sky—too much up in the air for us!" Meantime old methods were causing losses of thousands of dollars every month. One day the chemist appeared with a new argument.

"If you install this improved process," he said, "you might be able to sell the old machinery to some competitor. It will kill him to use it."

That so tickled the directors as a practical business maneuver that they ordered in his process immediately.

Insurance Against Costly Mistakes

The war emergency caused a shortage in a certain kind of imported material and led to the formation of a company to manufacture the stuff here, from substances found in a Western State. The management of this company called in a consulting chemist to advise on what it considered minor details of the process. The chemist outlined a complete plant, calling for an investment of twice the capital that had been thought necessary.

This looked preposterous to the management, and a civil engineer was engaged to design and erect a cheaper plant. He was a good civil engineer and built a factory beautiful in every way from the mechanical standpoint. Materials are taken in and handled with all the latest mechanical refinements; but the whole product rests on organic chemistry, and that plant will surely fail unless remodeled on a basis of chemical control.

It will fail and a group of investors will lose perhaps a quarter of a million dollars. Then a second company will tackle the problem, profit by the mistakes of the first and come nearer success. By that time, however, methods abroad may have been improved, and the second plant may fail. When a third company enters the field it may succeed; and so we shall have finally learned to make the stuff.

This is a wasteful way of establishing new industries. The Germans found that out long ago. They learned that they could not afford it.

The Germans spend just as little money as possible on their mistakes, at the same time making their mistakes large enough, so that a new industry is transplanted from the laboratory to actual business. A chemist can usually get wonderful results in the laboratory. He works out a new product or process, covering every possible factor and contingency, and attains eighty per cent efficiency, ninety per cent—maybe a clean hundred. He knows that things will not work like that in actual manufacturing, however; for when large quantities of material are manipulated, with differences in mass, temperature, time, and so on, results will be quite different. In the factory he will have to invent his process all over again.

Where we do this secondary research work in a plant built on a scale for making stuff to supply demand, the Germans have a thrifty way of building a test factory, at a cost of ten thousand, twenty thousand or fifty thousand dollars—as little capital as possible, but still enough. This test plant may not be intended for making a product to sell, but to determine the conditions under which a real factory must be built and operated. When the Germans know they go further; and if the project is not chemically or industrially or commercially feasible they drop it, and consider the money spent in finding out things well invested—a sort of mistake insurance, safeguarding national business affairs.

"Why can't American chemists do as well as those Germans?" the man in the street has been asking lately.

Dyes

THE Chemical Manufacturing Plants of The Sherwin-Williams Company located at Kensington, Ills., which commenced operations early in 1916, have recently been greatly extended.

Since the opening of the plants in March 1916 approximately 250,000 pounds of Beta-Napthol and 200,000 pounds of Paranitraniline have been produced. The quality of these materials has been in every respect equal to the best standards of the world's markets before the war. Additional machinery is now being installed which will greatly increase the daily output of these two important dye materials.

In addition to the above the Company is now manufacturing a number of intermediates and dyes particularly for the manufacture of pigments and lakes. The Company is especially proud of the achievement of having been successful in the commercial production of large quantities of Metanitroparatoluidine and Paranitranilinesulfonic Acid, from which are manufactured Helio Fast Red R and Lake Red P, colors employed for the preparation of the finest and most modern printing inks.

All organic chemicals are manufactured at the Company's plant from refined coal tar products, Benzol, Toluol, Xylol and Napthalene. The Company also operates its own Aniline Plant with a daily capacity of five tons of Aniline Oil. The Company operates plants for the manufacture of Glacial Acetic Acid, partly with a view to utilizing by-products, and also to follow its well defined policy of logical, efficient and conservative development. The Company is also producing a limited number of dyestuffs for textile and similar uses and is gradually adding to and augmenting this line.

We invite inquiries from all consumers of Dyes to whom we will gladly send detailed information.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
PAINTS & VARNISHES

COVERS THE EARTH

Address all inquiries to 613 Canal Road, N. W., Cleveland, O.
Showrooms—New York, 116 W. 32d St.; Chicago, People's Gas Building; San Francisco, 521 Market St.
Sales Offices and Warehouses in principal cities. Best dealers everywhere.

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The Whole Family is Interested

Choosing the bath tub and lavatory that are to beautify the bathroom is a matter of interest to every member of the family. It should be done carefully; there should be the fullest investigation. When such a procedure is followed, the choice naturally is centered upon

KOHLER WARE

—always of one quality—the highest

For its ***beauty,*** as well as for its ***high quality,*** KOHLER WARE is selected for the finest homes.

Manufacturing economies enable us to make KOHLER bath tubs, lavatories and sinks available for moderate priced houses and apartments.

Every KOHLER product has our permanent trade-mark in the enamel. It is our ***guarantee*** of quality. Look for it.

It is important to consider the hygienic designs of KOHLER WARE. One-piece construction and the absence of corners make cleansing easy.

Ask your plumber to show you the "Viceroy," our beautiful one-piece built-in bath. The low price will interest you.

Write for free copy of our interesting book, "KOHLER OF KOHLER." Address Dept. S-2.

BRANCHES
Boston New York Philadelphia Atlanta Pittsburgh Detroit Chicago Indianapolis

"It's in the Kohler Enamel"

KOHLER CO.
Founded 1873
Kohler, Wis. U.S.A.

BRANCHES
St. Paul St. Louis Houston San Francisco Los Angeles Seattle London

Belmont Lavatory Plate K-145-E.A

The "Viceroy," Plate V-14 (Patent Applied For)



There has never been any reason to reproach American chemists—or British chemists, either—when it comes to actual scientific achievements. Their results compare well with those of any other nation. Indeed, the American chemist, in discussing pure science, sometimes discounts the Germans, maintaining that their results show not scientific ability so much as ability to organize other people's discoveries commercially, and hand the results over the counter in a package.

However this may be, the man in the street often gets the product first bearing a German label and thinks the Germans made it all out of the air. Undoubtedly the German deserves all the credit he gets through his business organization, for that is a kind of genius, too, and one which we now see must be developed. In every case where American scientific discoveries have been backed up by American capital and commercial organization, results have been remarkable.

How shall we go to work to bring chemical knowledge and business organization together?

The chemist has been thinking about this ever since the war started, because the man in the street, on one hand, has been asking him what he is going to do to supply shortcomings in our industrial world, and the banker and business man, on the other hand, have been backward in coöperating with him to develop the chemical side of our industries. The chemist says we must begin by all getting together, for explanation and mutual education.

Bankers and business men must get the chemical viewpoint and learn to pass on chemical values. They now call in the engineer for professional guidance when they make investments and start new enterprises. They must learn to call in the chemist, in the same way, and use his knowledge in clearing up technical problems. Their relation with the engineer was not established in a day.

A similar relation with the chemist will take time. For the present, they should cultivate an acquaintance with chemists and do a little chemical reading.

The chemist, on his part, recognizes that he has been too closely absorbed in his profession, and that he must now cultivate the acquaintance of the banker, the business man and the man in the street, and show them where chemistry touches everything in modern life.

Suitable Provocation

ACCORDING to Andrew Mack, a friend of his, a retired contractor of New York residence but of Irish birth, a Fenian at heart and a fighter by instinct, was returning from a voyage abroad. One frosty evening he lay in his steamer chair, snugly wrapped in a plaid steamer shawl, when a little Cockney, for whom he had a personal as well as racial distaste, halted on the deck alongside the old Irishman to shiver.

The newcomer wore no overcoat and he suffered cruelly in the icy breeze that swept across the Atlantic and whistled through the rigging and the smokestacks. For a little while Mack's friend observed the sufferings of the other in silence.

Then he spoke to him; and his voice was very sweet and kind.

"For why do you stand there and shake?" he asked.

"It's like this," stated the Cockney from between his chattering teeth: "If Hi go below, the 'eat makes me seasick; and so Hi 'ave to come up again. But Hi didn't bring me overcoat with me; and so Hi almost freeze."

"Thot's too bad!" commiserated the Irishman. "Why don't you take this here thick, warrum blanket of mine and wrap yourself up in it?"

"But, Hi say, what would you do?" asked the Cockney.

"Me?" roared the Irishman in an entirely different tone, as he moistened the palms of his two hands and straightened up. "I'd knock the hell out of you!"



Here's Health!



Health without drug-taking. If you need a natural, gentle laxative, just eat, each day, a delicious bran muffin made from

Pillsbury's Health Bran

The larger, cleaner, coarser flakes supply the right amount of roughage to accomplish the desired laxative effect. Then too—the Pillsbury recipe, printed on the Pillsbury package, produces a breakfast muffin that is really delicious! Don't doubt it—try it—forget medicine—use PILLSBURY'S HEALTH BRAN and bid good-bye to constipation.

Insist Upon Pillsbury's
Large Package
15c
(Except in Far West)



If your grocer cannot supply you, send 25c for a full-sized package (the 10c additional is for wrapping and postage).

Department "P"
Pillsbury Flour Mills Co.
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THE HOUSE OF CRAIGENSIDE

(Continued from Page 5)

"I'm not an imaginary man," said Dave, disgruntled. "God knows Amos had enough on his conscience to walk after death, and I should know the mark of his foot if any man should. We were boys together."

"And you have seen this mark?"

"Call me a liar seven times," asseverated the fisherman. "I have seen tracks of the thing in the sand as plain as a pikestaff."

"Of old Amos?"

"Of old Amos, certain."

"How do you prove this?"

Dave leaned forward mysteriously:

"Because this was the track of a man with six toes on his right foot. Now you know as well as I do that old Amos had six toes. That was the deviltry of him, wasn't it? No natural man would have six toes. Of course that's only my way of looking at it. Every man is entitled to his own opinion."

"You have seen this six-toed track?"

"As plain as I see you. I was coming in from my weirs at sunrise, and just as I was passing the tomb I happened to look down, and didn't I see the sprawling mark of it there in the sand!"

"And was it coming or going?"

"That I can't say because I didn't stop to consider. I didn't wait for aye, yes or no."

"Wait a moment," said the doctor, shaking with silent laughter. "You are familiar enough with ghosts by this time, aren't you, Dave?"

"Yes, I am," said Crooker stoutly. "There ain't a man along this coast that has had more to do with 'em than I have. What I mean—that has come into more downright contact with 'em. I have had my grandfather and my two maiden aunts perching on the foot of my bed at one and the same sitting, and you ain't the man to argue me out of what I have seen with my own eyes."

"Well, then," went on the doctor, "I'm not denying it. I simply ask you, man to man, Did ever you know a ghost to leave a track in any way, shape or manner?"

"There has to be a first time with everything," said the fisherman, undaunted.

▼

WE LAUGHED him out of sight, and thought nothing more of him at the time; and yet wrapped in the little fisherman's simple tale of a ghost record on the sands of the dunes was the germ of a mystery destined to have a terrible solution.

It is hard to credit even now the strange way in which the fortunes of the house of Craigenside were caught up in the folds of that mad Oriental nightmare which played itself out along this solitary coast. I have recalled the house to memory many times; and Mercy Cobb's mansion crouching in its shadow, shining under the moon with a wan light on its gray shingles, and bringing back the night when I encountered within its walls the scarlet figure which had become so puzzling and monstrous a problem to us. And even while standing there, with the dunes in prospect, I find it hard to summon in all their reality the details of that vain phantasmagoria of living men in the clutch of false gods. The dunes seem calm and lonely and secure. Sea goldenrod runs riot over the tomb of the Craigensides. The whole waterside is as serene as an old maid's sunbonnet. And yet I know that the things are literally true which had their rise in the first coming to Silver Glade of Mr. James Smith, the ornithologist, an event which occurred on the morning of our discussion of Dave Crooker's ghost.

James Smith was a huge, pasty, quaking man, with skin of a yellow pallor. His most striking characteristic was a lamentable and comprehensive baldness. He was bald in the usual manner, and beyond this he had no eyebrows, no eyelashes and no hair behind the ears. Just above the bridge of his nose he bore a protuberance, a small white knoll of flesh, which in moments of stress grew scarlet from a rush of blood into it. And this scarlet knoll accentuated the glossy pallor of his cranial arch and made him rather ghastly on a first acquaintance.

Moreover, although he spoke the best of English, there was a haunting foreign suggestion in the cast of his countenance which at first led me to think of a highly cultured Eskimo, and later of a still more gifted Mongol. The name James Smith ill sorted with this intimation of outlandish character.

The worst of Mr. Smith was in his eyes. They were grayish in color, drawn to a perpetual squint, perhaps instinctively and owing to a lack of lashes. The lid appeared double. When listening he often closed these eyes altogether, and then when he opened them the lid drew back with a slow, snakish motion, and there the eye appeared again, fixed as if it had all along been staring through the lid itself. I did not like the eyes of Mr. Smith. I did not like any part of him.

Very early on the second morning of his visit his shadow fell across us as we were polishing canoes. The sun had risen, and behind us the shopworn pines of the Glade loomed sallow green. Mr. Smith wore carpet slippers; he talked quietly of the beauty of the spot, and of its calm, its holy calm.

He raised his eyes to the dunes. Their tawny flanks were in dazzling contrast with the exceeding blueness of the morning sea and with the worn black hull of the Asphodel.

"The world in a crystal," he said pleasantly. "It is like the projection of a hypnagogist, isn't it, gentlemen?"

We assured him that it was. We were excessively amiable young men. With his eyes still on the dunes he inquired how the flight of black heron was along the coast.

In this way we came to know that he was an ornithologist.

"I am wise enough to have a hobby for my old age," he said jocosely. He was not an old man.

He gave us to understand that he appeased his intellect and exercised his legs by taking photographs of sea birds in their native haunts.

"I have special apparatus for creeping up on them," he said.

His apparatus was ingenious, as we discovered by sculling over toward his favorite dune one sultry mid-afternoon.

His method was to ensconce himself in a great burlap bag, held by wires to something the shape of a barrel. This bag had two holes in it, one for the eye of Mr. James Smith and one for the eye of his camera. So equipped, he selected some spot among the dunes, and settling back on a little plush-covered hassock became by slow degrees part and parcel of the scant scenery.

Nothing could be simpler, nor yet better calculated to get characteristic pictures of sea birds, taken in their unsuspecting midst.

"But what patience! What ungodly patience!" muttered Sturgis, aghast.

The resignation of the Oriental was manifested in the mind which could be content to station itself for so many blazing hours between sea and shore on so small a chance of action. Sturgis suggested that he must be under pay, in the service of some university perhaps—in short, a man making a virtue of necessity.

At least he never complained, but whether he secured photographs we were unable to determine. He was not a fraternizing man.

So matters stood until perhaps the fourth or fifth day of his stay in Silver Glade, when, in the course of a single afternoon, the ornithologist acquired another and more sinister character in my eyes. The management had sent to Silver Glade a box of fireworks.

These were to be set off by night from a raft in mid-channel, and I went across the river with a thought of warning the Craigensides to beware of the fall of rocket sticks and to have an eye out for sparks.

As it happened, Jane Craigenside herself met me at the little stone pier. As she took the painter from my hand I felt her fingers for an instant cold against mine. Her eye had never seemed blacker; it had gathered and concentrated rays of uncertain meaning. Her hair, braided in a blue-black coronal, gave a fine distinctness to the whole outline of the head. Her effect of melancholy was heightened usually by wistful upward curves of the lips, but to-day they were pressed tight.

She listened to what I had to say about the fireworks, nodded once or twice, and then with an uneasy gesture added:

"Won't you come up to the house? I want you to know my Uncle Ruel."

We went up the tiptilted old flags together. The late sun poured a deep, warm light through the pines across the river. In a moment the six wooden dragons became visible. Crouching with mouths wide open and weather-beaten wings outstretched, they were like guardians of some mythical treasure house. They gave a fantastically hostile air to that gaunt dwelling.



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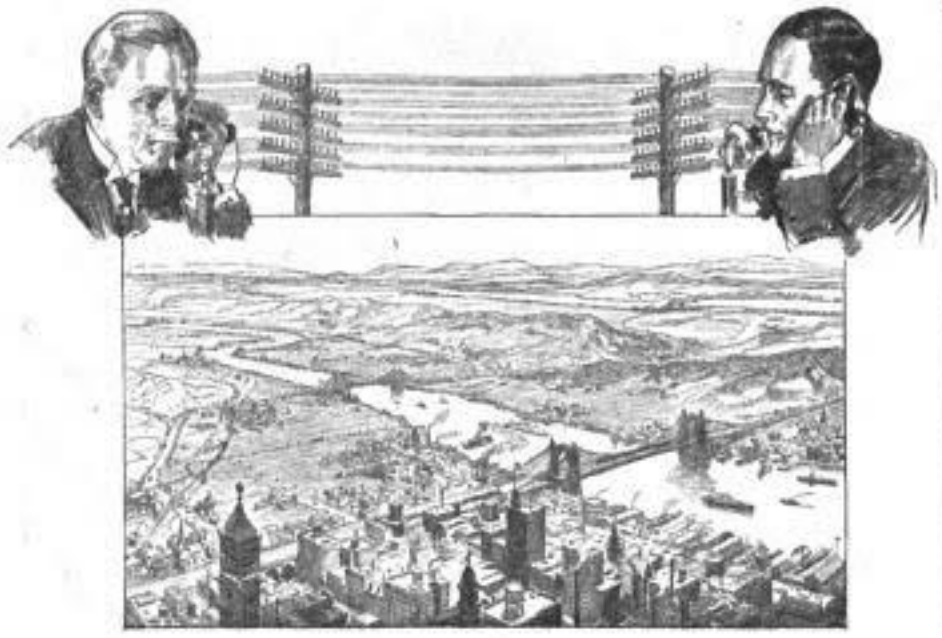
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The portico was strewn with round reed mats and tumbled magazines and at the far end of it sat old Mercy Cobb asleep in a horsehair chair, the beak of the albatross peeping out of her lap. Her little black figure was strangely relieved against the dunes, now flushed deep crimson.

"He is on the bridge, I guess," the girl said, pausing on the threshold. This bridge had been placed on the roof of the house over the pediment.

The old lady woke up and said tartly, "Where's the wind," staring straight at me.

I began to explain to her that I never took notice of the wind, when the girl at my side suddenly seized my wrist in her hand and whispered: "What is that thing? Have you any idea?"

She had seen the ornithologist in his bag.

He, of course, was quite invisible; but he had come much closer to the house than was his wont. Indeed, he had settled down on a ridge of sand not two hundred yards from the stone wall which marked the western limit of the Craigenside terraces.

This wall, as I have said, had broken down in one place and I could very easily see that corpulent brown cylinder which concealed my fat friend rising from a tangle of sea goldenrod.

"What is it?" the girl repeated sharply.

"The ornithologist," I laughed. "Is he a bear to bite you?"

I looked at her narrowly. It struck me as odd that this device, so easily explained, should upset a woman whom I could not believe to be nervous or fanciful.

"The ornithologist. Whom do you mean? Why is he here?"

I explained briefly the nature of the apparatus which Mr. James Smith had invented for stealing into the midst of black heron.

"You see, he is a very patient man," I added.

"'Patient' is not the word for it," she answered in lower tones.

She shook her head impatiently, as if to throw off the weight of some childish oppression which had overborne her.

"Let us find my uncle," she said.

We passed in together.

The hall ran from porch to porch. Its walls were hung with musty Eastern fabrics, displaying in black against a yellow ground a pattern of sedate mandarins and writhing dragons. Nested in the stiff folds were foreign arms and armor. I noted particularly a dagger curiously sheathed in ivory. High on the wall hung a stiff portrait of an old lady with a black mustache.

The hall had the invincible odor of must which hangs about old houses; but the smell of the fireplace at the north end was sweet and the faded reds in the carpet had a comfortable look of use and occupation. On the staircase wall hung three speckled canvases of square-rigged ships. It was a house of seamen.

I followed Jane Craigenside to the top of the house and into an unfinished attic. Hand-wrought nails protruded through the boards of the roof; the anvil on which they had been pounded out was capsized in one corner, and in a long line under the eaves stood the sea chests of those master mariners. These chests, blue in color, iron or brass bound, were equipped with rusty padlocks and with white painted rope handles linked together by very ancient cobwebs. One of the chests lay open, and a mass of blue log books was visible therein.

"There you may read the secret history of the Craigensides," said the girl half jestingly.

I heard the scrape of a foot over my head. My eye fell on a flight of worn steps leading out of the attic.

"There he paces back and forth half the day sometimes," said the girl in a low voice. "Come."

She led me out upon the iron bridge, a structure perhaps thirty feet long, which straddled the peak of the roof. Here I found Captain Craigenside in a white shirt turned away at the throat, blue overalls and sennit slippers. He was a tall man, strongly made and wearing a black square beard. He had the fist of the Craigensides.

"This is Mr. Weymouth, of Silver Glade, uncle," said the girl.

The look that passed between them seemed to betoken on her part some secret pleading, on his a stern denial.

"What do you think of the wind, sir?" he said in a deep voice. "Is it backening in, or will it haul round to the south with the sun?"

"I never can tell you how the wind is blowing," I said for the second time that afternoon.

"You never had to sniff it out, I take it."

"Never."

"You're a lucky man, then," he returned gloomily, but there was a trace of contempt in his voice. To a seaman it is strange that a man can live with the winds all his days and yet not know one from another. Winds are the great factors in his life; they are invisible, and yet he is cheek by jowl with them always, and so it comes, perhaps, that he has so great a trust in the operation of unseen powers and in all manner of devilries that pass his comprehension and muster themselves out of the range of his vision. Hence also his willingness to lend a zestful ear to the follies of superstition.

I do not know if this fully explains the strange credibility which hurled Craigenside to his untimely end—the influence of that accursed jade may have had a deeper spring; and yet it was the invisibility of its devil's power which first had brought him to his knees, as I learned later.

He turned his face seaward again. The aspect of the sea was calm, the horizon like the edge of a metal disk tilted up from the dunes. A thin streak of smoke lay on the skyline. A warm green was on the land side, and the placid river reflected long, sharp clouds like daggers plunged in blood or dripping fire. To the south there was a good view of those jagged cliffs which began where the dunes ended.

The girl's eye sought the unsightly bag in which the ornithologist was lodged. The fellow was on the very edge of the inmost dune now—in fact, had come surprisingly close to the broken line of the stone wall, considering the business he had in hand.

"Uncle Ruel," she said, "Mr. Weymouth has explained the mystery. There is a man in that bag studying birds."

Craigenside's head came round sharply and his eyes were fixed on the bag.

They held a fierce light, as of an emotion hovering between fear and black defiance. And then even this expression left his face. His jaw sagged; he stared in a stony-eyed trance, and a series of bright flashes came from the bag, at a point near the middle of it. The ornithologist was evidently turning the lens of his camera. The behavior of the burly skipper was certainly strange, and a sense of something unnatural in his position began to steal over me.

"He must have got his eye on something," I tried to say lightly.

Craigenside was as still as if his soul had left his body, and the girl uttered a long, nervous sigh.

Meantime, the shadow of the bag had lengthened by imperceptible degrees across the sand. The thing was motionless; it began to seem hideous and fateful. I thought of the jellylike, hairless being crouching there, and how his pale eye had glinted under the infernal double lid.

I remember saying, "He is probably sent here from some university," when suddenly the intermitted flashing of the lens ceased, the bag upreared, slackened, bellied out and began to crawl toward the sea beach, swaying from side to side like a bloated spider.

Craigenside muttered in his beard: "The bird catcher! He smears his lime!"

VI

YOU may believe the ornithologist was a figure to intrigue me after that. Was his ornithology a pretext, and was his bag a sort of ambush? Why should he stalk that house in company with those gulls of ominous prophecy? It seemed a method too absurd to admit of sinister interpretation, yet why should Ruel Craigenside stand with a slack jaw and glazed eyes at the mere flashing of a lens? And what had been that urgent something in the girl's eye at the moment of my introduction to her uncle?

Mr. James Smith himself did not enlighten me on these points. His talk was chiefly of bird photography, and of the enormous difficulties there were in the way of getting characteristic domestic scenes. He might wait for hours, he said, only to have the picture dispersed by the shriek of a gull or a slight rising in the wind.

How could I suspect him of improper motives? This novel avocation could not be less than genuine. One day he came toward us chuckling and holding gingerly in his fat thumbs a negative he had just developed. He had caught a cloud of angry sea gulls on the wing, chasing a cat which had broken in upon their nests and eaten the eggs.

Witnessing the flight of the unfortunate cat under those harpy wings, I recalled the girl's suggestion that these gulls were possibly the reincarnation of the Craigensides,

(Continued on Page 85)

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If your local flour miller, or merchant, cannot supply "FLavo FLour," advise him to write us at once. Tell us his name. Then we will at once write you or him the name of the nearest Community Marvel Miller so you can get "FLavo FLour" from him until some local man or your miller can arrange to put in an American (Midget) Marvel Mill and make "FLavo FLour" for your community.

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Please send me your complete proposition and facts about the opportunity to get started making "FLavo FLour" with an American (Midget) Marvel Flour Mill in my community, also information about your "Confidential Selling Plans," Service Department and how to become a member of the Community Marvel Millers Association. Send book—"*The Story of a Wonderful Flour Mill.*"

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NOTE PLEASE: Book is not for housewives. It describes the 6 sizes American (Midget) Marvel Mills we build—15, 25, 40, 50, 75 and 100 barrels per day, and it will be sent only to men who are interested, such as grain men, millers, elevator men, bankers or investors seeking a profitable business opportunity.

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(Continued from Page 82)

a race of men now doomed to wrangle among themselves eternally, wheeling and tossing along that forlorn coast and fishing for a living in the very shadow of their earthly tenement. It was a metamorphosis of Oriental imagining.

I began to haunt the house of the Craigensides more devotedly than ever. One afternoon I found its terraces deserted. The great blistered front door stood half open and the sun flashed on that brazen body of a mermaid rising from foam which constituted a knocker. The dragons stood with yawning mouths. In the still peace of late afternoon I felt more deeply than before the something dark and fateful which seemed to cling to every corner of that lonely place. It had woven a shroud of its own traditions; it faced the sea like a hooded menace. In the midst of that immense loneliness of sea and shore it had power to affright and conceal lurking horrors within its cavernous and musty depths.

How was it that this haunting suggestion of terror became so invincibly linked in my mind with the house and fortunes of the Craigensides? Was it the voice of the sea, interpreting to me what was austere in the fated lives of all those seamen whose chests I had seen ranged under the eaves? Was it the look of wild beauty which the turf terraces had, their long grasses bending and shimmering in the sea breeze, conveying to me the sense of a structure which perhaps had outworn even Destiny's patience? I cannot say. But something devilish was there, something formidable; avenging shades trooping in the train of that strange old woman, perhaps.

As I sat musing, my legs sprawled on the warm stone flags, I heard the tap of her cane as she came toward me feebly. Her black eyes burned on me. It was always her right foot that she put forward, and so the suggestion in her shuffling gait was of a person moving in utter darkness, and fearful of bringing up somehow with a round turn. Yet there was no suggestion of blindness or even dimness in the sharp eyes which she fixed upon me mistrustfully. She looked, poor old lady, more than ever like a shrunken black beetle in its shining case.

She crossed her hands over the worn pink bill of an albatross which constituted the head of her cane. The sun had caused her eyes to water and an amazing net of fine wrinkles to be cast suddenly athwart her haglike face.

"How is Captain Craigenside?" I said.

"As well as a body can expect," replied the Tartar.

"He seemed a little out of tune when I was here before," I ventured.

"Ha! Laughing on the wrong side of his face, I guess you mean?"

"It seemed to me that he had certain—apprehensions, shall we call them?"

"Ah, the world is full of those," said the old lady, opening and shutting her lips several times as if she were tasting something bitter. "I've been chased by blue devils since I was knee high to a grasshopper, and many times I've wished the streets were built crooked here, as they are in China, so that I could dodge out of the way of them."

"The blue devils, yes," I said. "But such devils are aimless—mere premonitions or foreshadowings. A sea dog, such as Captain Craigenside, can't be thought to have them."

Mercy Cobb came close to me.

"Young man," she croaked, "I read you like a book of print. But you want to know more than will be good for you."

"Such words can have no meaning to an officer of the law," I said sharply. "Some form of peril lurks about this house."

"If there is," she said, tapping with the cane at each word, "it is not what mortal hand can turn away."

"How shall I judge that?"

"By taking the word of an old lady for it, my dear."

I muttered that I was a policeman, and as such sworn to keep my eye on all unlawful doings.

"There are no unlawful doings round about this house," she answered harshly, and with those words the hidden Tartar stood boldly in her black eye.

"Then why this atmosphere of dread, this furtiveness?" I cried in a low tone. "Do you mean to tell me that that man in there is not afraid of something? Because if you do, you tell me what I know is false by the testimony of my own eyes."

"It's the truth, something has come over him," said Mercy, sinking back. "He was never the man his father was, no more than chalk is like cheese; but now he's not even the man he was. He isn't in a fit humor to be seen any hour of the twenty-four."

"He is afraid of the man who sits out there on the dunes under a burlap bag," I sharply returned.

She thrust her chin out over the handle of her cane and presently muttered:

"Have it your own way! Have it your own way! I'm an old body and one of these nights I'll be going out with the ebb, for that's the way with old folks hereabout, young man. They go out with the tide. Yes, yes, it drains their lives away."

Her voice died, the lids drooped over her sharp eyes. Immediately she reopened them, and said:

"I hope you may never see what these old eyes have seen. No, no!"

She sighed, clucked her tongue, and the skin under her throat drew up in folds.

"Is there nothing you can say to me?" I urged.

"The heart's its own secret," she whispered mournfully. "So we say, we old women. Why should you come prying here into this moldy house? Go away, young man, before it lays a finger on you."

There came from the depths of the hall a sort of hiss, followed by four jangling strokes of a bell. I heard old Mercy's finger nails screech on the table top between us.

"There's part of his misery at any rate," she said. "Is it a pleasant thing for a man to live in the company of his own coffin? For it's fallen to him since Amos died abroad and was leaded up for transportation."

"Then why not throw the thing away?"

Mercy Cobb smiled a ghastly smile and put out a hand to me.

"Help me up. Oh, dear, my shoes are pints and my feet are quarts since this rheumatism came on me. Here, this way. Let me get my foot over the sill."

She stood in front of Time and Eternity, and bending forward swung open the dark lid.

Peering within, I saw the rusty pendulum swing back and forth, and behind this was a wooden shelf on which had been built a little cage of five or six vertical wooden slats. Within this cage I saw, as if held in captivity, a little pug-nosed idol of green jade. The thing was not over twelve inches high. It showed the usual precise Oriental workmanship, and the eyes in a certain light emitted a curious green flare from the depths of shadowy sockets.

Before I had more than glimpsed it the old lady whipped to the lid again, hearing a heavy footstep overhead.

"He's the last to come under the curse," she whispered; "and what form the thing will take he doesn't know."

"Perhaps the ghost of Amos walks to make that clear to him," I said musingly.

"What's that?" cried the Tartar, pouncing on me with the savage certainty of a fishhawk. "The ghost of Amos?"

"Yes. Tracks of his six toes have been seen recently, I understand."

At this intelligence the countenance of the old lady was hideously transfigured.

"A track!" she gasped feebly. "With six toes? Where?"

"In the sand leading from the tomb."

"Ruel, come here," breathed Mercy Cobb, staring at Craigenside, who came toward us sullenly. Her eyes flared strangely, and the jaws of the albatross clicked against the black beadwork of her dress as the cane twirled idly in her nerveless hands.

"A six-toed track, you say?" Craigenside repeated stupidly.

"Idle talk, no doubt," I answered. "You know Dave Crooker's reputation. This is how legends take their rise."

"This is how devils heat their irons," said Craigenside huskily, and supported the old lady, half fainting, into the house.

VII

SILVER GLADE lay directly across the river from the Craigenside estate. It was an amusement park, owned and operated by a trolley company which ran between the two towns of Dockport and Hanbury.

The Glade was the device of a new management to increase summer travel on the line. Here on pleasant nights hundreds, in the typical mood of the pleasure seeker, thronged to bowl in its warped alleys, sail in its blistered little rowboats, sit in its creaking swings, and eat its execrable shore dinners, while children paddled in the water with red and blue tin pails, and snatched at rings in the mad whirl of the merry-go-round, gripping the necks of varnished tigers and world-worn lions with melancholy eyes.



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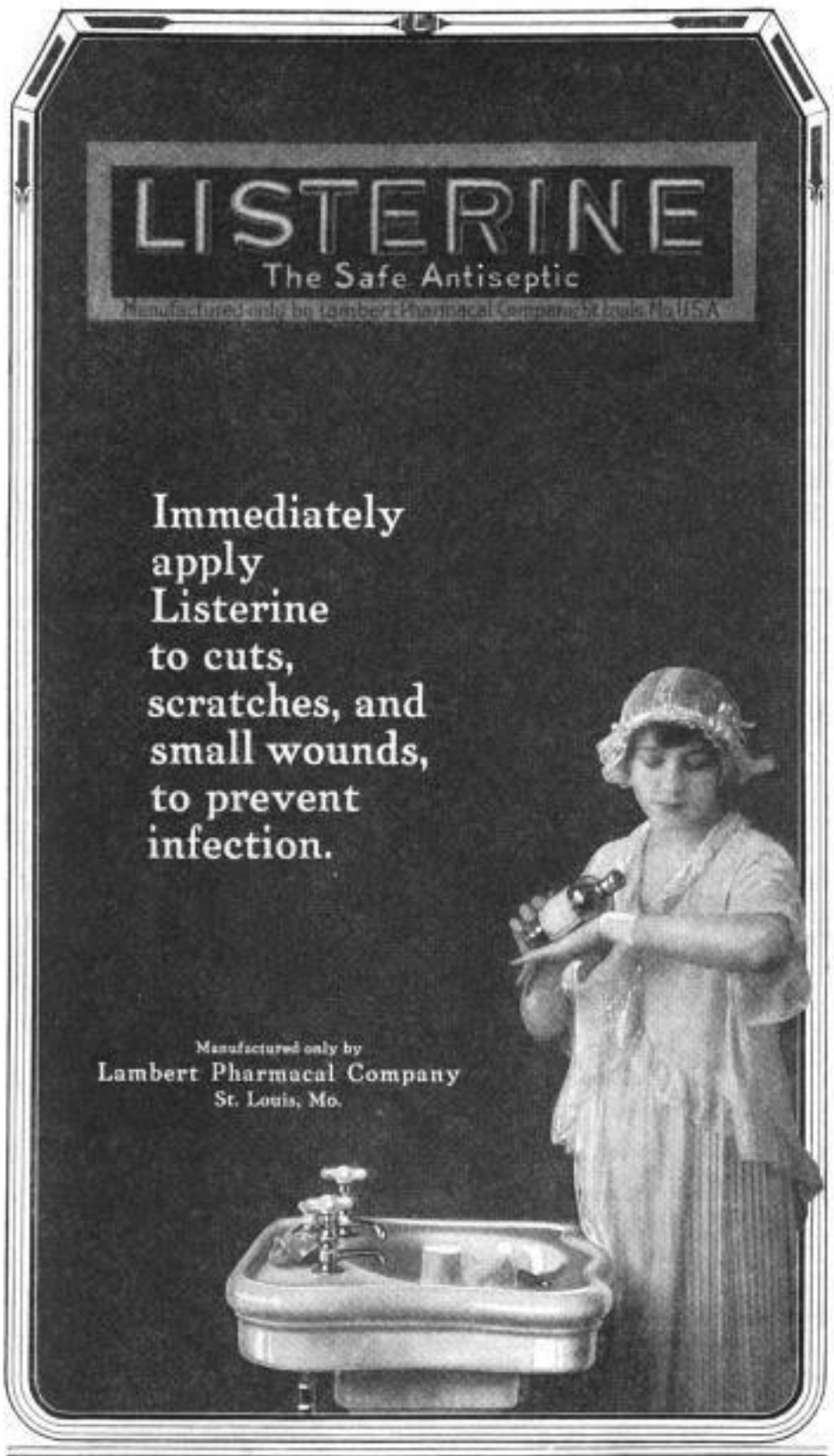
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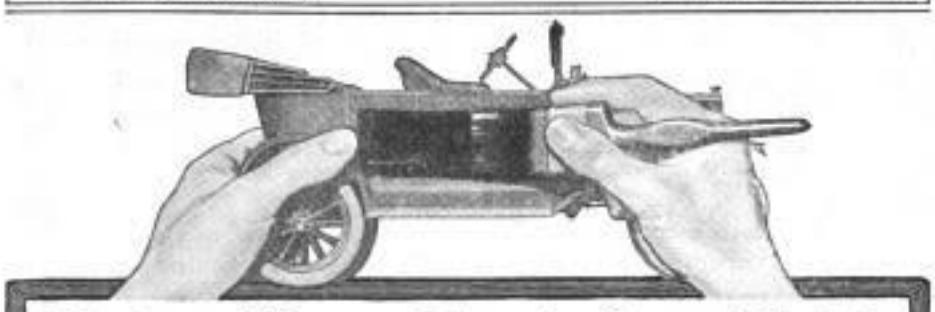
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GLIDDEN AUTO FINISHES

The Glade was made up largely of chafed and shopworn pines. These were situated on a side hill, and this hill on its river side furnished the right slant for the auditorium of an open-air theater. This theater was inclosed by a high board fence, and served as a kind of left ventricle in the general scheme for circulating patrons through the Glade. At the hour of eight o'clock everybody in the Glade began to drift through the gate in the fence, to sit, wrapt or clamorous, until the hour of eleven, when they poured out through side entrances, rosy and rejuvenated, and were reabsorbed by the power of capillary attraction which the minor concessions of the Glade possessed.

There was that week an attenuated musical comedy on the boards, and the members of the company had formed a habit of coming down fantastically wrapped in sheets to go swimming in the early morning hours.

On the night following my strange session with old Mercy, roused by gleeful shouts I came out of my room at the extreme end of the bathhouse and strolled down to the water's edge. My attention was deflected from the bathers by the sudden appearance of Doctor Starr and Sturgis out of the shadow of the canoe shed.

"Mercy Cobb has taken to her bed at last," said the doctor. "A very queer old lady, beguiled and fooled too long. And not long for this world now, I am afraid."

"It is a curious notion of hers that she will go with the tide," I remarked.

"Did ever you know it to fail?" replied the doctor.

He explained in his high tones that the withdrawing tide took on its bosom some of the electricity in the air, so that the vitality even of healthy people was lowest at the ebb; and what wonder then if the sick gave up the ghost!

"The sea has been her life," he went on, "above and beyond all this. I don't know how many years she went as stewardess, all because she had the trick of embalming. I know for a fact that Amos Craigenside had a horror of being thrown to the fishes in those hot oceans."

"It is good, clean burial," said Sturgis slowly.

"Young man," replied the doctor, "the longer you live the clearer you will see that good, clean burial is not enough. Locality comes in. One man will want burial under a tree, and another on a hill. Old Amos wanted to lie beneath those dunes."

He lowered his voice:

"It was said of him that he had sold himself to foreign devils. I've heard it said that he bowed down to an idol near the close of his life. Did ever you hear those women speak of an infernal little god, no bigger than the length of a man's arm?"

"I have seen it myself. It is in the tall clock, Time and Eternity."

Doctor Starr shrugged his shoulders.

"There's stranger things happened in that house than worshiping false gods," he vouchsafed us. He showed his teeth. "Maybe he's paying for it now by being driven out of his tomb. Well, the old Tartar did her best for him in his days of nature. And yet he wasn't grateful, and on his last voyage he had no mind to take her at all, but she rowed out to the ship in spite of him, and wasn't to be denied."

Doctor Starr and Sturgis went on up the hill.

Alone again, I returned my eye to that interesting raft, when an object nearer at hand engaged my attention. The theater stage was built at the river's very edge, to give all the room possible for seating capacity. In consequence the dressing rooms behind the stage overhung the water and were founded on long piles. What I had suddenly seen was my ornithologist sculling out from between two of these piles in one of the smaller boats.

"How the tide runs here!" said Mr. James Smith as soon as he could bring his boat to the bank. "I was swept under there in a twinkling."

"Yes, it must be swift," I said, "to bear its burden of lost souls."

His eye flashed into mine.

"How do you mean?" he said.

"I mean that old ladies have a habit of dying at ebb tide," I replied.

"Ah, you are a cryptic young man," said Mr. James Smith; and immediately, with a movement of his thumb toward the dressing rooms, he added composedly: "This is a curious structure."

I explained the reason for it. He nodded, and with a vague movement toward those shapes of sin indicated on the moonlit raft, he continued:

"So much the easier to gratify a suicidal impulse after a bad performance." I laughed, and Mr. James Smith at once said: "I speak professionally. Photography is my hobby; in daily life I am an exponent of the high art of vaudeville."

"May I ask what is your act?"

"Certainly. It is called Man or Mechanism. However, I will not explain it, because I am very shortly scheduled to transfer it to this circuit, and you will then have a chance to see for yourself."

We began to walk together toward the hotel, and I asked him how he had fared in the matter of black heron. He smiled and said:

"No luck as yet. But I shall get them Patience! Patience!"

"You must know the dunes pretty well by now," I said, struck by a certain thought. "But you have not met with the ghost of Craigenside, I suppose?"

He smiled amiably.

"What form would it take?"

"It leaves a track in the sand—a track with six toes," I returned lightly.

Not one feature of that Oriental mask moved; but I remember to this day the mysterious rush of wind among the black pines, the devil's dance on the raft, and then the sudden pausing of that man as if a hand had been laid upon his shoulder.

"I shall have to keep my eye out for this ghost," he said calmly. "They say photography will detect invisibilities."

He passed into the hotel.

Sturgis and I roomed together in the end of the bathhouse nearest the river. That night when he came in he turned and stared long and hard at the ship in mid-channel. A ship at anchor is a wonderful and portly personage, with mystery scored on her dumb sides and romance in every seam. The Asphodel was doubly mysterious by reason of the situation of her skipper.

"Are you awake, Dal?" asked Sturgis.

"Yes."

"I have just been talking with the watchman of that ship. He tells me a strange thing. Craigenside is ratty in one particular at least—he hears bells."

"Bells?"

"Yes, tingling over his head or under his feet, but, bless you! not heard by anybody else."

"I give him up," I murmured, half asleep. "Or better, refer him to Mr. James Smith."

But in the morning Mr. James Smith was gone.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Spilt Yuletide

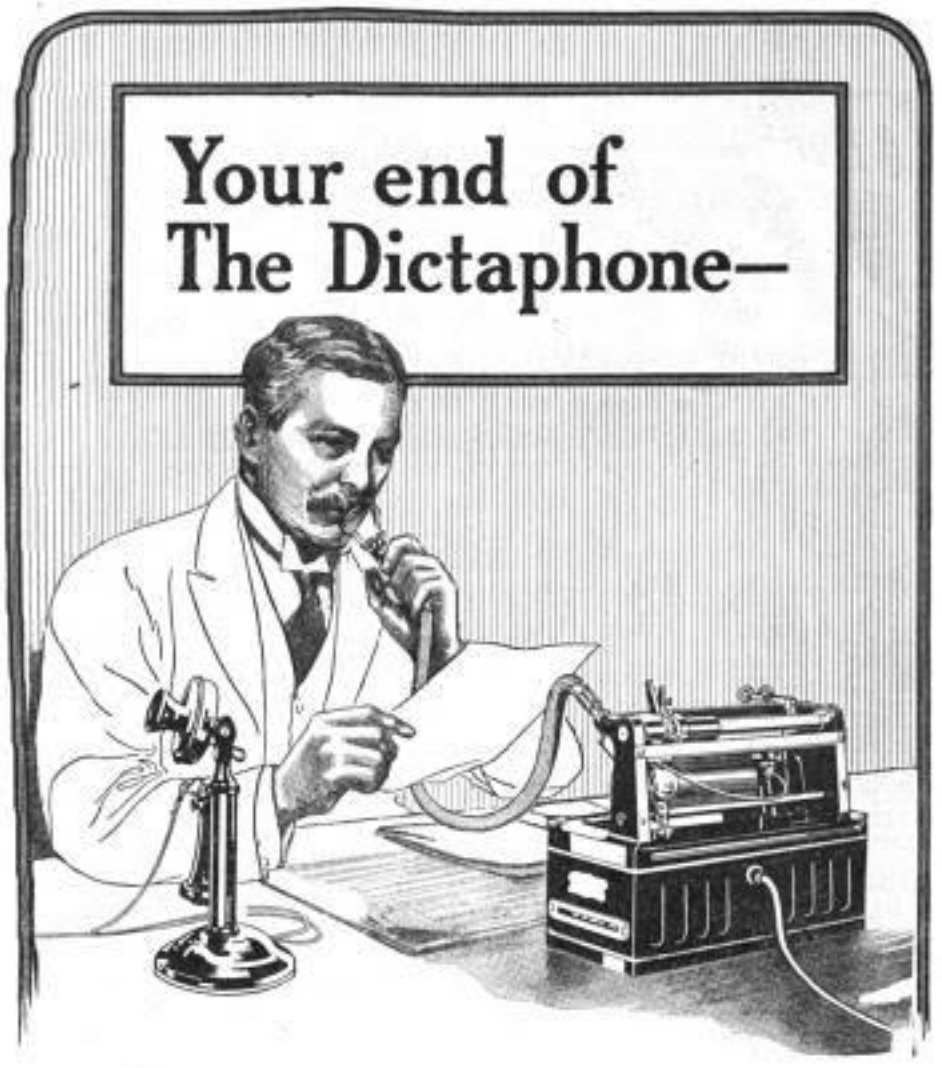
COPELAND TOWNSEND, who owns a hotel in New York, used to live in a small town out in Wisconsin. One of the official characters of the town was an aged negro, chiefly noted for his brevity of speech and his love of alcoholic compounds.

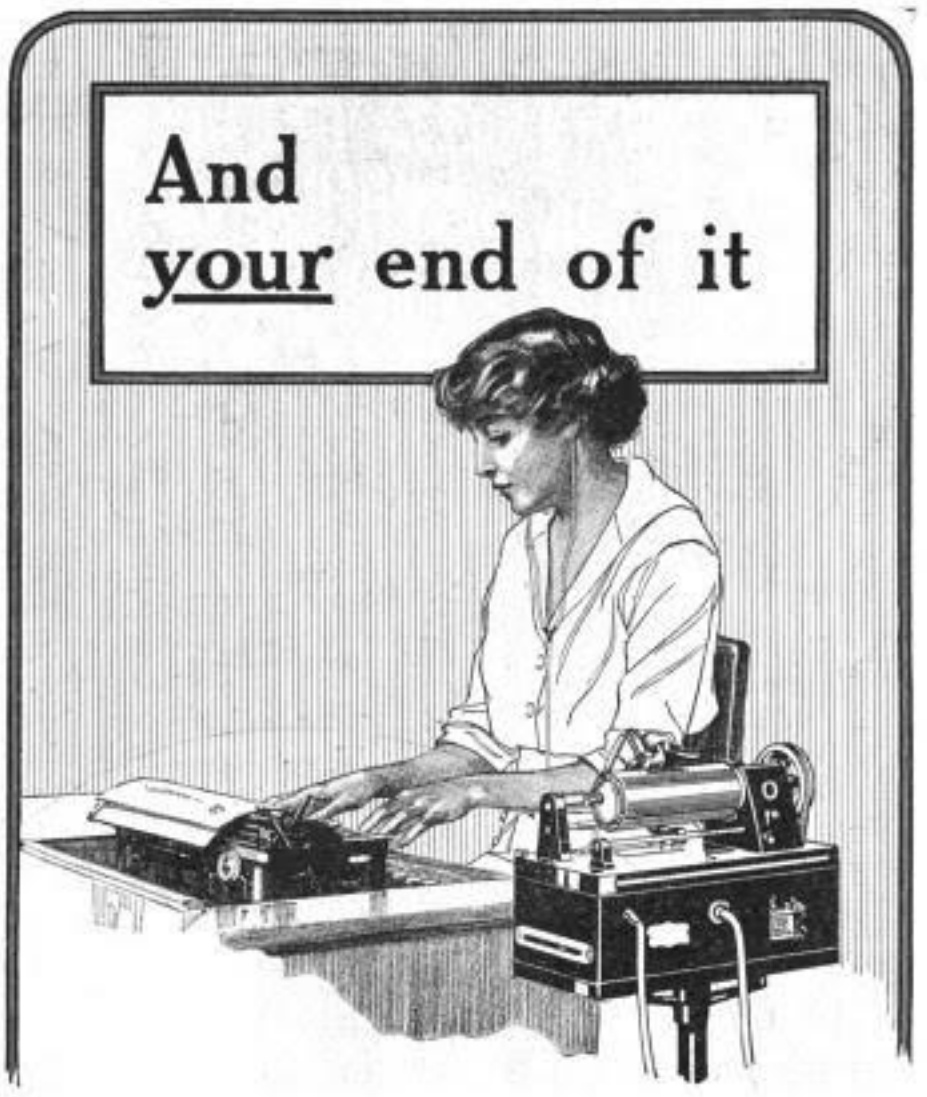
One twenty-fourth of December, at a late hour in the evening, the old darky was carrying home a quart bottle under his arm. He stumbled, and the flask slipped out of the protecting crotch of his elbow and hit the earth, with a crash of splintering glass. The owner contemplated the ruin, meantime sniffing the freed odor of cheap gin.

"Umph!" he said, wagging his head disconsolately. "C'rismus done come and gone already!"



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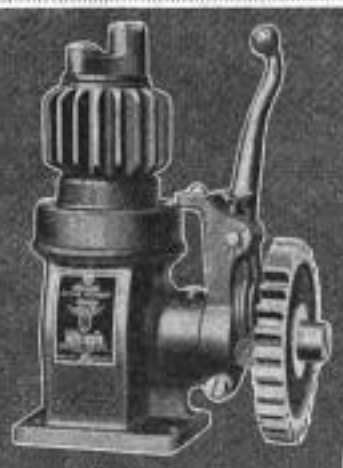
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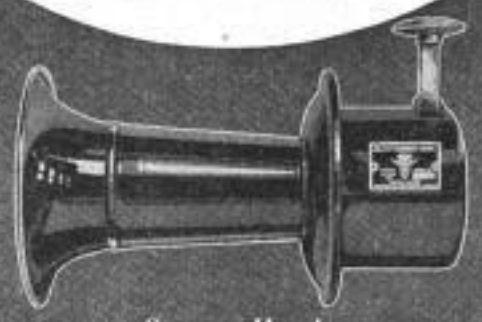


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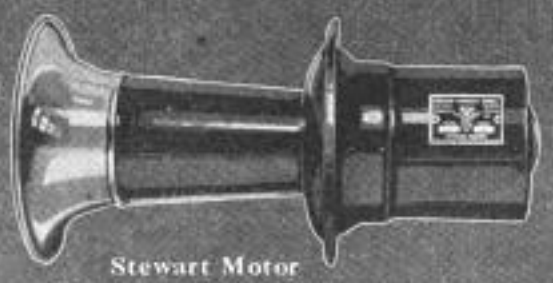




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THE MAIN-CHANCE LADY

(Continued from Page 11)

a much nicer and more cheerful person if I had money—and I am! She did not *tell* me then—in fact, not until after our marriage did she tell me—of the schemes and devices she had employed to gain the *entrée* she then had; but she was very certain that, together, we could not only be happy but become rich.

"I spoke of my lack of money; she replied that it did not matter; and that, to prove her confidence in our joint future, she would liquidate the few thousand dollars which gave her her tiny income and gamble it upon what we should mutually accomplish. Why, Cliff, she told me then and there that she'd have the game going in under two years!

"Well, I said I'd think it over; that I didn't like the idea of her risking everything she had, or the idea of benefiting by her atom of prosperity. At which she laughed and told me that her whole suggestion did not rest on sentiment but on business, in which risks were inherent and sentiment did not count; and that if I went into the arrangement she had proposed it would be the first really businesslike thing I had ever done. And so it went. You know the result. I braved criticism and we were married.

"No need to tell you about the little house we got or the way in which we began. Before we had settled, Madge had cashed in her property and had enough money, so that, with what I had, we were insured a couple of years of fairly good living, including a certain amount of entertaining.

"More important, though, she had her plan. You've probably surmised already that the town of Prothero was her conception. She saw lots of advantages in it—a new prestige for the name Prothero, but, most particularly, wealth. The weakness, however, in the scheme was, after all, I suppose, I. Anyhow, she realized—and so did I—that a suburban development, with me as its head, wasn't going to attract capital swiftly and automatically. It was a matter of forcing it in. And, so long as memory lasts, I shan't forget Madge's skill in accomplishing that.

"Naturally she began by having me secure a list of the big, solid fortunes in Grantsburg. I got it; there were about ten names, and I recall how one evening we sat down together and she pried and prodded at every name. I had calculated—and at the time I was certain that I was right and safe in my figures—that about a quarter of a million dollars was necessary with which to start. Madge said five men for fifty thousand each. She hit upon that sum because she believed it was enough, so that no one, once in, should drop out too readily, and yet wasn't so large as to frighten off any really rich man. Anyhow, we selected five names out of the ten. They were David Colfax, or Mabel, who actually had the money; old Major Stone; Phillip Hoyt; Axtel Wrenn; and this boy, Emmett.

"'Fifty thousand apiece from each of them,' declared Madge; and I remember the little jerk she gave to her head. 'That's my job for the next two years.'

"And it was! All five eventually came in; Madge never missed fire once, and upon the day, about eighteen months later, when I got those men together for the final say-so there wasn't one of them who didn't have some excellent private reason for not wishing to back out. Every one of those reasons had been carefully created in advance. Oh, she did a stunning job!

"Take the Colfaxes: They were easy. A great principle with Madge is always to nurse your assets. Her friendship with Mabel had steadily grown. Not only had Madge not abandoned interest in the boys' club but she had done myriad other things to tighten her relations with the lady who had a good many hundreds of thousands in her own name—Christmas gifts, week-end excursions together, parties for the Colfax children, oceans of flattery—and much more. When David Colfax, acting for his wife, sat in at our little meeting it's certain Mabel had said to him beforehand that she should dread any coolness to come up between her and Madge.

"Axtel Wrenn was a proposition of a different sort. With him there was a tacit but none the less actual bargain. You see, Wrenn had been piling up money in the brokerage business hand over fist, and with his money had come an ambition to be in with the 'swells,' as I have heard he used to term the Hill crowd. No one had ever exactly wanted to know Wrenn, with his clublike mustache and air of brutal commercialism; but he wasn't altogether impossible. Madge perceived in the situation that for which she always searches first—the elements of a trade, of a business deal; she'd have him at her table, introduce him, give him every chance to make his way if he'd stand ready to deliver a *quid pro quo* when she gave the word.

"Of course they didn't throw the thing out in the open between them; but when two clear-visioned, thoroughgoing mercenaries like Axtel Wrenn and Madge look each other in the eye, each knows the other for what the other is, and they could buy and sell a continent merely by discussing an invitation to dinner. Words with such folks are futile; when Wrenn found himself being included among Madge's guests he knew that an hour for payment would inevitably come. And so, she having pronounced upon him the social benediction she had become able to pronounce, he became in due course a backer of the town of Prothero.

"The case of old Major Stone was odd. It was an example of Madge's everlasting genius—the genius I believe all the real getters of the world have—for catching up the unconsidered trifle and turning it to account; for being aware of value and opportunity where others are not. Why, Madge is the sort who, if she had a sore throat, could make money out of it! Anyhow, she saw a possible fifty thousand dollars for the town of Prothero in that miserable son of the major.

"You remember—he was a drug fiend, and though his father continued to support him, he was steadily sinking lower, and was stalking about town, lean and emaciated as a question mark and a veritable outcast, when she took hold of him. The poor weakling adored her because she was the first decent woman in years to treat him as if he were not loathsome.

"Maybe you've heard how she walked him until he staggered, danced with him in our house until he almost dropped, stung his dead pride until he almost wept. That was how she cured him; and a day came when the old major stood in our tiny hall, tears streaming down his cheeks, his hands shaking on Madge's shoulders, as he tried to thank her. Did the major turn down the suburban land scheme? Not much!

"Young Tom Emmett? Well, Madge had long observed that Tom was susceptible—yes, very susceptible. First, it was one lovely lady and then another; and he was always letting his newest enthusiasm run away with him. A weakness, you see—and weakness in one person always spells opportunity for another. Like the minx she is, she bided her time; and then, a month or so before the launching of the idea for the town, she furbished up every instrument of lure she had.

"Oh, yes, she told me; I didn't care—I knew Madge. Anyhow, Tom Emmett was dwelling upon the heights of madness when he joined the final session of the backers. He still is; Madge says you never can tell what's going to turn up.

"Now that leaves the Hoyts; and the reason Hoyt, for all his canniness, did not fail us was because Madge is thrifty with everything she has. For example, she had made Mabel Colfax her own personal intimate; she and Mabel did the woman things together; it was a friendship between two women. But there was another kind of friendship that could be employed—the kind that married folks have between them as married folks—family friendships; and Madge made our relations with the Hoyts distinctly that.

"We and the Hoyts were constantly doing things as married pairs, while Madge and Mabel were constantly doing things as two friends. To Madge it would have been pure waste to have made the Colfaxes our family friends; and, because she had manipulated the Hoyts and not the Colfaxes into that particular relation, Hoyt, when the check-signing moment came, would have found it awkward and embarrassing to stay his hand.

"Anyhow, that's the story; and those five men, with five big fat fortunes behind them, all found themselves in positions where each one felt he couldn't exactly throw the Protheros down. Of course you must remember that the scheme was really

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a good scheme; it was a matter of stretching a point for me or for Madge, as you choose to look at it. But creating and finding reasons why others should stretch points for you is about half the art of making bricks when you haven't got straw.

"Ah, well—now let me see. They gave me a substantial salary and we moved into a larger house. We were very comfortably fixed now, and for a little while Madge hadn't very much on her mind. Nevertheless, she kept up her interests and her friendships, and in scores of ways cultivated what she's always termed her assets. She had become a good deal of a personage by now and enjoyed being one. She never paid attention to the work out at Prothero, where we had broken ground and had begun laying out streets and sewerage systems, and so on, except to ask how it was moving. It was not till nearly two years more had gone by that she got into action again.

"I hardly know how to begin telling you the end of this yarn. Very likely you remember some of the circumstances—how the town of Prothero was very nearly on the verge of smash when, as luck would have it, we happened to be entertaining the governor of the state, Ernest Holt, and his wife, at a dinner at which the other guests were, naturally enough, the most prosperous men in town, and also the backers of the town of Prothero.

"The eyes of the state, you may recall, were more or less upon the Hill at that particular time. It has often been said that, for me, it was a happy coincidence that the governor should have come to us just when he did, because his visit made it well-nigh impossible for my friends to let me down just then. They were almost as much in the limelight as Madge and myself; and, had there been an ugly smash, they would have been bespattered by the awkward situation almost as much as we should have been. That was another case of Prothero luck.

"Now I'll tell you about it. It was way back at the end of the preceding summer. Everything had been costing more than I had figured it would, and the original money was not going so far as I had calculated. Finally, when it came to constructing a big retaining wall at the far side of the town, I cut down expenses as much as I dared. The wall wasn't what it should have been; there was a chance—a remote one, to be sure, but a chance—that it wasn't stout enough.

"Neither the engineer nor I was precisely worried, but we were not altogether satisfied. However, we knew that if it held through the freshets of the next spring all would be well. If it did not hold, and it was necessary to build a new wall, either more capital would have to come into the enterprise or there would never be any town of Prothero, and the Prothero Development Company would become a busted concern.

"The matter was enough on my mind for me to mention it casually to Madge. At my first words she was on the alert. I tried to assure and reassure her that there was no real cause for concern. She kept pinning me down and finally I admitted there was, say, one chance in a hundred that a catastrophe might occur. That was enough for Madge, and within a week she was on the move. But what possible connection her new activities could have to my retaining wall was far beyond me.

"That was the year for the election of the governor of the state and Madge had gone to the headquarters of Ernest Holt and enrolled herself as a worker. For two months she beat up and down the state trying to align the suffrage vote for her candidate. You remember about that and the speeches she made—good speeches they were too. The Hill roared. Everyone said it was just like Madge—always up to something. I was puzzled; but not a peep could I get out of Madge. She'd only smile at me, or pat me on the head and tell me not to forget the spring freshets. Finally the election came and, as you know, Holt won. As soon as we knew the result Madge said to me:

"'I don't know that I care whether the wall holds or not. Perhaps I'd rather it wouldn't.'

"'Rather it wouldn't!' I cried.

"'Exactly! If the wall breaks and those backers put up more to rebuild it they'll be in so deep that afterward none of them will dare quit. They would then be in a position in which, whether they chose to or not, they'd have to see the scheme through—have to get their money; and in doing that —— Well, we'd be rich!'

"I realized that what Madge said was true, but I asked her how she expected to force the backers to go on.

"She wouldn't tell me. All she did was laugh and say that she had made a new asset against an evil day in her friendship with the governor and his wife. And now let me tell you how she used it:

"Early in March she began going over pretty regularly to the town site. There she would get after the engineers and me to see what the prospects were for the big testing out of our retaining wall. It began to look as if the heavy water flow would come along between the middle and end of the month. Madge was off. Without an explanation she boarded a train and went up to see Mrs. Ernest Holt at the state capital. When she returned she very calmly and smilingly told me that the Holts were to dine with us at a large dinner upon the night of April the first.

"Well, I imagine this brings the story nearly up to date. As, of course, you know, the retaining wall gave way on March eighteenth; on March twenty-ninth, after having whiffled round for several days, the gentlemen composing the directorate and financial backing of the enterprise gave out word that the damage done by the freshets at the suburban development would be promptly repaired, and that much additional capital would be put into the enterprise in order to insure its ultimate success. On April first Madge gave her dinner. Isn't that clear? Don't you see? More Prothero luck!

"Oh, Cliff, the woman's a marvel! In one set of circumstances she'll gamble every last cent she has; in another she'll slave herself to the bone to guard against the smallest contingency. She's superventuresome and she's supercautious—all true materialists are like that. And that's Madge!"

Tony had finished; it was dawn, and I was staring wide-eyed at a funny faintly disheveled little man who, with a red-flushed bald spot, stood above me. A hundred questions were on my lips.

For example, I wanted to ask—but never mind. That very injunction came to me upon the moment: Never mind! Madge was Madge and Tony was a little drunk; and, any way you considered his narrative, an amazing, a grotesque portrait had been etched for me. Why not let it go at that?

I was willing to, but there was one point which, in the perverse hour of sunrise, I could not resist. I had spoken of luck and Tony had snatched me up. But surely, when it came to the matter of getting things, it was luck to have been born with such bloodlessness, such cool calculation, such utter materialism. I said as much.

"Huh!" jeered Tony. "She wasn't born that way—not by a good deal! Something else did that—changed her."

"That—er—first marriage?" I asked guardedly.

Tony only nodded.

We did not move immediately. The thing began to creep over my comprehension—the horrible tragedy of what her life with Moulton must have been. I recalled the mystery she had made of it. I remembered that upon an occasion I had veered near the topic with her.

"Now, Cliff," she had said, "we will not go into that, if you please."

And it had been one of the few moments when I had ever seen her stern. I had concluded then that the Moulton affair was too painful for discussion; and I may add that once or twice I thought I had detected, beneath her light, gay exterior, a subsurface—not precisely of bitterness, but rather of a kind of hardness, which life with a beast of a man might produce. I yawned and got to my feet.

"What was he?" I asked. "A dope fiend or a drunkard—or a crook?"

"Who?" demanded Tony sharply. "Moulton?"

"Yes; what did he do to freeze Madge up so?"

Tony glanced at me in the oddest manner; and then very quietly he said:

"He died."

"Died?"

"Why, certainly!" my cousin almost shouted. "You idiot! Don't you see? She was mad about him—mad. Gave him all the love and warmth and affection she ever had and ever could have had. For nine years they lived clean above the world and filth and money. She gave him her youth and gave him her soul, and they were in Paradise together. Then he died—that's what he did; and her soul died. And Paradise was empty—and she came down. More of Madge's luck? Cliff, you're a fool! Come to bed."

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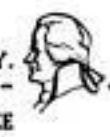
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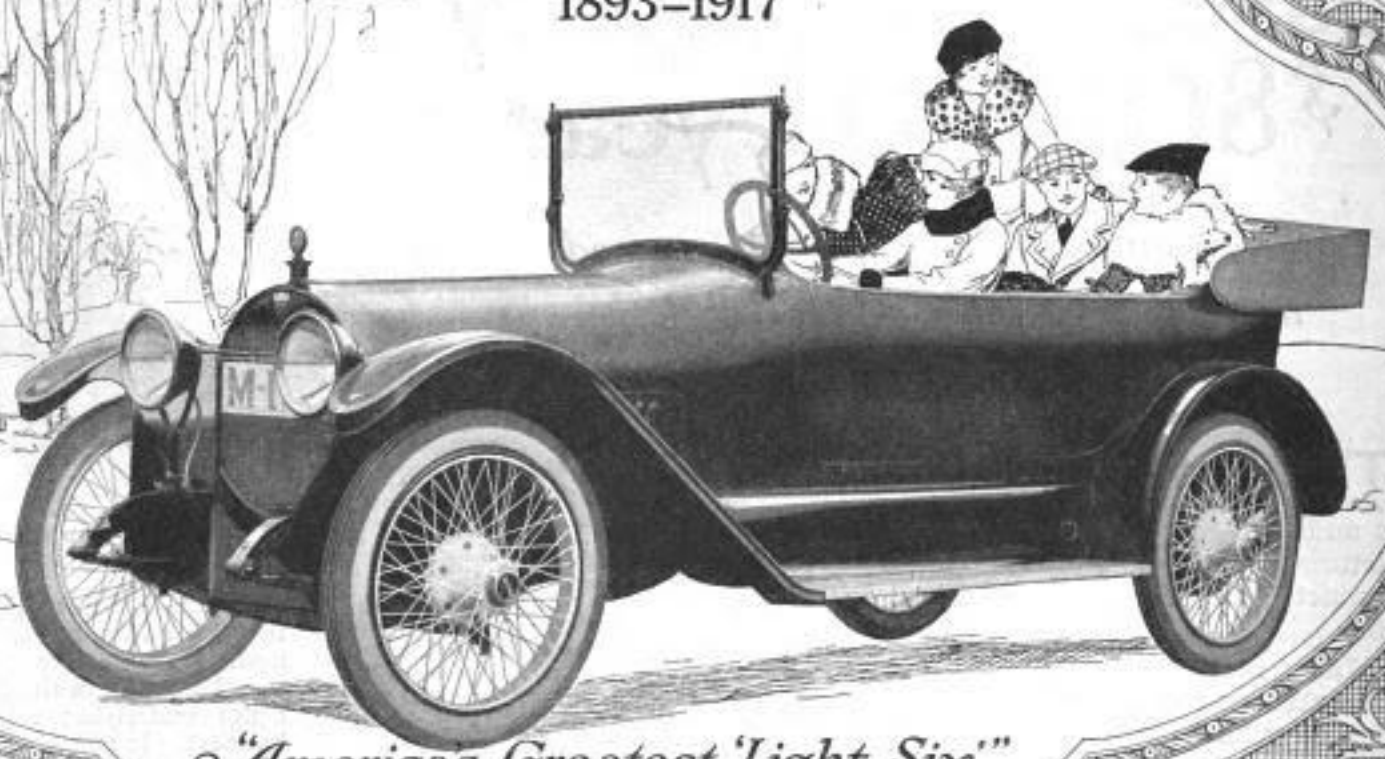
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Few drinks have more character—few are more dainty—and few are better for you.

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Also please state your greatest single use of lemons.

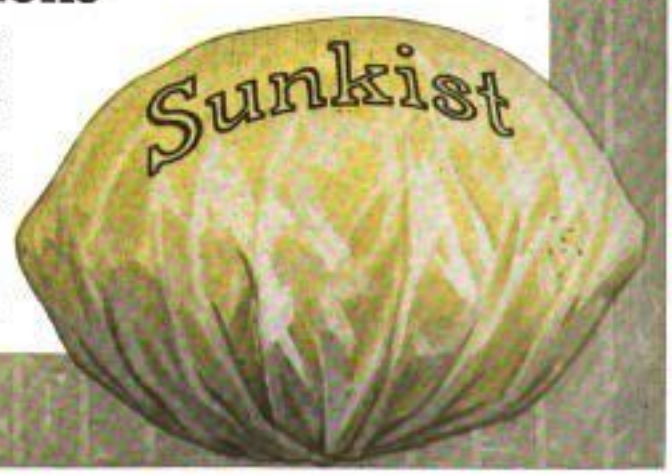
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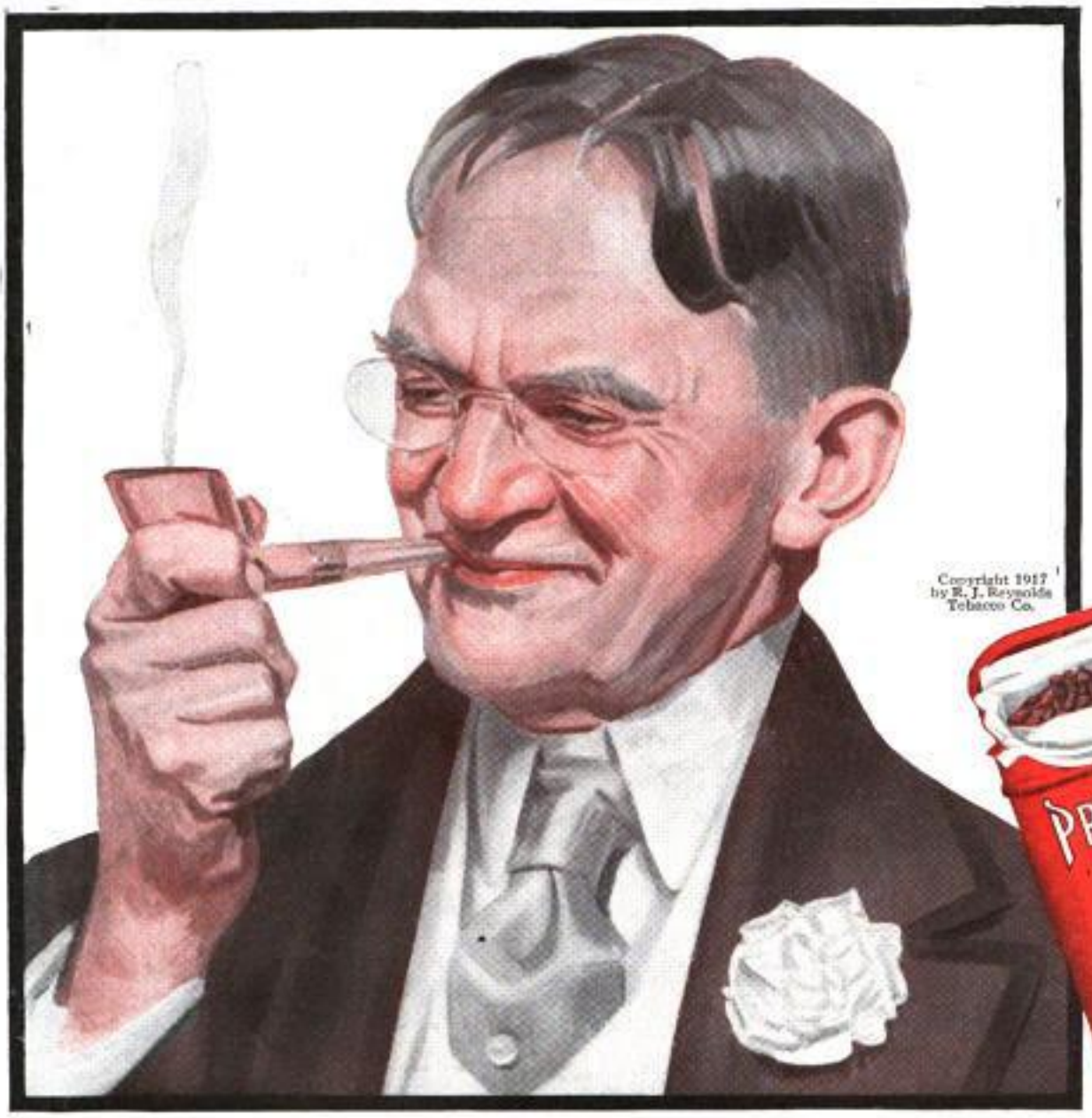
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Make P. A. in the tidy-red-tin your pocket-pal!

PLAY this Prince Albert smoke-tip like a thoroughbred—and, it's tobacco-joy-for-yours on a silver platter! Can't any more stop you having the smoke-sessions of your life with P. A. than you can put thirty days in February!

No matter how long you've been on the trail of tobacco-that-hits-the-spot, *you quit now* while the year's young! For with Prince Albert for a smoke-pal you've landed right, at last! You've hit ore! You've uncorked a mine of quality-smokings that'll keep you pleasure-puf-f-f-f-ing as long as the flowers bloom in springtime!

Your taste will flash a speed-o. k. that Prince Albert's flavor beats all-hollow your pet dream of tobacco joy! *Your tongue* will signal "go-ahead-to-beat-the-band" because P. A. won't bite it any more than a wax doll! Bite and parch are *cut out of Prince Albert* by our exclusive patented process!

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A *Westclox* Alarm



There's Success in His Wake

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To get your salary up, a year of Big Ben get-ups is better than a *pull* with the Boss. You'll like Big Ben face to face. He's seven inches tall, spunky, neighborly—downright good all through. He rings two ways—ten half-minute calls or steadily for five minutes.

Big Ben is six times factory tested. At your jeweler's, $2.50 in the United States, $3.50 in Canada. Sent prepaid on receipt of price if your jeweler doesn't stock him.

Westclox folk build more than three million alarms a year—and build them well. All wheels are assembled by a special process—patented, of course. Result—accuracy, less friction, long life.

La Salle, Ill., U. S. A. **Western Clock Co.** Makers of *Westclox*

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Style Book *by* Hart Schaffner & Marx



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The Style Book helps a lot in buying clothes right and looking well in them. Varsity Fifty Five suits; sport, business, college styles. Send name and address for a copy. Find the merchant who sells our clothes — the above picture is in his window.

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HER DAIRY

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

Being the Daily Journal of the Sub-Deb



I Still Think I Would Not Have Been Recognized by the Familey Had I Not, in a Very Quiet Jeen, Commenced to Sneaze

JANUARY 1ST. I have today recieved this dairy from home, haveing come back a few days early to make up a French Condition.

Weather, clear and cold.

New Year's dinner. Roast chicken (Turkey being very expencive) mashed Turnips, sweet Potatos and minse Pie.

It is my intention to record in this book the details of my Daily Life, my thoughts which are to sacred for uterence, and my ambitions. Because who is there to whom I can speak them? I am surounded by those who exist for the mere Pleasures of the day, or whose lives are bound up in Resitations.

For instance, at dinner today, being mostly faculty and a few girls who live in the Far West, the conversation was entirely on buying a talking machine for dancing because the music teacher has the meazles and is quarentined in the infirmery. And on Miss Everett's couzin, who has writen a play.

When one looks at Miss Everett, one recognises that no couzin of hers could write a play.

New Year's resolution—to help some one every day. Today helped Mademoiselle to put on her rubers.

JANUARY 2ND. Today I wrote my French theme, beginning, "Les hommes songent moins à leur *Ame qá* à leur *corps*. Mademoiselle sent for me and objected, saying that it was not a theme for a young girl, and that I must write a new one, on the subject of pears. How is one to develope in this atmosphere?

Some of the girls are comeing back. They straggle in, and put the favers they got at cotilions on the dresser, and their holaday gifts, and each one relates some amorus experience while at home. Dear dairy, is there somthing wrong with me, that Love has passed me by? I have had offers of Devotion but none that apealed to me, being mostly either to young or not atracting me by physicle charm. I am not cold, although frequently acused of it. Beneath my fridgid Exterior beats a warm heart. I intend to be honest in this dairy, and so I admit it. But, except for passing Fansies—one being, alas, for a married man—I remain without the Divine Passion.

What must it be to thrill at the aproach of the loved Form? To harken to each ring of the telefone bell, in the hope that, if it is not the Idolised Voice, it is at least a message from it? To waken in the morning and, looking around the familiar room, to muze: "Today I may see him—on the way to the Post Office, or rushing past in his racing car." And to know that at the same moment *he* to is muzing: "Today I may see her, as she exercises herself at basket ball, or mounts her horse for a daily canter!"

Although I have no horse. The school does not care for them, considering walking the best exercise.

Have flunked the French again, Mademoiselle not feeling well, and marking off for the smallest Thing.

Today's helpfull Deed—asisted one of the younger girls with her spelling.

JANUARY 4TH. Miss Everett's couzin's play is comeing here. The school is to have free tickets, as they are "trying it on the dog." Which means seeing if it is good enough for the large cities.

We have desided, if Everett marks us well in English from now on, to aplaud it, but if she is unpleasent, to sit still and show no interest.

JANUARY 5TH, 6TH, 7TH, 8TH. Bad weather, which is depressing to one of my Temperment. Also boil on noze.

A few helpfull Deeds — nothing worth putting down.

JANUARY 9TH. Boil cut.

Again I can face my imige in my mirror, and not shrink.

Mademoiselle is sick and no French. *Miséricorde!*

Helpfull Deed—sent Mademoiselle some fudge, but this school does not encourage kindness. Reprimanded for cooking in room. School sypmathises with me. We will go to Miss Everett's couzin's play, but we will dam it with faint praise.

JANUARY 10TH. I have written this Date, and now I sit back and regard it. As it is impressed on this white paper, so, dear dairy, is it written on my Soul. To others it may be but the tenth of January. To me it is the day of days. Oh, tenth of January! Oh, Monday! Oh, day of my awakning!

It is now late at night, and around me my schoolmates are sleeping the sleep of the young and Heart free. Lights being off, I am writing by the faint luminocity of a candel. Propped up in bed, my mackinaw coat over my *robe de nuit* for warmth, I sit and dream. And as I dream I still hear in my ears his final words: "My darling. My woman!"

How wonderfull to have them said to one Night after Night, the while being in his embrase, his tender arms around one! I refer to the heroine in the play, to whom he says the above raptureous words.

Comeing home from the theater tonight, still dazed with the revalation of what I am capable of, once arouzed, I asked Miss Everett if her couzin had said anything about Mr. Egleston being in love with the Leading Character. She observed:

"No. But he may be. She is very pretty."

"Posibly," I remarked. "But I should like to see her in the morning, when she gets up."

All the girls were perfe tly mad about Mr. Egleston, although pretending merly to admire his Art. But I am being honest, as I agreed at the start, and now I know, as I sit here with the soft, although chilly breezes of the night blowing on my hot brow, now I know that this thing that has come to me is Love. Morover, it is the Love of my Life. He will never know it, but I am his. He is exactly my ideal, strong and tall and passionate. And clever, to. He said some awfuly clever things.

I beleive that he saw me. He looked in my direction. But what does it matter? I am small, insignifacent. He probably thinks me a mere child, although seventeen.

What matters, oh Dairy, is that I am at last in love. It is hopeless. Just now, when I had written that word, I buried my face in my hands. There is no hope. None. I shall never see him again. He passed out of my life on the 11:45 train. But I love him. *Mon Dieu*, how I love him!

JANUARY 11TH. We are going home. *We are going home.* WE ARE GOING HOME. WE ARE GOING HOME!

Mademoiselle has the meazles.

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JANUARY 13TH. The Familey managed to restrain its ecstacy on seeing me today. The house is full of people, as they are haveing a Dinner-Dance tonight. Sis had moved into my room, to let one of the visitors have hers, and she acted in a very unfilial manner when she came home and found me in it.

"Well!" she said. "Expelled at last?"

"Not at all," I replied loftyly. "I am here through no fault of my own. And I'd thank you to have Hannah take your clothes off my bed."

She gave me a biter glanse.

"I never knew it to fail!" she said. "Just as everything is fixed, and we're recovering from you're being here for the Holadays, you come back and stir up a lot of trouble. What brought you, anyhow?"

"Measles."

She snached up her ball gown.

"Very well," she said. "I'll see that you're quarentined, Miss Barbara, all right. And if you think you're going to slip downstairs tonight after dinner and *worm* yourself into this party, I'll show you."

She flounsed out, and shortly afterwards mother took a minute from the Florest, and came upstairs.

"I do hope you are not going to be troublesome, Barbara," she said. "You are too young to understand, but I want everything to go well tonight, and Leila ought not to be worried."

"Can't I dance a little?"

"You can sit on the stairs and watch." She looked fidgity. "I—I'll send up a nice dinner, and you can put on your dark blue, with a fresh collar, and—it ought to satisfy you, Barbara, that you are at home and posibly have brought the measles with you, without making a lot of fuss. When you come out ——"

"Oh, very well," I murmured, in a resined tone. "I don't care enough about it to want to dance with a lot of Souses anyhow."

"Barbara!" said mother.

"I supose you have some one on the String for her," I said, with the *abandon* of my thwarted Hopes. "Well, I hope she gets him. Because if not I darsay I shall be kept in the Cradel for years to come."

"You will come out when you reach a proper Age," she said, "if your Impertanence does not kill me off before my Time."

Dear Dairy, I am fond of my mother, and I felt repentent and stricken.

So I became more agreable, although feeling all the time that she does not and never will understand my Temperment. I said:

"I don't care about Society, and you know it, mother. If you'll keep Leila out of this room, which isn't much but is my Castel while here, I'll probably go to bed early."

"Barbara, sometimes I think you have no afection for your Sister."

I had agreed to honesty January first, so I replied.

"I have, of course, mother. But I am fonder of her while at school than at home. And I should be a better Sister if not condemed to her old things, includeing hats, which do not suit my Tipe."

Mother moved over magestically to the door and shut it. Then she came and stood over me.

"I've come to the conclusion, Barbara," she said, "to apeal to your better nature. Do you wish Leila to be married and happy?"

"I've just said, mother ——"

"Because a very interesting thing is happening," said mother, trying to look playfull. I—a chance any girl would jump at."

So here I sit, Dear Dairy, while there are sounds of revelery below, and Sis jumps at her chance, which is the Honorable Page Beresford, who is an Englishman visiting here because he has a weak heart and can't fight. And father is away on business, and I am all alone.

I have been looking for a rash, but no luck.

Ah me, how the strains of the orkestra recall that magic night in the theater when Adrian Egleston looked down into my eyes and although ostensably to an actress, said to my beating heart: "My darling! My woman!"

3 A. M. I wonder if I can controle my hands to write.

In mother's room across the hall I can hear furious Voices, and I know that Leila is begging to have me sent to Switzerland. Let her beg. Switzerland is not far from England, and in England ——

Here I pause to reflect a moment. How is this thing posible? Can I love two members of the Other Sex? And if such is the Case, how can I go on with my Life? Better far to end it now, than to perchance marry one, and find the other still in my heart. The terrable thought has come to me that I am fickel.

Fickel or polygamus—which?

Dear Dairy, I have not been a good girl. My New Year's Resolutions have gone to airey nothing.

The way they went was this: I had settled down to a quiet evening, spent with his beloved picture which I had clipped from a newspaper. (Adrian's. I had not as yet met the other.) And, as I sat in my chamber, I grew more and more desolate. I love Life, although pessamistic at times. And it seemed hard that I should be there, in exile, while my Sister only twenty months older, was jumping at her chance below.

At last I decided to try on one of Sis's frocks and see how I looked in it. I thought, if it looked all right, I might hang over the stairs and see what I then scornfully termed "His nibs." Never again shall I so call him.

I got an evening gown from Sis's closet, and it fitted me quite well, although tight at the waste for me, owing to basket ball. It was also to low, so that when I had got it all hooked about four inches of my *lingerie* showed. As it had been hard as anything to hook, I was obliged to take the scizzers and cut off the said *lingerie*. The result was good, although very *decollte*. I have no bones in my neck.

And now came my moment of temptation. How easy to put my hair up on my head, and then, by the servant's staircase, make my way to the seen below!

I, however, considered that I looked pale, although Mature. I looked at least nineteen. So I went into Sis's room, which was full of evening wraps but emty, and put on a touch of rouge. With that and my eyebrows blackend, I would not have known myself, had I not been certain it was I and no other.

I then made my way down the Back Stairs.

Ah me, Dear Dairy, was that but a few hours ago? Is it but a short time since Mr. Beresford was sitting at my feet, thinking me a *debutante*, and stareing soulfuly into my very heart? Is it but a matter of minutes since Leila found us there, and in a maner which reveled the true feeling she has for me, ordered me to go upstairs and take off Maidie Mackenzie's gown.

(Yes, it was not Leila's after all. I had forgotten that Maidie had taken her room. And except for pulling it somewhat at the waste, I am sure I did not ingure the old thing.)

I shall now go to bed and dream. Of which one I know not. My heart is full. Romance has come at last into my dull and dreery life. Below, the revelers have gone. The flowers hang their herbacious heads. The music has flowed away into the river of the past. I am alone with my Heart.

JANUARY 14TH. How complacated my Life grows, Dear Dairy! How full and yet how incompleat! How everything begins and nothing ends!

He is in town.

I discovered it at breakfast. I knew I was in for it, and I got down early, counting on mother breakfasting in bed. I would have felt better if father had been at home, because he understands somwhat the way they keep me down. But he was away about an order for shells, and I was to bear my chiding alone. I had eaten my fruit and serial, and was about to begin on sausage, when mother came in, haveing risen early from her slumbers to take the decorations to the hospitle.

"So here you are, wreched child!" she said, giving me one of her coldest looks. "Barbara, I wonder if you ever think whither you are tending."

I ate a sausage.

What, Dear Dairy, was there to say?

"To disobey!" she went on. "To force yourself on the atention of Mr. Beresford, in a borowed dress, with your eyelashes blackend and your face painted ——"

"I should think, mother," I observed, "that if he wants to marry into this family, and is not merly being draged into it, that he ought to see the worst at the start." She glared, without speaking. "You know," I continued, "it would be a dreadfull thing to have the Ceramony performed and everything to late to back out, and then have *me* sprung on him. It wouldn't be honest, would it?"

"Barbara!" she said in a terrable tone. "First disobedience, and now sarcasm. If your father was only here! I feel so alone and helpless."

Her tone cut me to the heart. After all she was my own mother, or at least maintained so, in spite of numerous questions enjendered by our lack of resemblence, moral as well as physicle. But I did not offer to embrase her, as she was at that moment poring out her tea. I hid my misery behind the morning paper, and there I beheld the fated vision. Had I felt any doubt as to the state of my afections it was settled then. My heart leaped in my bosom. My face sufused. My hands trembled so that a piece of sausage sliped from my fork. *His picture looked out at me with that well remembered gase from the depths of the morning paper.*

Oh, Adrian, Adrian!

Here in the same city as I, looking out over perchance the same newspaper to perchance the same sun, wondering—ah, what he was wondering?

I was not even then, in that first Rapture, foolish about him. I knew that to him I was probably but a tender memory. I knew, to, that he was but human and probably very concieted. On the other hand, I pride myself on being a good judge of character, and he carried nobilaty in every linament. Even the obliteration of one eye by the printer could only hamper but not destroy his dear face.

"Barbara," mother said sharply. "I am speaking. Are you being sulkey?"

"Pardon me, mother," I said in my gentlest tones. "I was but dreaming." And as she made no reply, but rang the bell visciously, I went on, pursuing my line of thought. "Mother, were you ever in Love?"

"Love! What sort of Love?"

I sat up and stared at her.

"Is there more than one sort?" I demanded.

"There is a very silly, schoolgirl Love," she said, eyeing me, "that people outgrow and blush to look back on."

"Do you?"

"Do I what?"

"Do you blush to look back on it?"

Mother rose and made a sweaping gesture with her right arm.

"I wash my hands of you!" she said. "You are impertanent and indelicate. At your age I was an inocent child, not troubleing with things that did not concern me. As for Love, I had never heard of it until I came out."

"Life must have burst on you like an explosion," I observed. "I suppose you thought that babies ——"

"Silense!" mother shreiked. And seeing that she persisted in ignoreing the real things of Life while in my presense, I went out, cluching the precious paper to my Heart.



"Oh, I Don't Know," He Said. "It's Pretty Convenient to Have a Familey to Drop on When the Slump Comes"

JANUARY 15TH. I am alone in my boudoir (which is realy the old schoolroom, and used now for a sowing room).

My very soul is sick, oh Dairy. How can I face the truth? How write it out for my eyes to see? But I must. For *something must be done.* The play is failing.

The way I discovered it was this. Yesterday, being short of money, I sold my amethyst pin to Jane, one of the housemaids, for two dollars, throwing in a lace coller when she seemed doubtful, as I had a special purpose for useing funds. Had father been at home I could have touched him, but mother is diferent.

I then went out to buy a frame for his picture, which I had repaired by drawing in the other eye, although lacking the Fire and passionate look of the originle. At the shop I was compeled to show it, to buy a frame to fit. The clerk was almost overpowered.

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"Do you know him?" she asked, in a low and throbing tone.

"Not intimitely," I replied.

"Don't you love the play?" she said. "I'm crazy about *it*. *I've* been back three times. Parts of it I know off by heart. He's very handsome. That picture don't do him justise."

I gave her a searching glanse. Was it posible that, without any acquaintance with him whatever, she had fallen *in* love with him? It was indeed. She showed it in every line of her silly face.

I drew myself up hautily. "I should think it would be very expencive, going so often," I said, in a cool tone.

"Not so very. You see, the play is a failure, and they give us girls tickets to dress the house. Fill it up, you know. Half the girls in the store are crazy about Mr. Egleston."

My world shuddered about me. What—fail! That beautiful play, ending "My darling, my woman?" It could not be. Fate would not be cruel. Was there no apreciation of the best in Art? Was it indeed true, as Miss Everett has complained, although not in these exact words, that the theater was only supported now by chorus girl's legs, dancing about in uter *abandon*.

With an expression of despair on my features, I left the store, carrying the Frame under my arm.

One thing is certain. I must see the play again, and judge it with a criticle eye. *If it is worth saveing, it must be saved.*

JANUARY 16TH. Is it only a day since I saw you, Dear Dairy? Can so much have happened in the single lapse of a few hours? I look in my mirror, and I look much as before, only with perhaps a touch of paller. Who would not be pale?

I have seen *him* again, and there is no longer any doubt in my heart. Page Beresford is atractive, and if it were not for circumstances as they are I would not anser for the consequences. But things *are* as they are. There is no changeing that. And I have read my own heart.

I am not fickel. On the contrary, I am true as steal.

I have put his Picture under my mattress, and have given Jane my gold cuff pins to say nothing when she makes my bed. And now, with the house full of People downstairs acting in a flipent and noisy maner, I shall record how it all happened.

My finantial condition was not improved this morning, father haveing not returned. But I knew that I must see the play, as mentioned above, even if it became necesary to borow from Hannah. At last, seeing no other way, I tried this, but failed.

"What for?" she said, in a suspisious way.

"I need it terrably, Hannah," I said.

"You'd ought to get it from your mother, then, Miss Barbara. The last time I gave you some you paid it back in postage stamps, and I haven't written a letter since. They're all stuck together now, and a totle loss."

"Very well," I said, fridgidly. "But the next time you break anything ——"

"How much do you want?" she asked.

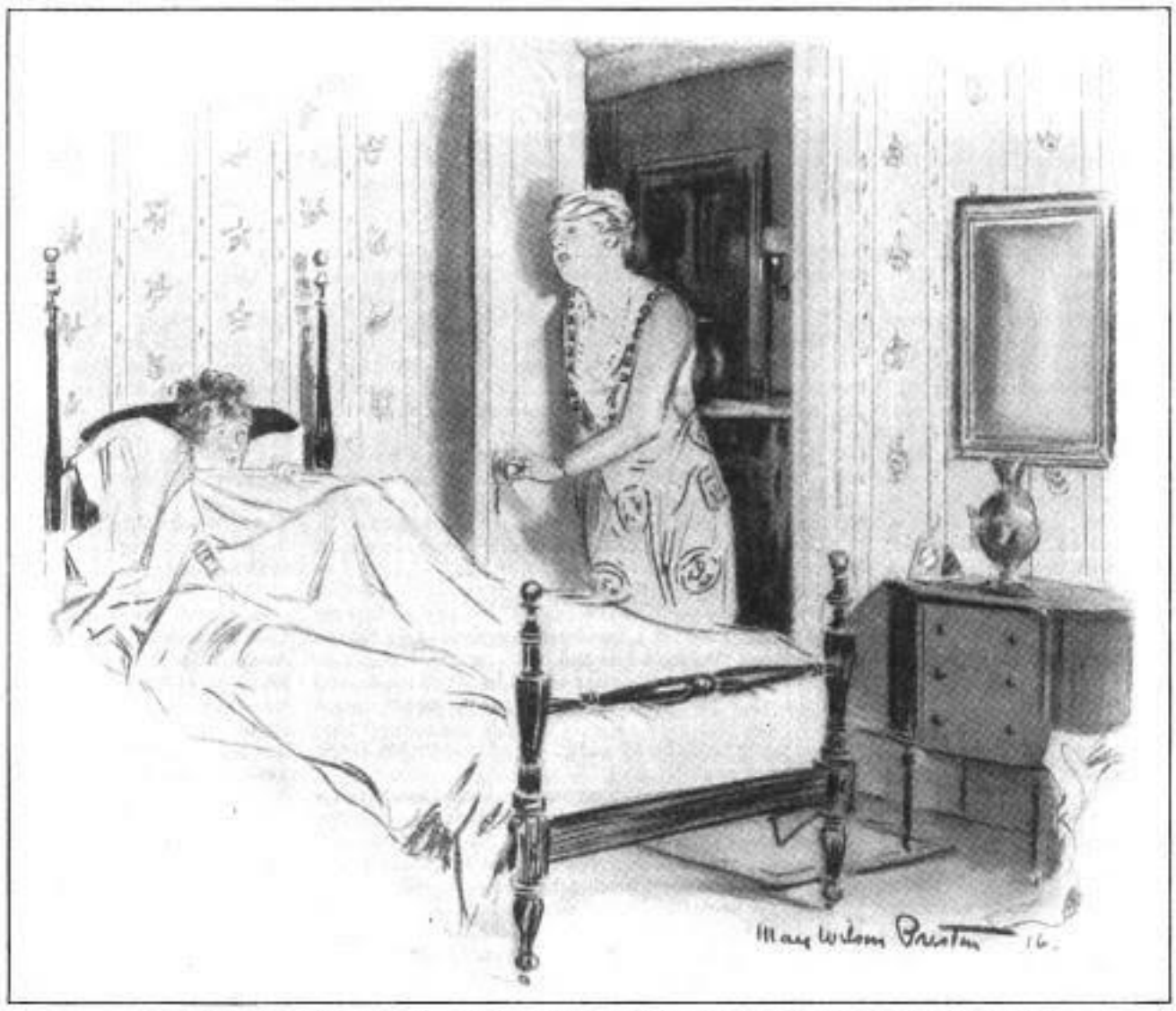
I took a quick look at her, and I saw at once that she had desided to lend it to me and then run and tell mother, beginning, "I think you'd ought to know, Mrs. Archibald ——"

"Nothing doing, Hannah," I said, in a most dignafied maner. "But I think you are an old clam, and I don't mind saying so."

I was now thrown on my own resourses, and very biter. I seemed to have no Friends, at a time when I needed them most, when I was, as one may say, "standing with reluctent feet, where the brook and river meet."

Tonight I am no longer sick of life, as I was then. My throws of anguish have departed. But I was then uterly reckless, and even considered running away and going on the stage myself.

I have long desired a career for myself, anyhow. I have a good mind, and learn easily, and I am not a Paracite. The idea of being such has always been repugnent to me, while the idea of a few dollars at a time doaled out to one of independant mind is galling. And how is one to remember what one has done with one's Allowance, when it is mostly eaten up by Small Lones, Carfare, Stamps, Church Collection, Rose Water and Glycarine, and other Mild Cosmetics, and the aditional Food necesary when one is still growing.



I Had to Duck Back Into Bed and Crush Everything. But She Only Looked In and Said to Try and Behave for the Next Three Hours

To resume, Dear Dairy; haveing uterly failed with Hannah, and haveing shortly after met Sis on the stairs, I said to her, in a sisterly tone, intimite rather than fond:

"I darsay you can lend me five dollars for a day or so."

"I darsay I can. But I won't," was her cruel reply.

"Oh, very well," I said breifly. But I could not refrain from making a grimase at her back, and she saw me in a mirror.

"When I think," she said heartlessly, "that that wreched school may be closed for weaks, I could scream."

"Well, scream!" I replied.

"You'll scream harder if I've brought the meazles home on me. And if you're laid up, you can say goodbye to the Dishonorable. You've got him tide, maybe," I remarked, "but not thrown as yet."

(A remark I had learned from one of the girls, Trudie Mills, who comes from Montana.)

I was therfor compeled to dispose of my silver napkin ring from school. Jane was bought up, she said, and I sold it to the cook for fifty cents and half a minse pie—although baked with our own materials.

All my Fate, therfor, hung on a paltrey fifty cents.

I was torn with anxiety. Was it enough? Could I, for fifty cents, steel away from the sordid cares of life, and lose myself in obliviousness, gaseing only at his dear Face, listening to his dear and softly modulated Voice, and wondering if, as his eyes swept the audiance, they might perchance light on me and brighten with a momentary gleam in their unfathomible Depths. Only this and nothing more, was my expectation.

How diferent was the reality!

Haveing ascertained that there was a matinee, I departed at an early hour after luncheon, wearing my blue velvet with my fox furs. White gloves and white topped shoes compleated my outfit, and, my own *chapeau* showing the effect of a rainstorm on the way home from church while away at school, I took a chance on one of Sis's, a perfectly madening one of rose-colored velvet. As the pink made me look pale, I added a touch of rouge.

I looked fully out, and indeed almost Second Season. I have a way of assumeing a serious and mature maner, so that I am frequently taken for older than I realy am. Then, takeing a few roses left from the decorations, and thrusting them carelessly into the belt of my coat, I went out the back door, as Sis was getting ready for some girls to bridge, in the front of the house.

Had I felt any greif at decieving my familey, the bridge party would have knocked them. For, as usual, I had not been asked, although playing a good game myself, and haveing on more than one ocasion won most of the money in my house at school.

I was early at the theater. No one was there, and women were going around taking covers off the seats. My fifty cents gave me a good seat, from which I opined, alas, that the shop girl had been right and busness was roten. But at last, after hours of waiting, the faint tuneing of musicle instruments was heard.

From that time I lived in a daze. I have never before felt so strange. I have known and respected the Other Sex, and indeed once ortwise been kissed by it. But I had remained Cold. My Pulses had never fluttered. I was always conserned only with the fear that others had overseen and would perhaps tell. But now—I did not care who would see, if only Adrian would put his arms about me. Divine shamlessness! Brave wrapture! For if one who he could not posibly love, being so close to her in her make-up, if one who was indeed employed to be made Love to, could submit in public to his embrases, why should not I, who would have died for him?

These were my thought as the Play went on. The hours flew on joyous feet. When Adrian came to the footlights and looking aparently square at me, declaimed: "The World owes me a liveing. I will have it," I almost swooned. His clothes were worn. He looked hungry and ghaunt. But how true that

"Rags are royal raimant, when worn for virtue's sake."

(I shall stop here and go down to the pantrey. I could eat no dinner, being filled with emotion. But I must keep strong if I am to help Adrian in his Trouble. The minse pie was excelent, but after all pastrey does not take the place of solid food.)

LATER: I shall now go on with my recitle. As the theater was almost emty, at the end of Act One I put on the pink hat and left it on as though absent-minded. There was no one behind me. And, although during Act One I had thought that he perhaps felt my presense, he had not once looked directly at me.

But the hat captured his erant gaze, as one may say. And, after capture, it remained on my face, so much so that I flushed and a woman sitting near with a very plain girl in a Skunk Coller, observed:

"Realy, it is outragous."

Now came a moment which I thrill even to recolect. For Adrian plucked a pink rose from a vase—he was in the milionaire's house, and was starveing in the midst of luxury—and held it to his lips.

The rose, not the house, of course. Looking over it, he smiled down at me.

LATER: It is midnight. I cannot sleep. Perchanse he to is lieing awake. I am sitting at the window in my *robe de nuit*. Below, mother and Sis have just come in, and Smith has slamed the door of the car and gone back to

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the *garage*. How puney is the life my Familey leads! Nothing but eating and playing, with no Higher Thoughts.

A man has just gone by. For a moment I thought I recognised the footstep. But no, it was but the night watchman.

JANUARY 17TH. Father still away. No money, as mother absolutely refuses on account of Maidie Mackenzie's gown, which she had to send away to be repaired.

JANUARY 18TH. Father still away. The Hon. sent Sis a huge bunch of orkids today. She refused me even one. She is always tight with flowers and candy.

JANUARY 19TH. The paper says that Adrian's Play is going to close the end of next week. No busness. How can I endure to know that he is sufering, and that I cannot help, even to the extent of buying one ticket? Matinee today, and no money. Father still away.

I have tried to do a kind Deed today, feeling that perhaps it would soften mother's heart and she would advance my alowance. I offered to manacure her nails for her, but she refused, saying that as Hannah had done it for many years, she guessed she could manadge now.

JANUARY 20TH. Today I did a desparate thing, dear Dairy.

"The desparatest is the wisest course." Butler.

It is Sunday. I went to Church, and thought things over. What a wonderfull thing it would be if I could save the play! Why should I feel that my Sex is a handycap?

The recter preached on "The Opportunaties of Women." The serman gave me courage to go on. When he said, "Women today step in where men are afraid to tred, and bring success out of fallure," I felt that it was meant for me.

Had no money for the Plate, and mother atempted to smugle a half dollar to me. I refused, however, as if I cannot give my own money to the heathen, I will give none. Mother turned pale, and the man with the plate gave me a black look. What can he know of my reasons?

Beresford lunched with us, and as I discouraged him entirely, he was very atentive to Sis. Mother is planing a big Wedding, and I found Sis in the store room yesterday looking up mother's wedding vale.

No old stuff for me.

I guess Beresford is trying to forget that he kissed my hand the other night, for he called me "Little Miss Barbara" today, meaning little in the sense of young. I gave him a stern glanse.

"I am not any littler than the other night," I observed.

"That was merly an afectionate diminutive," he said, looking uncomfortable.

"If you don't mind," I said coldly, "you might do as you have hertofore—reserve your afectionate advances until we are alone."

"Barbara!" mother said. And began quickly to talk about a Lady Somthing or other we'd met on a train in Switzerland. Because—they can talk until they are black in the face, dear Dairy, but it is true—we do not know any of the British nobilaty, except the aforementioned and the man who comes once a year with flavering extracts, who says he is the third son of a Barronet.

Every one being out this afternoon, I sudenly had an inspiration, and sent for Carter Brooks. I then put my hair up and put on my blue silk, because while I do not beleive in Woman useing her femanine charm when talking busness, I do beleive that she should look her best under any and all circumstances.

He was rather surprized not to find Sis in, as I had used her name in telephoning.

"I did it," I explained, "because I knew that you felt no interest in me, and I had to see you."

He looked at me, and said:

"I'm rather flabergasted, Bab. I—what ought I to say, anyhow?"

He came very close, dear Dairy, and sudenly I saw in his eyes the horible truth. He thought me in Love with him, and sending for him while the Familey was out.

Words cannot paint my agoney of soul. I steped back, but he siezed my hand, in a caresing gesture.

"Bab!" he said. "Dear little Bab!"

Had my afections not been otherwise engaged, I should have thriled at his accents. But, although handsome and of good familey, although poor, I could not see it that way.

So I drew my hand away, and retreated behind a sofa.

"We must have an understanding, Carter," I said. "I have sent for you, but not for the reason you seem to think. I am in desparate trouble."

He looked dumfounded.

"Trouble!" he said. "You! Why, little Bab ——"

"If you don't mind," I put in, rather petishly, because of not being little, "I wish you would treat me like almost a *debutante*, if not entirely. I am not a child in arms."

"You are sweet enough to be, if the arms might be mine."

I have puzled over this, since, dear Dairy. Because there must be some reason why men fall in Love with me. I am not ugley, but I am not beautifull, my noze being too short. And as for clothes, I get none except Leila's old things. But Jane Raleigh says there are women like that. She has a couzin who has had four husbands and is beginning on a fifth, although not pretty and very slovenly, but with a mass of red hair.

Are all men to be my Lovers?

"Carter," I said ernestly, "I must tell you now that I do not care for you—in that way."

"What made you send for me, then?"

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed, loseing my temper somwhat. "I can send for the ice man without his thinking I'm crazy about him, can't I?"

"Thanks."

"The truth is," I said, sitting down and motioning him to a seat in my maturest maner, "I—I want some money. There are many things, but the money comes first."

He just sat and looked at me with his mouth open.

"Well," he said at last, "of course—I suppose you know you've come to a bank that's gone into the hands of a receiver. But aside from that, Bab, it's a pretty mean trick to send for me and let me think—well, no matter about that. How much do you want?"

"I can pay it back as soon as father comes home," I said, to releive his mind. It is against my principals to borow money, especialy from one who has little or none. But since I was doing it, I felt I might as well ask for a lot.

"Could you let me have ten dollars?" I said, in a faint tone.

He drew a long breath.

"Well, I guess yes," he observed. "I thought you were going to touch me for a hundered, anyhow. I—I supose you wouldn't give me a kiss and call it square."

I considered. Because after all, a kiss is not much, and ten dollars is a good deal. But at last my better nature one out.

"Certainly not," I said coldly. "And if there is a String to it I do not want it."

So he apologised, and came and sat beside me, without being a nusance, and asked me what my other troubles were.

"Carter," I said, in a grave voice, "I know that you beleive me young and incapible of Afection. But you are wrong. I am of a most loveing disposition."

"Now see here, Bab," he said. "Be fair. If I am not to hold your hand, or—or be what you call a nusance, don't talk like this. I am but human," he said, "and there is somthing about you lately that—well, go on with your story. Only, as I say, don't try me to far."

"It's like this," I explained. "Girls think they are cold and distant, and indeed, frequently are ——"

"Frequently!"

"Until they meet the Right One. Then they learn that their hearts are, as you say, but human."

"Bab," he said, sudenly turning and faceing me, "an awfull thought has come to me. You are in Love—and not with me!"



"The Truth is," I Said, Sitting Down and Motioning Him to a Seat in My Maturest Maner, "I—I Want Some Money"

"I am in love, and not with you," I said in tradgic tones.

I had not thought he would feel it deeply—because of haveing been interested in Leila since they went out in their Perambulaters together. But I could see it was a shock to him. He got up and stood looking in the fire, and his shoulders shook with greif.

"So I have lost you," he said in a smothered voice. And then—"Who is the sneaking schoundrel?"

I forgave him this, because of his being upset, and in a wrapt attatude I told him the whole story. He listened, as one in a daze.

"But I gather," he said, when at last the recitle was over, "that you have never met the—met him."

"Not in the ordinery use of the word," I remarked. "But then it is not an ordinery situation. We have met and we have not. Our eyes have spoken, if not our vocal cords." Seeing his eyes on me I added, "If you do not beleive that soul can cry unto soul, Carter, I shall go no further."

"Oh!" he exclaimed. "There is more, is there? I trust it is not paneful, because I have stood as much as I can now without breaking down."

"Nothing of which I am ashamed," I said, rising to my full height. "I have come to you for help, Carter. That *play must not fail*."

We faced each other over those vitle words—faced, and found no solution.

"Is it a good play?" he asked, at last.

"It is a beautiful play. Oh, Carter, when at the end he takes his Sweetheart in his arms—the leading lady, and not at all atractive. Jane Raleigh says that the star generaly *hates* his leading lady—there is not a dry eye in the house."

"Must be a jolly little thing. Well, of course I'm no theatricle manager, but if it's any good there's only one way to save it. Advertize. I didn't know the peace was in town, which shows that the publicaty has been roten."

He began to walk the floor. I don't think I have mentioned it, but that is Carter's busness. Not walking the floor. Advertizing. Father says he is quite good, although only beginning.

"Tell me about it," he said.

So I told him that Adrian was a mill worker, and the villain makes him lose his position, by means of forjery. And Adrian goes to jail, and comes out, and no one will give him work. So he prepares to blow up a Milionaire's house, and his sweetheart is in it. He has been to the Milionaire for work and been refused and thrown out, saying, just before the butler and three footmen push him through a window, in dramatic tones. "The world owes me a liveing and I will have it."

"Sócialism!" said Carter. "Hard stuff to handel for the two dollar seats. The world owes him a liveing. Humph! Still, that's a good line to work on. Look here, Bab, give me a little time on this, eh what? I may be able to think of a trick or two. But mind, not a word to any one."

He started out, but he came back.

"Look here," he said. "Where do we come in on this anyhow? Supose I do think of somthing—what then? How are we to know that your beloved and his maniger will thank us for buting in, or do what we sugest?"

Again I drew myself to my full heighth.

"I am a person of iron will when my mind is made up," I said. "You think of somthing, Carter, and I'll see that it is done."

He gazed at me in a wrapt manner.

"Dammed if I don't beleive you will," he said.

It is now late at night. Beresford has gone. The house is still. I take the dear Picture out from under my mattress and look at it.

Oh Adrian, my Thespian, my love.

JANUARY 21ST. I have a bad cold, Dear Dairy, and feel roten. But only my physicle condition is such. I am happy beyond words. This morning, while mother and Sis were out I called up the theater and inquired the price of a box. The man asked me to hold the line, and then came back and said it would be ten dollars. I told him to reserve it for Miss Putnam—my middle name.

I am both terrafied and happy, dear Dairy, as I lie here in bed with a hot water bottle at my feet. I have helped the play by buying a box, and tonight I shall sit in it alone, and he will percieve me there, and consider that I must be at least twenty, or I would not be there at the theater alone. Hannah has just come in and offered to lend me three dollars. I refused hautily, but at last rang for her and took two. I might as well have a taxi tonight.

1 A. M. *The Familey was there.* I might have known it. Never do I have any luck. I am a broken thing, crushed to earth. But "truth crushed to earth will rise again."—Whittier?

I had my dinner in bed, on account of my cold, and was let severly alone by the Familey.

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The Control of Food Supplies in Blockaded Germany

By ALONZO ENGLEBERT TAYLOR

THE Government of the United States, under Abraham Lincoln, maintained a complete blockade of the Confederacy. The Confederacy had not the power of organization to devise measures of protection and suffered severely under the blockade. The Entente Powers have established a complete blockade of the Central Powers. The Central Powers, possessing highly efficient powers of organization, devised internal measures of defense. In what have these measures consisted? To what extent have they been effective? These are not political questions; they are economic and industrial questions.



The food supply of Germany under blockade by the Allies is a subject that possesses interest for different groups of individuals occupying widely varying viewpoints. It interests the sociologist, since the German measures represent the most highly specialized social-service legislation ever attempted. The student of nutrition is interested, since now for the first time a people is subjected to a rationing on a physiological basis. To the economist the German legislation furnishes illustrations of the enactments that are found necessary to erase the laws of trade and install a veritable state socialism.

The German food problem interests a neutral people whose citizens face the constantly increasing cost of living and wish to determine to what extent increase in the cost of living represents higher standards, disparity between production and consumption, increased cost of production, increased cost of distribution or motivated manipulation of the factors of supply and demand. The German experiences furnish illustrations of the legislative technic of control of production, regulation of distribution, limitation of price and standardization of consumption. The experiences of one people are the lessons of all, and the efficiency of wartime differs from that of peacetime in rigor but not in principle.

In a war of the first magnitude every human being, every animal and every factor in life acquires a military value. In a magnetized bar of iron the atoms of the metal are pictured as polarized in space; in a great war the citizens of a state are polarized in activity. Not alone are military forces, science, industry and agriculture marshaled for the state; the humanities, the arts and religion are inevitably entrained.

Development of Efficiency

IN THE carrying on of a great war military, industrial, economic and social factors are directly concerned. These overlap; and often in the very overlappings lie the most critical features. Perhaps the best materialistic expression of the state of society in a great war is contained in the statement that in a great war the laws of supply and demand are replaced by the law of efficiency. Efficiency is the single rule with which all war operations are measured.

The individual has no rights, and he has but one duty—and that is the duty of a rôle in efficiency. War measures are the visible means by which the forces of society are organized for the one purpose of carrying on the war. In the hour of maximum need war measures have unlimited scope. This is the situation in which the belligerent countries find themselves; and from this point of view must they be judged.

A scheme of war measures, offensive and defensive, comprises the following enactments:

The mobilization of military forces.
The mobilization of transportation facilities.
The mobilization of technical industries.
The mobilization of food supplies and clothing.
The mobilization of capital.
The mobilization of labor; organization of the civil-service army.

The order of enactments may not be the same in different countries, but in the end the necessity for maximum efficiency will enforce extreme war measures along all lines. It was not through necessity alone that Germany first undertook elaborate war measures; the national spirit of Germany had been for three decades the spirit of organization. Individualism in Germany had possessed a smaller content than in France and England; the lesson of communistic efficiency was, therefore, the more easily taught. The Frenchman and Englishman had more liberty than the German; the lesson of communistic efficiency was, therefore, the more painful to learn. But, after two years, the consciousness of the Allies thinks as much in terms of efficiency as does the consciousness of Germany.

Current opinion in the United States is apt to judge the situation in the food supply of Germany solely from the standpoint of the blockade. This is incorrect. The German regulation for the control of the food supplies, the mobilization of the various factors of national subsistence, was in reality a war measure. The food supplies would have been mobilized in Germany had there been no blockade. The establishment of the blockade against foodstuffs accelerated the introduction of regulations for the control of food supplies of the empire, and in part determined the enactments and modified the scale of nutritional units.

The blockade made the mobilization of foodstuffs more difficult in many ways; but, as will be later elucidated, the blockade made less difficult in some ways the enforcement of measures considered necessary by the authorities. The mobilization of food supplies in Germany through governmental control represents, therefore, a war measure and an antiblockade defense, but primarily and essentially an internal war measure. Entirely apart from external considerations, it was necessary for Germany to enact measures to prevent manipulation and speculation in foodstuffs, to eliminate waste and enforce economy.

Switzerland mobilized her grains three months before Germany did. Germany did not undertake serious and studied-out mobilization of her food supplies until eighteen months after the war began. England and France are now undertaking mobilization of food supplies, over two years after the beginning of the war. By March, 1917, regulations for the control, distribution and utilization of foodstuffs and feeds will be in force in England that will lack little of the severity of the present German regulations, though they will doubtless be less elaborate. The inevitable regulations in England have the same foundation as in Germany—efficiency in organization.

Lloyd George and Robertson are as keen on efficiency as Helfferich and Groener, though they have a more individualistically schooled public to deal with. England has one element to contend with that does not exist to embarrass Germany—the pacifist, who regards himself as outside the scope of war measures and may feel inclined to expect the dietary of peacetime. Effective regulation of the production, distribution and prices of foodstuffs must be practically the same problem in all countries in which such control might become necessary, and the enactments would vary little in different countries. Not so with rationing. The rationing of a people will be easy in direct proportion to the efficiency in the households of the masses.

Therefore, the rationing of the French people would be easier than the rationing of the German people, and this in turn easier than the rationing of the English people. Most difficult of all would be the problem of rationing the people of the United States, because we are, of all civilized peoples, the least efficient in household management and the most cantankerous in our notions of diet. In order to understand what Germany has accomplished in the matter of control of the food supplies of her people under stress of blockade it is necessary to have a clear understanding of the factors and quantities concerned in the nutrition of the human body.

Elements of Human Nutrition

THE elements of animal nutrition may be divided into two groups—essential and invariable; accessory and variable. The internal, essential, invariable elements in nutrition are five: Protein; carbohydrate; fat; salts; vitamins.

The body requires certain inorganic salts in variable amounts—chlorides and phosphates: sodium, potassium, iron and calcium. Under the term vitamins are grouped substances of unknown chemical nature that are now known to be necessary in a diet. A diet of polished rice, containing all the known qualitative ingredients of a normal diet, will not maintain normal nutrition in man. If the rice be taken in the natural state, unpolished, the same diet is found to be competent. In the covering of the rice berry is an organic substance that is essential, and this water-soluble substance we term a vitamin. If white rats are given a ration of pure protein, fat, carbohydrate and the normal salts, the animals will not thrive. If, however, a little native fat be added, nutrition becomes normal. In the native fat is a fat-soluble organic substance; that, again, is termed a vitamin. All native meats, grains, vegetables and fruits probably contain vitamins. It will, therefore, be only under most unusual conditions of diet that nutritional disturbances of this kind can develop; and they are indeed uncommon in Caucasians.

Under the term protein we include all the forms of nitrogenous organic substances that are related to the composition of our tissues—white of egg, muscle plasma, blood serum, casein, gluten, gelatin, the albumins, and so on. These proteins, present in both plants and animals, are the food material upon which the growth and repair of the body cells are principally dependent. Some cells of the body endure as long as the body lives, but have a wear and tear; internal parts of the cells must be replaced. Other cells die and must be replaced by new cells. Fats and carbohydrates are needed in the structure of cells, but the amounts involved are minimal in contrast with protein, which is, therefore, termed the chief material for the growth and upkeep of the tissues of the body.

Under the term carbohydrate we include all starches, gums and sugars. These substances are, apart from the sugar of milk, almost entirely of plant origin.

Under the term fats we include all oils, tallows, greases and fats, of either plant or animal origin—suet, lard, butter, olive oil, cottonseed oil. The fats of plant and of animal origin have the same rank in the diet.

The proteins are composed of collections of substances called amino acids, of which some twenty are known. These are regarded as the building stones of the proteins. When proteins are digested they are split into the component

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building stones. These are then absorbed, carried to the different tissues of the body, and from these building stones the cells construct the protein needed for growth and repair. The protein of the diet must furnish the different building stones in the needed amounts.

So long as the protein in the diet does furnish the needed building stones in the required amounts it is immaterial from whence the proteins were derived, from plant or animal sources. Plant protein is just as good as animal protein, provided it yields all the building stones; and the mixed plant proteins of a properly selected vegetarian diet do this, though considerably larger amounts are required.

All starches and sugars are in digestion converted into one form of body sugar, glucose. It is, therefore, immaterial from what sources in grains, roots, leaves or fruits the starches are obtained, the final result is the same in the body—glucose, the blood sugar that is the material for all uses of sugar in the body, in growth, in repair and as fuel.

There are four chief utilizations of food in the living body: Food is needed for growth; protein, carbohydrate and fat are all concerned in growth, the protein predominatingly. Food is utilized in upkeep. Food is required in the maintenance of body heat. Food is used in work, through the medium of muscular action. Food utilized for the maintenance of body heat and work is fuel, just as coal is the fuel of the locomotive.

Protein, carbohydrate and fat are alike able to serve as fuel. Fat and carbohydrate are, chemically considered, more naturally to be regarded as fuels than is protein, because fat and sugar are completely burned in the body to water and carbon dioxide, while protein is only partly burned, leaving an unburned residue—urea—which must be removed through the kidneys. In theory, therefore, the ideal relations of the components of a diet are that there shall be enough protein to provide fully for growth, wear and tear and upkeep, the fuel needs being supported by carbohydrate and fat. The body always burns sugar in preference to fat when both are available.

Food Units Required

THE unit of measurement of heat in the body is the calorie. The large calorie, used as the unit in animal nutrition, is equal to the heat required to warm one liter of water one degree centigrade. One gram of protein yields in a calorimeter—a heat-measuring apparatus of the laboratory—about 5.5 calories of heat. Since, however, a portion of the molecule of protein cannot be burned in the animal body, but remains to be eliminated by the kidneys, one gram of protein has in the animal body the heat value of about 4.2 calories. Starch has in the calorimeter and in the animal body the same heat value, about 4 calories to a gram. Fat has in the calorimeter and in the animal body the same heat value, about 9.3 calories to a gram. The gram equals 15.432 grains; the ounce equals about 28.3 grams.

How much protein is required in the diet to maintain growth, wear and tear and upkeep in tissues? This has been one of the great questions of physiology. The earlier standards, fixed in the German laboratories, gave a figure that amounted to about fifteen grains of protein in the diet for each pound body weight of the normally fleshed adult. Children were supposed to require a little more; women and old men a little less. This figure was later somewhat reduced in the standards of Rubner, the leader of the modern German school of dietetics. The British, who are heavy meat eaters, adopted this standard.

The American and Scandinavian schools of physiology, led notably by Chittenden, have long regarded this figure as much too high. Direct experiments on human beings have shown that less than half of this amount is adequate for the protein intake. The statistics of food supplies of different peoples indicate that the figure is much too high. A majority of American teachers of physiology teach that seven grains of complete protein for each pound body weight a day is fully adequate to offer to the body all the building stones required for the tissues of the body. The body weights of Americans, Anglo-Saxons, Teutons and Russians vary from 130 to 155 pounds; the averages in the Latin races are some ten pounds less.

How much fat is required in the diet? As stated, fat and sugar are in large part equivalent. Fat is an expensive fuel on the world's market; starch is the cheap fuel. A diet free of fat is certain to prove incompetent. A diet low in fat is particularly prone to result in nutritional disturbances in children. The average fat inputs—plant and animal fats—in the diet of Americans and Europeans vary between one and three ounces a day, the highest being that of Americans. The input in Japan is much lower, probably not over 0.4 ounce a day.

How much carbohydrate is required in the diet? This depends upon the fuel requirements. The body can be maintained on a diet of protein and fat alone; but it is not an efficient diet, as the protein requirement is much higher in the absence of sugar from the diet. The heat production of the adult fasting body will vary from 1400 to 1700 calories a day, depending upon the size of the body. The heat production of the suckling babe is about 500 to 600 calories.

Let us say that the heat production of a certain man, resting and fasting, is determined to be 1700 calories. When the same resting man is fed the heat production will rise, probably about 150 calories. If he be given 2.5 ounces of protein and 1.3 ounces of fat, these will yield 650 calories, leaving 1200 calories (1850—650) to be obtained from carbohydrates, requiring 11 ounces. If the man be up and about more fuel will be required, even though the type of life be what is termed sedentary. Work requires increasing amounts of fuel with increasing exertions. We speak of light, medium, hard and severe work. A man of average size will require about 2500 calories a day for light work; 3000 for medium work; 4000 for hard work; and up to 6000 for very severe work.

Bodies of different sizes produce different amounts of heat for body heat; but, in general terms, the same unit of work done by men of different sizes requires the same amount of fuel—that is, the mechanical efficiency in men of different sizes is about alike. When a unit of fuel is burned in muscular work three-fourths of the energy is dissipated as heat; one-fourth is converted into work.

The animal muscle is, therefore, about as efficient as the internal combustion engine of best design. The man of 155 pounds body weight, to whom we have given 2.6 ounces of protein and 1.3 ounces of fat, can support any amount of work by the ingestion of appropriate amounts of carbohydrate alone. In actual life, however, men who work hard are in the habit of increasing the fat beyond 1.3 ounces—even beyond 6 ounces.

All protein ingested in excess of the needs of the body will be burned as fuel; it will serve no synthetic purpose in the body. The animal body will store sugar as glycogen, and it will convert excess of sugar into fat; it will store fat as fat; but it refuses to store protein. The body burns of fat and sugar only as much as the heat needs and work needs of the body demand; it burns all protein ingested in excess of tissue needs. Therefore, the urea in the urine in health always corresponds to the protein in the diet. Protein has no virtue as a fuel over sugar; rather the contrary, since the elimination of the urea imposes work upon the kidneys. Protein is expensive, and ought not to be used as a fuel, since cheap carbohydrate serves just as well.

External Factors

A NORMAL diet must contain, in addition to the denominated nutrients, indigestible material sufficient to form a certain bulkiness in the stools. Fruits and vegetables contribute such indigestible residue, most of all if consumed raw; and every diet should contain some raw fruit or vegetable.

A normal mixed diet—mixed in the sense that both plant and animal foodstuffs are included, so chosen as to contain the needed calories—will in practically all instances contain the minimal amounts of protein and fat stated. Individual idiosyncrasy, peculiarity in taste or unusual situation in life may rarely bring about a dietary habit in which the protein and fat are below the minimal norm with a normal caloric intake. But, as a practical rule of diet, a mixed diet containing sufficient total calories always contains sufficient fat and protein. This dictum holds for Caucasian peoples only. In the Orient subnutrition in fat and protein is unfortunately of frequent occurrence. In England, Australasia and the United States are encountered the highest intakes of protein.

The accessory and variable factors of a diet are related to the life habits and personal tastes of the individual. The Kanaka and the Eskimo would each find the diet of the other insufferable. The East Indian regards meat as revolting; the European requires plenty of it. The less civilized and sophisticated a people, the fewer external standards of diet will they possess, apart from such as are grounded upon superstition and religious tenets. The more highly civilized the nervous system, the more exacting become the tastes relating to food and the act of eating.

The least sophisticated of men can be rationed practically as easily as livestock; more easily, in fact, than certain highly bred dogs, cats and horses. The excessively fastidious individual requires certain foodstuffs, obtained in such and such ways, treated with such and such methods, conserved in a certain way, cooked according to a particular recipe, and served in accordance with the most exacting standards of delicacy. The Russian peasant represents the one extreme, the parasitic woman represents the other extreme; the former may be rationed in accordance with the rules of feeding farm animals; the latter must be nourished in accordance with her idiosyncrasies.

Whole peoples possess tastes that

(Continued on Page 56)



The All-American Handicap

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FELIX

By DAVID GRAY

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

IT IS said all things are interrelated. The falling of a hair affects the universe. There is no great and no small to the mind of the true philosopher.

But the poor, stumbling, average man is not a philosopher. He ignores the significance of trifles and takes the consequences.

To De Brancheville, loitering, swinging his walking stick, there approached a dog that sniffed his leg, satisfied his curiosity and passed on. De Brancheville had no suspicion of interrelation or entwined fates. Neither had the dog. The Airedale possessed a certain grave charm which appealed to De Brancheville. "I must get a dog like that," he thought. And there apparently the matter ended. Other dogs might have prompted the same remark, for it is a theory with bachelors that nothing is so comforting as a dog with wistful, yearning eyes. A dog understands the loneliness of single life, likewise its preciousness.

It was the ninth of May and the gods had shed upon Paris one of those mornings that compel thanksgiving for mere unblessed existence. These were the halcyon days, before the war, when Paris was the Paris of Americans. The young green of the grass and trees shimmered ecstatic with spring. The street crowds moved gayly. Men and women smiled without knowing why. Even the patient anglers on the quays fished with a livelier hope, and above spread a sky of milky blue into which Notre Dame thrust its gray ancient towers.

As they say of pickpockets, De Brancheville's dog friend was "working the street."

He was very thorough. He left nothing unexplored which might have sheltered a cat or an uncovered garbage pail.

"Magnificent!" thought De Brancheville. "A life without a lost opportunity! I certainly must get a dog like that." But he knew that he never would. He had kept dogs in bachelor's rooms before. He was waving a friendly adieu to the Airedale, when the rattle of pole chains and clatter of high-stepping horses attracted his notice. In a landau of the Second Empire sat an old lady straight up, an old lady that was obviously a personage. She had seen him and called to the coachman. The carriage swept up to the curb.

"So it is really you," she said abruptly. "I predicted you were never coming back."

De Brancheville raised his hat.

"To err is human, darling aunt."

"Unchanged," she observed, "irreverent to the old, and I suppose," she added, "no more obedient!"

He laughed. "Perhaps disobedience is no longer necessary. I hear she married Gogo and has twins."

"It is true, but grandpapa has now another one selected for you. He is going to give you another chance. He will be pleased to know you have come back."

De Brancheville looked at her suspiciously.

"It is the truth," she said. "He talks of her the whole time. 'What a wife for George!' he says."

"Suggest that he marry her himself!" said De Brancheville.

"He might at that," she answered, "only he is obstinate. He insists that you must do it, if only to make amends. He was very angry when you ran away."

"Is a man to marry to please his grandfather!" cried De Brancheville. "Mark you, darling, I marry no one! I am through with women. I have pleasant things to do and not so many years in which to do them. I am not going to encumber myself."

"But, my dear, you are a beggar! You are dependent on grandpapa!"

"Perhaps," he said; "perhaps not."

Her old eyes fastened on him.

"You have made money, eh? A De Brancheville that has made money!" She threw her head back and laughed.

"Let us talk about you," he suggested. "How are you?"

"Why, older, of course, and in trouble as always. *Tenez!* There is something you can do for me. You are just the one! When will you come?"

"This afternoon."

"Good." She held out her hand. He kissed it dutifully. She spoke to the coachman and was gone.

"A very bad and delightful old woman," he commented. He stood by the curb gazing after the carriage, meditating upon her information. So grandpapa had again selected a wife for him! That old man's hobby was selecting wives. It made life difficult.

What De Brancheville's experience with the female of his species had been only the Recording Angel knew, but it was common knowledge that he had fled home and prospects to avoid marriage. Now he had come back, to find the same situation facing him. There was, however, one helpful circumstance. He was now independent of grandpapa.



Within an Hour He Returned With an Airedale of Bluestock Strain

Before he had fled penniless. He had gone hungry and cold. He had labored. He had staggered with parched tongue across the desert toward the mirage, only to have it vanish again and again, but in the end he had been victor. As he ran over those years in memory, he asked himself why he had left that large open country. The desert refreshed him. The Arizona night thrilled him. The purple mountains at sunset stirred him to tears, but something stronger than these had brought him back. What was it? He could not say. Of only one thing he was sure. It was not to marry a lady selected by his grandpapa. It was not to marry anyone. His younger brother could do that and succeed to the family honors. He himself was for freedom.

Suddenly a cat's snarl rent the air, followed by the rush of padded feet. Almost instantly a dog's wail of agony followed. He knew what had happened. A dog pursuing a cat had been struck by a motor car. Looking round he saw a limousine stop abruptly. The door was flung open and there leaped out a figure lithe and swift and light; a vision white and pink and blossomy.

When he reached her, she was hugging his friend, the muddy Airedale, comforting it passionately. Tears were in her eyes.

"No, not that way, Bobby," she called to the young man in the car. He was struggling with the rug. "Fold it double! That's wrong again! You hold him!"

Bobby hesitated. It seemed superfluous that two people should be contaminated.

"Permit me," said De Brancheville, in English. He rested his walking stick in the car and the dog was in his arms.

The girl gave him a little grateful look, leaped in, spread the rug according to her own ideas, and directed the operation of placing the patient upon it.

"It's nothing very serious," said De Brancheville. He had been going over the case. "Ribs all right. The wheel missed his body. There's just the broken leg."

The patient's tongue slipped out and licked gratefully at his wrist.

Her hat brim lifted and she was smiling in his face, out of misty half-closed eyes.

"He's fond of you!" she said.

"Yes," he answered vaguely. He might as well have said no. But he was gazing into her face, and he did not know what he said. She bent her head again and the hat with the pink roses came down between them. She slipped her hands out of the wrists of her long white gloves and stroked the dog's head. Something dewy and tender glistened in her half-shut eyes, some ineffable grace of spirit shone through her movements. To De Brancheville came a sense of meeting Spring face to face.

Suddenly she looked up again.

"What is his honorable name?"

He did not even hesitate. It was fate.

"I call him Felix," he said.

"Meaning lucky?"

"Exactly!" Liar and dog thief, he stood unashamed and gazed at the vision, till the unfeeling hat brim came down again.

"Vera," said the young man in the car, "you promised to be at Carruthers' at eleven. It is now ten minutes past."

There was a moment's hesitation, then she answered: "Carruthers can wait! We must take the dog home!"

"The dog is comfortable," said Bobby. "Why not drop us at the bank first?"

"Well," she said doubtfully.

"It is the only thing to do," said De Brancheville. He mounted to the front seat as if the matter was settled.

For a moment she was nonplused. A strange man was on the front seat of her car, his dog on the floor and his walking stick standing familiarly in the corner. Her eyes rested a moment on the cane and an exclamation stopped on her lips. Her expression changed to amused wonder.

"To the bank," she said to the chauffeur.

Bobby looked at her in amazement. She smiled sweetly but said nothing.

As the car rolled down the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré, De Brancheville repeated a name under his breath:

"Vera," he murmured, "Primavera, Spring herself."

Near the Bourse they turned and drew up before the banking house of Carruthers.

"Bobby," she said, "go in and find out what they want. I'm not going in if I can help it." With a glance at De Brancheville's back and a suppressed giggle she slipped down to the floor and began to fondle the dog.

De Brancheville turned and regarded the scene. The lot of the dog seemed enviable.

"Really," he said, "you will spoil Felix."

"You can't spoil a dog," she answered.

They both laughed and her hat brim came down again.

"His collar seems to be uncomfortable," she went on. "You must take it off when you get home."

It was a curiously thick collar, studded with brass nails and set with a name plate which was on the underside of his neck, and for the most part out of sight.

He assented and there was a pause.

"I feel very guilty," he began presently, "at causing *monsieur* and yourself so much trouble."

"*Monsieur?*" she repeated. "You mean Mr. Clay?"

Apparently, then, she was not married, which was odd, for hers was not the charm of a girl but of a woman in the thirties.

"I suppose so," said De Brancheville.

"He doesn't mind," she went on. "He has nothing to do."

At this moment Bobby appeared.

"They want you to come in," he said.

"I won't," she answered without looking up. "If I've overdrawn they can notify Purdy."

"Vera," he began, "you've got to come in."

She looked up. "What's the matter?" she demanded.

He hesitated, glancing at De Brancheville.

"Go on," she insisted.

"Well," he said, "apparently you've been buying rubber; the market's broken; Purdy's gone to Nice with the keys of your box; and you've got to put up more margin before the Bourse opens. You've got twenty minutes."

"But, Bobby," she began. Then stopped hopelessly.

"Father's somewhere in Spain," he said. "I don't know what to advise."

Primavera in distress was silent. Again fate inspired De Brancheville with an idea. After all what was more natural? He twisted himself round on the driver's seat:

"I know these people. If you will permit me I think I can make them undertake to protect your securities for the time being at least."

She turned grateful eyes upon him.

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"No! No!" she said, but he had leaped from the seat and was disappearing into the bank. Once inside he paused but there was no turning back.

"Take my name to Mr. Carruthers," he said. A few moments later the attendant ushered him into a private office, where Mr. James Carruthers sat at a mahogany desk.

"For the love of heaven," exclaimed Carruthers, "where did you drop from?"

"The sky," said De Brancheville. "But that's neither here nor there. What does Purdy mean by going off to Nice with her keys?"

"You'll have to ask Purdy," said Carruthers. He evinced no surprise at De Brancheville's appearance in the transaction. "We carried her yesterday. We can't do any more."

"You're not going to sell her out?"

"Got to."

De Brancheville looked blankly at the wall.

"Well, of course, you can't do that," he said thoughtfully. "How much have you got to have?"

"She's in pretty deep," was the answer.

"Well?" said De Brancheville.

Carruthers consulted a memorandum and pushed it over to his visitor.

De Brancheville examined it, took out his pocketbook and tossed a check on the desk. It was the gesture with which a man pays for a newspaper with a dollar bill.

Carruthers glanced up at him.

"That'll more than do," he said.

"Keep the change," said De Brancheville impassively; "I'll indorse it."

"George," said the banker, "of course I can understand why you do this, but all the same it's awfully decent of you. Not many men would."

De Brancheville eyed him thoughtfully. So Carruthers understood. He wished he did. However, there was nothing to say. He rose. "Just one thing, Jim; don't let anyone know about this!"

"I'll have to tell her."

"No, not even her," said De Brancheville. "She's to think you've carried her. When Purdy gets back put the check to my credit." He went out.

He met her at the door of the bank. She was coming in.

"It's all arranged," he said casually. "Sorry to keep you so long. You see it wasn't anything serious."

"You are so very good," she answered. "I was fearfully worried. I don't see how I can ever thank you."

He bowed.

"Don't try!"

As they went out she gazed at him a moment with half-shut eyes, and De Brancheville was not displeased.

"We must get Felix attended to," she said.

"Felix? Oh, yes," he answered. "For the present I'm stopping at the ——. If you would drive us there ——"

She shook her head.

"That won't do. You know where they'd keep him?"

"I might manage to have him in my rooms."

"No, I tried it once. The only thing to do is to let him go home with me."

"You're very good," said De Brancheville solemnly, "but, of course, that wouldn't do!"

"But you could come and see him," she broke in. "It certainly isn't fair to have him cooped up in that fearful place they'd keep him in at the hotel."

"If you put it that way, what can I do?" he said.

She smiled at him and then the hat brim came down.

"Bobby," she commanded, "go some place and telephone Doctor Dupin that I want him to come at once and set a leg. Don't say whose leg!"

Bobby departed.

"Do you really think you ought to do this?" said De Brancheville. "Picking dogs out of the street is all very Christian, you know, but what will your family say?"

"I don't see how it concerns anyone but Felix," she retorted.

"But you know nothing of Felix."

"One takes a dog for what he appears," she answered. "However," she added whimsically, "it might make Felix more comfortable if I knew something about him. What sort of life has he led?"

Their eyes met.

"What would you guess?"

"Perhaps diplomacy? The pet of courts; things like that?" There was a disingenuous ring in her voice, but it escaped him.

De Brancheville shook his head.

"Things like this: Bartender in Los Angeles, cook with a cow outfit, watcher in an Albuquerque gambling house, prospector, miner."

Her color deepened a little and she dropped her eyes.

"Then he's seen a great deal of life."

"If you call it life."

"It is my idea of life. If the West gets into the blood it's there always. Why is it that the desert gets hold of you so?" As she spoke she seemed to be gazing across unseen wastes of mesa.

"The mirage," he answered; "one is always following it expecting it to come true."

"And it never does?"

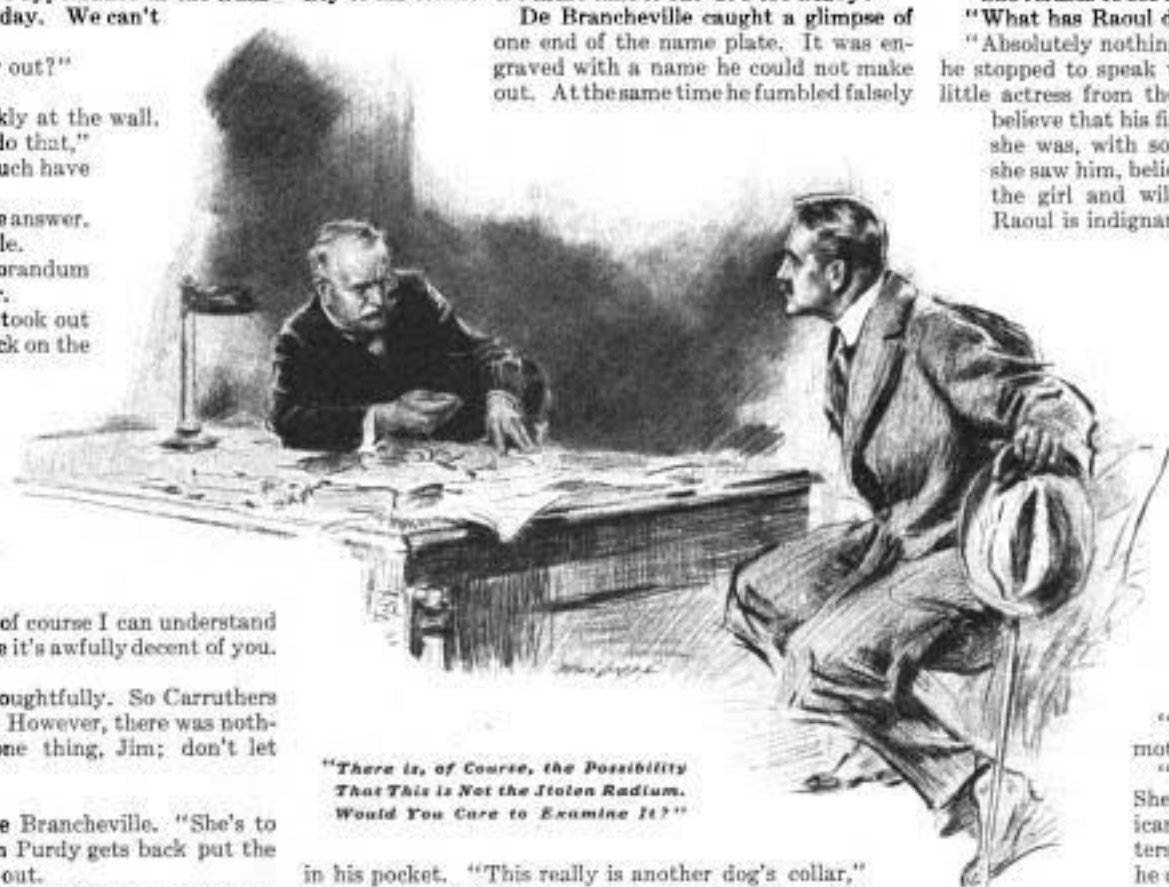
"It never has," he answered. "But who knows? You know the West?"

"Yes," she said.

Then Bobby appeared.

"While I think of it," she said, "you might give me the key to his collar. We must take it off. It's too heavy!"

De Brancheville caught a glimpse of one end of the name plate. It was engraved with a name he could not make out. At the same time he fumbled falsely



"There is, of Course, the Possibility That This is Not the Stolen Radium. Would You Care to Examine It?"

in his pocket. "This really is another dog's collar," he said, "and the key must be in my baggage. Have the lock filed! I'll get a new one."

"If we're to be back by noon," said Bobby, "we'd better be off."

"Can we drop you anywhere?" she asked De Brancheville. "I'm sorry, but some people are coming to breakfast."

"I'm walking," he answered and got out of the car.

"Don't forget," she called, "Felix will be in at five," and the car shot forward.

"But where?" called De Brancheville. His voice was lost in the noise of the machine. A little hand waved once and the car glided on. De Brancheville stood for a time gazing after it. Obviously she assumed that he had found out who she was from Carruthers. It was unfortunate but hardly serious.

II

THAT morning De Brancheville had planned to drop in at his club, get someone to lunch with him and pick up the threads of his old life. Instead he went back to the hotel and lunched in his room. At this juncture an analytical man would have consulted his watch and observed that, whereas exactly one hour and twenty-three minutes before he had been in possession of complete personal liberty, a sane mind and a small fortune, he was now penniless, save for the money in his pocket, had stolen someone's dog and was in anything but a state of philosophic calm.

De Brancheville, however, was not analytical. He was a man of action, and the thing to be done was to find out who Primavera was and where she lived. He decided to go to Carruthers and make a clean breast of it. He had been too clever with Carruthers. He got to the bank about two and found that Carruthers had gone for the day, presumably racing. Then he had an idea that there might be a clew in Purdy. Purdy must have an office. He got a telephone book, found six Purdys and gave that up. Fate being against him, he killed time till five and then, according to his promise, presented himself at his aunt's.

"George," she began, "you roused my curiosity this morning. Obviously you have made money. I want to know how. Have you married a black heiress?"

He shook his head.

"A gold mine?"

"Not a gold mine."

"But a mine—silver perhaps?" Her keen eyes lighted.

"No, darling," he said, "not a silver mine. The fact is, I stumbled on a very extraordinary deposit of pitchblende, or uranium oxide, from which radium is extracted. To make a long story short, I brought back my fortune in my waistcoat pocket, the only safe place except the stocking."

"I can never tell whether you are joking," she said; "but you must have money or you would not be so independent of grandpapa."

"Your reasoning is sound," he answered. "Moreover, if money or lack of it is the trouble you mentioned ——"

"Money is not my trouble," she answered. "It is your cousin Raoul. I suppose you have not heard. He is engaged to marry an American."

"And you and grandpapa oppose it?"

"On the contrary we like it very much. She is adorable and well to do."

"Then what is the fly in the ointment?"

"She refuses to see him. She is behaving unreasonably."

"What has Raoul done?"

"Absolutely nothing. At Longchamps, three days ago, he stopped to speak with De Belleville, who was with a little actress from the Follies. Raoul had no reason to believe that his fiancée was there, but of course there she was, with some English people. Of course also she saw him, believed that it was he who had brought the girl and will hear no explanation. Naturally Raoul is indignant, but what can he do?"

"Is she fond of him?"

"She adores him."

"Then why worry? It will come out all right."

"But the end of the week we are all to go to grandpapa's in the country. Now she refuses to go to the country and she threatens to write and tell why. You know the duke."

"He can be unpleasant, like all moralists," said De Brancheville sympathetically. "But what can I do?"

"You must see her and persuade her. She will listen to you. You have a bad reputation and besides are attractive."

De Brancheville bowed.

"But why don't you see her mother?"

"You can do nothing with the mother. She refuses to interfere. These Americans have no authority with their daughters. And there is no father. I believe he died before the child was born. You must see the girl herself."

"But is it proper?"

"I shall arrange that. I shall write the mother. Besides, have I not told you they are Americans?"

"Well," he said resignedly, "I suppose I'm to be the goat."

"The what?"

"It is slang, darling," he explained. "American slang. It means I'll go. Not to-morrow. I have business to-morrow afternoon, but the next day."

"I can arrange it for to-morrow morning," she said. "Say eleven; there is need of haste."

"Very well then, to-morrow morning."

"I knew you would go," she said affectionately. "You grow more delightful every year. It is the accumulation of sin."

"I want you to know I'm extremely good," he said reprovingly. "And if I accept this embassy, the least you can do is to mollify grandpapa. Whom does he want to marry me to this time?"

"A widow," she answered. "And that is all that is good for you to learn from me."

"A widow!" murmured De Brancheville. "Holy Blue! A widow!" Never had the idea of marrying a woman selected by his grandfather seemed so objectionable.

Tea was brought in and they talked of other things. As he rose to go, his aunt gave him a note of introduction to his cousin's prospective family. He put it in his pocket, presented his cheek to be kissed and departed. This duty over he drove to his club and telephoned Carruthers' house. It was time Carruthers should have returned from Longchamps. The answer to his inquiry filled him with dismay. Carruthers had not gone racing but to London. He might not return for several days.

De Brancheville walked back to his hotel meditating a telegram to Carruthers. It was not an easy telegram to frame. Moreover, he would first have to wait till Carruthers reached London and then obtain his address. Entering the hotel he bought an evening paper and glanced at the Bourse news. Rubber, after a stormy day, had recovered three points. He was about to toss the sheet into a wastebasket when his attention was attracted by an advertisement that read as follows:

LOST—Male Airedale terrier, with brass-mounted collar bearing name Blazonby Bluestock. Five thousand francs reward. No questions asked! Notify this office!

A premonition told him that this referred to Felix. Some foolish woman was the owner. Hence the enormous reward. Ruminating on the import of this new development, he crossed to the office and inquired for letters.

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"Some packages were left for you," said the clerk. "I had them sent to your room. There are no letters."

As De Brancheville entered his sitting room he saw on the table a little bundle wrapped in white tissue paper and tied with narrow ribbon. A card was attached to it, on which his name was written in a woman's hand. He opened it and gazed upon the dog collar that Felix had worn. It was engraved Blazonby Bluestock.

De Brancheville whistled softly. The unknown goddess of spring knew his name. She must have telephoned Carruthers as soon as she got home. But that was neither here nor there. A bereaved female was advertising frantically for Felix. Two courses lay open to him. One was to confess the truth as soon as possible and be ejected like Adam from the garden. The other was to acquire honest title to the dog and confess only when nothing was to be risked by confession. There were difficulties, however, in the way of the latter plan. A woman that would offer a thousand dollars reward for an Airedale would be unlikely to sell it at any price. Moreover, until rubber further recovered, or until Purdy came back, all the money that De Brancheville had in the world was some twenty-five hundred francs in notes.

Suddenly an inspiration came to him. He would purchase an Airedale, as much like Felix as possible, and return it anonymously with the Blazonby Bluestock collar. The only chance of a slip-up would be if Primavera should happen to see the advertisement. Even then there was a way out. He had intimated that he had once owned Blazonby Bluestock. Well, Blazonby was now the property of Mrs. John Doe. His ingenuity exhilarated him. It was the perfect alibi. He glanced at his watch and hurried out, stopping first to purchase a new padlock, the key of which fitted the old one, and then on in search of dog fanciers. Within an hour he returned with an Airedale of Bluestock strain, to all intents and purposes the double of Felix. It was wholly possible that the two might have been brothers. He then wrote an unsigned note, waiving claim to the reward, addressed it to the owner of Blazonby Bluestock and sent it with the dog by a messenger to the newspaper office. By this time he was ready for dinner. Stopping at the office desk to have a bank note changed, the mail clerk smiled and inquired if monsieur had received the packages which had been sent to his room.

"I got one," said De Brancheville; "were there more?"

"There were two," said the clerk. "One like this"—he indicated with his hands the size of the package that had apparently been the dog collar—"and another quite small, cubical, like a little package of chocolates but heavier. They were both wrapped in white tissue paper and tied with ribbon."

"I found the large one," said De Brancheville; "that was all."

The clerk looked troubled. "The servant who took them to your rooms has gone for the night," he said. "If monsieur doesn't find it, please notify me and the first thing in the morning we shall investigate." He felt sure, however, that monsieur would discover it.

"All right," said De Brancheville; "but it can be of no great importance."

He went to his rooms. No small cubical package was in evidence. As he bathed and dressed he kept up an intermittent search. Once it seemed to him that someone had been through the drawers of the chiffonier. His neckties were disarranged and his shirts looked as if they had been taken out and hurriedly replaced. But nothing was missing. His necktie pins and pearl studs were in his jewel box. He dismissed his suspicions and went down to the restaurant for dinner, notifying the clerk that the cubical package had not been found.

De Brancheville dined well that evening. An old Burgundy sent a pleasant warmth through his veins. He reviewed the day and his reflections were agreeable. He congratulated himself upon the happy inspiration which had prompted him to name the dog Felix. Felix was indeed a lucky dog for him. It annoyed him, to be sure, that Primavera should be perhaps close by and he powerless even to send her a message. He wanted to send her endless pink roses addressed to The Mirage, but he could do it on the morrow. As he lighted his cigar he gave over day dreaming. He must get Carruthers' London address and wire him. He went to his room and was at work on the telephone directory when the salon door opened noiselessly and two strange men entered.

"One usually knocks," said De Brancheville.

"You are Monsieur De Brancheville?" asked one of the men.

"I am," said De Brancheville. "What do you want?"

"We have business with you," said the second.

"It is my duty to inform you," the first man explained, "that you are under arrest."

De Brancheville regarded him calmly. "Will you have the goodness to explain why and for what?"

"You will be informed by the proper authorities," replied the officer. "Are you ready to accompany us?"

De Brancheville reflected. Clearly there was no use arguing with the plain-clothes men. He could guess what had happened. In some way the dog's owner had discovered the fraud and De Brancheville's connection with it. It was awkward, but there was nothing to do about it but explain as well as he might. Felix was perhaps not so lucky as he had imagined, but it could not be very serious.

"I am ready," he said; "take me to the *préfet*, or magistrate, or whoever it is that I can explain this matter to."

"The handcuffs will not be necessary," said the officer to his companion, who thereupon put those instruments back in his pocket.

De Brancheville surveyed him gloomily, put on his overcoat and went with his captors.

Twenty minutes later he was sitting in a room at the Central Préfecture waiting for someone—he knew not whom. There was a carpet on the floor, comfortable chairs, a desk with many papers on it and an electric writing lamp. Obviously it was the office of someone of importance. He was puzzled. "Would you mind telling me whom we are waiting for?" he asked one of the detectives.

"Monsieur Le Febre," was the answer.

De Brancheville looked blank. His knowledge of police procedure was vague, but why the great Le Febre should be investigating a case of dog-stealing was beyond him. Presently a mild little man with a sympathetic smile entered. The officers rose and saluted. De Brancheville looked on curiously. He had pictured Le Febre as somber and terrible, with piercing eyes.

The newcomer bowed to De Brancheville, dismissed the detectives and took the chair behind the desk.

"Monsieur De Brancheville," he began, "in view of your family connection we have been in consultation with the Department of Justice, in the endeavor to ascertain if it would be possible to release you on bail, but I regret to state that it has been found impossible. Your offense is, in a double sense, one against the republic."

"Against the republic?" repeated De Brancheville.

Le Febre nodded.

"But conceding that it was technically a theft," said De Brancheville indignantly, "you can't imprison a man for stealing a dog."

Le Febre looked at him mildly.

(Continued on Page 74)



His Heart Stopped Beating. This Was Raoul's Fiancée. This Was the End of it All

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THE STUDY OF FOOTPRINTS

The Shod Foot—By Melville Davisson Post

SKETCHES BY W. D. I. ARNOLD

IT USED to be said by Matthew Arnold that hardly anybody would think of taking an English book of reference if he could get a French or German one. At any rate, no one ever seemed to realize precisely how a man walks until the Teutonic scientists began to study the subject.

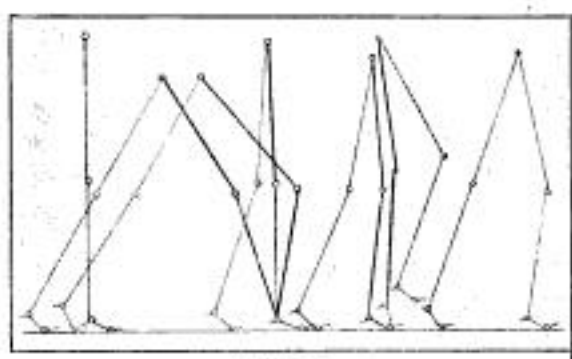


Figure 5

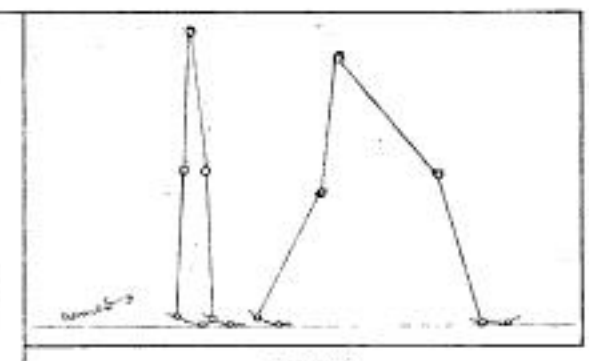


Figure 6

It was commonly explained that the physical method of walking was to throw the body forward, out of equilibrium, and catch it with the foot. Gross pointed out that this theory was ridiculous. We, in fact, walk by advancing a leg and then leaning the center of gravity upon it in order to continue in the same manner with the other leg.

With this theory for a base, the criminologists in the great universities were presently able to equip the police inspector with a number of rules of primary importance.

The police of a great Germanic city found themselves confronted one day by a puzzle they were wholly unable to work out. The owner of a warehouse situated in a suburb of the city maintained that a bale of valuable rugs had been carried out of the warehouse on the night of the sixteenth of April.

The police took immediate charge of the case. There had been a little rain on the evening before and they found two lines of footprints where a man had come to the warehouse door and returned from it. They were able to follow these tracks to the shop of an Austrian who dealt in antiques. In America this man would have been called a junk dealer, since he possessed only a single room with a dirt floor, situated in the environs of the city and filled with articles of but slight value.

The police were able to show that the Austrian had made these footprints. But here the mystery presented itself: When the man understood what the police were after he at once said that he had gone to the warehouse, on the evening in question, in order to inquire whether the merchant had for sale any of the articles in which he commonly dealt; but that when he arrived the warehouse was closed and he had returned to his shop.

The police searched the shop with German thoroughness, but found no trace of the bale of rugs. They were able to see that the man had not left his shop after he returned from the warehouse, for there were no other footprints in the wet earth in the environs of the shop; evidently he had not gone out after he returned. And, also, it was evident that no bale of rugs was anywhere about his shop.

The police, profoundly puzzled, returned to the merchant. They thought he was not precisely clear about the bale of rugs he said was stolen. He was not able to produce an invoice of it. But he said it had been a long time in the shop, was of great value, and showed them the outline in the dust on the floor where it had been lying.

The Bubbles on the Floor

UNABLE to unravel the mystery, the police sent to the authorities for an expert. The expert came and looked at the two lines of tracks. He at once said that the man who came to the warehouse on the night of the sixteenth of April had come empty handed, but had unquestionably gone away carrying something heavy. He explained that when one is walking without a burden one travels in a straight line, turning the feet out at an angle common to that individual. See Figure 1. But that when one is carrying a heavy burden one invariably walks with the feet straight and the legs wider apart, in order to give the body a more stable support under the added weight. See Figure 2.

Thus, when we find a line of tracks going straight ahead close together with the feet turned out, and afterward these same tracks wider apart and the feet set straight, we may be certain that the person who had begun to walk without carrying anything had now taken up a burden to carry.

It may be interesting to add the method by which the expert discovered the concealed rugs. When he arrived at the Austrian's shop he took a kettle of water and poured it on the dirt floor. He went over the whole floor very carefully. Presently at a certain point he directed the police to dig up the floor. They found the bale of rugs buried at this point.



Figure 10

The Austrian had dug up the floor, concealed the rugs, and tramped earth down so that the eye could not detect anything unusual. But the expert knew that if the earth of a hard dirt floor had been recently disturbed, and one bubbles would poured water on the surface, air bubbles when he found appear. Thus, he was certain the earth of the floor had been disturbed.

Even a cursory examination of the grams will give German dia- deal of information about how a man walks. In Figure 3 the line A A running through the border of the heel is called "the line of march." The lines C C show the direction of the footprint with respect to the line of march. The Germanic authorities maintain that when the normal person walks in a straight line a line drawn through the center of the heels will also be a straight line—that is to say, the heels go ahead precisely on a straight line.

But other investigators are inclined to doubt this. They say that when the normal person walks in a straight line this line of march will touch only the inner border of the heel instead of running through the center of the heel. It may be that with the German military step the line would go through the center of the heel. But in nonmilitary countries, like America, it will usually be found, in normal instances, that the line of march touches the inner border of the heel and not the center.

This is true of normal persons walking in a straight line. But in abnormal persons—sailors, fat men, the aged and infirm, and children—the line running through the heels will be a zigzag, like the line B B in Figure 4.

The Germans say that persons of leisure turn the foot out more in walking than do workmen or persons in trades. It is thought that women turn the foot out less than men. It is also believed that certain races, like the negro, walk with a very exaggerated foot angle; while the North American Indian travels with the foot almost parallel to the line of march.

Gross undertook to demonstrate the mechanical factors in the act of walking. These factors are outlined in Figure 5. He points out that when one takes a stride the perpendicular distance from the hip joint to the ground is reduced, and that as the stride is increased this distance is lessened. Thus, with each step, as the body is lowered, it has to be again lifted. This, he said, was the reason why it was easier for a man to run than to walk rapidly with a long stride. See Figure 6.

It is said that one day, when Gross was driving through the park with an acquaintance, his friend pointed out that several persons had gone along in the dust on the road before them. He asked Gross whether he could tell him who the persons were.

The professor got down out of the carriage and drew a mark across the road with his cane; then he stepped off fifty feet along the road in the direction in which the tracks were made and drew another mark across it. He then counted the number of footprints in each of the three tracks within that distance.

One of the lines of tracks showed fewer prints than the other two. Gross, therefore, said that this track had been made by a tall man. The tracks showing the greatest number of prints indicated a short person, while the third track was that of an old woman with a stick.

The persons had not gone along the road together. The tall man had gone first. The peasant woman had followed, since the point of her stick was sometimes to be seen inside the track of the tall man; while the short man had been the last on the road, his track now and then overlapping that of the peasant. Gross thought the tall man was a peasant by the formation of the shoe, and that the short person was a cavalry officer, as he had a tendency to turn in the toe as one does in the saddle.

Zenker used to say that the bare foot gave the most information. But Shauenstein maintained that the shod foot gave more signs of identity. He used to relate a case in his lectures in which it was known that an assassin had carried away the body of his victim, because of the changed manner in the line of march. But the particular thing about this case of which Shauenstein was especially proud lies in another direction:

He was shown a coat, which was supposed to belong to the man who had disappeared. There was no mark of violence on it except a bloodstain, which extended from the collar down the seam of the coat to the right-hand pocket. After he had examined this coat he told the police that the man who had worn it was dead.

The police regarded this statement with astonishment. The bloodstain did not indicate an excessive hemorrhage and there was no mark of violence on the coat. They did not understand how the learned professor could make any such conclusive statement. Shauenstein then pointed out that he had found in the dried stain one of the small bones of the tympanum known as the "stapedial bone," which is situated deep in the interior of the skull. Any wound bringing this bone to the surface must necessarily result in death.

Lessons Learned in Cobblers' Shops

IT IS always extremely easy to say from a shod footprint whether the one making it has been standing, walking or running; and also to say, in an approximate degree, the rapidity of the motion.

When one runs rapidly it is always the posterior border of the heel which strikes the earth first. This will be deeply indented. Of all parts of the shoe, in the moving subject, the back portion of the heel and the toe leave the clearest imprints. See Figure 7. One is then able, in nearly every case, to determine the sort of shoe that has been worn; to know whether the toe is round or pointed; whether the heel is flat or narrow, cut out on its inner side or square. And, with a little knowledge of the sorts of shoes worn by different classes of persons, one will be able to say in what class the person making the imprint under inspection belongs.

When the imprint of the shod foot is discovered at the scene of a crime the toe and heel should be first observed to determine the class of shoe to which it belongs. One should notice whether the toe is pointed, round or square; the heel wide and low, or high and narrow; the sole narrow and tapering, or wide, bowed and twisted, as is sometimes the fashion in American shoes.

Then one must examine the track for heelplates or any mending of the sole or heel, such as patches and stitches, and where the peg marks or stitches appear. If there are nails, tacks or pegs in the heel or sole they must be carefully counted and any missing ones indicated.

After the footprint has been thus carefully examined one must study it for the peculiarities of the person who made it. Every man walks in his own way, and he wears out his shoes always in the same peculiar manner. One must look for these peculiarities in the wear of the shoe as indicated in the imprint.

In order to indicate these peculiarities with accuracy Niceforo has formulated a diagram that ought to be studied by everybody who makes any pretension to criminal investigation. The curved lines in Figure 8 show the points on the imprint to be examined for these individual characteristics.

One must not imagine that the Italian criminologist made an arbitrary diagram. It is said that for many years he studied the worn shoes in the shops of the Neapolitan cobblers.

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He examined and compared a great number of shoes worn by the same individual before he laid down the rule that the personal formula is constant—that is to say, every *man* walks in a manner peculiar to himself, and the areas of greatest wear on the heel and sole of his shoe are always at the same points. Consequently in every case, except that of the new shoe, one leaves the formula of his identity imprinted in the track of his shod foot.

On the nineteenth of March, 1889, Bourdon was assassinated in the Villa Chauvad, at Auteuil. For a long time the most careful investigation of the Parisian authorities failed to disclose any trace of the assassin. Finally on one of the steps leading to the villa they found, in a little puddle of water, the print of eleven nails.

This was the only clew the police ever found.

But it was entirely sufficient. With that clew of the eleven nails they finally located the assassin, D'Alorto. He confessed, disclosed the names of his accomplices, and explained that they had all taken the greatest care to see that no traces were left behind them. But that in going up the steps on the way to the crime he was suddenly so overcome by the fear of the gravity of the offense about to be committed that he stopped for a moment. This pause, while he remained standing with his weight resting on one foot, was sufficient to make the imprint of the nails of the heel of one of the shoes on the stone step that had been softened by the puddle of standing water.

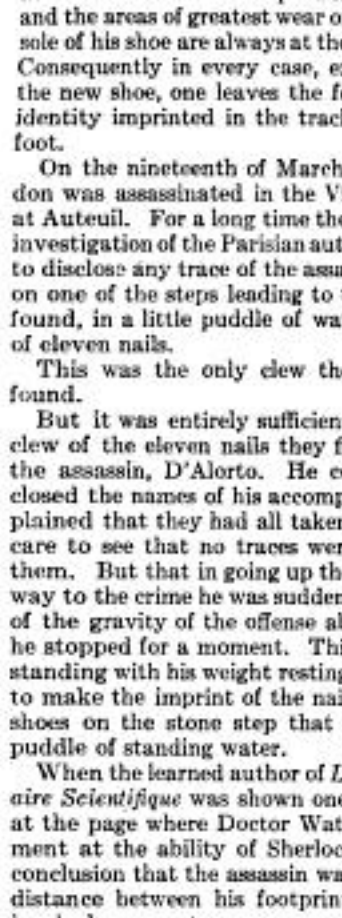
When the learned author of *La Police et l'Enquête Judiciaire Scientifique* was shown one of Conan Doyle's stories, at the page where Doctor Watson expressed his astonishment at the ability of Sherlock Holmes to arrive at the conclusion that the assassin was a tall man because of the distance between his footprints, he made the following ironical comment:

Conan Doyle Outdone

"I WONDER what this friend of Sherlock Holmes would have said if he had been told that, from the study of a footprint, one could determine precisely not only the height of the person who had made it but also the spread of his arms, his height sitting, the distance from the point of his elbow to the end of his fingers, the length of his third finger, and even the length of his little finger!"

One has sometimes read of criminals deceiving the police by walking backward in order to create the impression that two persons instead of one had arrived from the same direction and had gone away in some unknown manner.

The special lecturer at the University of Vienna has explained the manner in which one can always tell whether such a device has been resorted to. He says that when one walks backward the steps are always shorter, the line of march is hesitating and uncertain, and the footprints invariably disclose a "digging in" of the toe, because in attempting to take a long step backward one must commence it by planting the point of the sole on the ground.



Figures 1 and 2

The effort of criminals to mislead the police by fastening on the foot a shoe of a different character from that usually worn by them is also easily detected.

Gross says that the first thing to be observed about footprints evidently made for the purpose of misleading the police is that they are always to be found in a conspicuous and good medium. A well-formed and exact footprint will be found, more perfect than those usually discovered under like conditions.

And it will happen, with these excellent prints, made intentionally, that one will find, just forward of the heel, the mark of a strap by which they were fastened to the foot.

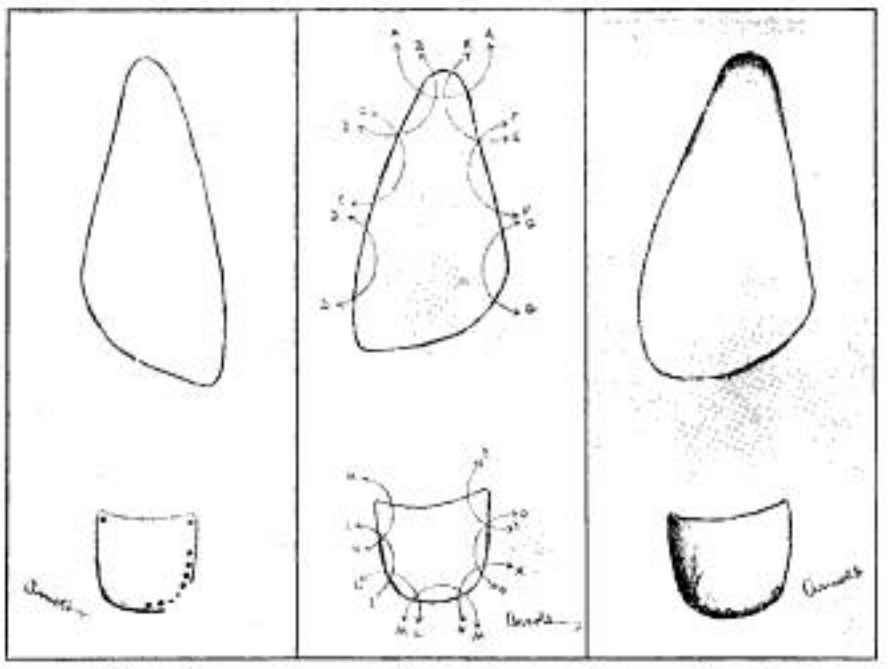


Figure 9 Figure 8 Figure 7

The relative depth of certain portions of the imprint—as, for example, the toe and heel in these manufactured footprints—will not coincide with those made with a similar shoe worn by a person whom it fits. Thus, a man endeavoring to make imprints with a woman's shoe, or a woman with a man's shoe, will rarely succeed in deceiving an experienced inspector. The stride will somewhere be found to be inconsistent with the imprint; the man will step too far and the woman not far enough.

Footprints have often played conspicuous parts in American criminal trials. But an examination of the cases will make it at once apparent that our courts have never had the benefit of anything that could be called an intelligent scientific investigation of such criminal evidences.

One or two obvious peculiarities have been wholly relied upon in American cases. Thus, in Hunter's case, in North Carolina, in the newly plowed earth near the theater of the crime, the police discovered a peculiar track where a man had crossed a field. The left toe of the man's boot was deeply impressed in the earth, while the heel was hardly visible. This was a peculiarity of one of the man's feet. The other was an ordinary track. It was not difficult for even a rural constable to conclude that the man who walked here suffered from some physical defect. And from this conclusion the prisoner, Hunter, was suspected, since his left leg was about two inches shorter than the right, the result of an attack of white swelling. This physical defect caused him to walk on the left toe, the heel of the foot not touching the ground. It was shown that, walking in this manner, he made a track identical with that found in the plowed field.

Footprints were also the controlling factor in Carlton's case, in Illinois.

On the night of Saturday, the nineteenth of April, the barns of a man named Ridenhauer were burned to the ground. On the following day the premises were carefully examined, and finally footprints were found leading south of the barns in a path toward the county road. Mud was found on the fence at the corner of the field, indicating that someone there had climbed the fence.

This led the investigator to examine the field, which had been sowed to oats.

The oats had not yet come up and the field was soft. They found the footprints of someone who had walked across this field. And it appeared that the imprint of one of the feet made a deeper impression than that of the other. There was evidently some physical reason for this difference in these two foot imprints. After a good deal of reflection the investigators concluded that the man was probably lame. This deduction led to the arrest of Carlton, who was lame and walked with what the witnesses called "a kind of hop."

It will be seen from these cases that our courts have considered the footprint as evidence only when it showed some exaggerated peculiarity. It is consequently clear that, in all the great number of cases where this exaggerated peculiarity was absent, the footprint as indicatory evidence has been practically abandoned in American cases. This means that in a vast number of cases, for lack of an intelligent scientific examination, the very best indicatory clews have been neglected in our criminal trials.

Sometimes rough dimensions of a track have been compared with the shoe of the accused, a practice open to the greatest errors and never permitted by any intelligent criminal investigator. Sometimes the track found at the place of a crime has been roughly compared with the imprint of the accused's foot, but never with scientific accuracy; so that one has rarely found an American court willing to convict a criminal on footprint evidence without some strong corroborative testimony.

We find nothing to compare with the cases that have been cited by Frecon, where the criminal, in endeavoring to escape, slipped on the edge of a ditch; and from the striations left in the clay by the nails in his shoe he was identified and convicted; or, as in the case at Lyons, where the criminal, who had accomplished an elaborate robbery, was identified because he happened to step on a leather cushion. From this print on the leather cushion the experts were able to arrive at the size and form of shoe worn by the burglar. It was the track of a right foot, with a broad sole of what was then a fashionable form, with an extremely pointed toe and a large heel.

The imprint of this heel showed a nail or peg at the inner corner and eight nails or pegs running in a half row round the outer turn of the heel. The heel was also worn on the posterior border at the curve of this row of pegs or nails. See Figure 9. These accurate data, taken from the mere imprint on a cushion, enabled the police to locate the burglar.

It is true that the shoe of the accused, containing nails, is sometimes considered by an American court. But such a fact has been taken, usually, as a mere crude evidential sign, to be considered only with conclusive evidence from some other quarter. Sometimes in the most conspicuous cases the presence or absence of such important evidence seems to have been wholly overlooked by American courts.

Stofen's case, in California, is a striking example. One day the treasurer of a certain county did not return to his house for luncheon. In the afternoon his wife went over to the treasurer's office in the courthouse to find out what was the matter. The treasurer's office was locked.

She looked up the janitor and got it open. There was no one in the office and the vault door was closed. She knew the combination to the vault and, being by this time alarmed, opened it. When the vault door swung back she found the inner door of the vault closed. But the key to this door, attached to the husband's bunch of keys, was standing in the lock. The janitor pulled the door open and they found the treasurer lying in the vault in a dazed condition.

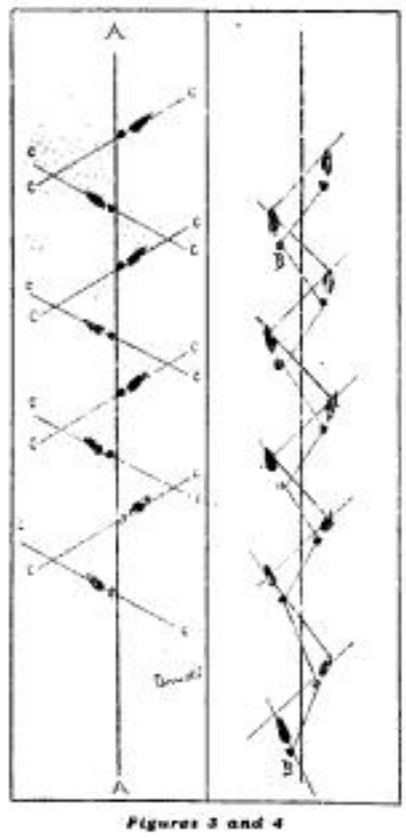
Did the Treasurer Kick?

WHEN he had recovered he said he had gone to the office in the courthouse at the usual hour on this morning, opened the office and the door of the vault. He entered the vault, but when he came out with the trays he was confronted by a man with a weapon. The robber ordered him to drop the trays. This was the last thing he remembered. He concluded that he was struck down. When he had recovered consciousness he was lying in the vault, with the doors closed. He was there eight hours, and from time to time kicked with all his strength against the sides of the vault in order to attract the attention of any persons who might be in the courthouse.

This story of the mysterious assailant did not seem to be convincing.

In the trial of the treasurer it became important to know whether, in fact, he had kicked against the sheet-iron sides of the vault in order to attract the attention of persons in the courthouse. Lying on the floor and striking out with the feet, the blow would naturally be delivered with the heel. And it would have been easy to determine whether or not there were any heel marks on the sides of the vault. But such an investigation did not seem to occur to the authorities in the case, so far as the report discloses. Fortunately they were able to say that this story of the kicking on the vault lined with sheet iron was fiction, because

(Concluded on Page 65)



Figures 3 and 4

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BUG HUNTERS OF INDUSTRY

The Problem of Factory Cripples—By James H. Collins

ONE Saturday afternoon your automobile stalled for the first time since you had bought it. Before then it had been absolutely dependable, but on that day you couldn't get it to go again. The family outing was spoiled, you spent two hours waiting in a hot country lane, and it cost five dollars to have a repair man come out and locate the mysterious trouble. He found it in a moment—a small defective part in the ignition apparatus, which was worth fifteen cents.

There you were, with several hundred dollars of automobile that ran perfectly and fifteen cents' worth that wouldn't run at all. That defective fifteen cents' worth cast a cloud on life. According to the repair man this cheap part was defective when it left the factory. As you examined the bit of metal that caused all the trouble you wondered why somebody at the factory couldn't have taken about a minute more to make sure that this particular piece was of better stuff.

In this country there is a big problem, one peculiar to our American scheme for making things—the problem of factory cripples. Our American factory system makes things in enormous quantities, all alike, for a close price, to meet a tremendous demand. Each operation has to be figured down to the last minute of time, the last cent of cost, the last ounce of material. The workers are speeded up by bonus wages, and everything is made as nearly automatic as possible. A good-enough system—it provides commodities on a scale not dreamed of by grandfather and works best where it has the greatest freedom for growth. The chief complaint about it comes from the smaller manufacturers who cannot attain size and hold their own. This seems to prove that the system is satisfactory for getting results.

The bigger, the faster, the more nearly automatic, the cheaper, the better—that's the American idea! But the closer this system is brought to that ideal, the greater is the margin for cripples—defective parts and products that somehow slip through organization, and get out into the world and make trouble for everybody. Men make mistakes, machines make slips, materials have shortcomings. Modern products are complex. One tiny part that wouldn't work on that Saturday afternoon may discredit the whole motor and the system by which it was made. Despite the care to keep everything up to standard, a certain microscopic percentage of the product falls short, and the bigger the output the worse the damage. So every production system needs its force of inspectors, and every product has its peculiar inspection difficulties.

The Cartridge That Lost the Contract

BACK in the old days the Western bad man, with notches on the butt of his gun, was often finicky about his cartridges, so he loaded them himself because he was afraid to trust his life to some half-grown girl in a cartridge factory. The chance of his getting a bad cartridge might have been expressed as one-millionth. But it could have happened, nevertheless, because an American munitions concern once lost a big foreign rifle contract through that one defective cartridge in a million. This contract had been nursed along for months, and about all that was needed to clinch it was the approval of the king. His majesty came to try the rifle himself. It was loaded and put in his hands. He pulled the trigger. There was only a dull metallic "Plink!" He tried again, with the same result; so he threw down the gun in anger, and the contract was lost. Maybe a competitor slipped a dummy cartridge into the gun at the last moment. Nobody knows.

Now if this problem of cripples is followed through a modern ammunition factory, one sees that inspection is a technical job, a human game, a detective story and a bit of a gamble. A rifle cartridge must be made of good stuff, so all materials must first be tested by chemical and mechanical methods to maintain the standard. It must fit the chamber of the gun with great accuracy, especially in these days of rapid-fire machine guns, so the diameter, taper, length, profile and head must be gauged to fine dimensions. The primer is a complicated little device in itself, quite apart from its explosive element, and must be seated with great accuracy. The bullet must be standard weight within a grain or two, and also perfectly balanced as to distribution of weight along its length. When the cartridge is finally loaded there is only one way to be certain that it will really shoot—and that is to shoot it! Of course the whole output of the factory could not be inspected that way. So the product is divided into units, and a certain number of cartridges are drawn from each unit for inspection. Some are torn apart in order that the loading may be examined, and thus destroyed, while others are fired in rifles in order to make certain that the ballistic standard is being kept up. Under the conditions introduced by the present war, with an output running into millions daily, the number of cartridges destroyed by the inspectors is very large.

Another illustration of the complexity of inspection can be taken from the same factory: The breechblock of a shotgun, at the beginning, is a piece of metal weighing twenty-two ounces. When it is finished about fifteen ounces of the metal have been machined and ground away. There have been one hundred and three separate operations upon it, accompanied by fourteen inspections. It is accurate within five one-thousandths of an inch, and yet it is only one part in a shotgun that must go through twelve hundred separate inspections from start to finish.

Along the line of such a process, of course, there are innumerable chances for defects and errors to slip in. A little variation in material or tool, or deficient lubrication of a machine, or momentary oversight on the part of a workman, or even a touch of indigestion in an inspector, and a defect develops. It is built into a shotgun and hidden from sight until the weapon is in the hands of a purchaser, who may write in to say that if the gun had been any good he would have bagged a dozen rabbits.

Our modern factory processes are so largely automatic that some of the details of inspection can be made automatic too. A good illustration of this is to be found in a shot tower, where the cooled shot are sent rolling down a gentle plate-glass incline and made to take a little jump over a gap. The perfect round shot makes this jump easily. But misshapen shot cannot roll fast enough to get impetus, so they fall into the gap and are remelted.



PHOTO. BY PRESS ILLUSTRATING SERVICE, NEW YORK CITY

Products Have Become So Complex, and Promise to Become So Much More So, That the Inspector is Absolutely Necessary

The Human Element in Production

BUT it is the human element that is eventually the chief concern of the inspector. Men make more mistakes than do machines. Almost any inspector will agree with Edison, who once said that he had always been able to improve machinery much more easily than men. The old idea in factory inspection was to set a policeman to catch the erring worker. If the latter made a mistake the inspector was satisfied to detect him, haul him into the front office, and fine him the cost of his error. If the employee made a few more mistakes discharge followed. That was a simple system—so simple that it did not really work.

Inspection for defective production nowadays takes more things into account. A cripple is only a symptom. It must be run down to the real cause. The worker in whose hands it is found may not be responsible at all. Some shortcoming in material or a mistake made in another part of the plant may have been passed along, intentionally or otherwise. Or the defective part may have originated outside the factory altogether.

The treeing department of a certain shoe factory was turning out so many spoiled shoes, which had to be sold at a loss, that the superintendent tried to correct the trouble by imposing penalties on the operators. This made it hard to keep good operators in the treeing room. The man who trees shoes has to clean them up after all the other departments of a factory have completed their work, washing spots from shoes, removing wax and shellac, ironing wrinkles out of the leather, touching up finish and color and correcting surface blemishes. Investigation disclosed that most of the cripples originated with the purchasing department of that factory, which had been making a splendid showing lately. This good record had been attained by the department's substituting cheaper grades of leather, saving a few cents on each pair of shoes. But the color washed out of this leather, so the shoes had to be recolored in the treeing room.

The first step in eliminating defects is to take every precaution in regard to the raw material used by the plant. Unless this material is carefully watched the factory may be purchasing cripples outside, unawares. Therefore the engineering department or the purchasing agents draw up specifications for each kind of material needed, stating what is wanted in the way of quality, strength, weight, color, finish, dimensions and the like, whether it be brass rod, or steel castings, or cotton yarn, or what not. This outline furnishes a measure for materials, like a yardstick for cloth. The specification terms are written into

(Concluded on Page 45)



The Inspector Must Have Human Qualities, for the Mere Faultfinder Doesn't Get Very Far

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Twenty-Four Hours in June

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

BERT MICHADO was a very up-and-coming young man. His salary as assistant to the buyer at Grafenheimer Brothers, the notions jobbers, was only eighteen a week; but Bert attended the elegant dancing academy of Monsieur Browne and wore his Alpine hat with cocky amiability. He was going to make his mark in buttons, which are a necessary ware and more poetic than thread or needles. He had his eyes on the Boggs Button Works. In the notions trade George Boggs is the Edison, the Wagner—Hans or Richard—the blue-eyed angora of buttons. Mr. Boggs has reformed the methods of sorting and grinding Mississippi River clamshells, and from Davenport he controls a generous share of the pearl-button market.

Bert, after canvassing his possibilities as aviator, movie actor, Red Cross hero, and district attorney of New York City—for all of which occupations he knew himself to have secret gifts—had decided to become future manager of the Boggs Button Works.

But he could not get nearer to the head offices, at Davenport, than Mercer Street, New York, where the Boggs Eastern Agency occupies a floor in a neat cast-iron Corinthian building. Bert's chief often sent him to the Boggs offices, and he yearned over the rows of buttons in the display cases, but never met anyone more job-bestowing than a young house salesman.

For more than a year Bert did not even see the Boggs Eastern representative, Mr. Everett Vibels. He was excited when Mr. Vibels was at last pointed out to him; he was thrilled by the button viceroy's air of having had a bath, a shave, a shine and a raise in salary—not more than ten minutes before. Bert felt that if he could impress his personality on Mr. Vibels he might be allowed to go out to Davenport and learn the trade.

He ambled up to His Excellency's secretary, handed her a priceless smile, and said:

"I'd like to see Mr. Vibels."

He became aware that this was no ordinary secretary. The young woman was a mitten-minded maid, with large gray eyes, much delicacy of waist and hands, and a quiet nastiness of demeanor. She condescended:

"Why?"

"My dear young lady ——"

"I am not your dear young lady. You come from a jobber, don't you? One of the salesmen will be glad to attend to you. Mr. Vibels does not bother with small individual accounts."



They Talked Great Poetry, Though It Was Couched in "No," and Shy "Yes," and Whispered "Isn't It Corking?"

Bert could not say to the contemptuous fair "I want a job." He looked her over slowly, amusedly, from her shoes to her Bronx coiffure, and observed:

"Well then, somebody's dear young lady, permit me to say that you seem too intelligent not to know how rude you are."

He expected her to throw away her dignity and quarrel interestingly. But she also looked him over, from his shoes to his coiffure, in a manner that made him feel as though his shoes had a large patch and his hair needed cutting; and made answer:

"Ah?" And returned to typing.

Bert left the Boggs offices in love. He was delighted to find a girl who resisted his charms and determined to make her like him, which, at twenty-three, is a sound first step in falling in love. Also, he seemed to be slightly nearer the managership of the Boggs Button Works, being in love with the regal secretary of the imperial Eastern representative of the cosmic Boggs.

Whenever he went to the Boggs offices thereafter he strolled over to Mr. Vibel's secretary and renewed his demand to see the great man. She always had some new manner of insulting him. She was a *grande dame* in sateen sleeve protectors.

All he could learn about her was that her name was Miss Pribble. It is doubtful that she had any first name. She was probably born with a knowledge of stenography, with primly dressed hair, and with the name of Miss Pribble. She didn't mind Bert's hanging about. It gave her the chance to be snippy.

Though Bert presently so impressed the stony heart of the Grafenheimer buyer as to be raised to nineteen dollars a week, and to be assured that he was showing signs of almost human intelligence, he could make no effect on Miss Pribble, not by wearing an aster or by being manicured; not by speaking of belonging to Monsieur Browne's class in ballroom deportment or by mentioning a box party at a regular theater. He had to do something startling. Youth in love is always going to do something startling. It has a preference for rescuing the maiden from large bands of thugs. But if Miss Pribble was ever waylaid by thugs on her way home Bert never knew it, as he was busy in the Grafenheimer office from four to six P. M.

When December came Bert said to Miss Pribble:

"Gosh! Going to be a cold winter! Believe I'll sneak in a vacation and go down to Palm Beach."

"Huh!" said Miss Pribble.

"Well, I guess I could if I wanted to!"

"Sure! That's what they all say."

Every time he went to the Boggs offices Bert mentioned the indisputable fact that the winter was cold and the much less probable fact that he was going South. The fourth time Miss Pribble snapped:

"Well then, why don't you go? I live in a boarding house, and I know all about these ten-a-week Florida visitors. But always they were there last year or are going next."

"But me," said Bert calmly, "I'm going now; next week. I'll send you a picture post card of me there."

"Yes, when you do I'll frame it."

"Well, by golly, I'm going." And he went!

It must not be supposed from a certain lack of wisdom in his admiring Miss Pribble that Bert was a pathetic case of youthful dementia. He was a valuable junior at Grafenheimer Brothers'. He demanded and received a week-end vacation. He had two hundred dollars in the savings bank. He drew out one hundred and one dollars—the dollar was for unexpected expenses—and when a blizzard was edging about New York he started for Palm Beach and June. That is, for one day in June. He had not stipulated to Miss Pribble how long he would be among those present.

II

MR. ALBERT MICHADO, recently "Hey-you-Bert!" of Grafenheimer Brothers, was taking his first gorgeous meal in the land of palms and luxury. He had arrived at Palm Beach at seven P. M. and it was now seven-seven. Though he was thrilled by actually having made this pilgrimage of love, he was decidedly interested in food. Florida is noted for its food, you know. Envy Bert, then, as you follow him, course by course, through his first repast among the millionaires.

He had a wholesome vegetable soup; and when the soup was half consumed, and the waiter's back was turned, he reached for the catsup bottle—and then he had a full plate of soup again, and that soup had become tomato soup. After this Bert indulged in a quite tropical hamburger sandwich, a cup of coffee, and a hunk of apple pie, lighted a cigarette; and on his high stool he lolled as one can loll only in this halcyon land. His check was thirty cents, which shows how economical you can be, even in luxurious surroundings.

Then he left the internationally famous café, which is called the "Seminole Lunch Room—Gents' and Ladies'," and wandered about Palm Beach—that is, about West Palm Beach, which is to the rest of Palm Beach as Hoboken is to New York.

The fact that he had to run down to Florida to warm the heart of Miss Pribble did not imply that he had to buy the place. He had come cheerfully down in the day coach of the train. For meals he had consumed thirteen bananas, two boxes of peanut bars, four apple pies, two ham sandwiches, nine bottles of assorted pop, and a large private can of deviled chicken. And here he was under practically the same buzzards and palm fronds as the people who had come down in private cars; and already he was privileged to send post cards that ought to awe even Miss Pribble.

Though it must be admitted that there were neither palms, Seminole Indians nor girls bathing, to be observed from the West Palm Beach Curio Shop, at it he obtained excellent photographs of all these aristocratic subjects, and informed Miss Pribble that he was "Having nice trip. Wish you were here!"

"Now," said Bert, "I'll pound my ear, and make up for that day-coach seat. To-morrow I s'pose I might as well see something of the place, too, being as I'm here for the day."

He slept the sleep of the up-and-coming at Mrs. Wizzle's Tourist Hotel, in a room that had all the advantages of a room in a high-priced hostelry—that is to say, it contained a bed, a chair, a bureau, and running water—which ran when you tipped the dainty hand-painted pitcher.

III

WHEN he woke to a golden Florida day, with roses at—well, not exactly at his window, but perfectly discernible at the back of a house less than a block away—Bert devoted considerable care to dressing up to his new social station, in white flannel trousers, a blue coat, a three-dollar shirt, a Panama hat—or at least a Nicaragua hat—and canvas-and-leather shoes. Simplicity, he felt, was the thing.

At breakfast at Mrs. Wizzle's hotel Bert wondered whether he had been mistaken about this simplicity motif, when the whole dining room raised its collective head and panted at the entrance of a young man clad after this fashion: A bottle-green coat, with belted back; a Panama, with a parti-colored band; a tie of purple and red and green and orange; striped flannel trousers; liver-colored shoes; tortoise-rimmed amber sun glasses, with a black silk ribbon bearing a monogrammed silver slide; a large rose; a large initial belt buckle; a large bang above the right temple; and a perfectly enormous walking stick.

"Gee-whiz!" Bert worried. "I wonder if I've hit it wrong. Maybe Old Ribbon Counter, there, has the right idea. Hate to admit it to little Pribble, but I've got about as much idea of how millionaires dress as I have of whether the King of England calls his wife 'May' or 'Dearie' when they're playing double solitaire."

He went rather uneasily through Florida streets characterized by such exotic features as houses with porches, stores with glass fronts, and hotels of particularly tasty

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tin brick. His new flannel trousers suddenly seemed scanty and plain. He wished he had bought that nine-dollar pair instead of these for seven. He took off his Panama and regarded the black band with severity. He thought that two girls on a stoop were laughing at him, and suddenly he became feeble and loose about the knee joints. Just as he was beginning to feel superior again, he came out on Lake Worth. He looked across to Palm Beach proper, and his pride went out of him, his feet became almost useless for walking, and his Panama but a mockery.

A strip of oily water, scattered with white steam yachts, with express cruisers and catboats and silk-curtained launches. Across the water a line of palms and magnolias, from amid which rose a hotel like a range of hills, a palisade of lemon yellow with white pilasters—the Royal Poinciana. While Bert stared, a hydro-aëroplane rose from the opposite shore and casually whirred above the hotel. Bert's eyes drifted from it to a buzzard circling in the dome of the sky. It seemed to him that the bird was an insolent sentinel of this still, glistening luxury; that it was watching him, asking him how he dared intrude.

He took the ferry across to Palm Beach in a state of panic. He wanted to flee back to West Palm Beach and hide in the first train north. He was admitting all the contemptuous things Miss Pribble's look had ever said. He wished he were in his New York furnished room, reading a comic section and gently waving his feet in the air.

Now the ferry was grounding in the chaste slip on the sacred precincts of Palm Beach. The wing of the Poinciana makes a shining court, with shadowy places among the palmettos and avocados, magnolias and wreathed live oaks, and the coconut palms that rise above all. Bert, the New Yorker, tried to be sniffy about a mere six stories, but the hotel ran along in a wall that shut him in—and shut him out; a wall pierced with a thousand windows of the rooms of wealth. On the high roof were perched buzzards. He didn't know they were buzzards. He didn't, he felt, know anything.

He went along the walks muffle-footed and pious of demeanor. Pretty girls in sports coats and striped linen skirts, and altogether delightful silk stockings, went by on bicycles. For Bert the bicycle became an almost too aristocratic conveyance. A foreign-looking man and woman, smooth, brown, passed in a double wheel chair. The man leaned on his stick and surveyed Bert superciliously. He said something to the woman, and laughed. Something about Bert ——? Bert felt like a banana peel.

"Rats!" he growled, utterly without conviction.

With a consciousness that his feet were making an inexcusable racket on the wooden floor, Bert crossed a wide porch, ambled down some miles of hallway, past arcaded shops with cobwebby gowns on display, and came to the lobby and two-thirds of the Social Register. Society was demanding mail, inquiring about baggage, talking in twos and threes about tables, circulating in a colored mob—young men with college air and hair; vivid girls; old, shrewd-looking men and women. They were gossiping, nodding, laughing at one another—and at him no one glanced for more than a second. He felt damp about the hatband. "Must get out of this horse show or some mere duchess will come up and kiss me; and then I'll be queered with all the princesses," he sighed.

A mahogany writing room, a very carpeted and polite writing room, was discernible. He bolted into it.

"I'll write Miss Pribble—good letter; then beat it outdoors, where the Four Hundred can't ambush me," he resolved.

He found a desk; he reached out a hand for stationery in the breezy manner of a well-traveled man who has stayed at hotels in quite important towns in New Jersey. He took his hand back and looked foolish. There was no stationery in the racks. With enormous pains to appear casual, he glanced at the racks on other desks. The only stationery in sight was under the elbows of people writing.

"Course!" he sighed. "They give out the stuff at the office to keep outsiders from butting in and writing to dear Cousin Jenny that they're staying at the Poinciana—X marks my room. And me—Albert J. Outsider is my real name."

He was aware that the man at the next desk, a weighty, outdoorish, amused man, with a round bland face, was watching him sit before a useless desk. Bert scrambled in his pockets for an envelope and made figures upon it; and these were the cryptic figures he made:

$$\begin{array}{r} 2 \\ 2 \\ \hline 4 \end{array}$$

He repeated this accurate but not very valuable calculation several times; rose with pontifical dignity and left the writing room, saying to himself: "There now; I guess old cantaloupe-face realizes I did have some writing to do!"

He crawled out on the porch again. It extended before him, miles long and acres broad, dazzling and dangerous, with throngs of persons who would laugh at him. He made his way past them. He apologized to people for walking in front of them—he almost apologized to the subtropic sun for daring to share its beams without having registered at the hotel—or, at least, wiring to engage a beam. He avoided the shaded and popular sections of the porch, and trotted on till he found a hot stretch where the only view was of a not very enlivening laurel bush. He did not wish to occupy space desired by decent, right-minded people. He felt that the Poinciana did not clasp him to its lemon-colored bosom.



"I Live in a Boarding House, and I Know All About These Ten-a-Week Florida Visitors"

In this deserted hot space of the porch Bert was beginning to feel slightly secure and to expand in the warmth after the long tedium of the Northern cold. He was reaching in his pocket for his last box of cigarettes when he stopped, not daring even to take his hand out of his pocket.

Someone had taken a rocker near him and was observing him. Bert made himself as inconspicuous and innocent as he could. He tacitly assured the observer—he assured the sun, the palms, and the entire management of the Royal Poinciana Hotel—that he hadn't really been thinking of being so bold as to take out a cigarette and light it. He edged his eyes round till he could get a glimpse of this new spy. He remembered. It was that most colorful of tourists, the young man with the green coat and amber sun glasses whom he had seen taking a twenty-five-cent breakfast in West Palm Beach.

"Huh!" considered Bert. "He doesn't belong here any more than poor old Bertie does."

He felt safe again; and, though he did not go so far in recklessness as actually to smoke that cigarette, he looked coldly at the fair young man. He wondered: Was his own costume really less proper than this splendor? He hadn't dared to examine closely any of the genuine guests of the hotel, but he had an impression that they were not gaudy.

"Beastly outsider!" he reflected about the broken colorist. "Regular bourgeois—that's what he is."

Down the line of rockers came a darky servant, straightening the chairs. The green-coated one started from his chair, looked self-consciously at Bert and at the servant, tossed his head and stalked away. His timidity made Bert a very lion. Himself, he wasn't afraid of a servant! He sat still. The servant carefully did not disturb him. Bert was filled with a new consciousness of his own high standing.

"What is that bush?" he said to the servant.

The servant replied that it was a bay—which it wasn't—with such deference, such a prolongation of the "sir," that it occurred to Bert that he didn't wear any large sign saying "I do not belong here. I am a humorous object."

He waggled his head in comfort. He boldly plunged his hand into his pocket again. He brought out his box of cigarettes. He counted them, careless of who might see his system of economy. There were all of seven, and he lighted one as though for more than a hundred years he had done nothing but sit about in large rockers on porches in Palm Beach, the Bahamas, the Riviera, and smoke cigarettes—lots of cigarettes—and scatter ashes on the porch if he felt like it.

When two men drifted to rockers beside his, he did not care, though a glance at their knife-edged faces and Vernon Castle hair told him they were the Accepted—really In. He peeped at them; he listened for the utterances of the Gilded Youth. One of them wore a gray jersey coat and white trousers, and a Panama with a plain blue band; the other a suit of white flannel.

"By golly, dressed simply—like me!" he rejoiced. "Oh, I knew they'd all be copying me! Bet the fashion editors are wiring their newspapers. Oh, they stood out; but they all had to come to it when old Bertie said 'Simplicity, ladies; simplicity!'"

Both of the scions of our new American Nobility produced copies of that aristocratic periodical, Scandal Scrapings, and read with a concentration that showed the advantages of college training in making our Better Classes superior to the common herd.

"Old Tommy will be sore," said one of them—unconscious that his liquid music was being wasted on one of the common herd. "All about his divorce!"

Both of them laid down their papers, completely exhausted by their studious application, and stared moodily at the laurel bush.

"Let's play some tennis before bathing hour."

"Tennis!"

"Well, let's go down to Bradley's and have a drink."

"Oh, well ——"

"I say, I believe I'll engage a wheel chair by the week."

"Oh, d' yuh really think it's worth it?"

"Yes; running clear down to Bradley's, two-three times a day."

Yawn. Tired rising. *Exeunt omnes*, bearing their own corpses.

The common herd, as represented by Bert Michado, stared after them. He had learned that Bradley's, that far-distant point to be reached by wheel chair, was about a hundred feet from the end of the Poinciana.

"Bet they have escalators to get from their motor cars to the sidewalk," he grunted; and again: "Well, old Bertie, you're a fool, as usual! Awed of that! Why, my son, you may be ignorant, but if you couldn't sound more intelligent than those swells, Grafenheimer's would fire you in twenty-four minutes."

He walked blandly, spaciously, down the porch. As he passed the group of initiates who had previously awed him he beheld them with a cold and anarchistic eye. With an air of occupying the royal suite and having four footmen and a court poet awaiting him, he rolled into the lobby and up to the desk. He looked level-eyed at a clerk, a magnificent and highly cynical clerk, and suggested:

"Stationery."

"Yes, sir," implored the clerk, and whisked a whole pile of embossed linen into his hand.

He received it with marked calm, condescended across the lobby to the writing room, and sat happily down to transcribe his heart's young passion for Miss Pribble.

He gradually ceased to keep up an appearance of grandeur. He leaned on his elbow and carefully scratched different places on his scalp. He resolutely crossed his legs, seized a pen, wrote "Dear Miss Pribble," hesitated, laid down the pen, and crossed his legs the other way. He picked up the pen and glared at the nib with surprise and extreme dislike. He tilted his chair and rocked in it tentatively. He uncrossed his legs and squared his shoulders, as though he was done with all this nonsense. He picked up the pen sternly and wrote:

I can hardly believe I am here in Fla., & it is still harder to believe that up in N. Y. it is probably snowing, it is so warm & bright here.

He stopped. He tapped with the pen. At last he really became busy—in drawing, with great attention to details, the portrait of a can of beans. Somewhere about the middle of this study in *genre* he made his discovery.

Having come hundreds of miles to write a letter to Miss Pribble and pour out all the ecstasy he had never been able to voice in her immaculate presence, he had nothing to say to Miss Pribble. He didn't want to write to Miss Pribble. He was bored by the thought of Miss Pribble.

While all the world reeled about him and ancient temples were shaken like clothes on the line, while the sky was darkened and his expenditure of seven dollars for flannel trousers seemed a bitter waste, Bert continued to depict the can of beans. He could not get any picture of Miss Pribble into his mind. She was a gray blur 'way off in a gray New York. He couldn't remember anything she had ever said to him. Had he ever loved her?

He carefully put all of the stationery in his pocket and staggered away, bearing the world's whole burden of disillusion. What was life worth, when he had come clear to Palm Beach, at vast expense to himself and considerable inconvenience to Grafenheimer Brothers, on a pilgrimage of purest love, only to discover that he wasn't interestingly in love at all?

Little did the people about think that the good-looking young man in an ordinary blue coat was the modern Lord Byron, with a heart of ashes and dust!

Despite the blackness of his state of soul, Bert remembered that he had only one day at Palm Beach, and that if he missed the famous bathing period, beginning at

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eleven, he might never see it again. He bore his cosmic *sadness* along the pine walk toward the ocean beach. But he walked as one aloof. It is probable that he did not look very carefully at more than six or seven pretty girls on the way over.

He sat on the sand of the bathing beach a little way from *the line* of awning chairs. He tried to forget his unmanning grief in the sight of the splash of indigo sea and a steamer that wallowed down the horizon, bound for magic lands—for Jamaica or Costa Rica. He began to envy the throng—clean-shouldered brown young men in bathing suits, their wet arms shining; girls in satin bathing suits of blue and green, with white collars that cut the outlines of their throats; older men, tanned and deep-breathing, with the assured manner of executives. Laughter and a murmur of happiness came from the crowd on shore; shouts and skippings and tremendous splashing from the crowd bathing.

Suddenly Bert saw the picture as a whole, as joy in blue and gold, and he forgot the hauteur of Miss Pribble, forgot the tragedy of finding that he could forget Miss Pribble, and looked among the kaleidoscopic groups for somebody with whom he could play through the bright end of his adventure in June.

IV

BERT was impressed by a dozen girls in the downy groups, but the girl he most noticed was with none of the groups. She sat alone, even farther than himself from the social precincts in front of the line of hooded chairs. He could not understand why so appealing a person was alone. She was a girl to play with, a light little fairy figure in a white net frock, with a suggestion of slim ankles below frills, head held up, as though she was accustomed to attention, and a small whimsical nose, as though she was accustomed to laugh. But it was a dolorous nose now; its bridge was wrinkling and its little tip was quivering with anger, after the fashion of a cottontail bunny in the presence of a stirring lettuce leaf. She was digging a white lace parasol impatiently into the sand.

Despite her dignity of twenty and a new net frock, Bert wanted to pat her round cheek and ask "What's matter, honey?" He decided that she was waiting for a dilatory suitor. He was sorry for that young man when he should come.

For twenty minutes Bert watched the lone girl—watched her and liked her, and wanted to run and play with her. She became tired of active anger. She sat still and gazed out to sea. She was touching to Bert—she who was made to be the center of laughter, alone and melancholy. He saw her eyes follow enviously a tall girl who came dripping from the surf, slipped into a bathrobe held by a perfect suitor with a monocle, and sat down in the midst of a welcoming group.

"Poor little kid!" thought Bert. "She wants to be mixing, too, like that big bruiser of a girl. I bet she's like me; doesn't know a soul at Palm Beach, even though she is such a swell. Why, the poor little kid!"

He went to sit near the fairy girl. But he was embarrassed. He devoted himself to constructing a sand castle, while he assured an imaginary policeman that his intentions were entirely proper; and if any man said that Albert R. Michado was a masher, that man—by jiminy—lied!

He fancied her repulsing him with "How dare you address me, sir!" He confined himself to a purely mythical conversation, in which he made a number of witty observations on bathing, the opera season in New York, Charlie Chaplin, motor cars, artichokes, and other moral topics. He heard himself inventing startling epigrams, and he was in the midst of the most graceful inquiries about her state of health when a large, serene male, clad in a tight brown bathing suit, swaggered by them.

"The dogs'll get that sausage yet!" Bert said, unconsciously aloud, looking after the plump one.

He discovered that his eyes had met those of the fairy girl. He flushed, and expected to be called "Sir!" directly; but:

"Yes!" she said.

"Wond'ful day!"

"Yes."

"Sea's a beautiful blue here—'course there aren't the cliffs you get on the New England coast." He wished to give her every opportunity to refer to the old family place at Newport or Bar Harbor.

"Oh, is it all cliffs there? This is the first time I've ever seen the ocean—here in Florida."

She didn't seem to intend to call him "Sir!" at all. She looked at him with eyes that were beginning to light up.

"Honestly? Oh, you can't be a Westerner!"

"I am so! You New Yorkers —— You are a New Yorker aren't you?"

"Yes. How can you tell?"

"Because of the way your coat is cut; and you have such nice funny broad *a*'s."

Bert tried to look like a person whose coats and *a*'s were always cut smartly, while she raced on:

"You New Yorkers always think that anyone who comes from west of Pittsburgh must wear chaps and a gun."

"No, we don't, because we see Westerners on every corner. You can't go into a café without running into the California or Wyoming Club singing about how they hate New York and want to be back West; and you expect them all to take the midnight train. But if you go back to the same place a year later there's the same bunch, still talking about the dear old buttes, and still sticking right on in New York. Honestly now, wouldn't you like to see Fifth Avenue?"

She looked angry once more and jabbed the sand with her parasol.

"I used to think I wanted to be naughty and go to a Broadway cabaret, but now I don't ever want to see the East again. The people here are perfectly horrid. So cold ——"

"I knew there was something the matter. Tell me about it."

"Oh, you wouldn't understand; you New Yorkers, with your social cliques ——"

"But I'm very unimportant. I—ch—I go to scarcely any of the smart dances."

"That shows you really are in society—to say that! I can tell that, even if I have been here only a week."

"Only a week here?"

"Yes; that's all daddy could get away for. He and I are going back to-morrow. I suppose you're here till way into March."

"No; I've dropped in just for a day."

"Then you're on your way to Havana or the Bahamas. Worse yet!"

"But what is the matter? Tell me."

"Honestly, do I look like a plague, or a leprosy or something?"

"Not to me!"

"Then why am I a wallflower here? Back home—why, there was sometimes as much as a boy and a half wanted to dance with me in an evening! Here—the dance last night —— Ugh!"

"Yes; I guess you probably managed to dance a few times at home! But here—I know how it must have been. You went to the big dance and nobody looked at you, and you saw nice young men making a fuss over girls that weren't a quarter so pretty or light on their feet as you are; and you were so angry that when your father tried to comfort you, you wouldn't listen, but just flounced up to bed."

"How did you ever guess? Oh, you didn't see me, did you? I don't remember seeing ——"

"No; I wasn't there. I went to bed early. These big crushes at the Poinciana always bore me. I—I just guessed it. But we New Yorkers—you see the beastly town is so big that you can't know all the people, and you get so many invitations that you simply have to protect your precious spare hours; and it's easier to cut out strangers than friends."

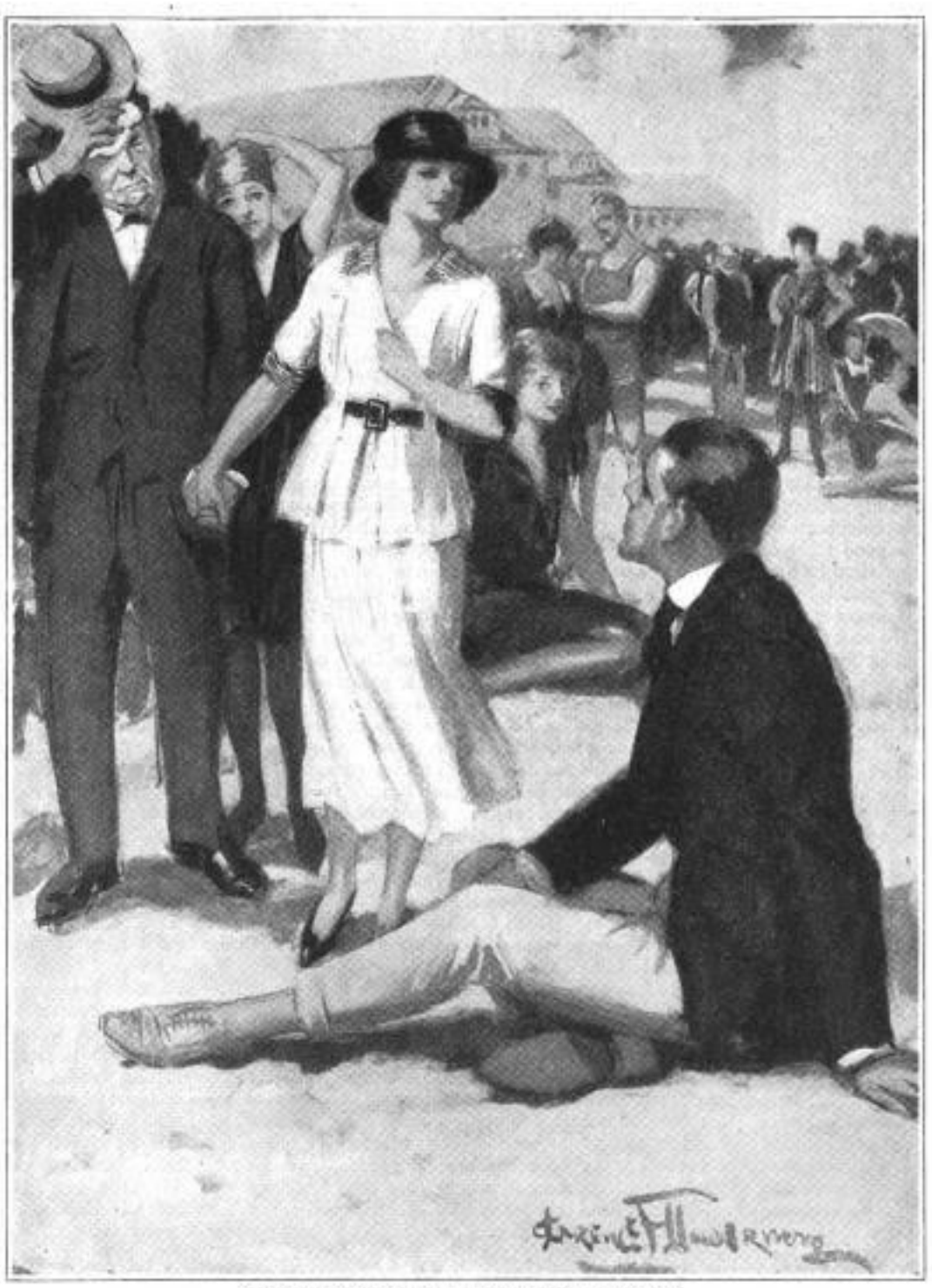
"Yes; I suppose so. You must lead a dizzy whirl—my! Still, I'd just like to try it once."

"You won't think I'm presumptuous, will you, if I invite your father and you to lunch? I'm here for such a little while, it really doesn't matter if I pick up the social threads or not; and I sort of feel as though I ought to make it up to you for the rudeness of the other Easterners, and return some of the hospitality you Westerners are so famous for. May I?"

"Why, I guess so. I'm just terribly grateful to anybody that thinks I'm still a good-hearted little fool ——" Her gay voice became tragic. She forgot shyness of the stranger. She dropped her parasol and looked at him imploringly. "Honestly, it's the most terrible week I've ever had! I must look like a horse thief. Out home I did think people liked me—I really did; but here —— Once I was day-dreaming here and I saw a boy who looked so much like Mark Halverson, back home, that I nodded to him; and he just stared at me and cut me dead. And once I was sitting on the piazza beside a girl—why, she was younger than I am, and she wore the most awful tessy dress—and I said 'It's a nice day.' And she said 'Yes'—as though I was awfully fresh in speaking about her friend, the day; and right away she got up and left me.

"Hon-est-lee! I feel as if I had a little bomb hidden in my glove, and they had caught me with it! Oh, I don't want to know their horrid old society! I used to; but now all I want is to play a little. I should like to go to a dance, and have one of your Easterners commit himself about the weather being warm, before I go all that long way back to the West. It's such a long trip—and I was so happy coming down; I just danced on the observation platform, and

(Continued on Page 46)



Towing the Large Man, She Came Panting Back

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Borrowing From Your Uncle

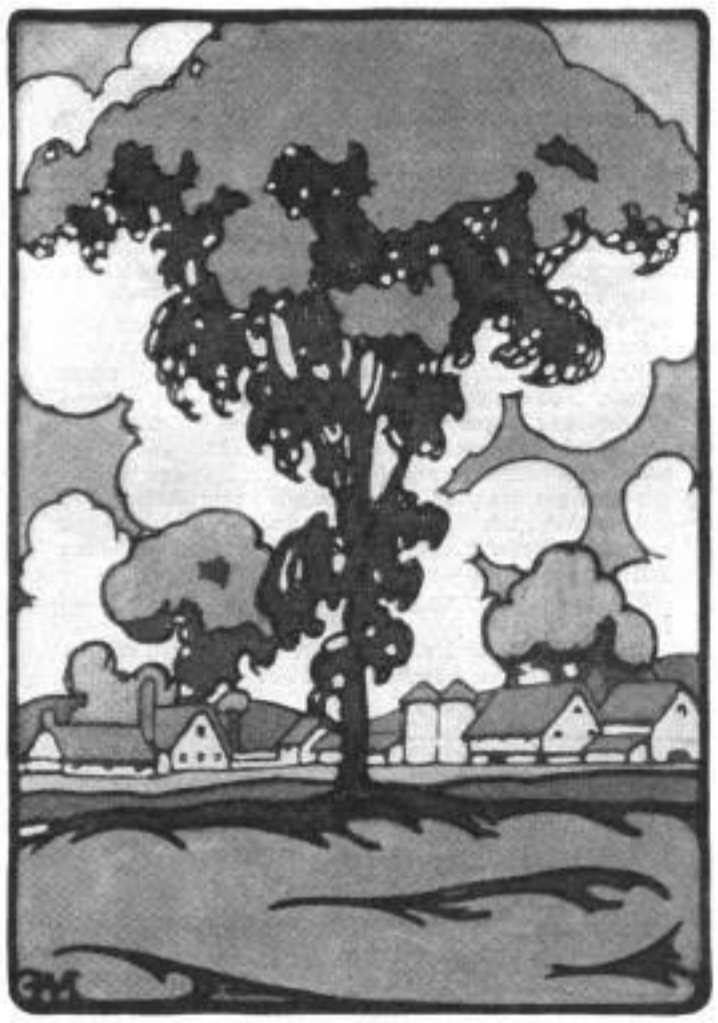
The Farmer's New Friend—By Herbert Quick

THE writer has just completed a tour of the United States for the purpose, among other things, of learning what he could of the farm-loan needs of the United States. These journeyings have covered some twenty thousand miles of travel, and the expenditure of some fifty-three solid days of hearings, at which men of all occupations—farmers, agricultural students, county agents, professors of the extension departments of agricultural colleges, landlords, tenants, landowners, real-estate agents, bankers, loan agents, abstracters of title, rural workers along sociological lines, officers of life-insurance companies, editors of farm papers—men and women of all walks of life that relate to our farms and farming, have testified as to agricultural conditions. These hearings have been held in forty-four of the forty-eight states of this Union, and have pretty well covered the farming conditions in all of them. Any mind that takes to such an experience some little knowledge of the matters dealt with cannot fail to receive from it a good deal of enlightenment.

One thing stands out in bold relief as a high light in the picture of the complex series of problems that must be solved if farming is to be properly financed in this country, and the rush of competent farmer material to the cities lessened. This is the urgent need of some way for the proper financing of men of agricultural efficiency, ability and integrity who can farm well, wish to farm, and cannot get land for want of money. No such condition exists in the city. A Charles M. Schwab, a Henry Ford, an Andrew Carnegie or a J. Pierpont Morgan might serve as an illustration of the sort of men who are ever on the lookout for business efficiency, coupled with the right sort of ability and integrity in city affairs; but any business man who reads this is a better one. The crying need of city businesses is not for money, but for brains and trustworthiness.

I know of a farm hand who had never made over three hundred dollars a year in his life until he was picked up by an editor, who was attracted by his writings, as a promising fellow for the publishing business, and given a position in an editorial office at twenty dollars a week. Within three years that young man refused an editorial position at five thousand dollars a year, because he was already earning several times his initial nonagricultural wage, and had on hand work so attractive that he would not leave it, thus retiring from what he called "a fight half won." He had been a good farm hand. He loved the soil. If he could have acquired a farm and a home in the country he would never have dreamed of quitting it for the city. He would have lived in his rural neighborhood and been a powerful force for making it a good place in which to live. He would have earned far less than he now receives, and, you may say, would never have achieved so high a plane of success; but that is by no means certain.

There are broad fields of usefulness, public and private, opening to the farmer with a talent for public life and extraordinary skill in farming. But the point is that rural life had far greater need of him than did city life. Editors there are in plenty; but great farmers are few.



DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

The Riddle of the Sphinx

YET, after all, that is not the main point. The main point is that he ought to have been financed as a plain business proposition. He was strong, honest and efficient. If he could have been placed on a farm and given a chance to pay for it he would have done the trick. If there had been some system by which money could have been supplied to him with which to acquire land, he would have paid for the land and rendered a profitable rate of interest to the lender of the money.

His case is extraordinary with respect to the unusual ability shown by him in his city occupation. But all over the country there are young men who can succeed on the farm, but will fail in the cities, or will make only humdrum, moderate urban successes. Such are the young men who are yearly being turned out by the agricultural colleges, either as graduates or quite as good as graduates, so far as are concerned the needs of practical farming, and who cannot obtain farms, though they are filled with that enthusiasm for their chosen pursuit which fills the young graduate in law or medicine, and which makes so strongly for success. The pinfeathered lawyer or doctor may rent an office and, if he waits, is pretty sure to get some business. Very few of them, so far as can be observed by one who has been through the professional sweat, actually fail. Waiting does their business for them.

With the penniless farmer, the case is woefully otherwise. The longer he waits, the higher goes the price of land. He cannot get a farm by degrees; it must be acquired as a whole. He is in the same predicament as a young doctor, who must obtain a flourishing practice all at once or never. In other words, he is in an almost impossible position. The result is that he gives up in despair and takes a position as a teacher, or enters some business in which ability can be financed by employers.

The loss to country life of the able and ambitious farm laborers and agricultural students is only a part of the drain under which rural life is suffering. The farmer with two or three sons loses all but one of them to the city, almost as a matter of course, unless he is exceptionally well-to-do. The farmer's son who has shown by years of efficient farming that he can make good ought to be able to marry the girl of his choice and have the chance to make good as a farmer. He has grown up on the farm, and has occupied the position of a farmowner by his part in the management of his father's farm. To drop to the status of a farm hand may not be a social lowering, but it is something worse—it is a distinct descent in financial prospects. As a farm hand, he simply cannot marry and support a wife; and he is too proud to ask any girl to marry such prospects, even if any girl would be so foolish as to accept him. He drifts to the city; or he accumulates an outfit of horses, tools and equipment, and rents a farm.

And this brings us to the largest class of farmers possessing farming ability and integrity—the skillful farm tenant. All over the United States the best men speak of the increase of farm tenantry as a sort of national Riddle of the Sphinx, not to answer which is for the nation to be destroyed. Landlordism has come upon the United States in a form worse than the landlordism of Europe, even before the last remnant of the public domain has been reduced to private ownership—that wonderful domain out of which it was once vauntingly sung that "Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm."

Wherever land is rich and valuable it is passing into the hands of renters under a system of tenantry that amounts to a conspiracy to rob, first, the soil; next, the tenant, who has no abiding place save from year to year; and finally, the landlord, who finds his farms getting poorer.

These tenants are, many of them, as good farmers as America possesses. Surveys show that in the Corn Belt the tenants make larger labor incomes on the average than do the owners of lands who operate them for themselves. The tenants do not receive so large incomes as the owners, for the accepted method of reckoning farm-labor incomes allows five per cent interest on the land value and capital value before wages are reckoned; but in strict labor income the tenants, on the average, make more out of the lands than do the owning operators—this owing to the excessive value of the land. They could not do this if they were shiftless ne'er-do-wells, as they are often unjustly described. They sometimes labor so effectively that by skinning the land they are able to buy it. Not one in ten, however, who should in some way be financed for that purpose, is able to buy land.

Everybody gains when the tenant becomes a farm-owner under circumstances that enable him to pay out. He gains by becoming a fixture in the neighborhood. His family gains in standing and self-respect, and in the opportunity of finding permanence in the neighborhood society, in school and in church. School and church and Grange and Society of Equity and Farmers' Union, and all coöperative effort, gain by this new accession to their ranks of a real farmer and his family.

How the Farm Hand is Helped

THE landlord gains in the long run by having a fixed security substituted for waning fertility and deteriorating buildings. The land gains by passing into the hands of a man interested in its upkeep and improvement, instead of in the mining of the soil for this year's profit. The nation gains in the character of its citizenship. Nothing is more remarkable than the testimony of prominent Southerners as to the desirability of making landowners of the negroes.

"Give a negro a farm of his own," they say, "and he becomes a good citizen at once. From the moment that he becomes a landowner he ceases to be a dangerous man. If we could make every decent negro a landowner one of our greatest problems would be nearing solution."

The reason for this is plain. The transformation in the negro is more evident, perhaps, than in the white man; but the same thing takes place in both. What takes place is the steadying and uplifting effect of having a stake in the land.

The United States Government has undertaken, through the Federal Farm Loan Bureau, to finance the long-time needs of the farmer. The Federal Farm Loan Act, when fully in operation, will make it possible for any farmer complying with its provisions, anywhere in the United States, at any time, to borrow any sum, from one hundred dollars to ten thousand, for any term of years from five to forty, at reasonable rates of interest, up to half the value of his land plus one-fifth of the value of the permanent insured improvements upon it.

This is the greatest job of loaning on real estate ever undertaken in the history of the world. But it has frequently been asked:

"How will this benefit the farm hand who may be a perfectly safe business risk but hasn't the money to pay his way to within reach of a loan? How will it help the tenant farmer who has equipment but not enough cash to make a first payment on the farm? How will it help the ambitious young man with farming skill and education, either of the classroom laboratory sort or of the fields, to get a farm when he is provided with nothing but the essentials of success—given land—but lacks what, after all, should be less important, money?

"The Federal Government is organizing twelve great land banks to cover in their operations the whole of the continental United States—exclusive of Alaska—to loan money to whom? To people who can put up two dollars or more of security for every dollar advanced! Isn't this a sort of Barmecide feast for the farm hand, the young farmer without land or money, and the tenant who is ready for a farm and can't buy it? When was there a time when any man had any difficulty in buying a farm if he had half its value in cash? Isn't this another exemplification of the text: 'Whosoever hath, to him shall be given'? How are integrity, ability and efficiency in farming to be financed under this new law—unless they possess two hundred per cent in collateral? And do you call loaning

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on two hundred per cent security helping the under dog? *It looks* a good deal like the old bad deal!"

This is nowhere near so true as it sounds. There are farmers in astounding numbers all over the country who own their lands and are yet very poor. They possess lands that will yield splendid returns for money invested in their *more* adequate financing, but are outside the scope of the old loaning system. Farm loans as now made exert a strong pressure in favor of the large farm and against the small one.

In the Corn Belt, and elsewhere in regions of high land values, money-loaners discriminate, for perfectly proper reasons, in favor of the loan of five thousand dollars or more; and the farmer who wants to borrow on farm mortgage a sum less than this is not much better off than as if he lived in the high-interest zone. In some of the best farming regions of the country, where money to loan on farm mortgage is supposed to be plentiful at five or six per cent, the man who wants a long-time loan of a thousand dollars or less does not know where to get it, though the large farmer may be courted by the loan agents with offers of funds.

In other parts, like New England, the financial institutions have had their attention directed to the West and the cities so long that farm loans all about them are neglected. The president of a Connecticut insurance company stated at one of our hearings that, though his concern had something like a hundred million dollars loaned on farm mortgage—I do not remember the exact sum—not one dollar was loaned on a Connecticut farm. And yet there is no better land than some in Connecticut, and there is no state in which money for farm development could be more profitably or safely used in very considerable volume. The eyes of the mortgagee have been turned away from New England, and similarly from many other regions. One New England farmer stated that in his county the average farmer would not have the nerve to ask a farm loan of a bank or trust company—or of anyone, in fact, except the village capitalist.

Good Land That Needs Financing

IN STATES possessing a "spotty" soil—that is, a soil which varies widely with locality—it has not paid the loan companies to work out an organization for safe loaning; and so these regions, larger in extent and quite as great in national importance as the broad stretches of lands which are so uniform that a man might land in the night from a parachute and pay for the farm on which he alighted with perfect assurance that he could not be much deceived in the land values, are not financed at all, in any systematic way, as to their farm loans. These farmers are without money on farm mortgage, even though they own their farms. In other regions—immense regions—the business of furnishing abstracts of title has not been developed; and the loan company must either send a skilled man at great expense to make a "search," or rely on the opinion of the village lawyer. It does not pay to make loans, especially small loans, under such conditions. In other places the boundaries of the farms must be established by surveys.

Widely spread over the United States are lands the values of which are low, though constantly rising, and the loans required are small. Loan companies cannot profitably handle their needs. It costs money to make a farm loan; and it costs no more to make one of five thousand dollars or more on land covered by an abstract of title made by a bonded abstracter than to loan two hundred and fifty dollars on a bit of a farm described by metes and bounds—"from a spring at the foot of Dead Man's Hill; thence in a northerly direction, twenty degrees east, to a sycamore; thence due west, to a stone," and so on.

This matter of boundaries is one in which east is east and west is west, and never the twain shall meet. A Western lawyer bought a tract of land in the Appalachians. He took the muniments of title and struggled with them for a day to discover—if such a thing might be—whether the land conveyed was of the area and description of the tract sold him. He was used to abstracts referring to quarters, sections, townships and ranges, under the rectangular system devised by the United States Land Office many years ago, under which the wayfaring man, though a fool, may drive to the exact spot mentioned in any deed from any county seat in the West. These old metes and bounds were a Chinese puzzle to him; so he sent the papers to a legal friend in the East.

"Please look these over," he wrote, "and see whether I am buying any land in any particular locality or not. I am accustomed to a different mode of description, and where the lines are described as running from a hole in the ground, thence in an upperly direction to a state of mind, it puts me up in the air!"

And all these things—small loans, queer descriptions, boundaries rendered uncertain by the death of the sycamore, the drying up of the spring since George Washington ran the line, or the removal of the stone, sharply varying values from farm to farm and from hillside to hillside, lack of legal ability or bonded abstract companies—all these put the loan companies up in the air, too, and place on the farm-loan black list millions of acres of farms the values of which are just as stable and loans on which are just as safe as are those of Grundy County, Iowa—and, as Mr. Peggotty might say, "I can't say no fairer nor that." But all these problems the Federal Farm Loan Bureau must, as a matter of legal duty, work out. Wherever loans may safely be made, the work of making them must be systematized and perfected by a Federal Bureau.

It seems quite within the bounds of possibility that within a few years this work will develop not hundreds of millions but perhaps thousands of millions of choice farm loans, which the present system does not reach at all; and will also add new empires to the areas open to lenders outside the Federal System. And all the farmers so reached, and a multitude of others, are quite as needy as the moneyless farm laborer or the tenant who lacks the wherewithal to pay fifty per cent of the purchase price of a farm.

The new system is not one that gives solely to him who hath. It operates also in the interest of him who hath not. But if it leaves the laborer, the young man starting out in life and the tenant farmer altogether without help, it will not have reached the bottom of the pile of superimposed canines. Let us see about this.

At Topeka, Kansas, a man who has won great prominence among the bankers of America made the statement that in his opinion the Federal Farm Loan System will make it possible for such of our tenant farmers as possess some capital and the equipment a tenant farmer must have, together with a little money, to buy farms in far greater numbers than is now possible. He stated that in his country—the Missouri Valley, where land is high—he would, as an investment banker, regard it as good business to finance such purchases. The Federal Land Bank mortgage, he pointed out, may be for as long a term as forty years, and is made upon the amortization plan—that is, it must be paid off gradually in annual or semiannual installments.

If made for thirty-six years, for instance, the annual interest plus one per cent will extinguish the debt in the time mentioned. The rate will scarcely be higher than five per cent; so that an annual payment of six per cent will take care of the debt, principal and interest. A second mortgage subject to such a lien is a thing entirely different from the second mortgage hitherto known to and contemned by investors. Such a first mortgage has few of the characteristics of the ordinary mortgage. It does not worry the debtor or the owner of the second mortgage by falling due and demanding payment or renewal. It may be paid off at will after five years; but it may be carried on for a generation as an annual charge of much the same character as a tax or a water rate.

The law requires that whenever it is not made for the refunding of outstanding indebtedness the loan must be for the improvement of the farm—for livestock, fertilization, draining, leveeing, for buildings like silos, barns or better houses, fencing, clearing or otherwise reclaiming; so that the security of the Federal Land Bank loan is in most cases increased by the expenditure of the money loaned, and the second mortgage is made better. Moreover, the tenant who becomes an owner begins to build and improve. The farm gets better, instead of running down.

The annual amortization slowly reduces the first lien, while the farm grows better. Round it grow up the loves and traditions that bind the owner to his home. If he is a good man it will take an agricultural convulsion of Nature to eject him from that farm—provided, as our banker friend cannily stated, the annual charges against him are not too high. He figured out for us what he meant by this—and in doing so he made a computation of the greatest importance to the tenant farmers, the landlords and the whole people of the United States.

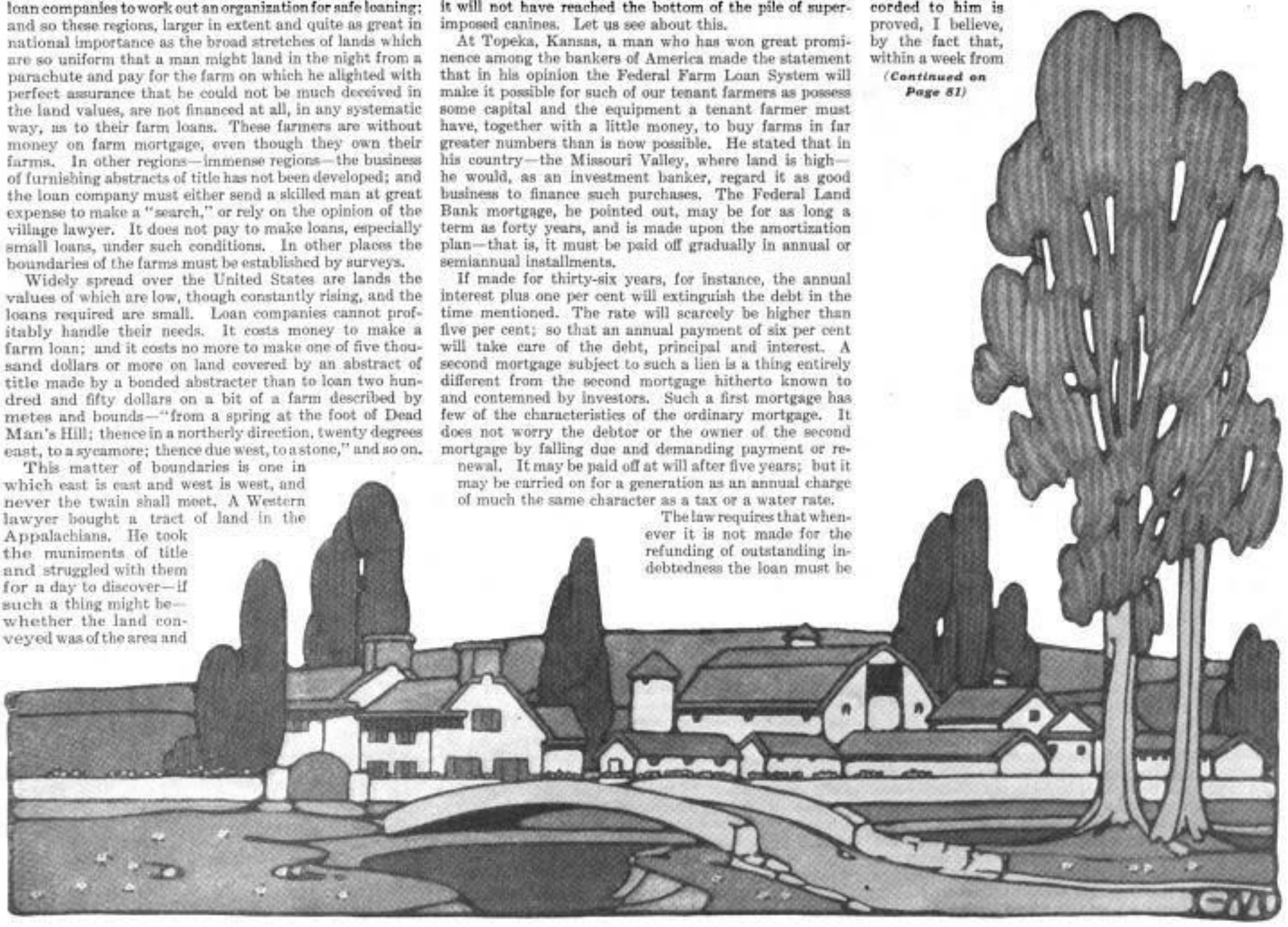
Sound Second Mortgages

"SUPPOSE," said he, "that a tenant farmer, a good man, comes to me and says that he has the equipment to farm eighty acres of land, and can raise, from funds saved or by making a sale, fifteen hundred dollars. He can buy the eighty acres for eight thousand dollars. He can join the nearest National Farm Loan Association and borrow from the Federal Land Bank half the value of the farm—four thousand dollars—and turn this sum over to the seller of the land. This leaves the sum of two thousand five hundred dollars to be provided for.

"I should figure that if the interest on the first mortgage—the amortization charge, the interest, taxes, insurance and upkeep—did not amount to more than a fair rental for the land it would be a safe loan for an investment banker. I should not think so if the first mortgage had only three, five or ten years to run; because I should figure that it would take him about ten years to pay off my second mortgage. I think seven per cent would be a fair interest for the second mortgage to bear and that it would be good paper to handle."

That this gentleman from whom I quote from memory has won the prominence among the bankers of America that I have accorded to him is proved, I believe, by the fact that, within a week from

(Continued on Page 81)



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CAPPY RICKS, WHEAT BARON

Wherein J. Augustus Redell Scores a Knock-Out

By PETER B. KYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER



"Friend of My Heart, I Love You! Damn Eet! I Say Eet!"

SEÑOR FELIPE LUIZ ALMEIDA, secretary-treasurer of the West Coast Trading Company and familiarly known as Live Wire Luiz, gazed a moment in dumb popeyed admiration at his partner, J. Augustus Redell. The latter watched him suspiciously, for he knew from experience what was coming. He was not disappointed.

"Friend of my heart!" the little Peruvian cried excitedly, and held out his arms to Redell, inviting a fraternal embrace. "I love you! Damn eet! I say eet! You are one wezard weeth the money-making schemes!"

Mr. Redell cautiously compromised on a hearty handshake; to avoid a kiss he was careful to keep the table between himself and Live Wire Luiz.

"Shall we empty the corporate sock and climb aboard for every cent we can beg, borrow or steal?" he demanded.

"Sure, I bet you!" Live Wire Luiz cried; for, though a featherweight physically, he was possessed of the courage of an Alexander.

J. Augustus Redell put on his hat, took from a pigeonhole in his desk the last trial balance of the West Coast Trading Company's books and departed for a conference with his banker. Half an hour later he returned, and the expectant Luiz promptly noted a cloud on Mr. Redell's sunny countenance.

"I can't arrange for a loan," he reported disgustedly. "The limit, in view of our present obligations, has been reached."

"On margin of ten cents," suggested Live Wire Luiz, "take a chance, *amigo*. Thees is not speculation. It ees what you call the ceench weeth the copper reevets."

"I figure it that way; nevertheless, copper-riveted cinches sometimes aren't properly cinched and Fortune backs out of the packsaddle. I dare not take a long chance on this, Luiz.

"If something went wrong we'd be sadly embarrassed. We dare not take a chance up to the limit of what money we have on hand, because we need those funds for other things."

Live Wire Luiz swore mournfully in Spanish. Redell nodded and retired to his own office, where for an hour he sat with his head in his hands, searching his agile brain for a bright idea that would lead him out of his dilemma. Suddenly he leaped to his feet, tossed his hat to the ceiling, and caught it again as it came down.

"Cappy Ricks is my meat," he declared aloud. "Besides, I owe Cappy one for making a monkey out of me on that lath deal. He hoisted me on my own petard—whatever a petard may be. Now I'll hoist him, and incidentally annex a profit for the West Coast Trading Company."

He rushed out into California Street and for the major portion of the day was very busy among various shipping offices. When he returned, late in the afternoon, to the offices of the West Coast Trading Company, his alert young face wore a pleased and confident smile. Live Wire Luiz noted this and took heart of hope.

II

CAPPY RICKS, president emeritus of the Ricks Lumber & Logging Company and the Blue Star Navigation Company, was, for the thousandth time since his voluntary retirement from active business some ten years previously, overwhelmed with his ancient responsibilities. Mr. Skinner, his general manager, in charge of the lumber end of Cappy's vast interests, had, under the insistent prodding of his wife, consented grudgingly to a vacation and had gone up into the Sierras to loaf and fish.

Scarcely had Skinner departed when one of the Blue Star steamers ran ashore on the Southern California coast, and Captain Matt Peasley, Cappy's son-in-law and right bower, in charge of the shipping end, left immediately for the scene of the disaster to superintend the work of floating the stranded vessel. This left Cappy riding herd on the destinies of the Blue Star ships, with Mr. Hankins, Skinner's understudy, looking after the lumber.

Prior to boarding the train, Matt Peasley had ventured the suggestion that Mr. Skinner be ordered by wire to return to town at once; but this veiled hint that the Blue Star ships could not be managed by the man who had built up the Blue Star Navigation Company had been received very coldly by the president emeritus of the Ricks interests.

"Young feller," Cappy informed his son-in-law testily, "I'll have you know I was managing the Blue Star Navigation Company quite some years before you quit wearing pinafores; so I guess, while you and Skinner are away from the office, we can manage to stagger along after a fashion."

"But I don't like to have you worried with business after you've retired ——"

"Retired!" Cappy hooted. "Swell chance I've got to retire! I'll die in the harness whether I want to or not. Tut, tut, my boy! Don't be afraid to put me in as a pinch hitter for this organization. The worst I can do is to single—and I might clout a home run."

"But Skinner has been away two weeks ——"

"Enough! It would be a bad thing to obsess Skinner with the notion that we can't get along without him. Then he never would take a rest; and I don't want any martyrs or neurasthenics round my office. You got anything on the fire that's liable to burn or boil over before you get back?"

"Nothing to worry about, Cappy," Matt answered. "Our five-masted schooner Mindoro is the only vessel requiring immediate attention. She arrived at Sydney yesterday with lumber from Grays Harbor, and as yet I haven't been able to get a satisfactory return cargo for her."

"What have you been holding out for?"

"I want to get a cargo for delivery in San Francisco if possible. The vessel will be ready to go on dry dock by the time she gets back here; and besides, I'm planning to put a semi-Diesel-type engine in her."

"Not by a jugful! She wasn't built with a shaft log, and I won't have you weakening my Mindoro by cutting away her deadwood ——"

"Tish! Tush! You're a back number, Cappy. They don't cut through the deadwood any more. They run the shaft over her quarter and hang it on struts."

"She'll carry a helm ——"

"She'll not; but if she does, let her. It'll give the helmsman something to do."

Cappy subsided, fearful that if he persisted he might be given new evidence of the fact that times had changed a trifle, here and there, since he had ostensibly gone on the retired list.

"Well, I'll take care of the Mindoro," he assured his son-in-law. "Early in life I adopted the woodpecker as my patron saint. Ever since, whenever I want anything I keep pecking away, and pretty soon I bust through somewhere."

The following morning, bursting with a sense of responsibility, Cappy came bustling down to the office and got on the job at eight-thirty. After looking through the mail he called up all the freight brokers in town and urged them to make a special effort to line up a San Francisco cargo for the Mindoro; then he summoned Mr. Skinner's stenographer and was busy dictating when Mr. J. Augustus Redell was announced by a youth from the general office. Cappy went to the door to welcome his beloved young friend and business enemy.

"Come in, Gus, my dear boy," he chirped, "and rest your face and hands." He turned to the stenographer. "That will be all, my dear, for the present. I can't dictate business secrets in the presence of this—ahem!—harumph-h-h!—er ——"

His desk telephone rang. Cappy took down the receiver and grunted.

"J. O. Heyfuss & Co. are calling you, Mr. Ricks," his private exchange operator announced.

Cappy smiled and nodded. J. O. Heyfuss & Co. were ship, freight and marine insurance brokers.

"Something doing for my Mindoro," he soliloquized aloud.

"Mr. Ricks?" a voice came over the wire.

"Hello there!" Cappy replied at the top of his voice. For some reason he always shouted when telephoning. "Ricks on the job! Whatja got for my Mindoro, Heyfuss? . . . Zinc ore? Never carried any before. Don't know what it looks like. . . . Yes; that freight rate is acceptable. We should have more, but God forbid that we should be considered human hogs. . . . Yes. . . . Sure it's for discharge in San Francisco? . . . All right. Close for it. . . . Good-by! . . . Hey there, Heyfuss! Don't close in a hurry. See if you can't get the charterers to pay the towage over to her loading port. If they won't pay all, strike 'em for half."

He hung up without saying good-by.

"Well, that's out of the way," he declared with satisfaction. "Just closed for a cargo of zinc ore from Australia to San Francisco ex our schooner Mindoro. Matt Peasley's been hunting wild-eyed for a cargo for her—scouring the market, Gus—and nothing doing! And here the old master comes along and digs up a cargo while you'd be saying Jack Robinson. By the Holy Pink-Toed Prophet, if you can show me how the rising generation is going to get by ——"



"My Dear Boy, Suppose You and I Go Out and Pin One On? Hey?"

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He paused suddenly, leaned forward, and pointed an accusing finger at his visitor.

"Gus," he charged, "you're up to something. I can see it in your eyes. You look guilty."

Mr. Redell hitched his chair close to Cappy and with his index finger tapped the old gentleman three times on the right knee—three impressive taps.

"Alden P. Ricks," he began with equal impressiveness, "I have a scheme ——"

Cappy chuckled and slapped his thin old thigh.

"I knew it! By the Holy Pink-Toed Prophet! Gus, if you ever come into my office and fail to pull a scheme on me I'll think you aren't enjoying your usual robust health. What are you going to start now? A skunk farm for cornering the market on Russian sable?"

"Cut out the hilarity. This is serious business, Cappy. I can show you where you and I can waltz into the Chicago Pit, make a killing on December wheat, and escape with a sizable wad before our identity is discovered."

Cappy, caught off his guard, blinked at the enormity of the prospect; but, remembering his dignity as a business man, he shook his head sadly and replied:

"Wheat! Wheat, eh? A lumber and shipping man monkeying with wheat? Not for little old Alden P. Ricks! No, sir! When I go speculating I stick to my specialties—lumber and ships. Did you ever hear of a gambler, winning a fortune at faro, who didn't drop his winnings on the ponies?"

"But this is a beautiful layout."

"I don't know anything about wheat and I'm too old to learn. Besides, I don't trust you, Gus. You're an infernal scoundrel; and experience has taught me that any time I take your tip and go in on a deal I have to step lively to keep from being walked on."

"But this time I'm free from guile. I won't stab you, Cappy."

"No use! The last boat just left, Augustus."

Mr. Redell, however, was made of rather stern stuff. He was a young man who never took "No" for an answer. Persistence was his most striking characteristic.

"Now listen," he implored. "Let the dead past bury itself. I give you my word of honor, Cappy, that this deal is on the level. Just let me put all my cards on the table while you take a look; then, if you don't want to come in, all I ask is your word of honor that you'll stay out while I round up a partner with red blood in his veins."

Cappy pricked up his ears at that. He saw that Redell was serious; he knew that once the latter passed his word of honor he never broke it. Still, Cappy did not wish to appear precipitate in his surrender; so he said weakly:

"I'm against speculation."

"You mean you're against foolish speculation," Redell corrected him. "I take it, however, that you have no objection to playing a sure thing."

"Well," Cappy admitted, "in that event I might be persuaded. Nevertheless, I'm afraid of you. There's a fly in the ointment, even if I cannot see it. You owe me a poke, and you'll never rest until you've squared the account between us."

Mr. Redell held up his hands in abject distress.

"Cappy," he pleaded, "don't say that. You wrong me cruelly. It is in my power to stand idly by and let you assimilate a poke right now; but, just to show you I haven't any hard feelings, I'll do something nice for you instead."

"What do you mean—nice?"

"I'll save you money—not only to-day but for years to come; and I'll save your self-respect."

"Shoot!"

"Call up J. O. Heyfuss & Co. and tell them to take their cargo of zinc ore in bulk for your schooner Mindoro and go to the devil with it!"

"But, good gracious, boy, I have to get something for her homeward trip!"

"In this case nothing is better than something. Do you know anything about zinc ore?"

"Yes; as much as an Eskimo knows about the doctrine of transubstantiation."

"I thought so. Well, I'll enlighten you. Zinc ore is blamed near as heavy as lead, and it's as fine as cement. Load it in a ship in bulk and, what with the pitching and rolling of the vessel on a long voyage, she opens up every seam and crack in her interior; then this powdered ore sifts into the skin of the ship and down into her bilge, and you'll never be able to get it out without tearing the ship apart. Why, after a vessel has freighted a cargo of zinc ore there may be as much as fifty tons left in her after she's supposed to be discharged; and, of course, thereafter she'll carry that much less cargo than she did before. Besides, the consignees are liable to send you a bill for the shortage; you can gamble your head they'll deduct it from the freight bill."

"Holy sailor!" Cappy was appalled.

"Why," Redell continued, "I'm surprised at your ignorance, Cappy!"

"And I'm amazed at your intelligence! Where did you get all this zinc-ore dope?" Cappy challenged. "How do I know it's true?"

"I got it from Captain Matt Peasley. I heard him give it to J. O. Heyfuss on the floor of the Merchants' Exchange two weeks ago, when Heyfuss tried to sneak up on his blind side and hang that cargo of zinc ore on him. I guess they weren't importing much zinc ore when you were active in business, Cappy, or you'd be hep without being told. You see the plot, don't you? As soon as Heyfuss learned that Matt Peasley and Skinner had gone away, leaving a defenseless old man on the job, he organized himself to spear you."

"The shameless son of a sea cook! By gravy, Gus, you're my friend!"

"Need any more proof?"

"Not a speck."

"Then I'll give you some. Call up Heyfuss and declare that ore cargo off; after you've done that I'll tell you where you can get something better. Moreover, you can close the deal yourself and save the brokerage."

Cappy Ricks called up J. O. Heyfuss and in a few terse sentences told that individual where to head in.

"Now, then ——" he began, facing round on Redell once more.

Again Mr. Redell's index finger tapped Cappy's knee. Dramatically he pronounced a single word:

"Wheat!"

"Wheat?"

"Wheat!"

"What kind of wheat?" In his amazement Cappy was rather helpless.

"Number One white Australian wheat."

"You jibbering jackdaw! Wheat? Don't you know blamed well that wheat is one of the commodities Australia never exports to these United States? Why? Because we don't need her dog-goned wheat! We grow all the wheat we need and a lot more we don't need; we export that, and it's just as fine wheat as you'll find anywhere. Moreover, any time our crop is a failure, our next-door neighbor, Canada, is Johnny-on-the-spot, ready to make prompt delivery. So what in thunder are you talking about?"

For answer J. Augustus Redell drew from his pocket that morning's paper and pointed to the headline of a front-page story. Cappy adjusted his spectacles and read: Bakers Announce Six-Cent Loaf!

"Hum-m-m!" said Cappy.

"You bet! And it's a smaller loaf, by the way. Doesn't that argue that there is something doing in wheat, when the price of bread goes to six cents for a half portion?"

"Well, there might be something in that, Gus. Crack along and tell me some more."

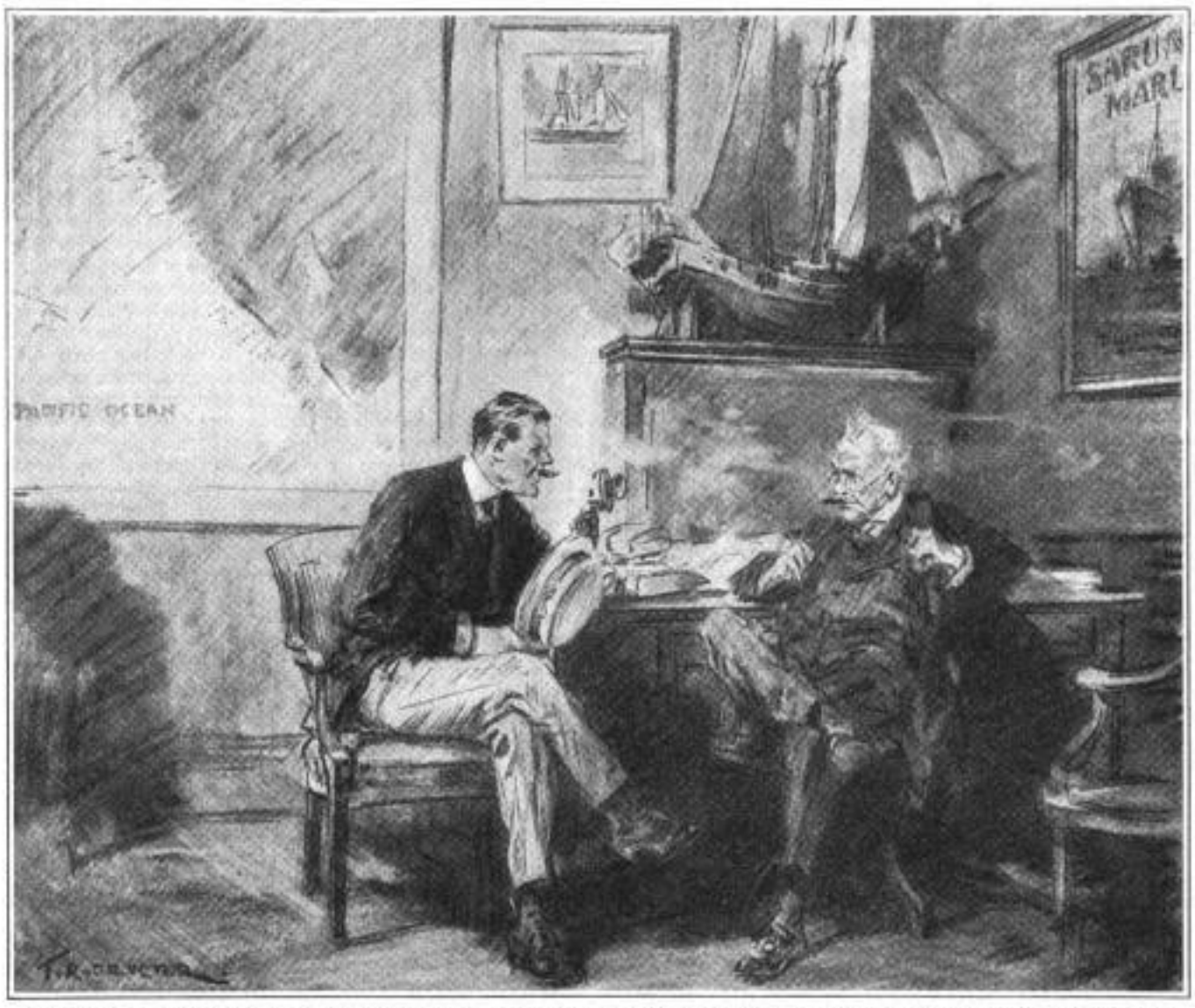
"Until the identity of the real culprits is fixed, Cappy, we must blame the war in Europe for the six-cent loaf; likewise for the fifteen-dollar shoe that formerly cost our wives six or seven; for the eleven pounds of sugar for a dollar, when twenty to twenty-two pounds was the standard in the good old days. Europe is too busy fighting to pay much attention to farming; the wheat farmers of Canada are somewhere in France, instead of being at home tending to business; and it has been up to Uncle Sam and the Argentine Republic to feed the world, you might say. Naturally speculators have seized upon this condition to shoot the price of wheat to the skies, and in desperation the millers have been casting about to buy cheaper wheat. Investigation discloses the fact that Australia has an enormous quantity of wheat on hand; some of it is the surplus of the 1915 crop. Of course she has exported all she could to England; but, at that, she has been handicapped."

"How?"

"Because when a ship sails from Liverpool with goods for Australia, it is a rare case when that same ship promptly loads with Australian goods and puts back to Liverpool. She takes a cargo of coal, say, from Newcastle up to Manila; a general cargo from Manila to Seattle or San Francisco; thence to a West Coast port with a general cargo; thence to New York with nitrate; thence to Europe with foodstuffs or munitions. Australia hasn't had the tonnage to export her wheat and it's been piling up on her. Now they've simply got to sell something to get some ready money."

"This is perfectly re-markable!"

Redell took a document from his pocket and gravely handed it to Cappy, who examined it and discovered the same to be a charter party, consummated the day before between the West Coast Trading Company, owners of the barkentine Mazeppa, and Messrs. Ford & Carter, a well-known export and import firm whose principal business



"I Don't Know Anything About Wheat and I'm Too Old to Learn. Besides, I Don't Trust You, Gus. You're an Infernal Scoundrel"

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was done in grain. Cappy read the charter party carefully and even verified the signatures, with all of which he was familiar. The vessel was to carry a cargo of wheat from Melbourne to San Francisco at a freight rate of —— shillings.

"Re-markable!" Cappy declared. "Pre-posterous!"

"Seeing is believing. Call up Ford & Carter, and they'll jump over themselves to give you a cargo of wheat for your Mindoro."

"Im-possible!"

"Well, I'm telling you. Why, it stands to reason, Cappy! Canada and the United States are so much nearer Europe than is Australia it has been cheaper to use our wheat, and the result is we've been cleaned out; and the newspapers are filled with dismal stories of the sufferings of the poor due to the increased price of bread."

"Come to think of it, Gus, there has been a lot of that stuff in the papers lately. But, of course, when a fellow's stomach is full and he isn't in danger of being attached for debt, he never thinks of the less fortunate brother. Yes, Gus, I dare say the demand for our wheat now exceeds the visible supply."

"Is it any wonder, then, that this condition of affairs should come to the attention of the Australian exporters? Just because Australian wheat has never been shipped into the United States is no reason why it shouldn't be shipped—particularly when the price of flour goes up daily. Why, we pay two and a half for the fifty-pound sack of flour that formerly cost us a dollar and a quarter! Eggs are up to seventy cents a dozen—by jingo, Cappy, what's going to become of us?"

"God knows!" Cappy answered dismally.

Redell had him hypnotized. Already Cappy could see the gates of the poorhouse opening to receive them all. Redell's voice brought him back to a realization of his peril.

"You'll find, Cappy Ricks, that for months to come every sailing vessel that carries lumber to Australia from the Pacific Coast will come back with a cargo of wheat while these war prices are maintained."

"Great Jumping Jehoshaphat! How'd you get next to all this, Gus?"

"The early bird gets the worm, and success comes to the man who creates his own opportunities. I thought it all up out of my own head, Cappy, and then tried it out on Ford & Carter. It knocked 'em cold for a minute; but that was only because the proposition was so unusual. When I explained the situation to them, however, and gave them time to digest it, both offered to take me out to luncheon. You can see for yourself they've chartered our Mazeppa at a fancy freight rate."

Cappy licked his lips.

"The Mindoro is sound, tight and seaworthy," he murmured. "She could carry wheat."

"Come on in, Cappy. The water's fine!"

"I'll do it! Gus, you're a mighty good fellow, if I do say it that shouldn't. I have five windjammers en route to Australia this minute, and, by the Holy Pink-Toed Prophet, if I can get wheat charters for all of them on the return trip I'll accept, if it costs me money. Gus, something has got to be done about this high cost of living or we'll all go to hell together. There comes a time in a man's life when he must put aside the sordid question of 'How much is there in it for me?' and ask himself: 'How much can I put in it for the other fellow?' Gus, it's our Christian duty to furnish tonnage to import this wheat. We should, as patriotic citizens, make it our business to boom Australian wheat in the United States and give these dog-goned pirates that gamble in the foodstuffs of the country a run for their money. Food prices should be regulated by this Government. The Chicago Pit should be abolished by legislative enactment ——"

"Well, they won't do it this year, Cappy," Redell interrupted dryly. "Still, it occurred to me that I saw an opening where two high-minded philanthropists—to wit, Alden P. Ricks and J. Augustus Redell—might strike a blow for freedom and at the same time give these wheat speculators a kick where it will do them the most good. When one cannot annihilate his enemy the next best thing is to take some money away from him; and you and I, Cappy Ricks, can take a young fortune away from these fellows, while at the same time depressing the price of wheat and doing our fellow countrymen a favor. Are you prepared to volunteer under my banner? If so, hold up your right hand."

Cappy held up his right hand.

"Out with it, Gus," he ordered; "out with it! This is most interesting."

"Ah! You're interested now, are you? Well, bearing in mind the fact that your specialty is lumber and ships, I will give you an opportunity to withdraw before it is too late. Besides, it occurs to me that I have already done enough for you to-day."

"Don't be greedy, Gus. Remember there is an exception to every rule. Besides, I'm getting old and—er—ahem!—hell's bells, boy, I've got to have my fling every once in a while. Come now, Gus! Out with it! I believe your proposition embodied the coupling of both our names in the betting, did it not?"

"It did, Cappy. Still, come to think of it, I really ought not come in here and tempt you into speculating ——"

"How much money do you want?" Cappy shrilled impatiently. "Cut out this infernal drivel and get down to business. Unfold your proposition; and if it looks to me like a winner I'll take a flyer with you if it's the last act of my sinful life."

"On your own head be it, Cappy. Here goes! However, before laying my plan before you, perfect frankness compels me to state that my visit to you was not born of an overweening desire to do you a kindness or make money for you. Philanthropy is not my long suit—in business hours; and my interest in you to-day is purely a selfish one."

"Go on; go on, boy! Am I a child in arms?"

"I have made a ball, Cappy," Redell continued, "and I want you to fire it. I have a splendid prescription to make a clean-up in December wheat ——"

"Give me your prescription."

"Well, sir, my prescription lacks one small ingredient to make it a standard household remedy. You can supply that ingredient—to wit, cash of the present standard of weight and fineness. Every spare dollar that Live Wire Luiz and I can get our hands on is working overtime in the legitimate business of the West Coast Trading Company; every loose asset with a hockable value has been hocked, and we dare not strain our credit with our banker by borrowing money with which to speculate. If I apply for a sizable loan, without putting up the collateral, he'll ask me what I want to do with the money—and if I answer truthfully he'll throw Luiz and me and our account out of his bank. And I never was a very successful liar. Therefore, in consideration of the valuable information I can furnish, I suggest that you carry me for a quarter of a million bushels of December wheat."

"How much will that cost me?" Cappy queried warily.

"We'll operate on margin. I think a margin of ten cents a bushel will do the trick; of course, if wheat should go up a point you'll be asked to come through with more money. However, I have a sneaking notion that a well-known financial heavyweight like you can place his order with any of the local brokers without having to put up a single cent; at the most, they might ask you for five thousand or ten thousand dollars. But they know you're good for any engagement you may make; they'd be tickled to death to have your promissory note. I suggest that you get in touch with a sound brokerage house in this city—one that is a member of the New York Stock Exchange and the Chicago Board of Trade—and sell, for my account, two hundred and fifty thousand bushels of December wheat at the market."

"What'll I do for myself?"

"Go as far as you like. You know your own limitations. I'm desirous of selling a quarter of a million bushels at the market; and, as I am furnishing the plans and specifications for this raid, I suggest that you sell at least a quarter of a million yourself."

"Funny business!" Cappy murmured. "Selling a quarter of a million bushels of wheat you do not own and never will! Hum-m-m! Ahem! Harumph-h-h! Then what?"

He bent his head and gazed very severely at Mr. Redell over the rims of his spectacles. For reply Mr. Redell took from his pocket thirteen sheaves of paper and handed them to Cappy, who investigated and discovered them to be thirteen forty-eight-hour options on thirteen sailing vessels bound to Australian ports with lumber, and not as yet provided with a return cargo to the United States.

"By to-morrow morning I shall have exercised those options and closed for thirteen cargoes of wheat," Redell explained. "You have five vessels bound to Australia also. Give me an option on them for their return cargo and that will make eighteen."

"Yes, yes. Then what?"

"I will charter all of the eighteen to Ford & Carter, who will load them with Number One white Australian wheat for Pacific Coast ports. Before doing so, however, Ford & Carter will have closed contracts with Pacific Coast milling companies for the sale of every grain of it, in order to protect themselves against a falling market."

"Naturally. And the market is ——"

"December wheat closed in the Chicago Pit yesterday at $1.89½, and the market has been very stiff for quite a while. The bulls are right on the job."

"Will not the advent of all this Australian wheat depress the market?" Cappy shrilled excitedly.

"Not unless the bears happen to find it out, Cappy," Redell retorted gently. "It is our job to bring the matter to their attention, for it so happens that Alden P. Ricks and J. Augustus Redell are the only two people in the United States who happen to know about it. Ford & Carter know; but they are very conservative, and I doubt that the tremendous possibilities of this information have occurred to them. At any rate, we'll probably be first aboard the lugger."

Cappy nodded sagely.

"Are you sure, Gus, my dear young friend, that we are not too conservative in selling but a quarter of a million bushels each? There's such a thing as playing 'em too close to the vest, you know."

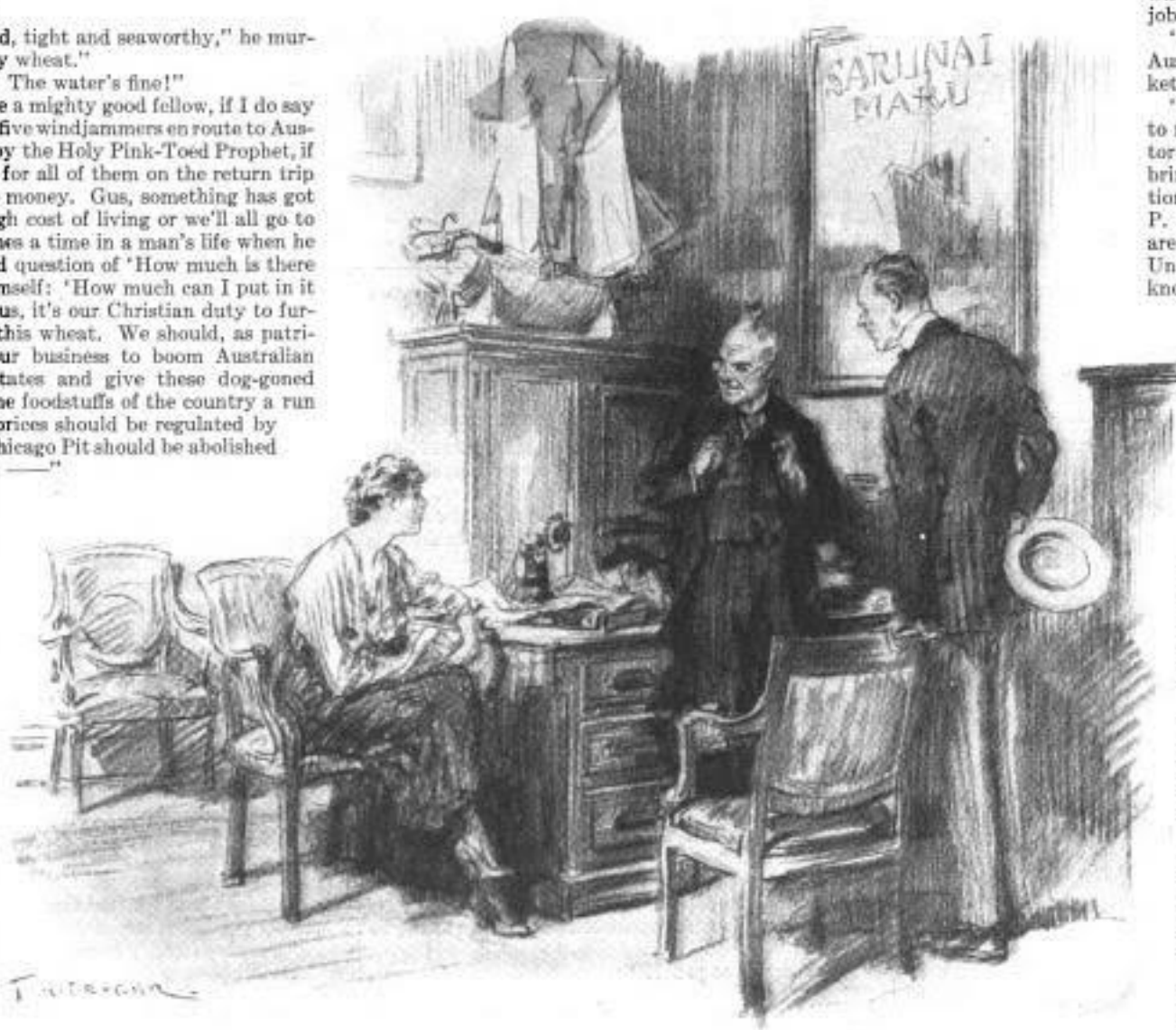
"We'll try selling half a million bushels first; if that doesn't depress the market we'll just keep on selling until something happens. That's right, isn't it?"

"I think so. The bulls will probably grab that first half million bushels to hold up the market; they may even absorb a million. We'll try 'em, at any rate. What next?"

"Having sold all we can at the market, Cappy, our next move will be to kick the market to pieces."

"How?"

(Continued on Page 68)



"That Will be All, My Dear, for the Present. I Can't Dictate Business Secrets in the Presence of This—Ahem!—Harumph-h-h!—er ——"

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THE HOUSE OF CRAIGENSIDE

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

VIII

THE ornithologist was absent but a brief while. Then, with the force of an explosion in our midst, a thing came to pass so utterly odd, and so bound up, as it transpired, with the destiny of the Craigensides, that I feel obliged to describe it in detail.

This event took its rise in the return of Mr. James Smith with the act known as Man or Mechanism. This act, as was to be inferred from the handbills, had to do with a sort of Frankenstein's monster, a thing in the likeness of a man, which would make seemingly independent movements, whether electrically energized or inspired with the very breath of life its proprietor would not take it upon himself to say. That, in short, was what he left to the critical judgment of his audience to determine.

The baggage of the new company came into the Glade late on Monday afternoon. At that hour I was sitting with my senior and colleague, Mr. Bag Fuller, on the canoe float presided over by the boatman Sturgis. Mr. Fuller pointed out with his pipe stem the huge black box which in his opinion comprised the Man or Mechanism act. I had only time to take note of its brass corners and heavy construction, when it was up-ended and urged sidewise onto the stage. The expressmen were straining and shouting curses underneath it, as if the thing were a grievous weight on their shoulders.

"Funny what will amuse people," said Fuller.

He was of the opinion that the act was a fake act, as nearly everything in life was nowadays.

"Ain't no more real than those needles," he said mournfully.

The needles he referred to were pine needles, and were being strewn from carts, among the roots of weary, bald-headed pines.

Sturgis stirred sleepily, rubbed the bowl of his pipe against his nose and uttered:

"I think it will turn out to be a man, not a mechanism."

"Man nothing!" retorted Fuller. "Ain't it likely a man would be given away first crack out of the box. He would cough or get a cinder in his eye."

"There are people with remarkable nerve control," said Sturgis. "I knew a man who went twenty minutes without winking his eyes, for example."

My fat colleague was an opinionated man. He waddled away unconvinced.



Mr. James Smith Was Standing Hatless at the Wheel, Heading for the Open Sea

The policeman at Silver Glade had, in addition to his other duties, that of taking tickets at the theater gate. It was, as I had pointed out, a sapping of his authority and a lowering of his dignity to give him a job beyond that of merely towering impassively among his fellow citizens. But the management that year was bent on economy. Already the road was a squeezed lemon, about to be thrown into some financial gutter.

And thus it happened that on this Monday night at seven-thirty I was "on the gate," as they used to say at Silver Glade.

As darkness fell the arc lights shone more boldly among the debilitated pines. I heard the torturing creak of wooden swings, and the sound of lobster shells snapping when trod on—this in the lucid intervals between the whirls of the merry-go-round.

At a quarter to eight the manager of Silver Glade thrust his sweating face anxiously over the gate.

"It's a good house, isn't it?" he said nervously. "I hope nothing goes wrong with these acts. Outside the Man or Mechanism thing they don't amount to much, I tell you flat. Mostly silent acts, curtain raisers. They've made long jumps too. Slapped together at the last moment. That's what they get, fighting for cheaper acts. These acts have come from five different holes—they don't know each other even."

He went off grumbling.

I then became conscious of the figure of Mr. James Smith lumbering up the center aisle. His head swung like a bull's, right and left; he seemed to be taking stock of the few people who had come in.

Reaching the gate, he stood back in the deep shadow behind me, with only a muttered word or two, and there he remained until the audience was made up and the first act well started. He then went through the gate and made for the dressing rooms. A full minute had not passed when Jane Craigenside presented her ticket.

"Where is Captain Craigenside?" I inquired.

"Wild horses wouldn't drag him here," she replied. "He's not the man to want to be amused."

My thought was that, in her present mood, she wasn't the kind of girl to be amused either, if it came to that. I had never seen any young woman in my life whose eyes gave less assurance of a likelihood of being entertained by what was going forward.

I showed her to a seat myself, and later, getting my colleague, Mr. Fuller, on the gate, I summoned courage to take the empty seat beside her. I was conscious of an agitation on her part which made her reluctant to talk. But if this was how she felt, why had she come to Silver Glade at all?

I confess she puzzled me.

The first act was silent—a pair of acrobats. The second was of the sort technically known as slapstick. One man played a concertina while the other pummeled him systematically with a barrel stave.

Stealing a look at the girl by my side from time to time, I saw that she was watching with a rigid face and that her mind was otherwhere.

Then the Man or Mechanism act was announced, and now the audience shifted on those wooden benches, for this was the act that had been featured, and with the mystery of which even philosophers and sages, it was averred, had not been ashamed to concern themselves. Out of the tail of my eye I saw the girl beside me sink forward and put out one hand to the iron chair back in front of her.

An attendant appeared, rolling out from behind the wing-screen an immense black box studded with brass nails which I had caught a glimpse of earlier. This he placed at the left of the stage and withdrew.

Next appeared a tall, pale man robed in black, with a black skullcap on his head and long straw cuffs at his wrists. This was Mr. James Smith. The ex-ornithologist was certainly master of strange trades as well as a manufacturer of omens. He stood viewing the audience like a man lying in wait, his pale eyes oddly lighted. Indeed, so haunting was this light that judgment was instinctively passed against his experiment before he could so much as open his mouth. This prejudice was heightened also by the molelike protuberance on his forehead.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he unctuously said, "I am a man of few words, and I prefer that you should judge my manikin rather by its own actions than by my account of it. It is the work of my own hands; whether alive or not, you shall judge for yourselves. If motion in the limbs be once granted, you see for yourselves it would only be necessary to simulate the digestive and peristaltic processes to have a completely functioning organism—in short, man. Ladies and gentlemen, I now disclose to your eyes the manikin. Is it man or mechanism?"

He bowed low. Then going to the black box he took the lid entirely clear of the front face of it. Many nervous sighs were heaved in the obscurity below him; a noise arose of divers feet pressing hard on lobster claws and peanut shells.

They were looking into the staring eyes of a waxen figure nearly six feet high, reposing on a half couch of palest rose. The black hair was slightly curly, the nose aquiline, the chalklike features those of a man of perhaps thirty and of great personal beauty. This figure was clothed in black velvet slashed with scarlet stripes.

The face was weird and trancelike beyond words. It was not human, it is true, but neither had it the insipid quality of a face of wax.

And now this strange circumstance was superadded to the others: The girl beside me strained forward in her seat and whispered "It is he!"

Could I believe my ears? Had she recognized this corpselike figure? "It is he!" Who then? And what might be his real relation with the uncanny ornithologist? There was about all of this a child's magic, a fantastic Orientalism, that yet held me spellbound. I leaned forward, expecting I know not what, perhaps that the whole parcel of them would disappear into the gaping jaws of the dragon painted on the canvas wing.

My hand fell on Jane Craigenside's. As before when I had taken it, it was cold; and again I experienced a vague shock that this should be so. It seemed certain that the cold fingers of some horrid fear had fallen on her. And yet in the moment when she had said "It is he" I could have sworn that a note of relief, and even immeasurable gladness, had mingled with that other note of strain and terror.

"It is who?" I said gently, hoping that in that moment of rapt attention the word might fall which would make all clear.

I was disappointed. She shook her head slowly, her eyes riveted to the mechanism, to which the fat operator had now turned back.

"I show you now his inward part," he said suavely, twitching at his straw cuffs. "I trust that it is not all wickedness."

There came a click; a door in the small of the figure's back opened, revealing a collection of springs and cogs—about enough to fill an ordinary alarm clock.

"It must be reflected from the sides—by mirrors," said the girl in the same curiously absorbed whisper. She was quite oblivious of me. I began to see that she wished this thing to be a man—that her whole soul cried out that it should prove a man. Her steady eyes flared with the fierce light I have already noted; the line of the jaw, the pouted lip, the slope of the lashes, all went to emphasize the strain of the barbaric and imperious which was her inheritance

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from that grim line of seamen who had sprung from the house of Craigenside. She breathed stormily. The black ribbon slung about her neck moved; one point fluttered on my cheek.

But my own attention returned to the stage. Our friend, Mr. James Smith, had flung out on the bare boards a system of wires ending in what appeared to be small bulbs of black rubber.

Speaking slowly, in his thick, grating voice, which seemed to have been long unused, he called the attention of the audience to the fact that the man—or mechanism—was now about to move.

"You will observe," he continued, "that when I press this bulb he walks alone. I have provided him with the floating principle of equilibrium. You all know that the thing which keeps the balance of the human body is afloat in an inner compartment of the ear. This principle I sought to imitate in vain for many years, and I discovered my method only by chance, through feeding domesticated pigeons on bread crumbs soaked in brandy."

A murmur came from the audience.

Mr. James Smith pressed the bulb. There came a whirr, a clack, the left hand of the object shook, the fingers remaining rigid. In another instant, with a faint sound of clicking, the thing stepped out of its box and took a stiff step or two along the stage, its crimson-clad arms dangling.

Mr. James Smith dropped the bulb he had been holding. At once the Man—or Mechanism—came to a halt. The arms twitched spasmodically, and the head canted a little to one side, the eyes, however, continuing wide open and utterly without expression.

"It is necessary," said its proprietor, "to simulate by electrical impulses the effect of muscular contraction and expansion. It is plain that if the peristaltic and respiratory impulses could be similarly simulated, the organism would differ in nowise from man's. It would be possible to nourish it, as a system of normal reflexes."

He then drew from his pocket a small package, and uttering pleasantly the words "Red pepper," slashed it through the air.

Several gentlemen in the front row sneezed. Smith sneezed himself; but the figure in striped velvet remained unaffected. There was something severe and statesmanlike in its profile, actually the same look of cramped greatness which you will see, for example, in the portraits of William H. Seward.

As to the authentic nature of this miracle, people were about equally divided. Some were saying that of course the pepper would not have its effect on sawdust; others averred that the figure was a man who had schooled himself to endure its ravages.

But the girl at my side sat white-faced and silent, following with all her soul the least movement of that perplexing manikin. Useless to recount its bag of tricks. It sat in a chair, it picked a handkerchief from the floor, it raised a china cup to its lips, it put a derby hat on its glossy head. The range of its performance was, of course, narrow; the fact of mere movement on the part of such a contrivance was what was remarkable to those of us whose minds habitually swung open on hinges of wonder. Once when the current of its being was cut sharp off the thing fainted dead away, and lay limp in the arms of its creator, still with its miraculous eyes wide open in that impenetrable glassy stare of which it was past master.

I did not once see the quiver of an expression there. There was not the slightest movement of the lashes, not the least flutter of a lid or wrinkling of skin round the eyeball—movements which chiefly control and determine the expression. I did not so much as detect the pulse of an artery in the neck or an expansion of the lungs, and yet there was a lurking, underlying something there like human personality.

"Has it a soul?" breathed Mr. James Smith in one place. "Ladies and gentlemen, I do not know."

In the very moment of deciding that the thing was a mechanism I had called to mind those swiftly whispered words of the girl at my side, "It is he!" when the lid had been removed from the box.

I seemed to read into that cry something between yearning and despair, a note of unconquerable fierce sadness. It was recognition; yet how should the man Smith have modeled with such fidelity the face of a man this girl had known? Had he perhaps copied these features from a living model? Or was the man himself behind this livid mask? I remembered the trepidation of Craigenside on seeing the ornithologist's bag, and it began to be plain to me that this was no haphazard business.

As these reflections crossed my mind the proprietor of the act said in his suety voice that, for the benefit of those whose eyes might be dim or whose judgment was yet undetermined, the figurine would walk into their very midst and undergo the closest scrutiny possible to be given it.

A runway was brought, a wooden chute, with cleats nailed across it, which we had made use of the week before in connection with the performing horses.

"He is coming down," whispered Jane Craigenside. "We shall see."



"It's Only a Straw Man After All, and Pretty Well Drowned Too"

The manikin hesitated on the verge of the descent, tottered, put out a foot in exact accordance with the elaborate leg action laid down for it, and began the descent.

The strangest feelings flooded through me as I beheld the uncanny contrivance approaching at its precise, shuddering stride. I heard the soles of its boots tap in the wooden aisle. I saw the graven face loom closer; there was a fixed light in the eye, which seemed frozen in the socket, and not the slightest movement of the lids, although a swirl of dust just then passed over the theater fence which set everybody coughing.

With the same mechanical accuracy it came on, dragging its wire, until it was within ten feet of where we sat. At this moment a soul-stirring change came over it. I do not aver that there was so much as a quiver of a facial muscle—the lids were as before, there was no breath in the nostrils—and yet I could have sworn that the look of yearning and despair which I had seen in the girl's face was now reflected in these dark eyes, which only a moment since had seemed as impenetrable as stone.

It was all in a second; a thrill passed through me as my sense of this interchange of profound emotion grew more certain. Already the girl was rising in her seat, her clenched hand pressed into her cheek—when there came a click which had hitherto been no part of the action.

The manikin reeled in its tracks, and I heard the fat Mr. Smith lumbering down the runway. As he wrapped his immense arms hard about the scarlet body of the mechanism he shouted hoarsely:

"The sea wind. Ladies and gentlemen, the air has proved too heavy for it. I ask your kind indulgence ——"

He was back on the stage with the agility of a spider, and in a second had clapped the figure into the box and replaced the lid. At this moment, and before the ornithologist could make his apologies, the girl whispered to me:

"Mr. Weymouth, will you take me out? I am not well."

My hand was already at her elbow; and I hurried her up the aisle, past my soiled and shuffling colleague, whose eye of a boiled codfish bulged with curiosity, and so into the deep shadow cast by the theater fence.

Her white dress was all that was now visible. The dark plumes of the aged pines hung over us like brooding murderers. Step by step I followed her as she made the circuit of the fence. She moved like a sleepwalker, one slim arm outthrust, until at length we stood at the bottom of a rickety flight of outside steps which led into the dressing rooms.

"You can be certain of my discretion," I remember saying. "I am an officer of the law, but I am first of all a man."

The tension was so great that the ridiculous flavor of this assertion passed unnoticed by her. She took her skirts in her hand and began the ascent of the uncertain outside staircase. When she was in the act of turning the knob of the door at the top a loud outcry arose from within—a chorus of voices in which fear and accusation seemed equally blended. It must have been audible even to those sitting in the theater seats.

In one bound I was at the girl's side, and had thrust hastily past her into the alleyway which ran the length of the dressing rooms and separated them from the stage proper. The place was thick with the bodies of partly denuded performers. A sweating strong man barred my way; his eloquent arm shook with soft and complicated muscles. His was a silent act, but he proved to me that he did not lack a tongue.

"I tale you," he shouted, "I haf heard 'eem cry out!"

He pointed to a wooden door on which was stenciled in black paint the figure 3, and now I saw that my colleague Fuller had been before me. He must have run across the stage itself. He was kneeling before the door and staring through a crack in the panel.

I turned to a pale-faced, scintillating young woman, the wife of the strong man, whose dress was hung to her freckled shoulders by the veriest threads of scarlet. She cried madly in my ear that murder had been done in there, and that the other officer refused to break the door down.

Mr. Fuller in truth looked not a little pale. He had committed the fatal intellectual folly, for an officer, of reading too much law; and he was now besieged by a hideous doubt of his legal right to enter without a warrant.

"This woman says she heard a sound like something had fell into the river through the trap," he muttered. "But that ain't nothing more than hearsay."

He glared at the insistent woman with a resentful eye which said plainer than words that she had manufactured this story on purpose to embarrass him. It was, however, perfectly true that the whole place overhung the river. The tide was now running out strongly, and we could plainly hear the piles grunting and squealing together underneath. Flashes of moonlight from the water came through cracks and knotholes in the floor.

"Who is in the room?" I shouted.

"The Man or Mechanism act."

I hesitated no longer, but put my shoulder to the flimsy door and burst it in.



Sturgis Threw Down His Oars and Brought the Thing in Dripping, With a Piece of Kelp Clinging to It

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Directly opposite me, on a ruined chair, sat Mr. James *Smith*, his skullcap awry, his hands fumbling with a curious nickel-plated pipe which I recognized at once as an opium container. His eyes were calm, but his chest rose and fell strongly, as if after violent effort by one not in the best of condition, and the knoll of flesh on his forehead was *flooded* with a sinister scarlet. But there was not the slightest trace in the room either of the black box or of the hideous and questionable shape that had lain within it. Only in the center of the floor yawned a hole, made by a lifted trap, two-feet square, disclosing the bright chaotic silver of the running tide ten feet below.

"He's dropped him in the river!" quavered Fuller.

"Then search at once," I cried; and closing with Mr. James Smith, I added: "You are under arrest. In the name of the Commonwealth I arrest you."

He mouthed the stem of his pipe, and the glistening astral double lids drew back slowly with their infernal snakish motion.

"What's the charge?"

"You are charged with the murder of an unknown man—your assistant."

The ornithologist here trailed some symbol in the air with his pipe stem. At the same time I noted that the lump on his forehead had lost its red glare and had recovered that peculiar and even loathsome iridescent whiteness.

"My assistant?" he said with a nasty leer. "I had no assistant."

"The thing in the box, then."

"Ah," said James Smith, "if you choose to call a figure stuffed with straw an assistant ——"

His face was as calm as the face of a stone god and his cold eye gleamed.

"The thing you refer to was a toy, a mechanism," he said in even tones. "It failed to work in a crucial moment, as you have seen. In a rage I destroyed it and threw it in the river. Who had a better right?"

I stood aghast at the smooth and horrible plausibility of this assertion. It was a mechanism—and he had destroyed it. What proof had we that it was not a mechanism? We were accusing him of murder, and yet not only the identity, but the living reality of his victim hung in doubt. If it was indeed a thing of rags and wires I should be the laughing stock of a county.

But even while I hesitated Jane Craigenside stood at my elbow. With her hand at her throat she cried fiercely, woefully:

"He lies! He lies! It was a living man. Oh, why do you all stand there talking! Let the river be searched. It may not be too late even now."

These words broke the spell which the assertion of the ornithologist had laid on all of us. I called to Sturgis and Fuller to take boats and proceed along the river's bank, following the tide and keeping an eye out for the black box and its unlikely occupant. I reserved to myself the duty of escorting the prisoner to the jail. Our jail consisted of a double cell, screwed to the floor of a log cabin which had seen service as a lunchroom.

A yellowed sign, "Ham Sandwitches 5 cents," still lingered on the wall.

As soon as Smith was fairly in the cell a shadow of misgiving crossed his bloated face. He gripped the bars.

"Gentlemen," he said earnestly, "I swear to you that what I have told you is the truth."

"I hope for your sake it may prove so," I returned grimly.

While waiting, I held an inquiry among the members of the troupe, but nothing of a positive nature was to be learned. As the Glade manager, Wakefield, had already told me, the five acts had come from five different houses. They had come late, and had hastily occupied the dressing rooms assigned to them. On one point they were all agreed: None of them had seen the supposititious partner of Smith lingering in the alleyway, nor had any of the Glade employees seen him in the Glade. All the others had been seen, and were now identified; but this man—or mechanism—had not been seen. Strange fact! It occurred to me that perhaps the make-up of the man, his utter lack of expression as he lay in the box, had deceived them.

"You see," said James Smith, "there was no such man."

Sweat stood in large beads on his shining brow.

"You may be right," I said; "but I am not convinced of it. You are no fool. Man alive, why should you destroy your means of livelihood? How can you expect me to believe you so infernally childish? It's nonsense!"



"Oh, Why Do You All Stand There Talking! Let the River be Searched. It May Not be Too Late Even Now"

"Truth," he murmured. "I am subject to fits of rage."

He sank back on the stained mattress, and precisely then I had another thought.

"And why—why should you drop box and all in, if I may ask? You had no quarrel with the box, I should imagine."

He did not answer. But then in the very moment when, as it seemed to me, confession trembled on his lips, I heard outside among the pines the noise of a crowd of people coming toward the jail.

"Now, then, Mr. James Smith, we shall see," I said.

In the faint light of the cobwebbed lantern his face was darkened by a horrible uncertainty. He clutched the bars, he swayed, he glinted, he breathed with a hoarse catarrhal rattle in his throat. I assure you I wished myself well rid of him and of the case as well. I was as certain as of anything in this world that the man facing me there was guilty of the most damnable atrocity—the murder of a hypnotized subject.

And suddenly Sturgis burst in with a limp, draggled body slung over his shoulder. The head hung down; some of the pallor had soaked off in the water, but there was no mistaking the hawknose, the black hair, the wide staring eye, and the scarlet trappings of the manikin which had just now paraded upright before our eyes. A system of tangled wires hung from its thigh.

"Here we are," said Sturgis. "It's only a straw man after all, and pretty well drowned too. Man or mechanism, hey? Well, neither, just at present. Not even a good donkey's breakfast."

I glared at Smith. He had entirely recovered his self-possession.

"I suppose I may ask you to unlock this," he said insolently, rattling the door of his cell.

Now in strict truth it was beyond my power to release, of my own accord, a man whom I had once arrested in the name of the Commonwealth. But I thoroughly disliked the notion of being laughed at in open court, and the idea of confessing to that rat-faced little judge, with his feazing goatee, that I had arrested the prisoner on the charge of drowning a straw man made no appeal to me. I therefore unlocked the door to the cell.

"Sorry to have detained you," I mumbled, crestfallen.

My hatred of the man in that moment was as extreme as my puzzlement.

"I suppose I may take my property," he said with a gesture toward the scarlet figure.

I nodded, lowering the lantern. He stooped, picked up the manikin, and in another moment we heard his huge feet crunching among the pine cones and lobster shells. Instantly Sturgis closed a moist hand over mine.

"Quick! Follow him, but at a distance," he said in a shaking whisper. "We are not through with this man yet."

"What the devil ——" I began, staring through the black pines.

"Come, quick," said the boatman. "We have him safe enough, if we follow on."

I followed my friend in amazed silence. The crowd had evidently tired of waiting in the environs of the jail. The curious features of this business had not been noised abroad, and it was thought to be nothing but some sort of drunken brawl of a kind with which those who frequented Silver Glade were only too familiar. The lower part of the Glade was empty when we came into it, and the arc lights were out; but still we could see ahead of us the moving shadow of that mysterious man who carried a scarlet puppet slung over his shoulder.

"He will go into the hotel," whispered Sturgis.

He was wrong. The ex-ornithologist did not go into the hotel. He first came out of the thicker growth of pines behind that building; and then with the moon shining on him, he began to run toward the boat landing as if an imp were in his heels. Once there, and with the same unexpected agility he had displayed in coming to the rescue of his mechanism in the theater, he darted aboard a long, shark-like motor boat which was tied up there, the Fra Diavolo.

The Fra Diavolo was a speed boat, shining in brass and mahogany, and stuffed full of luxurious divans and wicker chairs. It belonged to a youth called String Fortescue, who haunted the Glade as if its nymphs were sacred.

Mr. James Smith cut the painter with a knife. Next we saw him stoop and turn the flywheel over. We heard the engine sputter, we saw the ornithologist straighten up and seize the wheel.

"He will escape after all!" groaned Sturgis, breaking into a run.

"Escape?" I said stupidly. "Escape? But we have let him go."

Sturgis made no answer. He ran forward, only in time to catch in the face a dash of spray from the sheer of the Fra Diavolo, which began to move fast toward the mouth of the river. Mr. James Smith was standing hatless at the wheel. The moon sparkled on his polished dome, and we saw very well that he was heading for the open sea.

"Quick—oars," cried Sturgis, fumbling with the painter of a boat equipped with two sets of rowlocks.

I had never seen him so disturbed. The water slapped over his shoulders, but he paid it no heed. He stared back into the Glade; there was no sound of following footsteps.

"You are crazy as a loon!" I yelled. "How are you going after that thing with oars?"

"Lame engine," puffed Sturgis. "Don't argue. Come on. He may stop any minute."

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 17, 1917

The New Utopia

PRESIDENT WILSON'S address to the Senate in January was damned with faint praise—or, just damned. To many distinguished preachers, politicians and business men his proposals were "Utopian"; "beautiful ideals"; "desirable, of course, but not practical." To one of our historians they were "asinine."

There was a time in the history of this nation when we made ideals come true by believing in them. America was discovered, settled and preserved by faith in such "beautiful ideals" as are embodied in the Declaration of Independence, which in its day was quite as Utopian as President Wilson's proposals. Nothing is so practical as an ideal in which men believe.

A Call to the Nation

PRESIDENT WILSON'S address is the most important and the most admirable public utterance that has been heard in the United States in many years. It expresses the supreme interest of this country in its foreign relations. The country, we believe, is ready to support it heartily.

We want peace, first for ourselves, but also for the world. This war has made it doubtful, at several junctures, whether we could have peace for ourselves. Through trade, travel, investments, and so on, common world interests interlace more and more closely. Opposing alliances of nations to secure a dubious balance of power grow more and more extensive. Any future war is quite certain to be a great war, and to affect more rigorously those nations that seek to stay out of it. Presumption is all in favor of the President's declaration, some time ago, that we could hardly hope to keep out of another world war.

Peace now depends absolutely upon the will of any nation. If it asserts that its honor or vital interest is involved, the world has no recourse save to submit to an ordeal by battle, even though the whole world may be involved in it. In the present state of the world's development that is a ridiculous situation. There must be some organ to express and assert the common interest as against any particular national interest. No other arrangement contains a reasonable guaranty of peace.

The United States is pretty well agreed as to that. It should be willing, then, and glad, to take its share in establishing and supporting an organ of the common interest. To declare that we want lasting peace, and then sit back and merely advise Europe how it may secure lasting peace, without being willing to take our share in securing it, would be a contemptible rôle. There may be differences of opinion over details; but details are unimportant now.

The idea that President Wilson expressed to the Senate ought to receive the country's hearty indorsement.

Centralized Bank Power

THE Federal Reserve Act became law a little over three years ago. What chiefly recommended it to many people was that it theoretically reduced or neutralized the power over bank reserves which the big banks of Wall Street had long exercised. Evidently, however, it was not concentrated power itself that these people feared; for this act probably concentrated in the hands of a few men greater power over banking than any like number of men had ever exercised anywhere else in the world.

Last September, without much opposition or discussion, the act was amended in a way that increased the power of the central board. At this session of Congress other amendments are proposed that would still further extend the board's power. They would require all national banks to deposit all their legal cash reserves, except five per cent—which is only till money—with the Federal Reserve Banks. They would empower the board, by a vote of five members, to increase the banks' reserve requirements by one-fifth at any time, thereby drawing that much more bank money into the central reservoirs.

Amendments adopted last September or proposed now would increase the central institutions' discretionary powers in handling the reserves deposited with them and in issuing circulating notes. Broadly speaking, half a dozen men could expand or contract bank credits at will, merely by pressing a button.

Not that the amendments adopted last fall or those proposed now are necessarily obnoxious. They may be very useful. But we are always talking about the danger of centralized power; yet in various cases we cheerfully hand over to a few men centralized power to a degree hardly known elsewhere; which finally means that our practice is better than our preaching.

Burying Dead Languages

THE General Education Board, backed by thirty-five million dollars of Rockefeller money, proposes, in coöperation with Columbia University, to try a series of experiments that look toward reorganization of elementary and secondary education. The experimental school will ignore Greek and Latin, and stress modern languages. It will try to find a method of teaching mathematics in connection with the ordinary practical uses of mathematics. Science, industry and the domestic arts will be prominent, and increased attention will be given to music, drawing and the arts.

Every effort will be made to keep the pupils in constant contact with their natural, industrial, social, economic, vocational and domestic environment, so as to derive the basis for their school work from real situations and thus make school work constantly real to them. The theory of education known as formal discipline will be discarded and an attempt made to secure mental training through the study of subjects that are valuable in themselves, and not merely useful as means of discipline.

A highly praiseworthy and promising undertaking, we should say; frankly experimental, with no implication that public schools or other institutions of learning shall adopt this school's recommendations until at least a strong probability of their usefulness has been raised.

Yet we find the proposal ponderously assailed as a blow to culture; an opening wedge to a merely sordid materialistic scheme of education, which, ignoring æsthetic and moral values, will presently make us a race of efficient Hottentots.

The notion that a boy going to sleep over his Cæsar is still traveling in the high road to culture, while a boy all excited over an account of how the Wright Brothers invented a flying machine is in a blind alley, dies hard. All the same, it is dying.

Law and Sense

IT FREQUENTLY happens that after a case has traveled for some years through the courts, and the lawyers have buried it under a whole mountain range of precedents, technical points, ingenious theories and suppositious perils to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, the Supreme Court brushes all that aside, looks simply at the essential elements of the case, and decides it according to sound common sense.

Its recent decision upholding the "blue sky" laws of Ohio, Michigan, South Dakota and—inferentially—some twenty other states, is an illustration. These laws were designed to stop an extensive and peculiarly detestable form of swindling. They vest large discretionary powers in state boards. Those powers might be abused. They might be applied in a hidebound, vexatious way, so as seriously to embarrass legitimate investment business. In any event they would impose some trouble and expense upon legitimate business. So lower courts declared them void, as an undue interference with interstate trade in stocks and bonds.

The Supreme Court expresses the kernel of it in few words by saying that the prevention of swindling is within the police powers of the states; and if that does incidentally impose some burden on legitimate business it is for the state to say—within reasonable limits, of course—whether or not the object in view is worth the burden.

Intelligently administered, these laws need burden legitimate business but little. It is for the states to see that they are intelligently administered, with an eye single to keeping out the swindler. We have always believed that precisely the best thing for legitimate investment business was to keep out the swindler.

Investment Tendencies

LIFE-INSURANCE companies—mostly mutual—and mutual savings banks have about ten billion dollars of invested assets. This is much the biggest concentrated investment fund in this or any other country. The investing is done by experts; and the changes that occurred in a ten-year period, as disclosed by a recent report, should be interesting to individual investors.

The biggest item, footing up four billion dollars, consists of real-estate loans, and the next biggest—about half as large—consists of railroad bonds. These two are the prime investments; and the great preponderance of loans over railroad bonds must be viewed in the light of the fact that these investors have well-organized facilities for making mortgage loans.

In ten years loan investment increased more rapidly than railroad-bond investment, especially in the case of life-insurance companies. Their investment in mortgage loans, in fact, increased a hundred and forty-four per cent, while their investment in railroad bonds increased only sixty-seven per cent. At the same time their investment in municipal bonds increased two hundred and twenty-seven per cent.

As the freer agents—investments of savings banks being strictly prescribed by law—the life-insurance companies' changes are the more significant. The fact that they increased their investments in mortgage loans, municipal bonds and public service-company bonds by almost a billion and a half, while increasing their investment in railroad bonds by only half a billion, is not a wholly satisfactory sign; for it suggests a disparagement of railroad investment.

Commercial Failures

TAKING it all round, 1916 was the best business year the United States ever experienced; yet there were seventeen thousand business failures. Compared with twenty-two thousand the year before, this is encouraging; but practically one out of a hundred of all concerns in business failed, and, year in and year out, through good times and bad times, the proportion of failures never varies very far from one per cent.

In only two hundred and sixteen of the seventeen-thousand failures did the liabilities exceed one hundred thousand dollars. Nearly all the failures, in other words, were of small concerns.

Credit men assign many reasons for these failures, such as lack of experience, insufficient capital, injudicious extending of credit, overbuying—which merely means unwise buying—and so on. But we venture to guess that one cause was present in nearly all of them—to wit, poor bookkeeping. They did not keep books so as to know exactly what it cost them to do business and precisely how they stood all the time.

We recommend again to every business concern an accounting system that will show costs accurately.

A Growing Idea

AGRICULTURAL and labor coöperation have been formally sanctioned by Congress. The Government has long informally sanctioned joint rate making by railroads. The new Shipping Act provides that certain agreements among water carriers to restrict competition shall be valid when approved by the board. The act to permit coöperation by manufacturers for export trade will doubtless pass.

We are steadily giving statutory acknowledgment to the plain fact that in various cases unrestricted competition is harmful.

Now the Chamber of Commerce of the United States is urging coöperation that would restrain competition in certain industries based directly on natural resources the known supply of which is strictly limited.

There is abundant evidence that unrestricted competition in soft coal mining works badly, for it leads directly to great waste. A recent report by the Department of Agriculture shows that timber is in somewhat the same condition. With keen and unlimited competition among lumbermen, many of whom are holding great areas of timberland that will not be available for market for years, but upon the capital investment on which interest must somehow be earned, there is wasteful overproduction every now and then; the most conservative methods of cutting are not followed, and there is very little attempt to reforest the cut-over areas, though, as consumption exceeds Nature's growth of the forests, this is bound in time to lead to shortage and still higher prices.

The Forest Service recommends coöperation among lumbermen—not extending to the fixing of prices or limiting of output—as a partial remedy.

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WARM DOLLARS

By Frank Goewey Jones

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

A STOCKY young business man strode resiliently down lower Woodward Avenue and wheeled into a cross street near the river. John Kent's brisk walk in the September sunshine had splashed his smooth, lean cheeks with pink. His brown hair crinkled moistly along the edge of his forehead. Vitality bubbled in his blue eyes.

He approached the entrance to a low, short building. "Gordon Machine Shop—George Gordon and John Kent, Proprietors," was painted in sooty white on the red bricks. The tread of the junior partner had been elastic; but as he opened the office door his whole body became taut. He marched in self-consciously and spoke a formal salutation to the only other occupant of the little room.

"Good morning, Mr. Gordon!"

The tall figure that stood near a side window twisted about at Kent's entrance. The bent broad shoulders stiffened. The brooding gray eyes instantly turned hard. The shock of grizzled tawny hair and the crisp beard seemed to bristle, all at once, like an old lion's mane. A leonine voice growled from the deep chest:

"Good morning!"

The bookkeeper and the stenographer were not due to arrive until half past eight. The partners continued alone in the cramped plain office, but they exchanged no speech after greeting each other. Kent sat down at a flat-top desk. He swiftly opened and sorted the pile of mail on his blotter. Gordon stood, almost rigid, beside the window until the young man crossed the room and set a tray of letters on the big table in the farthest corner. Then the head of the firm stalked to his place.

Kent unlocked the safe and stuffed a handful of customers' checks into the cash drawer. He turned and looked wistfully at his partner. John had racked his wits for the last nine weeks trying to determine why his business associate and foster father had altered suddenly in mid-July from paternal affection to cold dislike. A dozen times he had begged or demanded the reason. The dour Scotchman always refused to explain. Yet now Kent longingly repeated his question again:

"Spit it out, dad, won't you?"

The stern, proud old face gave no sign that the veteran master machinist had heard the appeal. The stony gray eyes were not lifted from the letters on the corner table.

Though Kent felt innocent of any dereliction, he hung his head as if he bore a shame. For half a minute after his rebuff the young man quivered in front of the safe. Then he trudged heavily from the office into the little shop.

The moment the junior partner closed the door between Gordon and himself his resilience began to return. He greeted the workmen cheerily as he traversed the aisles lined with closely set machine tools. The first smell of oily metal was an elixir to John every day. His blood raced now like the belting. His pulses throbbed in harmony with the rhythmic jar of the punch presses and automatically shifting turret heads. His eyes held such sparkles of lightning as danced on the bright commutators of the motors.

But this morning his tingle of satisfaction in the busy shop dulled very soon to an ache of lonesomeness. Kent missed more than ever before the stalwart, kingly old fellow he had left in the office. Each successive day of the last two months he had yearned increasingly for the comrade presence of "dad" beside him whenever he made the rounds of the factory. They had been like father and son for years. Gordon had taught Kent his trade. The pain of their estrangement had grown unbearably poignant to the young man.

John did not want to return to his desk, though the familiar clatter of the shop no longer soothed him but jangled his tense nerves. He impulsively decided to call now instead of later, as he had intended, at the Walling Engineering Works down the street, where he was having built the first model of a carburetor he had invented recently. Kent left the Gordon Machine Shop by a rear exit. Five minutes later he entered the dingy big office of Henry Walling.

The automobile engineer, a prematurely bald, barefaced man in rusty black, squatted behind a low drafting table. His long neck and narrow shoulders were stooped close to some blue prints outspread under his fingers. He peered above his steel-rimmed spectacles as the door unlatched. Then, with hurried furtiveness, he scrolled the papers and straightened. Walling acted as though he had come close to detection in guilt. He laid the blue prints stealthily on the drawing board and creaked a greeting meant to sound cordial:

"Well, well, John! I'm certainly glad to see you! I didn't expect you to come over the very first thing. This is fine!"

His fulsome words and hoarse tone rasped incongruously, as if the oil of geniality had been so unfamiliarly applied that the harshness of his natural expression grated in his voice despite the copious lubricant. His metallic chuckle



Kent Looked Back, But There Was No Sign of Pursuit

was like thin, brittle steel cracked into clinking fragments.

Walling minced round the draftsman's table and effusively clutched the palm of his visitor. Kent pulled his hand away from the bony fingers after the briefest grip in return.

"I just dropped in, Walling, to tell you I appreciate your proposition on my new carburetor; but I prefer to swing it in the Gordon Machine Shop, along with my other automobile specialties."

The disappointed sycophant turned vicious in a second.

"So you refuse my offer of fifteen thousand dollars," he snarled, "and intend to present half of your latest invention to that fossilized partner of yours!"

"Cut out slurs at Mr. Gordon!"

The warning was snipped off as if Kent's lips had been shears. His eyes hardened to the blue of tempered steel. The engineer, in trepidation, blurted a hasty palliative.

"I respect the old gentleman as a first-class machinist. Everybody does. For twenty-five years George Gordon has been generally recognized as Detroit's best independent master mechanic. But you know as well as I do that he's prejudiced against the automobile business. Even now he thinks it's just a craze, which will die out pretty soon. Why, if you give him a half interest in your carburetor he'll choke all its chances to death in his dinky machine shop."

Walling dropped disgustedly into his chair behind the littered desk. Then he made a sudden fresh attack on Kent's purpose. He swiveled about and swung forward like a rapid-fire gun.

"You've never mentioned your latest invention to your partner, have you?" he shot out.

"No; I'm going to surprise him with my carburetor as soon as you get the model done."

"Well, you won't!" Walling denied bluntly. "He's known all about it for months."

Kent rushed across the room and crouched in menace before the desk.

"You told him!" he accused. A flash of intuition had given the junior partner his first glimpse of a reason for his associate's resentful coldness of late. "You wanted to cause trouble between dad and me so you could drive us apart and get me to hitch up with you instead. You let him know I was having you build a model that I'd never mentioned to him. Of course he misunderstood my purpose in ordering the carburetor made here secretly."

"I didn't tell Gordon anything!" Walling hotly repelled the charges. "I hadn't spoken to him for six months until last Wednesday. He came up here to my office that afternoon and asked me point-blank about the carburetor. I've no idea how he learned I was building the model—unless he picked up a hint from some workman."

"I apologize!" John made hasty *amende;* then he put an eager request: "Tell me everything Mr. Gordon said."

He smiled in anticipation of hearing the cause of his partner's recent hostile behavior.

"What are you laughing at?" Walling demanded indignantly.

"Why, dad hasn't spoken a civil word to me for two months. I couldn't imagine why. I see now that he's been grouchy because he thought I was underhanded about the carburetor. It makes me laugh to think how he'll look when I tell him the real reason I kept it secret from him."

Walling leaned back in his seat. A grin wrinkled his crafty face, as if the unaccustomed inward warmth shriveled the dry skin. A chuckle of satisfaction rustled harshly from his throat.

"You're all wrong, John!" the engineer croaked. "You don't savvy Gordon any better than he understands you. I knew you both were tangled. That's why I phoned you to come over. I'll get you straightened out; then I'm sure you'll change your mind about giving him half of your carburetor. You'll accept the proposition I made you, instead, and become my partner. Sit down. I'll tell you some things you ought to have known long ago."

Kent's buoyant new hope for restored affectionate relations with his foster father was punctured. He collapsed in a chair.

"What do you mean?" he cried fearfully.

"Gordon doesn't want a share in your carburetor!" Walling exulted. "Probably he did feel hurt because you kept it secret; but that is only one reason he's sore at you. What he bitterly resents is your jamming his old shop full of 'newfangled contraptions.' That's what he called your automobile specialties. He still expects the motor-car business to blow up any day, and it made him wild to find out you are going to take on another device in which he has no faith.

"He told me your inventions monopolized the machine tools—that the firm was handling practically no custom jobs nowadays. It drives him frantic to think that you intend to crowd from his old shop more of the familiar work he has done for a quarter of a century, which he knows is safely profitable, in order to run additional chances by manufacturing a new carburetor. The old fogy declared he'd be glad if every one of your specialties was out of the place."

Kent stared blankly; yet he was not so stunned by surprise as he appeared. John seemingly looked at Walling, but he saw only the loved face of the crotchety "old fogy." His eyes were fixed because his thoughts were concentrated on his personal problem in its new light. The engineer misconstrued Kent's silence. He seized the apparently favorable opportunity to urge his own plans again.

"Gordon would be a great deal more contented if you'd give him back his shop to potter round in with jobwork for his old customers. Now I've offered to organize a fifty-thousand-dollar corporation with you to make the carburetor. I'll put up twenty-five thousand cash for half the capital. For the other fifty per cent of the stock you invest ten thousand dollars of your own as a guaranty of good faith, and assign your rights as inventor in exchange for the remaining fifteen thousand.

"In addition I'll give my technical knowledge as an automobile engineer to the company for a merely nominal salary—say a thousand dollars a year—while you'll draw five thousand. You'll soon be a rich man if you come in with me. Our company can take over your other specialties, too, a little later, if you're willing. We'll issue additional capital stock to cover them. Now what do you say?"

While the voluble engineer expatiated on his program Kent was comparing in his mind the greedy little fox and the stalwart old lion of the machine shop. All at once John's filial respect and love for Gordon surged overwhelmingly from the depths of his heart. On the crest of the wave curled the froth of his dislike for cunning, sordid Henry Walling. At the avid question Kent leaped to his feet.

"What do I say?" he foamed. "That I'd rather give up all my specialties and earn five warm dollars a day as a machinist at the bench beside Dad Gordon, as I used to

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do before he took me into partnership, than to share a hundred times that much with you! You're just a money-making machine! He's a regular Man!"

When the swelling billow of his feelings broke into the spume of speech Kent had backed with repugnance from the desk. At the conclusion of his outburst he whirled to the door. As he turned suddenly to leave the room his hand struck the drawing board. The blue prints the engineer had furtively scrolled when he first caught sight of his early morning visitor dropped to the floor. John bent to pick them up. The roll loosened in his fingers. His eyes glimpsed the fine print in the upper left-hand corner of a sheet:

K-W Carburetor
John Kent and Henry Walling
Inventors
March 7, 1916

Kent's scornful words seemed to have paralyzed the astounded engineer. He had acted confidently in renewing his corporation proposal. When his scheme was flung aside with aversion he huddled behind his desk like a clutter of rusted junk. But as Kent stooped to retrieve the fallen blue prints Walling sprang from his chair as though animated by sudden terror.

"Get out of my office!" he shrieked.

John was dumfounded when he saw his name on the drawings joined with that of the engineer as co-inventor of the carburetor. He did not comprehend yet what the caption signified, but he was enraged, after the first shock of astonishment. Like a menacing bulldog he faced the little man behind the table and snarled his ferocity:

"What's the meaning of this?"

Instead of answering, the panic-stricken engineer bolted through the rear exit of his office to his model-making room and slammed the door. John leaped in chase, but a lock barred pursuit. He shook the knob savagely; then he heard the rush of many feet and Walling screaming frantically to his workmen:

"Kent's got some of my drawings! Take them away from him! Quick!"

John bounded across the office to the front door and clattered down the stairs. He darted round the corner and up the street toward the Gordon Machine Shop. He looked back, but there was no sign of pursuit. Kent slackened his gait to glance over the roll of papers he gripped.

The blue prints constituted a complete set of drawings of his latest invention. With the exception of the extraordinary notation on them, John was familiar with everything in the dozen sheets. Walling's model-makers had been referring to such drawings for their guidance while they constructed the sample carburetor. The detailed original tracings of Kent's new motor specialty had been made by the engineer's draftsmen as part of the work on the order the inventor had given for the building of his first model. John had seen many similar blue prints before; but on none of the other had there been the corner notation, in fine print: K–W Carburetor—John Kent and Henry Walling, Inventors. March 7, 1916.

Kent hurried back to the Gordon Machine Shop. He intended to explain away in a jiffy his partner's misunderstanding about the carburetor; then to ask the shrewd old Scotchman whether he could guess the meaning of the words which indicated that Walling had some villainy afoot. John never before had felt so urgently in need of counsel from his foster father. But he found that in his absence Gordon had left the office. The bookkeeper did not know where he was.

The junior partner hesitated a few moments, undecided what he should do. Then he rushed from the shop to consult his patent attorney. He poured out his story. The lawyer listened with grave attention, asked a great many questions, and at the end shook his gray head portentously.

"Walling has schemed to get a half interest in your carburetor by fair means or foul, Mr. Kent. I surmise that every employee of his who worked on your model received blue prints like these, with your name and Walling's in the notation to indicate you were joint inventors.

"Probably the carburetor is commonly known as the K–W at the Engineering Works. Your frequent consultations with Walling about it at his office in the presence of various workmen supported the general assumption that you and he are partners in the device.



The Bank Had Refused to Cash His Check, Because Gordon Had Drawn Out All But a Few Dollars of the Firm's Balance

"You say you have seen many blue prints without the K–W label. Walling doubtless printed those before he had the heading put on the tracings for the special purpose of hoodwinking you. It was necessary sometimes for you to refer to a blue print when instructing mechanics at the Engineering Works. On such occasions I assume that Walling produced from his private safe, for your inspection, drawings with the corners blank.

"The omission of the inconspicuous label was not apt to attract the attention of the model-makers present, intent on the orders you and Walling were giving them about their work. If those employees should be questioned in court they would swear in perfect good faith that the prints you handled in their presence did bear your name and Walling's, to designate the joint invention of the carburetor. In all other respects such prints, of course, were exact replicas of those used by the workmen at their benches in the experimental room. By handling the drawings, though they actually had no labels, you seem to have acquiesced tacitly in Walling's brazen claim to equal rights with you to the new device. The rascal will perjure himself in the Patent Office; his workmen and the circumstantial evidence will support him."

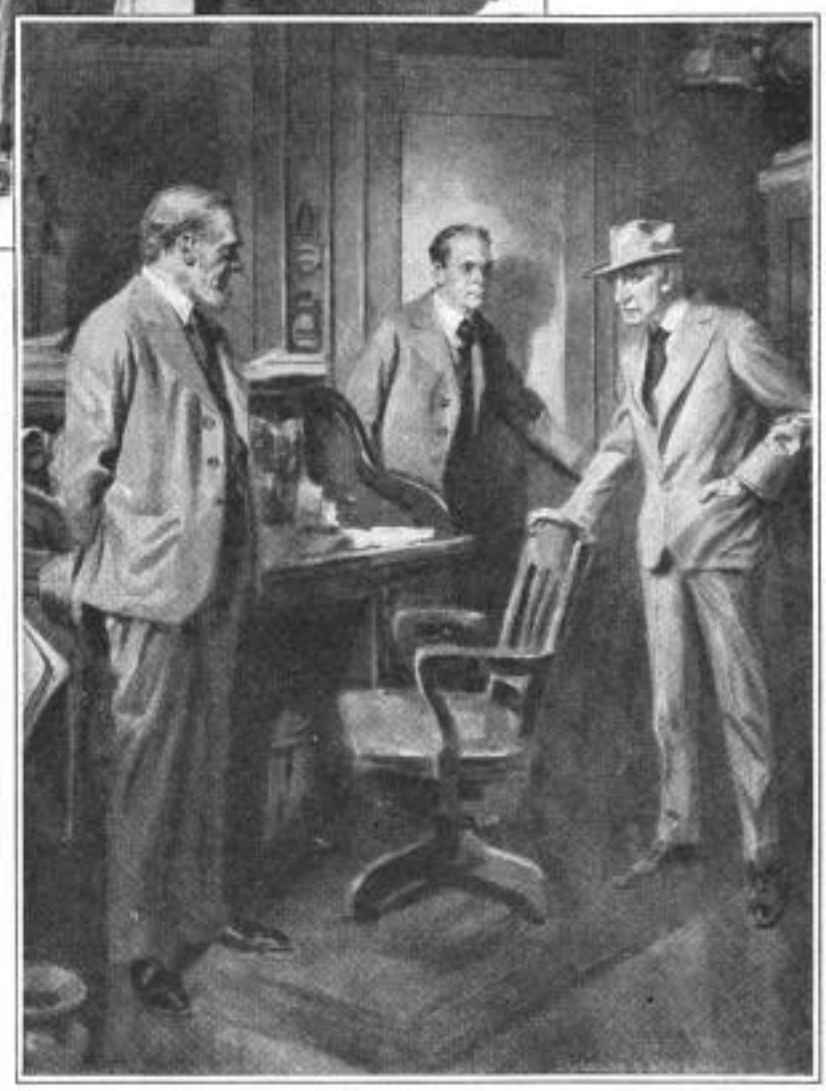
"But he offered to buy a half interest!" Kent reminded him desperately.

"Yes; he'd rather not run the risk of perjury if he can accomplish otherwise his object of participating in the rich profits of manufacturing your carburetor. He hoped you would accept his offer to form a corporation.

"His crooked scheme was the second string to his bow."

"What would you advise me to do?" John appealed to his counsel. He realized his predicament now.

"There seem to be only two things you can do," the attorney replied. "You must either fight a long, expensive interference proceeding in the Patent Office, or assent to the sale of a half interest in your invention to Walling. He has made you a pretty good offer, in my judgment. It appears to me, also, that Mr. Gordon does not want to have anything to do with manufacturing the carburetor. I know how you feel about being held up; but, after all, you'd not be a loser by going into the proposed corporation with Walling. You'd still have fifty per cent of the profits you've expected to keep for yourself."



"You Can't Make the Carburetor in That New Factory! Gordon Has Nothing to Do With That!"

The client instantly flared to rage at the advice of the lawyer. He grabbed the roll of blue prints and strode abruptly to the door. John's wrath exploded over his shoulder toward the astounded attorney.

"I'll see him in hell first! Good-by!"

Kent went back to the Gordon Machine Shop. His partner was still out. John locked the roll of blue prints in his desk and sat down to ponder his problem alone. He cudgeled his wits for an hour; then he decided there was only one answer. A fight in the courts would likely be futile, as the lawyer had warned.

Action followed immediately after decision. Kent returned to the Engineering Works and opened the door of the private office. He found Walling seated at the desk in the farthest corner. As John walked in the engineer sprang to his feet; but Kent stopped just inside the entrance to the long room.

He acted only sullen now, as if his recent violent rage had been spent.

"I won't touch you. I've come back to do business," he announced curtly, like a beaten man surrendering with very bad grace.

"Do you mean you'll accept my proposition to buy a half interest in the carburetor?" asked Walling suspiciously. He edged toward the rear door.

"Yes; I see you've got me foul. I've consulted my patent attorney and he says it's about an even bet if I should fight you, with the odds in your favor. Besides, I'm convinced now that Mr. Gordon doesn't want to manufacture the carburetor.

"He and I can't continue doing business the way we have been pulling against each other lately. I'm compelled to make a new arrangement of some kind. I admit frankly that I don't want an expensive patent litigation with you. I might take the satisfaction of breaking your neck; but I've decided I can't afford that luxury, either. I do not believe it ever will be to your interest to skin me again. You think I can make more money for you if you give me square treatment hereafter. So I've concluded to drop the idea of getting even personally, and to look at the matter from a strictly business standpoint."

"That's the right view to take!" Walling interjected eagerly.

"It's the only sensible view. I've thought the whole thing over. I believe that when you said we'd both get rich if we should join forces you realized it would pay you to play fair with me."

"We'll not have a bit of trouble," the engineer avidly assured.

"I think the same. Now to get down to brass tacks: I'll agree to assign all my rights in the carburetor to the corporation you proposed. We'll each take half the stock. You are to put up twenty-five thousand dollars cash, and I'll put in ten thousand. My carburetor rights are to go in for the remaining fifteen thousand dollars of my share."

The engineer stared half a minute searchingly at the grim face confronting him. He evidently decided there was no more physical danger to fear; so he came forward with hand outstretched.

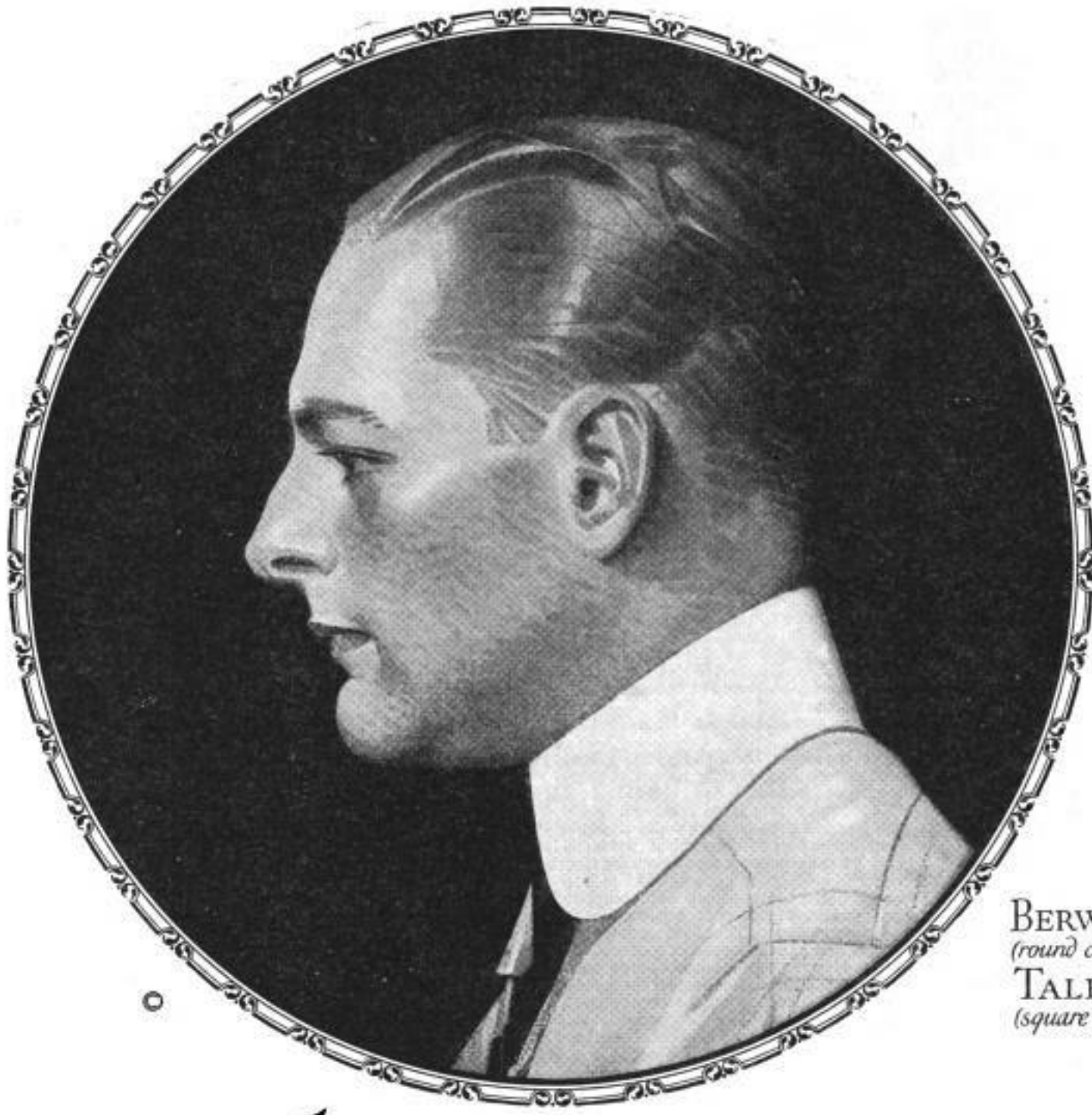
"It's a go, John!" he exulted. "We'll make a great team."

Kent held his arms stiffly at his sides.

"No; I won't shake hands," he refused. "I'm willing to let bygones be bygones, but I don't mean to act friendly just because we own stock in the same corporation. I was sentimental when I talked to you early this morning." John affected to sneer self-contemptuously. "I spoke of warm dollars! But this deal is simply cold business

(Continued on Page 30)

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COLLARS

THIS IS AN IMPROVEMENT of recent introduction that collar wearers will appreciate. Both the top and the band of ARROW *form-fit* COLLARS are curve cut to fit the form. It is an exclusive patented feature. The form-fit collars sit better, look better, and feel better than ordinary collars.

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Sometimes you look up from the Present into the Past, with all its memories. It is easy to do that.

But, here in the Present, are you able—

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Have you lost, with the passing years, that splendid eyesight of youth which could instantly adjust its vision from near to far?

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THE INVISIBLE BIFOCALS

Enable you to see both near and distant objects as clearly and distinctly as with the eyesight of youth.

KRYPTOKS *(pronounced Cryptocks)* end the trouble and annoyance of removing your reading glasses every time you look at objects more than a few feet away. They free you from fussing with two pairs.

They are making the old-style bifocals, with the disfiguring seam or hump, a thing of the past.

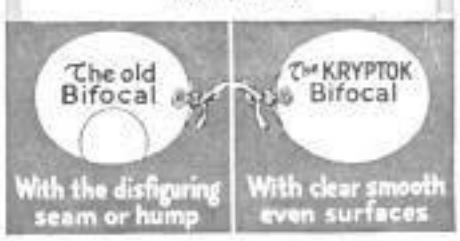
KRYPTOKS keep your eyes young in *looks*, as well as in *usefulness*, because they do not have that age-revealing seam or hump of other bifocals. When you are wearing KRYPTOKS, they cannot be distinguished from single vision glasses. Their surfaces are clear, smooth and even—free from line, seam or hump.

Ask your oculist, optometrist or optician about KRYPTOK Glasses.

Write for Booklet, "Eyesight Efficiency"

It contains important information for every man or woman who needs glasses for near and far vision. When writing, please give (if possible) name of your oculist, optometrist or optician.

KRYPTOK COMPANY, INC.
1049 Old South Building
Boston, Mass.



(Continued from Page 28)

with me. The less there is of anything else the better—so far as I am concerned. The question now is: Are you ready to sign an agreement?"

Walling was not disconcerted by the rebuff. He instantly met the other man on the ground of business.

"Yes," he replied crisply.

"All right, then," responded Kent. "I want our understanding in black and white at once, so I can go back and settle my affairs with Mr. Gordon too—right away. I'm going to pull my specialties out of his machine shop and let him have the old place to potter round in all he wants. You hit the nail on the head about him."

John's tone seemed bitterly scornful. It had the intended effect.

"Gordon never appreciated you!" Walling exclaimed. "I do. Maybe I did mean to go after you pretty strong on the carburetor, but it was only because I realized what a lot we could accomplish together." The crafty engineer followed this attempted extenuation of his crooked design by showing his greed. "I hope," he urged, "that you and I can handle all your automobile inventions in our corporation."

Kent stiffened as if he drew back from a scented danger.

"First, I wish to see whether or not you really mean to give me a square deal," he declared bluntly. "I don't trust you, and make no bones about saying so. I'm willing to start on the carburetor; then I'll consider putting my other specialties into the corporation. One thing, though, I'll say now: I'm going to take my inventions out of the Gordon Machine Shop just as soon as I can make satisfactory new arrangements. And, of course, I'd prefer to have all my specialties manufactured at the same place as the carburetor."

Walling seemed satisfied. He rubbed his hands zestfully.

"Let's go down town and have our lawyers prepare the necessary papers at once, then," he proposed.

Kent impatiently shook his head.

"I haven't time to wait while a couple of attorneys fuss over technical contracts. What I want now is positive assurance that you mean business, so I can go right back to the Gordon Machine Shop and complete arrangements to pull my specialties out of there immediately. That is even more important to me than the carburetor deal. It will take lawyers several days to organize a corporation and to attend to all the details of the proposed agreement between you and me. I'm going to have a settlement with Mr. Gordon at once; but, first, I need to know just what I can count on with you.

"Walling, I want you and myself to sign now a rough statement of what our agreement is to be. We both know what you proposed, but I intend to have it in writing before I notify Mr. Gordon that I'm going to leave his machine shop with my specialties. So that I'll be sure you won't back down, I insist that we both put up our checks at once with a neutral bank, to be exchanged for capital shares as soon as the corporation is organized. I will agree now, too, that I'll assign all my rights in the carburetor to the company for fifteen thousand dollars of the stock. I wish to know exactly where I stand with you before I quit the Gordon Machine Shop with my inventions. And I mean to give my present partner notice of my withdrawal immediately."

"But how can we make an agreement that will be binding without our attorneys to draw it up?" Walling demurred. "Neither of us knows how to prepare a legal contract."

"Oh, bosh!" Kent scoffed. "What's difficult about putting down in writing the things we've talked?"

He strode to the engineer's vacated chair and sat down at the desk. He pulled a sheet of paper toward him and snatched up a pen.

"I'll show you what I mean," he declared. "Our lawyers can embody our understanding in formal contracts later, if necessary; but I haven't time to monkey round waiting. If you mean to be fair you won't have any objection to signing your name to precisely what you offered orally. And you can't blame me for being unwilling to pull out of the Gordon Machine Shop just on the basis of your word that you'll go in with me on the carburetor, as you proposed. I'll test your intentions right now, Walling. If you have anything more up your sleeve I'll make you show it."

"I haven't!" the engineer protested earnestly.

"Then you'll sign this with me," insisted Kent.

He began to write and in a few minutes had filled two sheets with a hurried scrawl. He stood up to read the paper.

"Henry Walling and John Kent, in consideration of their mutual promises and benefits hereunder, agree:

"FIRST. As soon as possible they will organize a corporation under the laws of Michigan, with a capital stock of fifty thousand dollars. Henry Walling agrees to pay twenty-five thousand dollars cash for one-half of the corporation stock. John Kent agrees to pay for the other half of the stock as follows: Ten thousand dollars cash and fifteen thousand dollars by assigning to said corporation as soon as it is organized, which shall be within thirty days after this date, all his right, title and interest in an improved carburetor he has invented, of which Henry Walling has been building a model and has complete drawings. The two parties agree that John Kent's right and title in said invention are worth fifteen thousand dollars and that fifteen thousand dollars of the capital stock of the corporation to be organized shall be issued to John Kent when he makes the assignment above mentioned.

"SECOND. The parties agree that immediately after the corporation shall be organized John Kent shall be employed by said corporation, at a salary of five thousand dollars a year for five years. Henry Walling also shall be employed, at a salary of one thousand dollars a year for five years. Each party shall have exactly equal power with the other in the corporation management so long as he continues to own or control one-half of the stock.

"THIRD. As evidences of mutual good faith, John Kent agrees to deposit with the Motor Trust Company, of Detroit, Michigan, forthwith, ten thousand dollars; and Henry Walling also agrees to deposit with said Motor Trust Company twenty-five thousand dollars. Both parties agree that said Motor Trust Company shall hold said deposits in escrow until the corporation above mentioned shall be organized. Then said Motor Trust Company shall pay the entire sum of said deposits into the treasury of said corporation, and shall receive for the same thirty-five thousand dollars of the stock of the corporation—twenty-five thousand dollars in the name of Henry Walling and ten thousand dollars in the name of John Kent.

"FOURTH. All the stock herein mentioned shall be full paid and nonassessable; and the assignment by John Kent of his carburetor rights, as above provided, shall entitle him to receive fifteen thousand dollars additional of the capital stock, the same as if he had paid for the same in cash.

"FIFTH. Henry Walling admits that John Kent is the sole and exclusive inventor of the carburetor, a model of which Henry Walling is now making in his experimental department. And Henry Walling admits that he himself has no claim on said carburetor as a joint inventor thereof."

Kent finished his reading and handed the sheets to the engineer.

"That's in the rough, of course, Walling; but it's perfectly plain, isn't it? I'm willing to sign that. If you mean to be square with me you'll sign too, just as readily as you talked the proposition. Then we can go right over to the Motor Trust Company and deposit our money."

The engineer evidently was disinclined to being hurried into a written compact; yet obviously he also feared to demur, lest impulsive Kent should misconstrue his hesitance. Walling read and reread the paper. He tried again to persuade the other man to wait until their lawyers could prepare a formal contract. John stubbornly demanded that Walling show him wherein the present draft did not state their agreement exactly. The engineer was unable to deny that the written proposition was precisely what he himself had urged. He did not take any exception at all to the last clause, in which he would confess that Kent was sole inventor of the carburetor. That was not a debatable point, as Walling seemed to recognize.

"If I've written just what you said, why aren't you willing to sign it?" was the question Kent hurled back at every objection.

Finally, when the engineer could make no more specious excuses for a delay that he seemed both to desire and to fear, he agreed to Kent's ultimatum. He called a stenographer and two copies of the document were made. Thereupon both men

(Continued on Page 33)



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"It's a crime to take your money"
(But $7.50 prevents that crime)

IT'S a crime to take your money laughed a famous check-raiser as he demonstrated his art. A stroke of his pen—and $8 was $8,000! A drop of acid in the right place—and there was plenty of room to change "Eight" to "Eight thousand"! No wonder check-raising attracts so many criminals. "It's a crime to take your money"—a cinch of a crime to commit—desperately hard to detect because your checks pass through so many unknown hands.

Formerly devices giving Standard Protection were expensive. But now that day is passed. Now you may stand better with your banker by giving your checks standard protection at a price you can afford to pay.

Now the Dimunette gives you Standard Check protection for $7.50—less than you would lose by having one $1 check raised to $10. Can you afford *not* to invest $7.50? The oldest makers of check protecting devices now bring standard check protection within the reach of all.

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Gold-Mining in a Grocery





I "pan" figures for profit in my Seattle grocery the same as I used to pan "pay dirt" on the Klondike

By
A. E. ANDREWS, of the Park Grocery Company

When I left the Klondike hills to go into the grocery business I didn't give up all my former methods.

I wanted to know how my labor "panned out" in profits, and I wanted to know this *every day*.

But my first records were like those of many other grocers—they didn't tell me where I stood.

The facts were there—like nuggets in the gravel—but they had to be brought to the surface.

I got a Burroughs Figuring Machine to do the work of reducing my ore, as it were, to tell me how I was making my "claim" pay.

I Had to Reduce Items to Totals

To get the facts I had to add items and get totals—and that's where the Burroughs first proved invaluable. It added rapidly, and the totals, computed automatically, were always right. I never could have secured the results quickly enough with pencil and pen.

My Daily Report Should Interest Every Retailer

The slip shown at the left is made out daily. I get these figures with the Burroughs in less than half an hour. Think of it!—all this vital information obtained in only a few minutes each day.

I have a credit register for taking care of charge sales and a cash register for handling cash transactions.

Each day the charge sales are totaled, the cash received on account subtracted from this total, and the balance added to the previous day's total of outstanding accounts.

Accounts payable are handled in the same way.

By adding checks drawn each day, and subtracting this total from the balance brought forward plus the day's deposit, I keep the amount of my bank balance to date before me.

The charge slips are made in triplicate. One copy goes to the customer, one to the credit register, and one to the figuring machine. It is only a few minutes' work to add the charge and cash sales for the day, obtaining total daily sales.

The Burroughs is Always on the Job Somewhere

When I have completed my daily report the machine is free for general use about the store. For instance, it is used to check each account before the bill is paid. Customers like to receive the machine slip, for it is their protection against overcharges.

By detecting undercharges that would have otherwise got by, the machine has more than paid for itself.

I'm a better buyer for having my daily report always before me. I can see what I owe—what I have in the bank. I keep my outstanding accounts carefully checked and have had very few losses from bad debts.

My clerks are careful in adding up sales slips, because they know that each slip is later checked over mechanically with the Burroughs.

The Burroughs Machine is doing more than "pan" the ore of my figures for facts. It is putting organization and accuracy into my business and creating customer good-will.

There's a Burroughs Machine for every business. The Burroughs Company has 170 offices in the United States and Canada. Your banker or telephone book will give you the address of the nearest.

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Who won that $3000?

The Question on Half a Million Tongues

WHO won that $3000 for a better name than "flashlight"? From city, town and hamlet throughout the United States—from Central America, Cuba, Morocco and even China is heard the echo of this question. Everywhere interest is at high pitch and while half a million people wait, the Eveready organization is working day and night to find the winner and the winning word.

Never before has a contest for a new name met with such generous and enthusiastic response. Suggestions have poured in at the rate of 10,000 to 25,000 a day. On the last day of the contest 50,000 were received.

The Post Office at Long Island City was forced to call for help. Eveready automobile trucks were pressed into service to deliver contest mail. It took ten days after the close of the contest to finish opening the mail. It took six weeks to transfer to entry blanks the thousands of suggestions received in letters written to the company. It took one entire week to sort out all the names beginning with the letter "L."

Fifty *extra* employees have been necessary to handle the purely mechanical details such as opening mail, sorting, filing, etc.

College students were specially recruited to handle some of the more important routine. Salesmen from the Eveready organization were taken off the road to speed up the search for that $3000 word.



Scores of suggestions came from the boys on the border



Two days from here to Guantanamo, Cuba, but we got his suggestion in time

Now we are just as anxious to know who won that $3000 as you are; but we have simply been snowed under.

Up to the official date set for the close of the Eveready Contest (Nov. 7th, 1916) over 530,000 suggestions had been received and at this moment the judges have before them the 50,000 best suggestions from which the choice will be made.

To settle this question fairly we must ask for more time. On its settlement depends not only the fulfillment of our obligation to pay $3000 but a decision on that name which is best suited to our needs.

April 5th is the date now set for the award announcement. Watch your Eveready dealer's windows. The announcement of the prize winner will be made through our dealers as well as through the newspapers and magazines, because we can thus place the news before the greatest number of people with the least possible delay.

If the judges decide sooner, the announcement will not be held back. We are not going to keep half a million people waiting any longer than we can help.

50,000 Eveready dealers all over the United States and Canada are ready to flash the message when the judges decide.



Out in the sagebrush—80 miles from the nearest dealer—so we sent our western friend a contest blank.

AMERICAN EVER READY WORKS
of National Carbon Company
Long Island City New York

CANADIAN NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, Limited
Toronto Ontario

Watch your Eveready Dealer's Window

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HERE is the essence of all service—the personal attention which sees that your precise wishes are carried out with quiet courtesy and dispatch.

This is the unfailing rule with the one thousand trained attendants at

Hotel La Salle

The wheels of your busy life run smoothly. Details are disposed of quickly and with utmost efficiency by the individual clerk on your floor. Women traveling alone find this private service especially helpful. The distinctive advantage in a central location makes Hotel LaSalle the obvious choice for business or pleasure, whether your stay be long or short.

RATES

One person	Per day
Room with detached bath	$2, $2.50 and $3
Room with private bath	$3, $3.50, $4 and $5
Two persons	Per day
Room with detached bath	$5, $5.50 and $6
Room with private bath	
Double room	$5 to $8
Single room with double bed	$4, $4.50 and $5
Two Connecting Rooms with Bath	
Two persons	$5 to $8
Three persons	$6 to $9
Four persons	$7 to $12

1026 rooms—834 with private bath

La Salle at Madison Street
CHICAGO
Ernest J. Stevens, Vice-Pres. and Mgr.



(Continued from Page 30)

went to the Motor Trust Company. They deposited their respective checks on their own banks and signed the escrow agreement in duplicate. Then they separated, shortly before eleven o'clock.

John hurried from the Motor Trust Company to the machine shop, but Gordon was still absent. Kent restlessly attended to various routine business matters while he waited for his foster father's reappearance. Just after noon the bookkeeper, who had gone downtown ten minutes earlier to get the money for the weekly pay roll, rushed back to the office in great excitement. He told the junior partner the bank had refused to cash his check, because Gordon, at half past eleven, had drawn out all but a few dollars of the firm's balance of over eighteen thousand dollars.

Kent was startled and dumfounded. He could not imagine the specific reason for his partner's unprecedented surreptitious action; but he was sure it had a direct relation of some kind to Gordon's mistaken umbrage regarding the carburetor. John stood aghast after he heard the bookkeeper's story. The uncertified check for ten thousand dollars, which he himself had deposited in escrow with the Motor Trust Company at eleven o'clock, was made on the firm's account in the Wolverine National Bank. Over ten thousand dollars stood to the personal credit of the junior member on the partnership books, and Kent had drawn against this balance.

If now his escrow check should be presented at the firm's bank and repudiated, the Motor Trust Company would notify the automobile engineer at once. He would immediately stop payment on his own check for twenty-five thousand dollars. Gordon's act in drawing out all the partnership money, therefore, had imperiled and, at any minute, might invalidate Kent's contract with Walling. The consequences would be disastrous if the ten-thousand-dollar check should be protested.

John was half frantic. He sent the bookkeeper to scour the neighborhood for the veteran mechanic, who sometimes visited acquaintances in other machine shops near by. Kent himself started a frenzied search by telephone for his partner; but he could find no trace of the old Scotchman. Meantime precious time was passing. John expected the Wolverine National Bank to call him up any second and announce that his ten-thousand-dollar check had been presented for payment.

Shortly before half past twelve Gordon stalked into the little office. He was scowling blackly, but Kent hardly noticed his expression. With a cry of relief, mixed with acute anxiety, John rushed across the room.

"I've been looking for you everywhere! I want to explain to you about the carburetor, and ——"

"I know already what you've done!" Gordon snarled in a towering rage. "I met Henry Walling an hour ago. He showed me the contract you'd just signed. He said, too, you were going to take all your automobile specialties away from here and manufacture them in partnership with him. I tell you right now that you can't get 'em out of my shop any too quick to suit me!"

Kent tried to break in, but the old lion roared him silent.

"You needn't make any excuses! I understand why you're leaving me. Don't be a hypocrite and make believe you're sorry. I used to think you had high principles, but I've found you out to-day. You're like the majority of young fellows in these times—just a dollar worshiper. Get out! It will be good riddance for me. I never wanted your contraptions in my shop. Pack your stuff! Don't palaver! I know you can make more money with Walling."

The old master machinist half choked. He seemed beside himself with scornful fury.

"I despise a sneak!" he hissed through gritted teeth. "I might have had a little respect for you if you hadn't attempted to hide what you were up to. Why couldn't you come out honestly and tell me you had decided to cut loose from such an old fogy? It would have hurt to hear that, but not so much as it does to know you've been living a lie to me for months."

"I never thought ——" Kent began to protest frantically.

"I found out from Walling what you thought!" Gordon thunderously shut him off. "That I've been holding you back from getting rich! You thought I was a fossil—that I opposed having your specialties monopolize my shop because I had no faith in the automobile business. That wasn't it at all! You made me hate everything connected with motors, because your contraptions shoved me out of my place in the world! You never guessed the real reason I didn't seem to appreciate those profits from your inventions that you shared half and half with me. You think I'm sore now because I won't get anything out of the carburetor. I don't want money! You robbed me of more than you ever can pay back in dollars.

"Until you turned my old custom shop into a factory to make your specialties, most of the expert machine job work in Detroit was sent to George Gordon. I was known as the best independent mechanic in the city and I was proud of that reputation. But in the last few months my customers have been crowded out. I've had to refuse orders because your manufacturing required more and more room, and there was 'bigger money' in the specialties. Now I don't feel at home in the shop where I have worked thirty-two years! It's been so lately I couldn't bear to stay round the place.

"I sacrificed my pride because I thought as much of you as if you'd been my own son. I never would have told you how I felt about being shoved to one side in the old place if I hadn't found out your underhand deal to make more money by tying up with one of the worst rascals out of jail!"

Gordon's gray eyes blazed with contempt. Kent leaped to his partner and clutched his arm.

"Dad!" he cried. "You're wrong! I never intended to deceive you. I'll explain everything later. I haven't time now. Walling means to steal half of my carburetor. I just found out his scheme to-day. I've been looking for you ever since to tell you about him. I have trapped the fox in that contract he showed you! I tried to find you so you could advise me before I signed it; but I couldn't, and I had to act quickly. You endangered my whole plan when you drew that money from the bank. If my check for ten thousand dollars should be protested I'd be trapped, not Walling!"

Kent snatched the telephone and called the Engineering Works.

"Hello, Mr. Walling! This is John Kent. Can you come over to the shop right away? I'm straightening out my matters with Mr. Gordon and I need you here as a witness."

"I'll start this moment!" the engineer agreed eagerly.

Kent banged the receiver back on its hook and turned to his partner again.

"I called him away from his office so he can't get a message from the bank," he explained. "My check may be presented for payment any minute. Walling mustn't find out it isn't good before I spring my trap."

Kent had no time to recount details, but in the course of the next hundred seconds he sketched to dazed Gordon the reason why he had ordered the carburetor made at the Engineering Works. Then he summarized the plot to defraud him of his rights as sole inventor of the new device. He broke off abruptly as he caught sight of Walling through the front window.

"Here he comes, dad! Don't say a word until I give you the tip."

The engineer hurried in and shut the door. Kent quickly stepped behind him to bar the exit.

"Walling," he snapped, "you and I made an agreement this morning about my carburetor; but ——"

"That contract is perfectly legal," the engineer interrupted with instant suspicion. "I showed it to my attorney, and he assured me it is binding, though a little informal."

"I'm glad to know that!" Kent exclaimed. "I meant it to hold. I intend to stick by our agreement; but I didn't take time when we talked before to discuss certain details. So I'll explain now just what my plans are.

"This morning you referred to the fact that Mr. Gordon and myself hadn't been getting along very well lately. I've since learned that my partner and I have been working at cross-purposes. He misunderstood my reason for having you build the model. He has drawn wrong inferences, also, regarding my intentions with reference to the manufacture of the carburetor and my other specialties. On the other hand, I've misjudged him in several ways too."

Gordon leaned forward in strained eagerness as Kent continued to address the engineer.

"I told you, Walling, that I intended to take all my inventions out of the Gordon Machine Shop; but I didn't say where



FOR that logy, after-dinner time on Sunday afternoon—perchance you've eaten just a bit too much—

Wingfoot for an hour or so, and see the change it brings—*wingfoot* and fit yourself for next week's tasks.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company guarantees Wingfoots to outwear any other rubber heel. A new pair free if yours do not.

Wingfoots in black, white and tan, for big folks and little folks—50 cents—put on by shoe dealers and repair men.

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Akron, Ohio

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GOODYEAR AKRON

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The *Lawson* Odorless is the highest development in gas heaters. Its combustion chamber makes it odorless, economical and a greater producer of heat than gas stoves twice as large.

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Quickly takes the chill from cold, damp halls or supplies generous warmth to nursery, bath or spareroom. On the flat, open top you can heat water for baby's bath or for shaving. Thousands of "Lawson's" are giving satisfaction in homes everywhere.

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Open territory still obtainable. Write now and place order for fall. The Lawson Odorless is a quick seller and good money-maker. Prices and terms on request.

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We are also makers of Lawson Water Heaters; over a million in use

I expected to do my manufacturing afterward. I realize now that it was unfair of me to crowd Mr. Gordon from his old quarters here, where he made his reputation as a mechanical expert. I've just come to full appreciation of his feelings. I comprehend how selfish and thoughtless I have been. The Gordon Machine Shop hereafter will be devoted exclusively to high-class work on tools and dies and designing, as it used to be. I'm going to pull all the manufacturing out."

Kent turned to the dumfounded Scotchman:

"Dad, I propose that our firm shall erect a factory building on the vacant lot next door to this old shop and do all our manufacturing there. In that way we'll have plenty of room in our present quarters for your expert custom work, and in the new plant for my automobile specialties. Of course we're to be partners in everything."

The veteran master machinist seemed spellbound. He opened his mouth slowly as if to speak; but Walling viciously broke in first:

"You can't make the carburetor in that new factory you intend to build! Gordon has nothing to do with that!"

"Why, yes, he has!" the inventor exclaimed in simulated surprise. "Dad owns half the carburetor, you know."

The old Scotchman looked as amazed as the engineer was astounded; but Gordon stood dumb while Walling shouted a question:

"What do you mean? You agreed to assign all the carburetor to our corporation."

Kent pulled his copy of the agreement from his pocket.

"You're mistaken about that," he remarked with provocative mildness. "I only contracted to assign 'all' *my* 'right, title and interest'—that is, my half of the carburetor. Six months ago, when I filed my patent application, I assigned the other half to Mr. Gordon. I told you, Walling, before we made our agreement that dad was entitled to half of everything I invented."

The fox saw the trap. He gnashed his sharp teeth in his fury.

"It's a fraud!" he snarled.

"I've prevented a fraud!" Kent corrected harshly. "Our contract is valid, Walling. Your own attorney advised you so. I notified you before you signed it that my partner had a right to half of any invention I might make. You were so unscrupulously greedy that you caught yourself.

"My contract is that I will assign all my rights in the carburetor to the corporation. I couldn't have bound Mr. Gordon if I had wanted to. He owns half of the invention. The law gives him the same right to manufacture as if he held the entire patent title." John grinned as he added: "Let me remind you of something here: I put into our agreement, Walling, a clause that provides 'Each party shall have exactly equal power with the other in the corporation management.' I notify you now that I shan't agree to the sale by the company of a single carburetor at the low price Mr. Gordon will make to the trade."

The engineer was frothing with rage.

"I'll fight you in court!" he yelled.

"The risk is too great," Kent retorted. "You have overlooked the provision in our contract that I am to draw a salary of five thousand dollars a year from the company, beginning within thirty days, while you'll get only one thousand dollars a year. I'm ready to go to work for the corporation on that basis.

"You put up twenty-five thousand of the thirty-five thousand dollars cash we have deposited together in escrow as subscriptions for the capital stock. The contract entitles me to receive for my services over twenty-nine thousand dollars in the time you'll get back a little less than six thousand of the money contributed to the corporation treasury. Our salaries have been agreed on. They must be paid whether the company manufactures many carburetors or only a few. You'd better give up the fight idea, Walling. Your methods won't appeal to the sympathy of the courts. I suggest that you compromise with me right now, while you have a chance."

"What do you mean?" the engineer barked.

"I'm satisfied to beat your crooked scheme to steal half of my carburetor. All I want in the contract we've made is the last clause—your acknowledgment, witnessed by Mr. Gordon, that you have no claim to my invention. Sign that statement separately, surrender every tracing and blue print you have, together with all the parts, tools and patterns of the model, and I'll let the corporation off from paying me that five-thousand-dollar salary for five years. I'll cancel this agreement and we'll both get our money back from the Motor Trust Company."

Walling drew a long breath. He did not parley a second.

"All right!" he accepted.

Walling sat down at Gordon's desk and snatched a sheet of paper. He copied the final paragraph of the contract in a minute; then signed his name. Kent read the release carefully and handed it over to his partner. He winked:

"Satisfied, dad?"

Gordon blinked like a man just coming out of a trance. He stared first at the trapped fox and then at John. Then his old eyes shone as brightly as a boy's.

"Satisfied!" the veteran machinist chortled aloud. "I'm just chock-full of satisfaction!"

Suddenly Gordon was alarmed by remembrance. He leaned over and whispered in his partner's ear:

"Jack! That ten-thousand-dollar check! I drew all the firm's money out of the bank just to prevent Walling from getting his claws on any of it. I knew he had a scheme of some kind to rob you. I was afraid the rascal would cash your check before I could warn you what a crook he was. I drew our entire balance to save your ten thousand dollars for you. But you said I'd got you into trouble. Maybe there isn't any damage done yet. I'll hustle over to the bank right off and redeposit the money I took out."

"Good old dad!" Kent choked. "Wait a minute."

He picked up the telephone and called the cashier of the firm's depository:

"John Kent talking. Has my check for ten thousand dollars to the Motor Trust Company been presented for payment yet? . . . Oh, it's just come in! Well, hold it, please. The deal for which it was given has been called off. I'll be over and see you in a few minutes."

Kent handed the telephone receiver to Walling:

"Call up your bank now and stop payment on your check too; then everything will be straightened out."

A Tribute

WHEN Julia Ward Howe died memorial services in her honor were held at San Francisco, and the local literary colony attended practically en masse to pay by their presence a tribute to the writer.

A municipal officer was asked to preside. Dressed in his long frock coat and his broad white tie, he advanced to the edge of the platform to launch the exercises and introduce the principal eulogist. He bowed low and spoke as follows:

"Your attendance here, ladies and gents, in such great numbers shows San Francisco's appreciation of good literature. This meeting is a great testimonial to the immortal author of Uncle Tom's Cabin—the late Julia Ward Howard!"



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▼▼

Dentists today follow their patients into their homes by means of prescriptions for daily use.

The serious meaning of sensitive gums

More teeth are lost through the loosening of the tissues that hold the teeth in place, than through decay

If at times your gums are sensitive when you brush them; if you have a loose or "tender" tooth; if certain foods set your teeth "on edge," *see your dentist immediately.*

These conditions that seem so negligible, usually portend one far more serious.

Your dentist will tell you that they are the early symptoms which, if not checked, may develop into a loosening of the teeth and their eventual loss. More permanent teeth are lost through this insidious loosening than through decay.

What dentists prescribe

Modern dentistry requires more for the treatment of such conditions than the application from time to time of medicinal agents by the dentist himself. Dentists today follow their patients into their homes by means of prescriptions for daily use. Not otherwise can persistent unhealthy conditions of the mouth be overcome.

At least twice daily must the patient himself supplement the work his dentist has done for him—by applications that will steadily tone up the condition of the gums.

Your tooth paste should be more than a cleanser

Ask your own dentist how you can do this at the same time that you cleanse your teeth daily. Ask him about Senreco Tooth Paste.

Senreco is more than a cleanser. It is a dentist's formula containing, in addition to cleansing properties, agents especially helpful for sensitive conditions of the gums. Because Senreco contains precisely the agents that dentists themselves apply to correct unhealthy conditions of the gums, many dentists use it at the chair, even though it is really a tooth paste intended for supplementary use.

Prevent the accumulation of tartar

As a cleanser, Senreco is wonderful. It polishes the surfaces of the teeth in a new and better way, and it *directly attacks the mucin film which leads to tartar.*

Try it. You will appreciate its medicinal qualities even more than its cleansing properties. It leaves a cool, clean, wholesome taste in the mouth. Notice after a few treatments the gradual strengthening of your gums to a wonderfully sound and healthy condition. You will delight in the brilliancy and whiteness of your teeth, and their cleanly freedom from the beginnings of tartar.

Senreco costs only 25c the large size tube, though it is probably the most expensive tooth paste prepared. You will find it at your druggist's or toilet counter. Get a tube today. Know for yourself what a healthy, cleanly feeling its use gives to the gums. Find out how much better for you is Senreco than any tooth paste that only cleanses.

Send 6c for a liberal sample

For six cents we will send you a sample tube of Senreco; enough to provide you with treatment twice daily for one week. Simply fill in your name and address on the coupon below, and mail it to us with six cents in stamps or coin. Address "Senreco," 1400 Masonic Temple, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Experimental Laboratory; Covington, Ky.

Senreco
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
THE TOOTHPASTE THAT REALLY CLEANS

A prominent dentist (name on request) writes:

"I want to call your attention to a case which will interest you as well as myself. A young man patient came to me in October last with very badly inflamed gums, no deposit around the necks to speak of. I scaled the roots thoroughly, and gave him a mouth wash (which had no effect). He came in this morning for a filling. I had forgotten about his gums until he called my attention to them. He says they are all right now and feel fine. He bought a tube of Senreco tooth paste, and says it wasn't a week before they were well. They have receded somewhat, but are in perfectly healthy condition. This is positive proof to me that you have *the* right preparation."

Another dentist (name on request) writes:

"What the busy dentist wants most is results. Your tooth paste, 'Senreco' combined with the usual oral treatment does give results. You have an ideal tooth paste."

Use Senreco twice daily.
See your dentist twice a year.

"Senreco"
1400 Masonic Temple, Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me liberal sample tube of Senreco to provide me with treatments twice daily for one week. I enclose six cents for it.

Name_____

Address_____

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When you press the switch at 2 A. M., the light must respond. You lift the telephone receiver today or next year—Central is always there. You expect water when you turn on the faucet. Thousands of trains move daily over the rails so that you may take just one—occasionally—any time. Have you ever figured out why this is so? Why it can be?

In organization these companies approach perfection. In mechanical equipment they choose only the best. Every material they use must be dependable and so must the concern from whom they buy.

They buy Johns-Manville products. Conduit for underground wires, Wrappings for cables, Electrical Protective Devices, Cements for boiler furnaces, Insulations for steam pipes, Lagging and Packing for locomotives, Roofs for their buildings, Insulations for steel cars, Linings for smoke stacks, and a hundred other products—all of Johns-Manville.

* * *

What better recommendation to you for the quality, safety and dependability of all things that carry the surname Johns-Manville? What better testimonial could there be of the value of Johns-Manville Service to you personally?

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
New York City
Branches in 55 Large Cities

JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE
COVERS THE CONTINENT

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HER DAIRY

(Continued from Page 6)

At seven I rose and with palpatating fingers dressed myself in my best evening Frock, which is a pale yellow. I put my hair up, and was just finished, when mother nocked. It was terrable.

I had to duck back into bed and crush everything. But she only looked in and said to try and behave for the next three hours, and went away.

At a quarter to eight I left the house in a clandestine manner by means of the cellar and the area steps, and on the pavment drew a long breath. I was free, and I had twelve dollars.

Act One went well, and no disturbence. Although Adrian started when he saw me. The yellow looked very well.

I had expected to sit back, sheltered by the curtains, and only visable from the stage. I have often read of this method. But there were no curtains. I therfor sat, turning a stoney profile to the audiance, and ignoreing it, as though it were not present, trusting to luck that no one I knew was there.

He saw me. More than that, he hardly took his eyes from the box wherein I sat. I am sure to that he had mentioned me to the company, for one and all they stared at me until I think they will know me the next time they see me.

I still think I would not have been recognized by the Familey had I not, in a very quiet seen, commenced to sneaze. I did this several times, and a lot of people looked anoyed, as though I sneazed because I liked to sneaze. And I looked back at them defiantly, and in so doing, encountered the gaze of my Maternel Parent.

Oh, Dear Dairy, that I could have died at that moment, and thus, when streched out a pathetic figure, with tubroses and other flowers, have compeled their pity. But alas, no. I sneazed again!

Mother was weged in, and I saw that my only hope was flight. I had not had more than between three and four dollars worth of the evening, but I glansed again and Sis was boreing holes into me with her eyes. Only Beresford knew nothing, and was trying to hold Sis's hand under her opera cloke. Any fool could tell that.

But, as I was about to rise and stand poized, as one may say, for departure, I caught Adrian's eyes, with a gleam in their deep depths. He was, at the moment, toying with the bowl of roses. He took one out, and while the leading lady was talking, he eged his way toward my box. There, standing very close, aparently by accident, he droped the rose into my lap.

Oh Dairy! Dairy!

I picked it up, and holding it close to me, I flew.

I am now in bed and rather chilley. Mother banged at the door some time ago, and at last went away, mutering.

I am afraid she is going to be petish.

JANUARY 22ND. Father came home this morning, and things are looking up. Mother of course tackeled him first thing, and when he came upstairs I expected an awful time. But my father is a reel Person, so he only sat down on the bed, and said:

"Well, chicken, so you're at it again!"

I had to smile, although my chin shook.

"You'd better turn me out and forget me," I said. "I was born for Trouble. My advice to the Familey is to get out from under. That's all."

"Oh, I don't know," he said. "It's pretty conveniant to have a Familey to drop on when the slump comes." He thumped himself on the chest. "A hundred and eighty pounds," he observed," just intended for little daughters to fall back on when other things fail."

"Father," I inquired, putting my hand in his, because I had been bearing my burdens alone, and my strength was ebing: "do you beleive in Love?"

"*Do* I!"

"But I mean, not the ordinery atachment between two married people. I mean love—the reel thing."

"I see! Why, of course I do."

"Did you ever read Pope, father?"

"Pope? Why I—probably, chicken. Why?"

"Then you know what he says: 'Curse on all laws but those which Love has made.'"

"Look here," he said, sudenly laying a hand on my brow. "I beleive you are feverish."

"Not feverish, but in trouble," I explained. And so I told him the story, not saying much of my deep Passion for Adrian, but merly that I had formed an atachment for him which would persist during life. Although I had never yet exchanged a word with him.

Father listened and said it was indeed a sad story, and that he knew my deep nature, and that I would be true to the End. But he refused to give me any money, except enough to pay back Hannah and Carter Brooks, saying:

"Your mother does not wish you to go to the theater again, and who are we to go against her wishes? And anyhow, maybe if you met this fellow and talked to him, you would find him a disapointment. Many a pretty girl I have seen in my time, who didn't pan out acording to specifications when I finaly met her."

At this revalation of my beloved father's true self, I was almost stuned. It is evadent that I do not inherit my being true as steal from him. Nor from my mother, who is like steal in hardness but not in being true to anything but Social Position.

As I record this awfull day, dear Dairy, there comes again into my mind the thought that *I do not belong here.* I am not like them. I do not even resemble them in features. And, if I belonged to them, would they not treat me with more consideration and less disipline? Who, in the Familey, has my noze?

It is all well enough for Hannah to observe that I was a pretty baby with fat cheaks. May not Hannah herself, for some hiden reason, have brought me here, takeing away the reel I to perhaps languish unseen and "waste my sweetness on the dessert air?" But that way lies madness. Life must be made the best of as it is, and not as it might or indeed ought to be.

Father promised before he left that I was not to be scolded, as I felt far from well, and was drinking water about every minute.

"I just want to lie here and think about things," I said, when he was going. "I seem to have so many thoughts. And father ——"

"Yes, chicken."

"If I need any help to carry out a plan I have, will you give it to me, or will I have to go to totle strangers?"

"Good gracious, Bab!" he exclaimed. "Come to me, of course."

"And you'll do what you're told?"

He looked out into the hall to see if mother was near. Then, dear Dairy, he turned to me and said:

"I always have, Bab. I guess I'll run true to form."

JANUARY 23RD. Much better today. Out and around. Familey (mother and Sis) very dignafied and nothing much to say. Evadently have promised father to restrain themselves. Father rushed and not comeing home to dinner.

Beresford on edge of proposle. Sis very jumpy.

LATER: Jane Raleigh is home for her couzin's wedding! Is comeing over. We shall take a walk, as I have much to tell her.

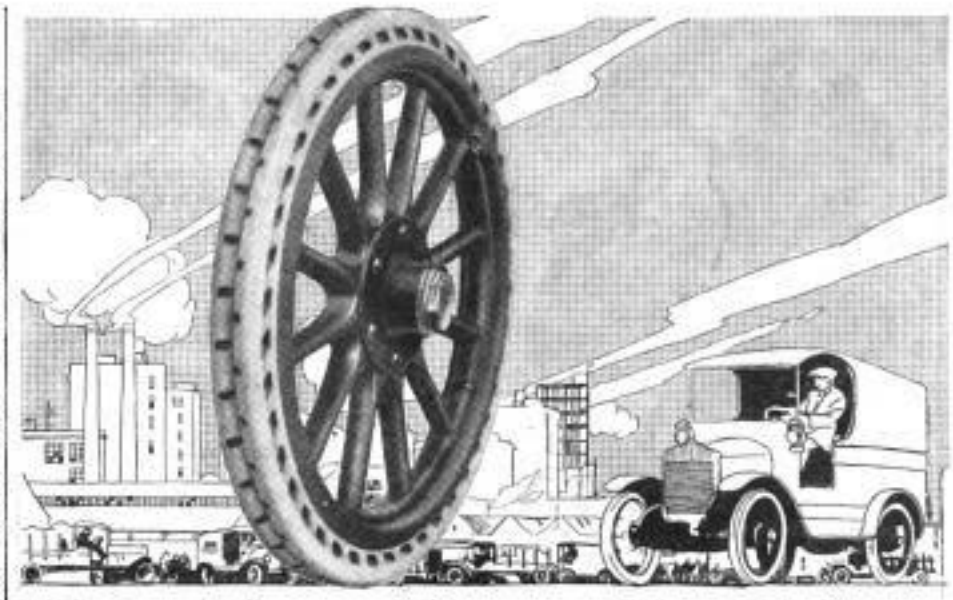
6 P.M. What an afternoon! How shall I write it? This is a Milestone in my Life.

I have met him at last. Nay, more. I have been in his dressing room, conversing as though acustomed to such things all my life. I have conceled under the mattress a reel photograph of him, beneath which he has written Yours always, Adrian Egleston."

I am writing in bed, as the room is chilley—or I am—and by putting out my hand I can touch his pictured likeness.

Jane came around for me this afternoon, and mother consented to a walk. I did not have a chance to take Sis's pink hat, as she keeps her door locked now when not in her room. Which is rediculous, because I am not her tipe, and her things do not suit me very well anyhow. And I have never borowed anything but gloves and handkercheifs, except Muidie's dress and the hat.

She had, however, not locked her bathroom, and finding a bunch of violets in the washbowl I put them on. It does not hurt violets to wear them, and anyhow I knew Carter Brooks had sent them and she ought to wear only Beresford's flowers if she means to marry him.



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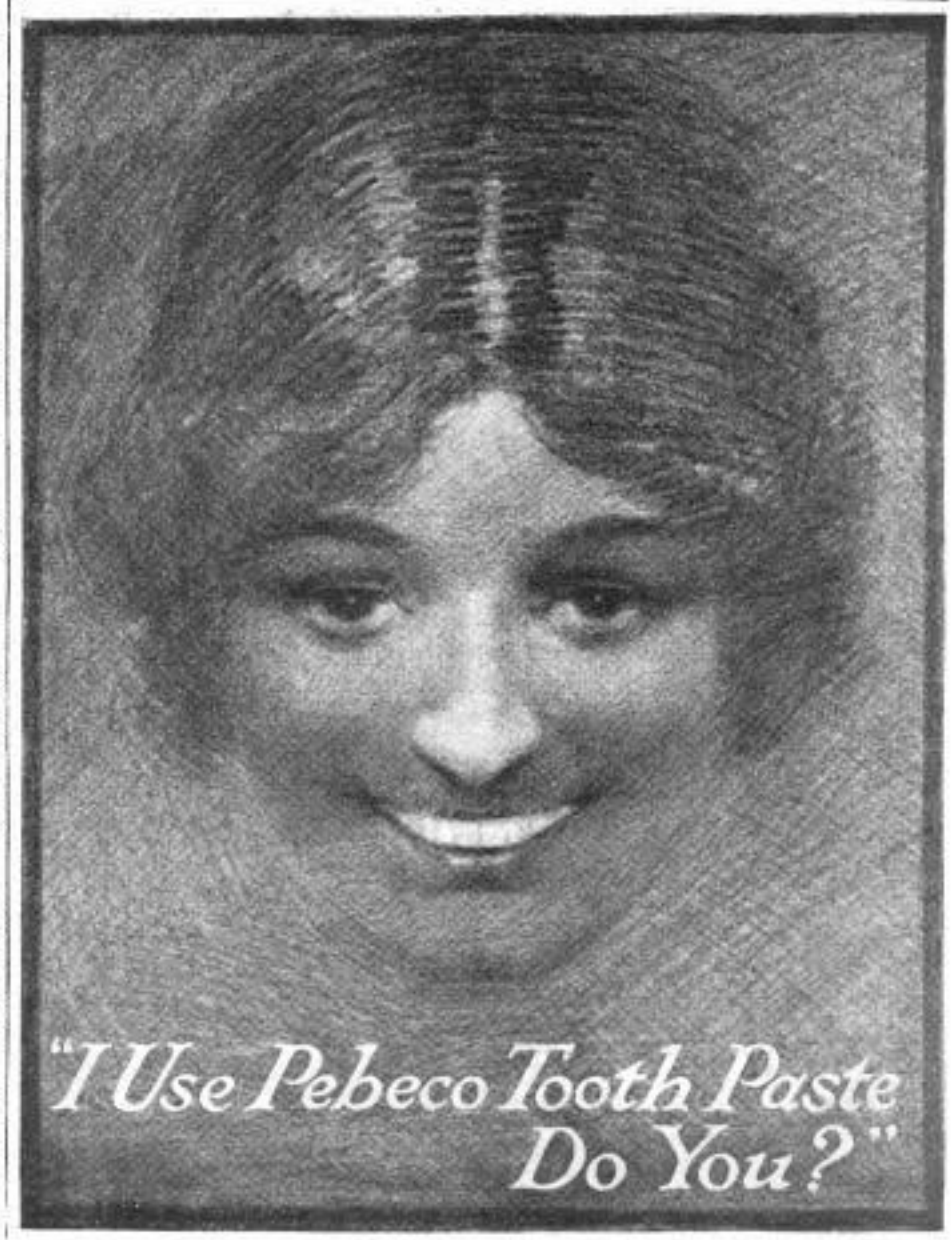
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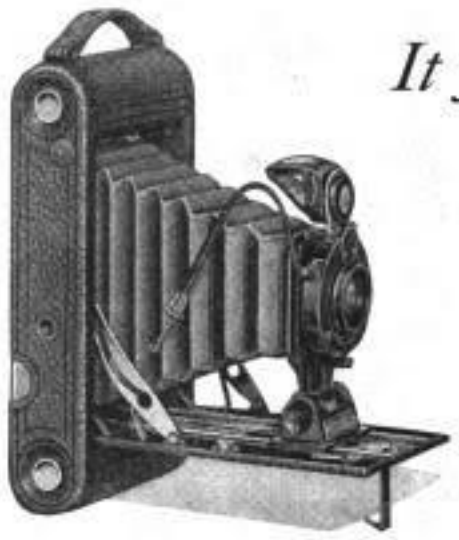
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The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

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Jane at once remarked that I looked changed.

"Naturaly," I said, in a *blase* maner.

"If I didn't know you, Bab," she observed, "I would say that you are rouged."

I became very stiff and distant at that. For Jane, although my best friend, had no right to be suspisious of me.

"How do I look changed?" I demanded.

"I don't know. You—Bab, I beleive you are up to some mischeif!"

"Mischeif?"

"You don't need to pretend to me," she went on, looking into my very soul. "I have eyes. You're not decked out this way for *me*."

I had meant to tell her nothing, but spying just then a man ahead who walked like Adrian, I was startled. I cluched her arm and closed my eyes.

"Bab!" she said.

The man turned, and I saw it was not he. I breathed again. But Jane was watching me, and I spoke out of an overflowing heart.

"For a moment I thought—Jane, I have met *the one* at last."

"Barbara!" she said, and stoped dead. "Is it any one I know?"

"He is an Actor."

"Ye gods!" said Jane, in a tence voice. "What a tradgedy!"

"Tradgedy indeed," I was compeled to admit. "Jane, my Heart is breaking. I am not alowed to see him. It is all off, forever."

"Darling!" said Jane. "You are trembling all over. Hold on to me. Do they disaprove?"

"I am never to see him again. Never."

The biterness of it all overcame me. My eyes sufused with tears.

But I told her, in broken accents, of my determination to stick to him, no matter what. I might never be Mrs. Adrian Egleston, but ——"

"Adrian Egleston!" she cried, in amazement. "Why *Barbara*, you lucky Thing!"

So, finding her fuller of simpathy than usual, I violated my Vow of Silense, and told her all.

And, to prove the truth of what I said, I showed her the sachet over my heart containing his rose.

"It's perfectly wonderfull," Jane said, in an awed tone. "You beat anything I've ever known for adventures. You are the tipe men like, for one thing. But there is one thing I could not stand, in your place—haveing to know that he is making love to the heroine every evening and twice on Wednesdays and—Bab, this is *Wednesday!*"

I glansed at my wrist watch. It was but too o'clock. Instantly, dear Dairy, I became conscious of a dual going on within me, between love and duty. Should I do as instructed and see him no more, thus crushing my inclination under the iron heal of resolution? Or should I cast my Parents to the winds, and go?

Which?

At last I desided to leave it to Jane. I observed:

"I'm forbiden to try to see him. But I darsay, if you bought some theater tickets and did not say what the play was, and we went and it hapened to be his, it would not be my fault, would it?"

I cannot recall her reply, or much more, except that I waited in a Pharmasy, and Jane went out, and came back and took me by the arm.

"We're going to the matinee, Bab," she said. "I'll not tell you which one, because it's to be a surprize." She squeazed my arm. "First row," she whispered.

I shall draw a Vale over my feelings. Jane bought some chocolates to take along, but I could eat none. I was thirsty, but not hungry. And my cold was pretty bad, to.

So we went in, and the curtain went up. When Adrian saw me, in the front row, he smiled although in the midst of a serious speach about the world oweing him a liveing. And Jane was terrably excited.

"Isn't he the handsomest Thing!" she said. "And oh, Bab, I can see that he adores you. He is acting for you. All the rest of the people mean nothing to him. He sees but you."

Well, I had not told her that we had not yet met, and she said I could do nothing less than send him a note.

"You ought to tell him that you are true, in spite of everything," she said.

If I had not decieved Jane things would be better. But she was set on my sending the note. So at last I wrote one on my visiting card, holding it so she could not read it. Jane is my best friend and I am devoted to her, but she has no scrupels about reading what is not meant for her. I said:

"Dear Mr. Egleston: I think the Play is perfectly wonderfull. And you are perfectly splendid in it. It is perfectly terrable that it is going to stop.

(Signed) The girl of the rose.

I know that this seems bold. But I did not feel bold, Dear Dairy. It was such a letter as any one might read, and contained nothing compromizing. Still, I darsay I should not have written it. But "out of the fulness of the Heart the mouth speaketh."

I was shakeing so much that I could not give it to the usher. But Jane did. However, I had sealed it up in an envelop.

Now comes the reel surprize, dear Dairy. For the usher came down and said Mr. Egleston hoped I would go back and see him after the act was over. I think a paller must have come over me, and Jane said:

"Bab! Do you dare?"

I said yes, I dared, but that I would like a glass of water. I seemed to be thirsty all the time. So she got it, and I recovered my *savoir fair*, and stopped shakeing.

I supose Jane expected to go along, but I refrained from asking her. She then said:

"Try to remember everything he says, Bab. I am just crazy about it."

Ah, dear Dairy, how can I write how I felt when being led to him. The entire seen is engraved on my soul. I, with my very heart in my eyes, in spite of my eforts to seem cool and collected. He, in front of his mirror, drawing in the lines of starvation around his mouth for the next seen, while on his poor feet a *valet* put the ragid shoes of Act II!

He rose when I entered, and took me by the hand.

"Well!" he said. "At last!"

He did not seem to mind the *valet*, who he treated like a chair or table. And he held my hand and looked deep into my eyes.

Ah, dear Dairy, men may come and men may go in my life, but never again will I know such ecstacy as at that moment.

"Sit down," he said. "Little lady of the rose—but it's violets today, isn't it? And so you like the play?"

I was by that time somwhat calmer, but glad to sit down, oweing to my knees feeling queer.

"I think it is magnifacent," I said.

"I wish there were more like you," he observed. "Just a moment, I have to make a change here. No need to go out. There's a screan for that very purpose."

He went behind the screan, and the man handed him a raged shirt over the top of it, while I sat in a chair and dreamed. What I reflected, would the School say if it but knew! I felt no remorce. I was there, and beyond the screan, changing into the garments of penury, was the only member of the Other Sex I had ever felt I could truly care for.

Dear Dairy, I am tired and my head aches. I cannot write it all. He was perfectly respectfull, and only his eyes showed his true feelings. The woman who is the Adventuress in the play came to the Door, but he motioned her away with a waive of the hand. And at last it was over, and he was asking me to come again soon, and if I would care to have one of his pictures.

I am very sleepy tonight, but I cannot close this record of a w-o-n-d-e-r-f-u-l d-a-y — without ——

JANUARY 24TH. Cold worse.

Not hearing from Carter Brooks I telefoned him just now. He is sore about Beresford and said he would not come to the house. So I have asked him to meet me in the park, and said that there were only to more days, this being Thursday.

LATER: I have seen Carter, and he has a fine plan. If only father will do it.

Carter has a fine idea to help the play. He says the Theme is that the world owes Adrian a liveing, and that the way to do is to put that strongly before the people.

"Supose;" he said, "that this fellow would go to some big factery, and demand work. Not ask for it. Demand it. He could pretend to be starveing and say: "the world owes me a liveing, and I intend to have it."

"But supose they were sorry for him and gave it to him?" I observed.

"Tut,child," he said. "That would have to be all fixed up first. It ought to be aranged that he not only be refused, but what's more, that he'll be thrown out. He'll have to cut

(Continued on Page 41)

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Detroit

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(Continued from Page 38)

up a lot, d'you see, so they'll throw him out. And we'll have reporters there, so the story can get around. You get it, don't you? Your friend, in order to prove that the idea of the Play is right, goes out for a job, and proves that he cannot demand Laber and get it." He stoped and spoke with excitement: "Is he a reel sport? Would he stand being arested? Because that would cinch it."

But here I drew a line. I would not subject him to such humilliation. I would not have him arested. And at last Carter gave in.

"But you get the Idea," he said. "There'll be the deuce of a Row, and it's good for a half collum on the first page of the evening papers. Result, a jamb that night at the performence, and a new lease of life for the Play. Egleston comes on, bruized and battered, and perhaps with a limp. The labor unions take up the matter—it's a knock out. I'd charge a thousand dollars for that idea if I were selling it."

"Bruized!" I exclaimed. "Realy bruized or painted on?"

He glared at me impatiently.

"Now see here, Bab," he said. "I'm doing this for you. You've got to play up. And if your young man won't stand a bang in the eye, for instanse, to earn his Bread and Butter, he's not worth saveing."

"Who are you going to get to—to throw him out?" I asked, in a faltering tone.

He stoped and stared at me.

"I like that!" he said. "It's not my Play that's failing, is it? Go and tell him the Skeme, and then let his maniger work it out. And tell him who I am, and that I have a lot of Ideas, but this is the only one I'm giveing away."

We had arived at the house by that time and I invited him to come in. But he only glansed biterly at the Windows and observed that they had taken in the mat with Welcome on it, as far as he was concerned. And went away.

Although we have never had a mat with Welcome on it.

Dear Dairy, I wonder if father would do it? He is gentle and kind-hearted, and it would be paneful to him. But to who else can I turn in my extremity?

I have but one hope. My father is like me. He can be coaxed and if kindly treated will do anything. But if aproached in the wrong way, or asked to do somthing against his principals, he becomes a Roaring Lion.

He would never be bully-ed into giveing a Man work, even so touching a Personallity as Adrian's.

LATER: I meant to ask father tonight, but he has just heard of Beresford and is in a terrable temper. He says Sis can't marry him, because he is sure there are plenty of things he could be doing in England, if not actualy fighting.

"He could probably run a bus, and release some one who can fight," he shouted. "Or he could at least do an honest day's work with his hands. Don't let me see him, that's all."

"Do I understand that you forbid him the house?" Leila asked, in a cold furey.

"Just keep him out of my sight," father snaped. "I supose I can't keep him from swilling tea while I am away doing my part to help the Allies ——"

"Oh, rot!" said Sis, in a scornfull maner. "While you help your bank account, you mean. I don't object to that, father, but for Heaven's sake don't put it on altruistic grounds."

She went upstairs then and banged her door, and mother merly set her lips and said nothing. But when Beresford called, later, Tanney had to tell him the Familey was out.

Were it not for our afections, and the necessity for getting married, so there would be an increase in the Population, how happy we could all be!

LATER: I have seen father.

It was a paneful evening, with Sis shut away in her room, and father cuting the ends off cigars in a viscious maner. Mother was *non est*, and had I not had my memories, it would have been a Sickning Time.

I sat very still and waited until father softened, which he usualy does, like ice cream, all at once and all over. I sat perfectly still in a large chair, and except for an ocasional sneaze, was quiet.

Only once did my parent adress me in an hour, when he said:

"What the devil's making you sneaze so?"

"My noze, I think, sir," I said meekly.

"Humph!" he said. "It's rather a small noze to be making such a racket."

I was cut to the heart, dear Dairy. One of my dearest dreams has always been a delicate noze, slightly arched and long enough to be truly aristocratic. Not realy acqualine but on the verge. I *hate* my little noze—hate it—hate it—*hate it*.

"Father!" I said, rising and on the point of tears. "How can you! To taunt me with what is not my own fault, but partly heredatary and partly carelessness. For if you had pinched it in infansy it would have been a good noze, and not a pug. And ——"

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed. "Why, Bab, I never meant to insult your noze. As a matter of fact, it's a good noze. It's exactly the sort of noze you ought to have. Why, what in the world would you do with a Roman noze?"

I have not been feeling very well, dear Dairy, and so I sudenly began to weap.

"Why, chicken!" said my father. And made me sit down on his knee. "Don't tell me that my bit of sunshine is behind a clowd!"

"Behind a noze," I said, feebly.

So he said he liked my noze, even although somwhat swolen, and he kissed it, and told me I was a little fool, and at last I saw he was about ready to be tackeled. So I observed:

"Father, will you do me a faver?"

"Sure," he said. "How much do you need? Busness is pretty good now, and I've about landed the new order for shells for the English war department. I—supose we make it fifty! Although we'd better keep it a Secret between we to."

I drew myself up, although tempted. But what was fifty dollars to doing somthing for Adrian? A mere bagatell.

"Father," I said, "do you know Miss Everett, my English teacher?"

He remembered the name.

"Would you be willing to do her a great faver?" I demanded intencely.

"What sort of a faver?"

"Her couzin has written a play. She is very fond of her couzin, and anxious to have him suceed. And it is a lovely play."

He held me off and stared at me.

"So *that* is what you were doing in that box alone!" he exclaimed. "You incomprehensable child! Why didn't you tell your mother?"

"Mother does not always understand," I said, in a low voice. "I thought, by buying a Box, I would do my part to help Miss Everett's couzin's play suceed. And as a result I was draged home, and shamefully treated in the most mortafying maner. But I am acustomed to brutalaty."

"Oh, come now," he said. "I wouldn't go as far as that, chicken. Well, I won't finanse the play, but short of that I'll do what I can."

However, he was not so agreable when I told him Carter Brooks' plan. He delivered a firm no.

"Although," he said, "sombody ought to do it, and show the falasy of the Play. In the first place, the world doesn't owe the fellow a liveing, unless he will hustel around and make it. In the second place an employer has a right to turn away a man he doesn't want. No one can force capitle to employ laber."

"Well," I said, as long as Laber talks and makes a lot of noise, and Capitle is to dignafied to say anything, most people are going to side with Laber."

He gased at me.

"Right!" he said. "You've put your finger on it, in true femanine fashion."

"Then why won't you throw out this man when he comes to you for Work? He intends to forse you to employ him."

"Oh, he does, does he?" said father, in a feirce voice. "Well, let him come. I can stand up for my principals, to. I'll throw him out, all right."

Dear Dairy, the battle is over and I have won. I am very happy. How true it is that strategy will do more than violance!

We have aranged it all. Adrian is to go to the mill, dressed like a decayed Gentleman, and father will refuse to give him work. I have said nothing about violance, leaving that to arange itself.

I must see Adrian and his maniger. Carter has promised to tell some reporters that there may be a story at the mill on Saturday morning. I am to excited to sleep.

Feel horid. Forbiden to go out this morning.

JANUARY 25TH. Beresford was here to lunch and he and mother and Sis had a long talk. He says he has kept it a secret because he did not want his Busness known. But he is here to place a shell order for the English war department.

"Well," Leila said, "I can hardly wait to tell father and see him curl up."

"No, no," said Beresford, hastaly. "Realy you must alow me—I must inform him myself. I am sure you can see why. This is a thing for men to settle. Besides, it is a delicate matter. Mr. Archibald is trying to get the Order, and our New York office, if I am willing, is ready to place it with him."

"Well!" said Leila, in a thunderstruck tone. "If you British don't beat anything for keeping your own council!"

I could see that he had her hand under the table. It was sickning.

Jane came to see me after lunch. The wedding was that night, and I had to sit through silver vegatable dishes, and after-dinner coffee sets and plates and a grand piano and a set of gold vazes and a cabushon saphire and the bridesmaid's clothes and the wedding supper and heaven knows what. But at last she said:

"You dear thing—how weary and wan you look!"

I closed my eyes.

"But you don't intend to give him up, do you?"

"Look at me!" I said, in imperious tones. "Do I look like one who would give him up, because of Familey objections?"

"How brave you are!" she observed.

"Bab, I am green with envy. When I think of the way he looked at you, and the tones of his voice when he made love to that—that creature, I am posatively *shaken*."

We sat in somber silense. Then she said:

"I darsay he detests the heroine, doesn't he?"

"He tolarates her," I said, with a shrug.

More silense. I rang for Hannah to bring some ice water. We were in my *boudoir*.

"I saw him yesterday," said Jane, when Hannah had gone.

"Jane!"

"In the park. He was with the woman that plays the Adventuress. Ugly old thing."

I drew a long breath of releif. For I knew that the Adventuress was at least thirty and perhaps more. Besides being both wicked and cruel, and not at all femanine.

Hannah brought the ice-water and then came in the most madening way and put her hand on my Forehead.

"I've done nothing but bring you ice-water for too days," she said. "Your head's hot. I think you need a musterd foot bath and to go to bed."

"Hannah," Jane said, in her loftyest fashion, "Miss Barbara is woried, not ill. And please close the door when you go out."

Which was her way of telling Hannah to go. Hannah glared at her.

"If you take my advice, Miss Jane," she said. "You'll keep away from Miss Barbara."

And she went out, slaming the door.

"Well!" gasped Jane. "Such impertanence. Old servant or not, she ought to have her mouth slaped."

Well, I told Jane the plan and she was perfectly crazy about it. I had a headache, but she helped me into my street things, and got Sis's rose hat for me while Sis was at the telefone. Then we went out.

First we telaphoned Carter Brooks, and he said tomorrow morning would do, and he'd give a couple of reporters the word to hang around father's office at the mill. He said to have Adrian there at ten o'clock.

"Are you sure your father will do it?" he asked. "We don't want a flivver you know."

"He's making a principal of it," I said. "When he makes a principal of a thing, he does it."

"Good for father!" Carter said. "Tell him not to be too gentle. And tell your actor-friend to make a lot of fuss. The more the better. I'll see the policeman at the mill, and he'll probably take him up. But we'll get him out for the matinee. And watch the evening papers."

It was then that a terrable thought struck me. What if Adrian considered it beneath his profession to advertize, even if indirectly? What if he prefered the failure of Miss Everett's couzin's play to a bruize on the eye? What, in short, if he refused?

Dear Dairy, I was stupified. I knew not which way to turn. For Men are not like Women, who are dependible and anxious to get along, and will sacrifise anything for Success. No, men are likely to turn on the ones they love best, if the smallest Things do not suit them, such as cold soup, or sleaves to long from the shirt-maker, or plans made

(Concluded on Page 43)



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(Concluded from Page 41)

which they have not been consulted about beforhand.

"Darling!" said Jane, as I turned away, "you look *stricken!*"

"My head aches," I said, with a weary gesture toward my forehead. It did ache, for that matter. It is acheing now, dear Dairy.

However, I had begun my task and must go through with it. Abandoning Jane at a corner, in spite of her calling me cruel and even sneeking, I went to Adrian's hotel, which I had learned of during my *seance* in his room, while he was changing his garments behind a screan, as it was marked on a dressing case.

It was then five o'clock.

How nervous I felt as I sent up my name to his chamber! Oh, dear Dairy, to think that it was but five hours ago that I sat and waited, while people who guessed not the inner trepadation of my heart past and repast, and glansed at me and at Leila's pink hat above.

At last he came. My heart beat thunderously, as he aproached, strideing along in that familiar walk, swinging his strong and tender arms. And I? I beheld him comeing, and could think of not a word to say.

"Well!" he said, pausing in front of me. "I knew I was going to be lucky today. Friday is my best day."

"I was born on Friday," I said. I could think of nothing else.

"Didn't I say it was my lucky day? But you mustn't sit here. What do you say to a cup of tea in the restarant?"

How grown up and like a *debutante* I felt, dear Dairy, going to have tea as if I had it every day at School, with a handsome actor across! Although somwhat uneasy also, owing to the posibility of the Familey comeing in. But it did not and I had a truly happy hour, not at all spoiled by looking out the window and seeing Jane going by, with her eyes poping out, and walking very slowly so I would invite her to come in.

Which I did not.

Dear Dairy, *he will do it.* At first he did not understand, and looked astounded. But when I told him of Carter being in the advertizing business, and father owning a large mill, and that there would be reporters and so on, he became thoughtfull.

"It's realy incredably clever," he said. "And if it's pulled off right it ought to be a stampede. But I'd like to see Mr. Brooks. We can't have it fail, you know." He leaned over the table. "It's straight goods, is it, Miss—er—Barbara? There's nothing foney about it?"

"Foney!" I said, drawing back. "Certainly not."

He kept on leaning over the table.

"I wonder," he said, "what makes you so interested in the Play?"

Oh, Dairy, Dairy!

And just then I looked up, and the Adventuress was stareing in the door at me with the *meanest* look on her face.

I draw a Vale over the remainder of our happy hour. Suffice it to say that he considers me exactly the tipe he finds most atractive, and that he does not consider my noze to short. We had a long dispute about this. He thinks I am wrong and says I am not an acquiline tipe. He says I am romantic and of a loveing disposition. Also somwhat reckless, and he gave me good advice about doing what my Familey consider for my good, at least until I come out.

But our talk was all to short, for a fat man with three rings on came in, and sat down with us, and ordered a whiskey and soda. My blood turned cold, for fear some one I knew would come in and see me sitting there in a drinking party.

And my blood was right to turn cold. For, just as he had told the maniger about the arangement I had made, and the maniger said "Bully" and raised his glass to drink to me I looked across and there was mother's aunt, old Susan Paget, sitting near, with the most awfull face I ever saw!

I colapsed in my chair.

Dear Dairy, I only remember saying, "Well, remember, ten o'clock. And dress up like a gentleman in hard luck," and his saying: "Well, I hope I'm a gentleman, and the hard luck's no joke," and then I went away.

And now, dear Dairy, I am in bed, and every time the telefone rings I have a chill. And in between times I drink ice-water and sneaze. How terrable a thing is love.

LATER: I can hardly write. Switzerland is a setled thing. Father is not home tonight and I cannot apeal to him. Susan said I was drinking to, and mother is haveing the vibrater used on her spine. If I felt better I would run away.

JANUARY 26TH. How can I write what has happened? It is to terrable.

Beresford went at ten o'clock to ask for Leila, and did not send in his card for fear father would refuse to see him. And father thought, from his saying that he had come to ask for somthing, and so on, that it was Adrian, and threw him out. He ordered him out first, and Beresford refused to go, and they had words, and then there was a fight. The reporters got it, and it is in all the papers. Hannah has just brought one in. It is headed "Manufacturer assaults Peer." Leila is in bed, and the doctor is with her.

LATER: Adrian has disspeared. The maniger has just called up, and with shakeing knees I went to the telefone. Adrian went to the mill a little after ten, and has not been seen since.

It is in vane I protest that he has not eloped with me. It is almost time now for the matinee and no Adrian. What shall I do?

SATURDAY, 11 P.M. Dear Dairy, I have the meazles. I am all broken out, and look horible. But what is a sickness of the body compared to the agoney of my mind? Oh, dear Dairy, to think of what has happened since last I saw your stainless Pages!

What is a sickness to a broken heart? And to a heart broken while trying to help another who did not deserve to be helped. But if he decieved me, he has paid for it, and did until he was rescude at ten o'clock tonight.

I have been given a sleeping medacine, and until it takes affect I shall write out the tradgedy of this day, omiting nothing. The trained nurse is asleep on a cot, and her cap is hanging on the foot of the bed.

I have tried it on, dear Dairy, and it is very becomeing. If they insist on Switzerland I think I shall run away and be a trained nurse. It is easy work, although sleeping on a cot is not always comfortible. But at least a trained nurse leads her own life and is not bully-ed by her Familey. And more, she does good constantly.

I feel tonight that I should like to do good, and help the sick, and perhaps go to the Front. I know a lot of college men in the American Ambulence.

I shall never go on the stage, dear Dairy. I know now its decietfullness and visisitudes. My heart has bled until it can bleed no more, as a result of a theatricle Adonis. I am through with the theater forever.

I shall begin at the beginning. I left off where Adrian had disapeared.

Although feeling very strange, and looking a queer red color in my mirror, I rose and atired myself. I felt that somthing had slipped, and I must find Adrian. (It is strange with what coldness I write that once beloved name.)

While dressing I percieved that my chest and arms were covered with small red dots, but I had no time to think of myself. I sliped downstairs and outside the drawing room I heard mother conversing in a loud and angry tone with a visitor. I glansed in, and ye gods!

It was the Adventuress.

Drawing somwhat back, I listened. Oh, Dairy, what a revalation!

"But I *must* see her," she was saying. "Time is flying. In a half hour the performence begins, and—he cannot be found."

"I can't understand," mother said, in a stiff maner. "What can my daughter Barbara know about him?"

The Adventuress snifed. "Humph!" she said. "She knows, all right. And I'd like to see her in a hurrey, if she is in the house."

"Certainly she is in the house," said mother.

"*Are you sure of that?* Because I have every reason to beleive she has run away with him. She has been hanging around him all week, and only yesterday afternoon I found them together. She had some sort of a Skeme, he said afterwards, and he wrinkeled a coat under his mattress last night. He said it was to look as if he had slept in it. I know nothing further of your daughter's skeme. But I do know he went out to meet her. He has not been seen since. His maniger has hunted for to hours."

"Just a moment," said mother, in a fridgid tone. "Am I to understand that this—this Mr. Egleston is ——"

"He is my husband."

Ah, dear Dairy, that I might then and there have passed away. But I did not. I stood there, with my heart crushed, until I felt strong enough to escape. Then I fled, like a Gilty Soul. It was gastly.

On the doorstep I met Jane. She gased at me strangely when she saw my face, and then cluched me by the arm.

"Bab!" she cried. "What on the earth is the matter with your complexion?"

But I was desparate.

"Let me go!" I said. "Only lend me two dollars for a taxi and let me go. Somthing horible has happened."

She gave me ninty cents, which was all she had, and I rushed down the street, followed by her peircing gaze.

Although realizing that my life, at least the part of it pertaining to sentament, was over, I knew that, single or married, I must find him. I could not bare to think that I, in my desire to help, had ruined Miss Everett's couzin's play. Luckaly I got a taxi at the corner, and I ordered it to drive to the mill. I sank back, bathed in hot persparation, and on consulting my bracelet watch found I had but twenty five minutes until the curtain went up.

I must find him, but where and how! I confess for a moment that I doubted my own father, who can be very feirce on ocasion. What if, madened by his mistake about Beresford, he had, on being aproached by Adrian, been driven to violance? What if, in my endeaver to help one who was unworthy, I had led my poor paternal parent into crime?

"Hell is paved with good intentions."

SAMUEL JOHNSTON.

On driveing madly into the mill yard, I sudenly remembered that it was Saturday and a half holaday. The mill was going, but the offices were closed. Father, then, was imured in the safety of his Club, and could not be reached except by pay telefone. And the taxi was now ninty cents.

I got out, and paid the man. I felt very dizy and queer, and was very thirsty, so I went to the hydrent in the yard and got a drink of water. I did not as yet suspect meazles, but laid it all to my agoney of mind.

Haveing thus refreshed myself, I looked about, and saw the yard policeman, a new one who did not know me, as I am away at school most of the time, and the Familey is not expected to visit the mill, because of dirt and posible accidents.

I aproached him, however, and he stood still and stared at me.

"Officer," I said, in my most dignafied tones. "I am looking for a—for a gentleman who came here this morning to look for work."

"There was about two hundered lined up here this morning, Miss," he said. "Which one would it be, now?"

How my heart sank!

"About what time would he be comeing?" he said. "Things have been kind of mixed-up around here today, oweing to a little trouble this morning. But perhaps I'll remember him."

But, although Adrian is of an unusual tipe, I felt that I could not describe him, besides haveing a terrable headache. So I asked if he would lend me carfare, which he did with a strange look.

"You're not feeling sick, Miss, are you?" he said. But I could not stay to converce, as it was then time for the curtain to go up, and still no Adrian.

I had but one refuge in mind, Carter Brooks, and to him I fled on the wings of misery in the street car. I burst into his advertizing office like a furey.

"Where is he?" I demanded. "Where have you and your plotting hiden him?"

"Who? Beresford?" he asked in a placid maner. "He is at his hotel, I beleive, putting beefstake on a bad eye. Beleive me, Bab ——"

"Beresford!" I cried, in scorn and wrechedness. "What is he to me? Or his eye either? I refer to Mr. Egleston. It is time for the curtain to go up now, and unless he has by this time returned, there can be no performence."

"Look here," Carter said sudenly, "you look awfuly queer, Bab. Your face ——"

I stamped my foot.

"What does my face matter?" I demanded. "I no longer care for him, but I have ruined Miss Everett's couzin's play unless he turns up. Am I to be sent to Switzerland with that on my soul?"

"Switzerland!" he said slowly. "Why, Bab, they're not going to do that, are they? I—I don't want you so far away."

Dear Dairy, I am unsuspisious by nature, beleiving all mankind to be my friends until proven otherwise. But there was a gloating look in Carter Brooks' eyes as they turned on me.

"Carter!" I said, "you know where he is and you will not tell me. You *wish* to ruin him."

I was about to put my hand on his arm, but he drew away.

"Look here," he said. "I'll tell you somthing, but please keep back. Because you look like smallpox to me. I was at the mill this morning. I do not know anything about your actor-friend. He's probably only been run over or somthing. But I saw Beresford going in, and I—well, I sugested that he'd better walk in on your father or he wouldn't get in. It worked, Bab. *How it did work!* He went in and said he had come to ask your father for somthing, and your father blew up by saying that he knew about it, but that the world only owed a liveing to the man who would hustel for it, and that he would not be forsed to take any one he did not want.

"And in too minutes Beresford hit him, and got a responce. It was a million dollars worth."

So he babbled on. But what were his words to me?

Dear Dairy, I gave no thought to the smallpox he had mentioned, although fatle to the complexion. Or to the fight at the mill. I heard only Adrian's posible tradgic fate. Sudenly I colapsed, and asked for a drink of water feeling horible, very wobbley and unable to keep my knees from bending.

And the next thing I remember is father taking me home, and Adrian's fate still a deep mystery, and remaining such, while I had a warm sponge to bring out the rest of the rash, folowed by a sleep—it being meazles and not smallpox.

Oh, Dear Dairy, what a story I learned when haveing wakened and feeling better, my father came tonight and talked to me from the doorway, not being alowed in.

Adrian had gone to the mill, and father, haveing thrown Beresford out and asserted his principals, had not thrown him out, *but had given him a job in the mill.* And the policeman had given him no chance to escape, which he atempted. He was draged to the shell plant and there locked in, because of spies. The plant is under milatary guard.

And there he had been compeled to drag a wheelbarrow back and forth, containing charcoal for a small furnase, for hours!

Even when Carter found him he could not be releaced, as father was in hideing from reporters, and would not go to the telefone or see callers.

He labored until ten P. M., while the theater remained dark, and people got their money back.

I have ruined him. I have also ruined Miss Everett's couzin.

* * *

The nurse is still asleep. I think I will enter a hospitle. My career is ended, my life is blasted.

I reach under the mattress and draw out the picture of him who today I have ruined, compeling him to do manuel laber for hours, although unaccustomed to it. He is a great actor, and I beleive has a future. But my love for him is dead. Dear Dairy, he decieved me, and that is one thing I cannot forgive.

So now I sit here among my pilows, while the nurse sleeps, and I reflect about many Things. But one speach rings in my ears over and over.

Carter Brooks, on learning about Switzerland, said it in a strange maner, looking at me with inscrutible eyes.

"Switzerland! Why, Bab—I don't want you to go so far away."

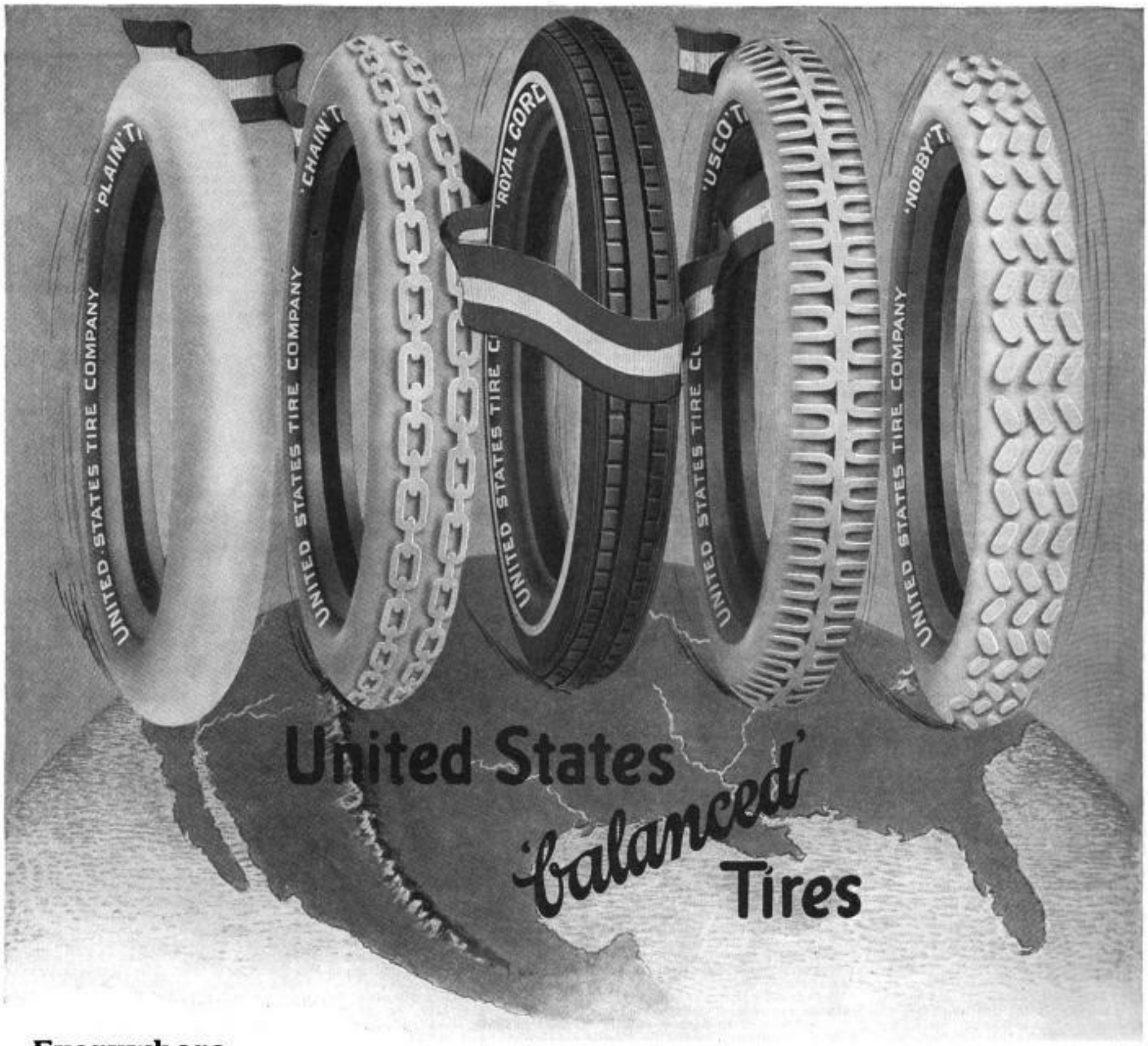
What did he mean by it?

* * *

Dear Dairy, you will have to be burned, I darsay. Perhaps it is as well. I have p o r e d out my h-e-a-r-t ——



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Everywhere

Everywhere—throughout the length and breadth of the United States—you'll find United States Tires doing day-in and day-out consistent service.

On little cars and big cars—over good boulevards and rutty, rocky country lanes—over city pavements and uncertain sandy roads—up-hill and downdale—giving the sort of service YOU have always wanted—long mileage and low mileage cost.

There are five types of United States Tires. Ask your dealer which one is best suited for your car and needs.

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'Nobby' 'Chain' 'Usco' 'Royal Cord' 'Plain'

A tire for every motoring need of price and use.

United States Tire Company

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BUG HUNTERS OF INDUSTRY

(Concluded from Page 14)

contracts whenever material is bought, and they must be adhered to by the sellers.

When material is received at the factory the inspection force compares it with the specifications. A shipment of gun rod, for instance, is wanted for making fine screws for apparatus with delicate clearances, like an adding machine. A ton of this gun rod may be worked up into several million screws. But a few pieces of rod that did not meet the requirements of diameter, which may be within one-thousandth of an inch, if included in that ton of material and sent through the plant would make all kinds of trouble and expense. So the inspectors probably go over each separate piece of such a shipment and gauge it from end to end with calipers.

The next item may be a carload of castings. This is not so delicate a job of inspection, but it calls for just as much vigilance. The material must be examined for flaws and weighed to see that it is not running too heavy to the piece. Foundrymen have been known to make their own bills larger by shipping castings overweight. Such parts later on may add to the difficulties and costs of factory departments. So now at the door of almost every factory stands the chief inspector, like a policeman, ready to exclude trouble.

Products have become so complex lately, and promise to become so much more so, that he is absolutely necessary. It has not always been thus.

Once the average factory took most of its materials on snap judgment and guesswork, and the sellers furnished materials in about the same way. When the inspector appeared at the factory door and began sorting right from wrong, with his specifications and tests, there was a loud yell from the fellow whose stuff did not pass. He charged partiality on the part of the inspector, who told the dissatisfied producer to go away and learn something about his own business. But by and by the manufacturers found themselves facing about the same problems. One factory's finished product is raw material for some other factory. They were all in the same boat, so very sensibly they got together to talk matters over. And out of this phase of inspection has grown some of the finest constructive coöperation that exists in business to-day, with exchanges of information and interrelations between industries for the solution of common problems on a common basis.

Quite simple tests of raw material and tools will often decrease the percentage of defective goods produced. A large shoe concern equipped all its foremen with pocket microscopes of good magnifying power, and what they saw through them was most useful in improving the product. An operator on a stitching machine would have trouble with breaking thread. Under the glass the needle often showed a rough eye, and thus was revealed a poor lot of needles. Or a defect might be disclosed in the thread. No fancy finish served to hide defective leather when the foreman could see the grain through a microscope, and what looked like careless work on the part of an operator, viewed just from appearances, was often found to be due to dull tools, when they were examined under the microscope.

Human Inspectors the Best

In his relation to the factory, too, after materials have been started through the works, the inspector is a policeman. His job is to watch all the other fellows, even the boss if necessary, and hold everybody up to standards that must be enforced regardless of whose job or feelings are affected. Nowadays the inspector is often a department in himself. He has a central office with testing apparatus and master gauges, and when an order for so many thousand parts of a certain product is given to the factory he may require that each thousandth one be brought to his office for comparison with the standard. He has his assistants who follow work through the factory, checking up shortcomings of materials and men. A piece of defective work cannot be moved until they have made an investigation and tied a special tag on it.

The fruit growers of this country discovered that such police authority was necessary for a good product when, some years ago, they began packing red apples and bright oranges in fancy ways for fancy prices. At the outset each grower undertook to pack his own fruit according to the standard. But it was found that not one grower in a hundred could see worm holes in his own apples or scale on his own oranges. So the central-packing-house system came into existence, with an expert to pack and an inspector to watch the fruit during growth.

Without this system of impartiality it is well-nigh impossible to maintain a good standard in packing soil produce.

The factory inspector must also have human qualities, for the mere faultfinder doesn't get very far, no matter what his authority. An ideal factory inspector should be both a technical expert and a human being. He has to be an adviser and co-worker as well as a sleuth. He must be interested in helping all departments attain a high percentage of perfect production. Incidentally, he is not an easy man to find.

In a big electrical works there was an epidemic of damage to costly apparatus in the assembling department. Trouble seemed to be due to sheer carelessness on the part of workmen, and to stop it the chief inspector, who was a martinet, imposed heavy penalties. That didn't help matters a bit. Workmen grew sullen and silent, shielded one another and smuggled away damaged stuff. Another inspector was appointed. He was a finer kind of human being. His first act was to abolish all penalties and to make the damage problem a get-together proposition. When anything came through in bad shape he went out among the men, reassured them and made inquiries as to how the mishap had occurred. His attitude brought out all the facts that had been suppressed before and showed that carelessness was only a small factor in the problem. It was easier to eliminate even carelessness after all the facts were known, for then all the resources of the department could be brought to bear on the culprit, whereas before he had been scolded, fined and left to lonely self-improvement.

What Was Found in the Dump

Some concerns still charge each worker with the material that he spoils, making no effort to find out if the system is wrong. To add to this injustice, either the spoiled work is sold outright and the proceeds pocketed by the company, or the material in it is actually built into product, after the workman has paid for it, and put on the market.

How far such a system falls short of touching the real problem is shown in a story told by a machine-shop foreman. One of his best mechanics began spoiling shafts during grinding, and he turned out so many cripples that he asked to be put on some other work. He thought that he had lost his nerve. The foreman went back to the machine and watched the operator grind a shaft. Halfway through the shaft departed from true. Right next to that machine was another one, just like it, run by a less skillful man, who was turning out perfect work. The foreman could not account for the error and called an engineer, who was puzzled too. They went over both machines, making a regular doctor's diagnosis by eliminating every factor that was right. Still nothing was found which seemed to be wrong. Finally the trouble was located in a slight difference in the consistence of the grinding compound, a most obscure trouble. When that was set right the mechanic got his nerve back.

If inspection is blindly severe with its penalties, a factory can develop a vast underworld system for eluding them and covering up its mistakes. A new inspector of the human kind took charge of a plant where the other sort had ruled for years. His first step was to make a search of the boxes in which sweepings were carried out of the different departments. More than three thousand pieces of damaged stuff were found the first night—materials and tools that had been spoiled and smuggled out to the dump to escape the notice of the inspector. This had been going on for years, with heavy losses to the company. The new inspector handed to each foreman a list of stuff traced to his department, and this was posted where workers could see it and could compare their records with those of other departments. That started a competition of the old, familiar horse-race kind. Next night there was less dumped material, and in a month the salvage had been reduced practically to nothing.

Even when the trouble was remedied, however, the inspector kept up his nightly sifting of dirt boxes. For it was found that dumped material would turn up suddenly, and its appearance always gave a clew to something wrong in the factory. Several hundred spoiled parts would come from a single department. Investigation showed that this department was being driven at too high pressure or that something was wrong with equipment.

A similar plan was adopted in an automobile factory in order to reduce the number of defective parts returned by owners of cars. In one month ten transmission countershafts were returned by owners for replacement as defective. The engineering staff studied those shafts to find out which had been defective when they left the factory and which had been damaged by careless owners. Then the facts were posted in the department that worked the countershafts. Ten cripples against an output of one thousand cars gave that department a percentage of one per cent of cripples. The percentage of each department was posted, so all could compare their respective efficiency, in plain figures. It was as clear as a baseball score and led to the elimination of cripples almost immediately.

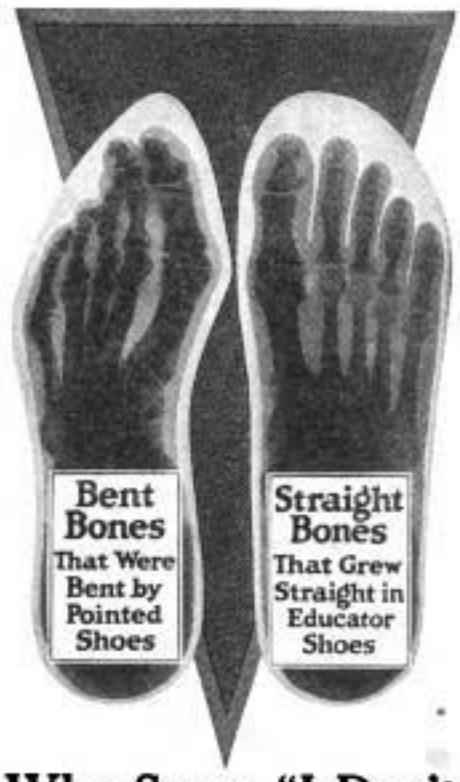
Cripples are often charged to the carelessness of the men, when they are really due to defective equipment. They found that out some years ago in the shoe factories, when fashions in women's shoes turned to light-colored fancy fabrics. Immediately there was heavy loss from soiled shoes. They came to the treeing room marred by wax, cement, oil, dirt. No system of penalties did much good, and for a while the makers of bleaches and whiteners did a good business in their preparations for taking out stains. Finally the manufacturers tackled the difficulty in a broader way. Rooms were especially fitted up for making white and fancy shoes. Benches were covered with white cloth. Walls and ceilings were painted white. Floors were kept scrupulously clean, and even the machinery was enameled white. This furnished a background against which dirt was quickly spotted and eliminated. It was astonishing how quickly oil and dirt were wiped off a white-enameled machine. Then the shoes themselves were protected by cloth and paper covers, and operators were required to wear clean aprons and cotton gloves. After that the fancy shoes went through with only a trifling percentage of cripples.

How the System Helps the Worker

When downright carelessness and incompetence have been traced to a worker, and spoiled work is plainly his fault, under the new system of inspection he is given another chance. In the first place it finds his mistakes and helps him try to correct them. It keeps his mistakes separate from those of other workers and gives him the benefit of all doubts when machinery or methods are wrong. Then, when it is clear that he is to blame, it studies him personally and usually discovers that he is a good man in the wrong place. Somebody has put him at fine, exacting work, when he is really fitted for rough, heavy tasks, or vice versa.

If the inspection system is intelligent it tries to keep the man on at a more congenial job. One of the biggest problems in industry to-day is that of shifting human misfits round until square holes have square pegs, and round holes have round pegs, and every worker finds himself doing something in which he is interested and at which he can excel. A big job! It cannot be done in a day or a year. But it is being done piecemeal right now, as the necessity for doing it is recognized. Nothing helps more in the appraisal of workers than an intelligent inspection system for running down cripples in the factory.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by James H. Collins. The second will appear in an early issue.



Who Says: "I Don't Want Healthy Feet"?

SURELY, nobody in his senses would *say* that. And yet, thousands of people *show* they don't want healthy feet, by wearing narrow, bone-bending shoes, which cause corns, bunions, flat-foot and ingrown nails.

Show that *you* want healthy feet by getting into Educators now—the roomy, comfortable shoes built by experts to "let the feet grow as they should."

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Supt. Fort Scott Water Works,
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TWENTY-FOUR HOURS IN JUNE

(Continued from Page 17)

I was so excited when I saw my first palm! And here, when I got out my new frocks, that had come all the way from New York—some of them—I sang and laughed. And then—the lorgnette squad shot me dead! Oh, am I so—so homely or something?"

"I think you're one of the most—oh, I can't even say it—one of the bulliest—and oh, prettiest and all—girls I've ever seen. Maybe the other women are jealous. Probably the old society hexes tell their sons to steer clear of you; they want them to marry ugly girls with lots of money."

"No; they don't worry enough about me for that! But it's sweet and dear of you to pretend that's the way it is. And thank you for reassuring me that I'm not really covered with rattlesnakes." The daughter of the Wild West rose and made him an ante-bellum curtsy. As she settled down, with a fluff of lace, she sighed: "I don't suppose I ought to be quite so brazen and absolutely fish for compliments from a complete stranger; but I'm so glad to have somebody tell me I'm still an inoffensive little thing."

"Seems to me you aren't very complimentary to say I'm just a somebody. Like saying that I'm kind to my Aunt Alice, but dance like an ice wagon. Am I as bad as that?"

She laughed at him.

"Am I?"

"I think you're a terribly nice boy, with nice eyes and a nice slim waist and good shoulders, and jolly to talk to. Oh, I am brazen! That's what your polite Palm Beach has done to poor modest me!"

They both looked shy, stared at the sea, tried to keep their eyes apart, flushed a little, dug vigorously at the sand—then glanced at each other and laughed aloud, like boy and girl.

"Come help me finish my sand castle!" he cried. "That's a modest game, anyway!"

"'Deed I will! All my life, back where it's prairie gumbo and lakes, I've wanted to build a huge sand castle on the seabeach, and I tried it here; but—it wasn't much fun—making one all by my little self."

"Poor kiddy! Come on."

She came with a smile and a flare of skirts and twinkling slippers; and they forgot they were strangers. They were both at the age when one is fiercely militaristic, and they provided the castle with defense against cavalry, aëroplanes, submarines, poison gas, catapults, bowmen, and the elephants of Alexander the Great.

Bert had never seen such delicate texture of skin as was now agitating his heart when she bent above the sand walls with shining throat. But she was so voluble that he forgot to study her at all—forgot to wonder at her.

When they sat back and admired the edifice he marveled:

"Is this really the first time you've played on the seabeach?"

"Yes. I suppose you were brought here by your folks when you were, oh, just so little. That's the way it is with all these people, I guess. And poor me, here only a week! Maybe that's one reason why I'm such an outsider."

"Oh, no," he said in a blasé manner that would have caused the buyer at Grafenheimer Brothers' to observe "What's matter, Bert? Got the nosebleed?" He comforted her with "No; it's only comparatively recently that I've started coming to Palm Beach." He was recalling the description of Palm Beach he had been studying in the day coach a few hours before. "Have you seen the Jungle Trail or had twilight tea in the Coconut Grove?"

"No; mostly I've just sat round and comforted daddy. He's felt as much out of it here as I have. I started to go through the Jungle Trail in one of those cunning Afromobiles; but I was so lonely I made the darky turn right round and come back. And I never could get daddy to have tea in the Grove with me; he said that he was afraid one of the waiters would ask 'Who was your grandfather?' before he'd let us in. It must be lots of fun to know the place as you do. I suppose you belong to the Beach Club and everything."

"The Beach Club? Bradley's?"

"Yes!"—in the manner of a girl asking a Junior about his fraternity.

"Oh, well, it's a decent place," he stated, with a wave of his hand which dismissed to the caféteria class the exclusive spot that is supposed to have one of the best cuisines between Spuds and Cudjoe. "But the gardens, now! That's what you want to study. Finest in the country. Glad to take you round; and then we'll see about lunch. And—uh—your father, if he'd care to come. But —— I don't want to be a bold, bad New Yorker, but may I ask what your name is? Mine is Albert Michado."

Her incandescent face dimmed.

"I have a horrid name!" she complained. "My first name is after an old aunt, and my last name isn't a name at all; it's just a kind of something so they can send us butcher bills. And we aren't anybody, and you never heard of us; and, as daddy says, our family must have come over on the Mayflower steerage and been missed by the reporters. So, what is the use of knowing my silly name?"

"So I can write you—send you a post card from New York sometime."

"Oh, yes! With 'Having a nice trip. Wish you were here!' on it. . . . Don't you loath people who write that?"

"Yes; idiotic!" assented Bert, it being fully sixteen hours since he had written that message to some grouchy girl—Pribble or some such name.

Then the fairy girl waited for Bert to insist that she tell him her name; and he insisted, and she laughed; and he teased, and she said she was Mrs. Solomon K. Nasty, of the Cross-Bar Y Ranch, Idaho; and he was sure she was the wittiest and most amusing companion in the world; and told her so; and she blushed and said she was really Miss Napoleona Bonaparte; and he seized her hand and declared that he would not let it go till she told the truth; and she tried to get her hand back, but didn't try very hard; and they both blushed and laughed. And ——

"If you must know," she said, "my name is Ocea Boggs."

"Osha?"

"O-c-e-a. Isn't it silly! Aunt of mine."

"Ocea Boggs!" He started; he stared; his voice rose and grew nimble. "Boggs, did you say? Boggs? I say, where do you come from?"

"Davenport, Iowa."

"Say—gee-whiz! Say, tell me, who is your father? Bet I know—know about him!"

"You wouldn't have heard of him. He's just in business."

"What is his business? Tell me!"

"Oh, he just has a silly old factory—the Boggs Button Works. You wouldn't have heard of it, any more than the rest of these people here."

"Heard of it! Why, my dear, I know he's the biggest man in buttons—I mean I have some friends who are interested in dry goods, and they often speak of him."

She leaped up and started running; you know how a cat jumps when it comes on an unexpected frog—sideways in the air, with all four feet spread out at once. So she skipped; though with only two feet in the air at once. Bert gaped after her. She drilled through the lessening crowd. She stopped beside a gray-haired solid man in a gray, dull sack suit. She dragged him up, like a kitten dragging a mastiff. Bert heard her say in her light, eager voice:

"Daddy, come quick! Here's somebody that knows who we are!"

He heard the man rumble:

"But who the dickens are we, Bunny?"

Towing the large man, she came panting back; and Bert rose meekly to greet the Colossus of Buttons, the lodestar of the notions world, the idol of Mr. Albert Michado.

"My daughter tells me you have—uh—what is it, Bunny?" said the large man meekly.

"Pleasure meet you," said Bert with as much manner of grandeur as he could recover from the wreck. "Often heard friend of mine who's in dry goods speak of you—Sid Grafenheimer, of Grafenheimer Brothers."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Boggs. "Think I've heard of him."

"Nice chap."

"Let's see; they're New York. You from there? Well, sir, you got a wonderful city there! But it's too much for me. Don't go there often. Well, I'm very pleased to meet you, Mr. ——"

"Michado."

"—— Michado. Glad you and Bunny find something to do. We're plain folks

(Concluded on Page 49)

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(Concluded from Page 46)

from Ioway and kind of out of it here with you gay New Yorkers. Well—uh —— Found a fellow here from Seattle; been talking politics with him." And Mr. Boggs deprecatingly disposed of himself.

Ocea had sunk on the sand, cross-legged, and she seemed waiting for Bert to come back to her.

"You're not a 'plain folks'," he said. He wanted to add, "You're adorable"; but he compromised on "You're a peach!" And he made that sound like what he meant.

"No; I'm not. I'm a useless little hussy; but dad really is a peach. Mother died five years ago; and dad is terribly busy with his factory and trying to make his old processes safe for the workers. But he plays with me as much as he can. He pretended it didn't matter, and he said we were here just for the sunshine; but I know he was terribly hurt when I didn't meet people here or have a good time."

"Wonder if he liked me?"

"Uh-huh! He did."

"Oh, I bet he didn't! Bet he thought I was just a fresh kid."

"No; I could tell from the way he's been smiling from the first."

"How do you mean?"

"He's been watching us from over there ever since you first spoke to me, and he smiled and nodded to me."

Bert felt feeble at being under the observation of the genius, and Ocea was laughing at him.

"For once I have something on a New Yorker," she rejoiced. "Oh, you don't mind, do you?"

"No."

"I'm glad. It's been nice to play with you. And daddy likes it. Poor dad! I suppose he thought somebody like Freddy Witherbee would come right up and ask me to go riding. . . . Doesn't Freddy look like a muff, there?"

All his life Bert had heard of Mr. Frederick Schermerhorn Witherbee as opening balls at Newport and bottles at the Tennis and Racquet Club. He had seen pictures of Freddy in polo costume, motoring costume, and practically no costume at all at Mrs. Fipnogle's cubist ball. But Bert did not move in the same part of the younger set as Mr. Witherbee. His set was both younger and not quite so set, and better acquainted with beef stew than with terrapin. He had never chanced to see Freddy till now, when Ocea's finger indicated a young man engaged in looking vacuous—a task that was a mere bagatelle for the clever Freddy. . . . Yes; he had, too, seen him! Freddy was one of the two Johnnies who had sat near him on the porch and encouraged him to go and take Palm Beach away from them.

"Oh, yes; Old Freddy!" said Bert.

"Oh, do you know him?"

"Very slightly, indeed. Just see him about."

"I'm glad you don't. I've been watching him; and I much prefer Billy Yurka, that I used to play mibs with when I was little. Billy's mother is the best washerwoman in Davenport. But Freddy —— I should love to know how it talks. Is it human?"

"Oh, yes; Freddy isn't a bad sort. Just kind of dull."

"Do make him come and have a drink with us after the bathing time. That's what's made me most lonely of all—all the people so friendly and rosy and excited after bathing, having a snippet on the porch at the Breakers, and the music; and everyone talking and looking so jolly and foreign—like a boulevard. Could you get him to come?"

Her voice was almost down to a whisper and her eyes trusted him.

"Why, of course! Just a moment," he said boldly.

For those dear eyes of the fairy girl he would have tackled three Freddies and a Newport matron with protected daughters. He went and sat down beside Freddy. He yawned, and said in the most bored of voices:

"How-do, Witherbee?"

"How-dee-duh?" said Witherbee; but he didn't really seem to care how Bert did.

Like all well-informed New Yorkers who study the great problems of the day, Bert knew Freddy was a graduate of Yale, where he had made all his athletic records by taking female parts in college dramatics.

"Dropped into the Yale Club just before I came down," Bert drawled, "and chap there asked me to give you his regards and two dollars he owed you."

"Eh? Who was that?"

"Isn't it beastly? Can't remember. Rotten bore, isn't it? Do forget people so. But here's the two dollars." He peeled the money from his roll—his innocent bantam of a roll—and tossed it to Freddy, who took it questioningly. "I'll remember chap's name before I leave and tell you. Better pay now, anyway. Rotten have such a rotten memory—what?" Bert was giving an almost perspiratory imitation of all the English comedies there are. "Ever forget people like that, ol' man—even chaps from Yale? Dear classmates and that sort of rot?"

With some of that financial acumen he must secretly have had to have accumulated nineteen millions on his twenty-first birthday, Freddy put the two dollars away before he answered, almost civilly:

"Oh, yes; in fact, just for the moment I don't recall your name."

"Michado. Don't you remember? Track team? After your time, of course."

"Oh, yes; to be sure!"

"I say, Witherbee, I have a Western cousin of mine here—chap named Boggs; jolly old boy, billionaire; terribly pretty daughter—the girl by herself, over there on the right. If you're toddling up to the Breakers for a drink I wish you'd walk up with us. I don't want to lose you before I remember the name of the chap who paid me the two dollars to give you."

"Why—uh ——"

Freddy looked bewildered. "What the juice was all this about?" his massaged countenance said, so far as it could say anything except "To rent, totally unfurnished."

"Right-oh!" said Bert cheerily. He bellowed "Ocea! Come! We must be trotting up to the Breakers. Witherbee is going up for a drink with us. Come on, Mr. Boggs."

Ocea and her father obeyed; and a wonder as to how he had ever let himself in for accepting an invitation from a stranger spread itself over Freddy's face. When Ocea was introduced to him he became much more interested in her than he had been in that sterling Yale hero, Mr. Albert Michado.

It was not a long walk to the Breakers and Freddy did not escape. He joined them at a table, as though they really belonged. Bert's trouble was not in retaining the only genuine Freddy, but in being at his own party. Ocea seemed absorbed in Freddy; and Freddy, now that he had been canonically introduced to this fair outsider by his old college chum, was willing to smile and haw at her.

"I'm an awful little barbarian!" she was saying. "I've never seen any polo. Won't you tell me how you defeated the California team last year?"

Now Freddy hadn't defeated any California team last year. Freddy hadn't defeated any team any year. Freddy couldn't have defeated a team of pea weevils at croquet. But he was a sub-substitute on a Newport polo team, and he gave an account of the game as played by the Safety First method. Bert discovered that Freddy wasn't a fool when talking to women. When talking to men—especially strange men—Freddy had the vocabulary of a Lithuanian cook and the originality of a compromise presidential platform. But Freddy was used to girls and he had no shyness about looking into their eyes as though he were demanding how far he could go.

He asked Ocea how she liked Florida; he asked her how she liked his "silly, rotten" new ring; he coaxed her and teased her, and apparently he made her oblivious of her forlorn little playmate, Mr. Bert Michado.

In the presence of dear old Freddy Mr. Boggs had nothing to say to Bert except that it was a fine day—really a mighty fine day; and Bert was left to talk to his glass of lemonade, to which he confided that he hated Ocea, desired to scrag Mr. Freddy Witherbee, and, as for Mr. Boggs, he would be dog-goned if he would work for the Boggs Button Works—not if he were offered the New York agency, with Mr. Vibels as office boy and Miss Pribble as window washer!

Between quivers of jealousy he was the victim of financial anxieties. With much care he slipped the bill for their round from under a plate and peeped at it. Freddy had desired a sandwich with his drink, and Bert hadn't desired one but had haughtily taken one; and the bill was two dollars. Plus the two dollars he had given Freddy, that made four. And he wanted to take the Boggses to lunch. Probably eight dollars more. He could pawn his watch in Jacksonville. Though he smiled fashionably, the jolly old Yale athlete could not keep from muttering over and over "Let's see now; two and two and eight—no darn it, prob'ly nine, with tip ——"

But he kept his eyes on Ocea while he had the chance. It began to appear to him that she was not entirely captivated by Freddy. She nodded and blushed at him, but her lively lips seemed to be quivering; and once, when Freddy was slightly boastful about his motor run from Jacksonville to Palm Beach, Bert thought he felt her toe softly kicking him.

He took heart. He devoted himself to getting rid of the Gilded Youth with as much earnestness as he had recently shown in capturing him. He looked at his watch, turned it different ways, and studied the second hand. Freddy seemed to have very little interest in Bert's opinion of the time.

"Now, now!" he was waggishly saying to Ocea.

Bert acted like a great executive. He rose.

"Well"—curtly—"time to get ready for lunch, children. C'm on!"

Freddy seemed bewildered. Sudden changes of base were hard on his brain. Bert pictured him tagging along. He chirped:

"Glad to have seen you, Witherbee. Still can't remember chap's name that paid me the two dollars. See you again."

Freddy nodded, teetered at Ocea and wabbled away. Bert captured Ocea and firmly led her off. Her father followed.

"You're at the Poinciana, I believe?" said Bert formally.

"Why are you so stern about it? We're at the Poinciana; but that isn't naughty, is it?"

"No; but —— I'm glad you liked Mr. Witherbee so much."

Bert spoke with an air of settled martyrdom—like an old, well-trained martyr who has been burned, imprisoned and bitten by ants constantly for years and years.

"Why, you pathetic baby—didn't you understand my kicking you under the table? I'm disappointed in you! Can't you see it will be dreadfully exciting, when I get back home and there's a picture of Freddy in Fashion, to show it to the girls and tell them I met him here? But, like him? Why, I think he's a silly ——"

"Do you like me better?"

"You are nothing but a vain child."

"Do you?"

Just then Mr. Boggs caught up with them and absorbed them in his heavy personality; but she smiled at Bert, and he was content.

"Don't suppose you could take lunch with us, Mr. Michado?" begged Mr. Boggs.

"Why—uh—I hadn't made any plans."

"Then, come—come on, lad! Bunny and I pull out for home to-morrow and we want to have a good time the last day."

▼

"SORRY I can't take you to lunch at this Beach Club, but I don't belong," said Mr. Boggs apologetically; "and I guess we'll have to make out with the regular hotel lunch."

"Oh, it's perfectly all right, and not a bad dining room," Bert graciously acceded, glancing over the Gargantuan hall and dropping a condescending look on the menu. . . . He had got over the danger of having Mr. Boggs ask him whether he was registered at the Poinciana and his meal already paid for, by casually stating that he was in Palm Beach only for the day. And he had had time to realize that he was incredibly lunching with the boss of Mr. Everett Vibels, who was the boss of Miss Pribble, who had been too superior even to want to be the boss of Bert Michado. He was fascinated. He wanted to talk buttons, despite his pose of being an idle dog, with inherited wealth. He achieved:

"Oh, I say, I seem to remember that I met your New York representative—a Mr. Wibles or Gibles, or something."

"Oh! Everett Vibels. How'd you happen to meet him?"

"Dropped in there one time with Grafenheimer. Nice chap."

"Yes. Course I've got to admit Evy Vibels will never set the world afire; but he's a good lad."

Bert nodded with aged understanding.

"What business you in, Mr. Michado?" shot out Mr. Boggs. "I suppose, like the rest of you young New Yorkers here, you take it easy."

Bert had a desire to dodge the question. He had so recently been advanced to the position of Heir that he had not as yet learned all the details of his own biography. He said desperately:

"Well, I'm beginning to take an interest in Sid Grafenheimer's place. Believe in chap working ——"

"That isn't so very different from my own line. Buttons. You ought to get out of a congested hole like New York and come out to Ioway and learn the business. But I don't suppose ——"

"Wouldn't mind it a bit!" exclaimed Bert, and waited, trembling; but Mr. Boggs changed the subject.

"Bunny says this most highly respectable sack coat of mine isn't the proper caper for a place like this, and I must say I like you young chaps in flannels. Must I be obedient to my daughter and wear giddy things too?"

Between them—while Bert's chances of the future managership of the Boggs Button Works went glimmering—Ocea and he gave the great man instruction as to what he ought to wear and eat, and think about tennis and dancing and the habitual use of the ukulele. And the Titan almost promised them to take dancing lessons.

Before lunch ended Bert said: "If your father wants to smoke a cigar after lunch, why don't you and I take a spin through the Jungle Trail in a double wheel chair? Let's forget our other duties. Don't believe in cutting a party short when it's going well."

"Let's!" she said.

VI

JUNE'S enchantment of soft light and blossoming green and fluttering wings, of soaring skies and time stopped in its course, while Bert rode by the side of the fairy child. They talked great poetry, though it was couched in "No," and shy "Yes," and whispered "Isn't it corking?" For once he was not playing games.

They dismissed the wheel chair in the Trail; they walked through its wilderness and back to Lake Worth. They sat between huge palmettos and looked over amethyst waters. Twilight was coming and there was a strain between them. They had shared so many confidences—as many as strangers could. He was in a panic. Time had begun to move again—and so rapidly! In no time now he would have to take a train back to winter.

"We might go and have tea in the Grove?" he said desperately.

"Ye-es."

"And then pretty soon I must be rambling North; evening train."

"I'm sorry you're going. I'm—oh, I am sorry we can't play together to-morrow."

"I don't know whether I'll ever see you again. I never did know a girl like you; you're like a silver thread ——"

"But you must know hundreds of girls much nicer than I am, lots of nice little silver threads, in New York and Newport, and all."

"I never saw Newport in my life!"

"But ——"

"Honey, honey, honey, I can't leave you lying to you. I'm not rich. I'm not a swell. I'm a New Yorker, all right; but I'm just a bum little nineteen-dollar-a-week clerk. I haven't any social position and I don't know Sid Grafenheimer—I work for him; and that's just the opposite of knowing him. I never saw Palm Beach before yesterday ——"

"Jiminy, I'm glad!" she cried. "Then you will come out to Davenport and take a job with the factory, and you and I will play every Sunday!"

"Your father would never give me a job."

"You dear old silly—remember daddy spoke to me after lunch? He told me to get you to come out and learn the business. I've been getting up courage all afternoon to ask you. He is looking for someone like you, with New York training, like Evy Vibels; and not so hoity-toity as Evy, but jolly and up-an'-coming."

"Gee-whiz! I've always wanted a job with the Boggs Works."

"Then why didn't you come and ask?"

"Is that the stunt? Honey! Listen! Sometime there will be something else I'll dare to want."

"Then you come and ask!" she whispered. And, jumping up, she went skipping off with him, exclaiming: "Come! Daddy knew you weren't really rich, because you kept looking into your cigarette box, and then not taking a cigarette after all. We aren't so much slower than you New Yorkers."

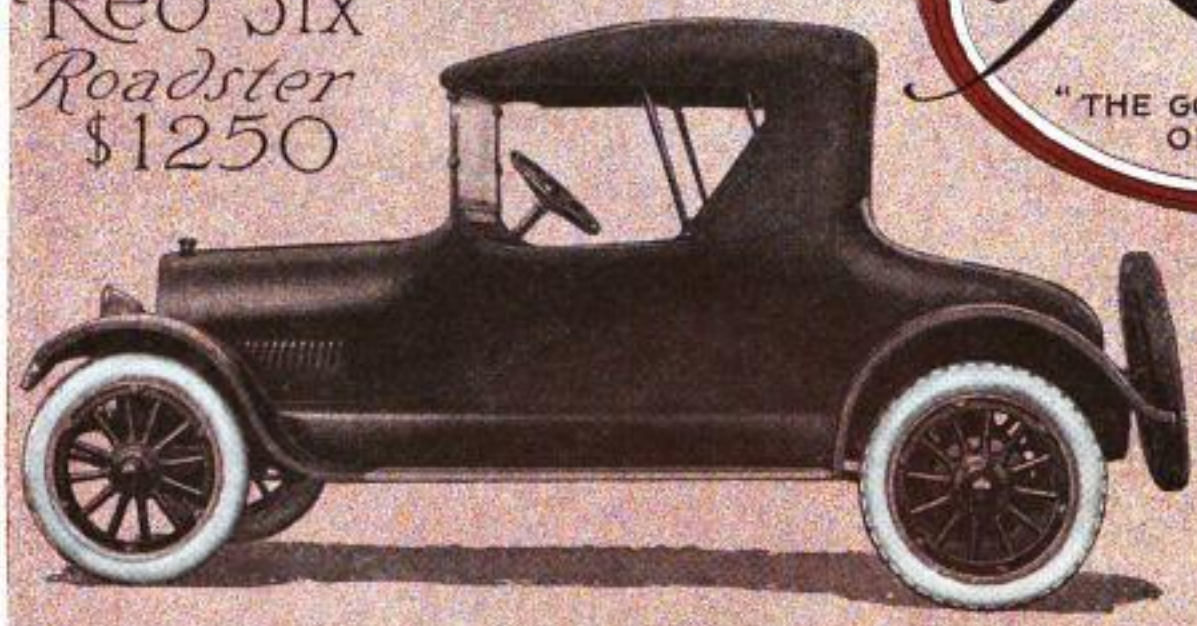
"Gee!" said Bert.

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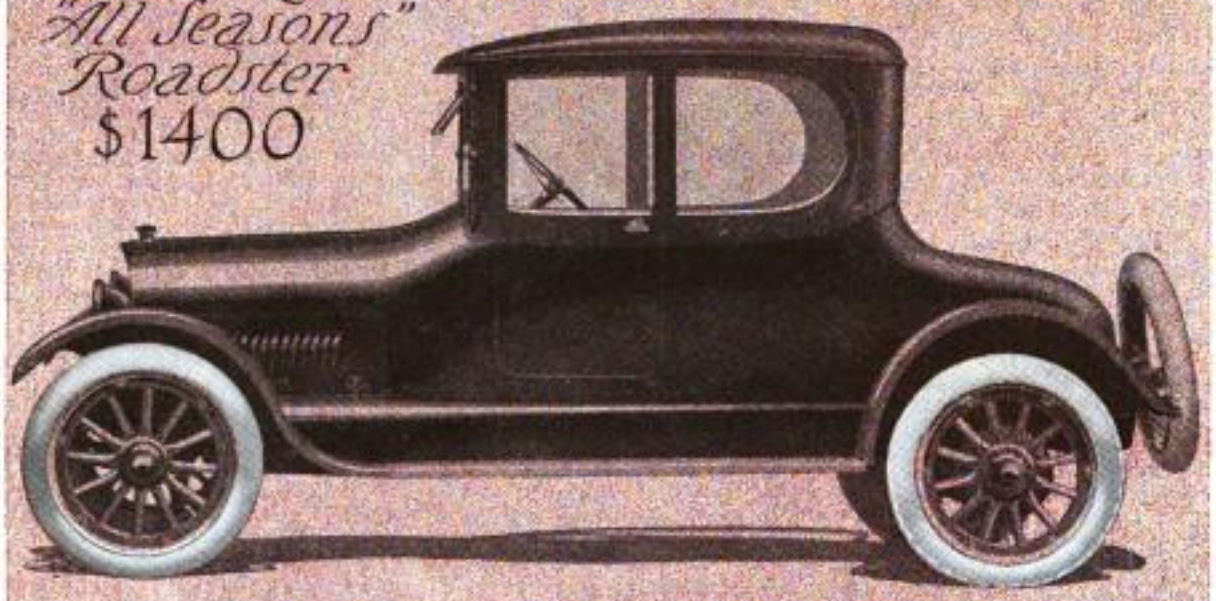
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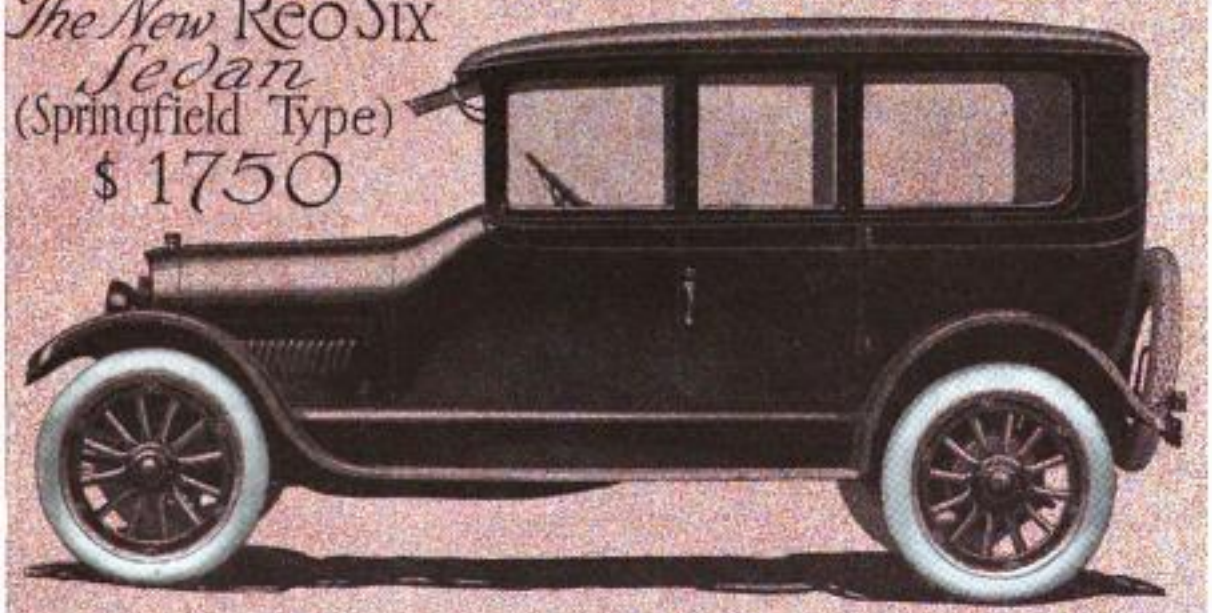
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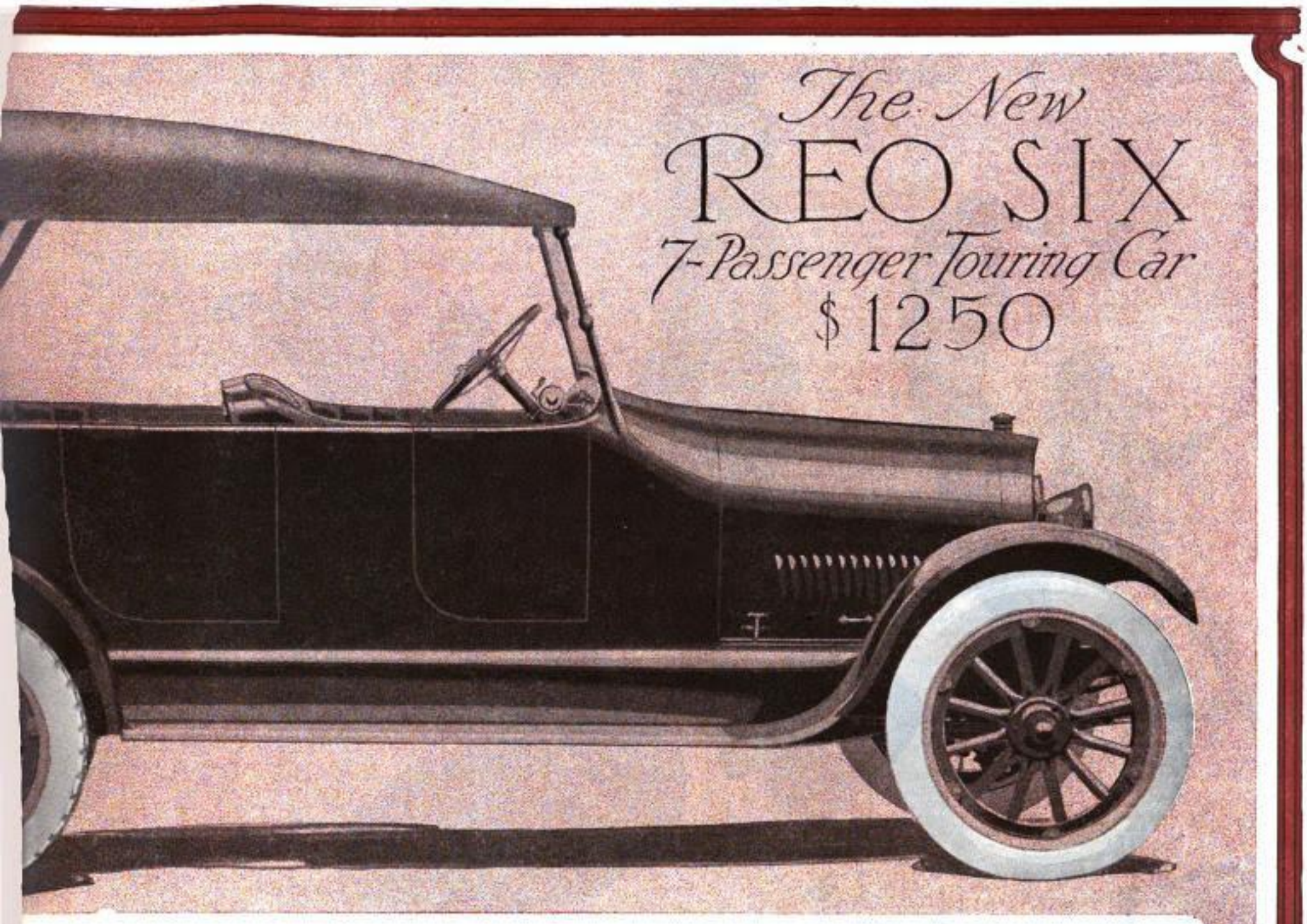
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REFINED AND IMPROVED in many important details, making for betterment in performance and in riding qualities, but essentially the same in design. For We Reo Folk saw to it that this Six was fundamentally right before we let the first one leave the factory.

SINCE THEN WE HAVE incorporated such changes as we thought would enhance the pleasure of riding in this car—longer wheel base: improved spring suspension: improved carburetor: silent spiral bevel driving gears, and other features formerly found only in Sixes of the highest price.

IF YOU WERE TO ASK US how good this new Reo Six is, we'd say, "as good as Reo the Fifth, 'The Incomparable Four'"—and this is a full size, seven-passenger Six, built for the man who wants the utmost of luxury at the intrinsic worth of the same.

BODY DESIGN IS NEW—in keeping with the progress of the art, the vogue and the preference of buyers.

THIS CONCESSION we always make to the buyer—a body made to his taste and in the latest style.

IN THE CHASSIS we give him that which we know he ought to have—if our long experience and engineering ability is worth anything.

IN EXTERNAL DETAILS it is your ideal of a luxurious equipage—in mechanical principles and construction it is our idea of what constitutes a good automobile.

REO 3-UNIT SYSTEM makes what we believe to be "the Most Accessible Automobile in the world"—hence the low upkeep cost of Reo Sixes.

"50 PER CENT OVERSIZE" in all vital parts—such as bearings, shafts, frame, gears, wheels, wiring, radiator, etc.—makes this Reo Six perhaps 1000 pounds heavier than some of other similar "rated" power and passenger capacity.

THAT IS THE BEST GUARANTEE of the quality that is in this Reo Six. For we do not skimp on either the size of parts nor quality of material to meet a price competition.

ORDERS FOR THIS NEW REO SIX must be in your Reo dealer's hands well in advance of the time you desire delivery.

DEMAND IS TREMENDOUS and will increase immeasurably as the big Spring demand opens up and as owners begin to extol the superiorities of this big, beautiful, New Reo Six. For surely at $1250 this is "The Gold Standard of Values" in Sixes.

OR CAR COMPANY - LANSING, MICHIGAN

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Dependable Spark Plugs

Champion Spark Plugs are proof against the incessant heavy battering blows of the explosions in your cylinders.

Patented asbestos lined copper gaskets protect both shoulders of the porcelain.

Champions continually "take punishment."

They are absolutely dependable.

Look *on the porcelain* for the name "CHAMPION"

Champion Spark Plug Company
Toledo, Ohio

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OUTWITTING THE WOLF

By Enos A. Mills

ONE day in Western Wyoming an elk was killed by hunters. It was left lying on the ground all night. Its only protection was a handkerchief tied to one of the horns. Tracks in the snow showed that wolves were about and that they had circled the carcass, but without going close enough to touch it.

In another instance I knew of, a deer was left out all night in the wolf country.

"How did you protect it?" someone asked the hunter.

"By simply rubbing my hands over it," he answered.

A mature wolf will not eat or touch anything that has human scent upon it, or that carries the scent of iron or steel, which he evidently associates with the deadly scent of man.

A cowboy shot his injured pony and left it lying on the plains. The pony was shod. Wolves did not touch the carcass. On another occasion and in the same locality a pony was killed by lightning. It was not shod and carried no human scent. Upon this pony the wolves were feasting within a few hours.

The wolf in his struggles with man has become an extremely cautious animal. He is hunted and pursued with deadly ingenuity and persistence. Guns, traps, poison and dogs are used for his destruction. There is no quarter for him—always a price on his head; and the sum is large. Survivors must be exceptionally wide-awake and wary. The numbers that still survive show that this exacting price of existence has been met. They have not been beaten. Altogether, the wolves now alive probably are much more destructive than their ancestors were, and far more capable of saving themselves from extermination by man.

Much of the time wolves hunt in coöperating packs. They run an animal down by following it in relays; sometimes one or more wolves lie in wait at a point of vantage while others drive or force the victim into the ambush. On an island in Alaska a number of wolves in relays chased a deer and at last drove it into the sea. Near the point where it leaped into the water a swimming wolf was in waiting.

Three wolves chased a young antelope through my mountain camp. Though they nearly ran over me, I doubt that either the antelope or the wolves saw me. On they went across the plateau. I hoped that the antelope might escape; but just before he reached the top of a ridge I saw a wolf peering over. The antelope and the wolves disappeared on the other side, where I suppose the drifting clouds and steadfast pines again witnessed a common tragedy of the wild.

On another occasion I saw three wolves drive a deer from a cañon and so direct its course that it emerged where the way was covered with a deep snowdrift. As the deer floundered through the soft snow it was pounced upon by a fourth wolf, which was lying in wait at this point.

Killers of Cattle

Wolves prey extensively on cattle and sheep; and to a less extent on horses, pigs and chickens. Many stockmen think that a single pair of wolves may damage cattle herds to the value of a thousand dollars a year. A single wolf has been charged with killing eighty head of cattle in a year, or even ten head of stock in a month. Occasionally a pair of wolves may kill a number of animals in a day. In Texas the red wolf feeds on cattle, colts, sheep and goats—the gray mostly on cattle; while the black shows a fondness for pork of a better grade than razorback.

Wolves occasionally capture the young, the stupid and the injured among deer, sheep, elk and moose; but the percentage of big-game loss from wolf depredations probably is not heavy. These wolf-chased animals have developed a wariness and endurance that usually enable them, except perhaps during heavy snows, to triumph over this enemy.

Economically the food habits of wolves are not entirely bad. In many localities they prey freely upon those ever-damaging pests—mice, rats, rabbits and prairie dogs. They are also scavengers.

The vast herds of buffaloes used to be constantly followed by countless packs of wolves. At that time the gray wolf was commonly known as the buffalo wolf, and he is still often spoken of by that name. The stronger buffaloes usually defended endangered ones from the wolves, which were watchful to pounce upon any stray, weak or injured animal.

Well-authenticated accounts tell us that often a number of buffaloes would convoy a calf or a wounded buffalo to a place of safety. What a strange thing it must have been, out on the plains, to see a pack of wolves, fierce and fiendish, endeavoring to break through the buffalo line of defense that surrounded a retreating calf! Except while migrating, buffalo bulls appeared to have the habit of standing guard over a sick or injured buffalo until the weak one got well or died.

The cattle-raising country has a wolf population. Formerly wolves followed the buffalo herds in their long drifts and migrations up and down the plains. They now follow the cattle herds in the West; they winter with the cattle in the lowlands, and in the summer accompany the "beef on hoof" up into the high ranges among the peaks.

Clever Teamwork

When they come upon a herd of cattle they isolate one; then one or more wolves systematically attack the head while another or others attack behind. Their powerful jaws snap quickly and cut or crush deeply. They endeavor to hamstring the victim.

On one occasion, in Southern Colorado, I saw a herd of cattle standing in a circle with their heads outward. A number of wolves were attacking them. By leaping unitedly—first at one, then at another—they finally frightened one victim out of the circle of safety. He was at once driven away from the herd, and in a short time the wolves had disabled his hind legs and pulled him down.

On another occasion, in North Park, Colorado, I saw two wolves pull down three two-year-olds in a short time. I watched them through a field glass. One wolf attacked in front while the other kept leaping and snapping at the flanks and legs until the animal fell. These three animals were killed in less than half an hour. As they were not eaten, the killing was apparently for the amusement of the wolves.

In wolf-infested cattle territory it is common for one or more cows to guard the calves while the other cows go to water. At a ranch where I made my headquarters for a few days, the plan was being tried of equipping every thoroughbred calf with a bell. This practice proved only temporarily effective in keeping wolves away.

The wolf has extraordinary endurance, great strength, senses amazingly developed, and exceptionally powerful jaws. He is a good swimmer. I have seen wolves swimming vigorously in rivers, wide lakes and among breakers. They appear to be equally at home in the mountains, in the forest, in thickets or on the prairie. They probably live from eight to fifteen years.

The coyote, or prairie wolf, is a distinct species, much smaller and with more fox traits than his big brother, the gray wolf.

The average weight of a mature gray wolf is close to one hundred pounds. In exceptional cases they have been known to weigh one hundred and fifty pounds. They are, therefore, about twice the weight of the coyote, or prairie wolf, and considerably larger and heavier than the average collie. For the most part those near the Arctic regions are larger than those in the southern United States.

Seen in profile at a distance, the back line is comparatively straight. The ears rise just a trifle above this line; in front of the hips the back sags a trifle; while the tail is extended almost straight, with the point held slightly above the level of the back. With the coyote the ears are more prominent, the back more swayed; and the tail droops at a very sharp angle, with the point turned a little upward.

The howl of the wolf is deep, while that of the coyote is shrill and high-pitched. It appears that wolves have a language and a system of signaling. These consist of howls, snarls and barks of varying length, with varying spaces or accents. Wolves prowl and howl mostly at night; but it is not uncommon for them to hunt or to wander in the daytime.

The gray wolf is known, also, as the timber wolf. He may be gray, grayish yellow or grayish black, occasionally reddish; and now and then he verges on cream color. The color varies greatly, even among the members of a single and perhaps related pack.

Formerly the gray wolf was distributed practically over all North America. Though classified into various subspecies, it really was the same wolf in Florida and Alaska, in Labrador and Arizona. In different localities he varied in size, color and minor characteristics; he necessarily adapted himself to the food supply of his locality and followed the necessary means of getting his food. But everywhere he was really the same gray wolf.

The present wolf population of the United States is not numerous; but it is active, aggressive and destructive. The animal probably has been exterminated in most of the Eastern States and in California. The coyote probably is economically more beneficial to man than the gray wolf, and does less damage to man's cattle.

In common with most animals, wolves live on a fixed or home range. They spend their life in one locality. This has a diameter of fifteen or twenty miles. To a certain extent its area and form are dependent on the food supply and the topography. One wolf that I knew of had a home range that measured forty by ten miles.

Much of the time wolves run in pairs; and, from both my own observation and that of others, I believe they commonly mate for life. Their home is a den. This most frequently is upon a southern slope. It may be of their own digging or a badger or a prairie-dog hole which the wolves have enlarged; or it may be a natural cave. In the woods it may be in a huge hollow tree. Almost invariably single pairs have a den to themselves. I have heard of a few instances where two litters of wolf puppies were found in the same den; but probably the second litter, in an emergency, had been moved into the den for safety.

Painted Wolf Pets

Among Indians wolf pets are common. At an Alaskan Indian encampment I was once greeted by a number of romping Indian children who had several black-faced wolf puppies with faces painted vermilion and yellow.

The puppies are born early in March. The number varies from six to twelve. For the first few weeks they are almost black, especially about the head. For a period after the young cease nursing, the mother stays with them much of the time, while the father hunts and brings food to the entrance of the den or into it. At the age of a year the young wolf is still puppylike, and apparently he does not reach maturity until more than two years of age.

Young wolves are sometimes seized by eagles or foxes; and all wolves are subject to attacks from parasites and disease.

The wolf is closely related to the dog family; in fact, a Husky, or Eskimo dog, is a domesticated wolf. The track of a wolf is almost identical with that of a dog.

Old storybooks are full of tales of wolf ferocity. Wolves pursued the lone horseman, or even attacked the occupants of a sleigh. A fiddler returning at night was forced to take refuge on top of a deserted building or in a treetop; or a mail carrier narrowly escaped with his life after losing his sack. All too frequently we still hear stories of wolves attacking a solitary traveler; but careful investigation of these stories shows them to be sheer fabrications.

Wolves within the bounds of the United States are not ferocious; they do not attack human beings. That they were once ferocious is probable; but years ago they learned the folly of exposing themselves to human beings.

Notwithstanding all this, the wolf is not a coward. He is brave enough when anything is to be gained by being brave. The spectacular, reckless grand-stand bravery that is pretty certain to be accompanied by death does not appeal to the wolf. Instances are on record, however, where numbers of wolves have risked their lives in order to save or to try to save a wounded companion, either from men or from animals.

A man captured and brought home a number of wolf puppies and placed them in a box inside a high picket fence. He thought the mother might come to their rescue and prepared to entrap her. He took off a picket of the fence, and placed steel traps inside and outside the fence and in the gap. On the first night the mother did bravely come to the rescue; but she avoided all dangers and carried off her puppies.

In Montana I once saw a pair of wolves attack a broncho. The horse, which was exceptionally keen-witted and agile, fought the wolves off successfully for several minutes, and finally smashed a hind leg of one with a kick. He then became aggressive and endeavored to stamp the injured wolf to death. Under the brave protection of the other wolf, which fiercely fought the enemy, the disabled one tried to escape; but the horse landed a kick on this fighter, crippled it, and finally killed both.

Quick to Learn

The new environment of wolf life that accompanied the approach of man demanded a change of habit. Many things that wolves had always done—which had been good enough for their ancestors—must be done no more; things that never had been done must be done at once. It was the old, inexorable law—the survival of the fittest; the passing of those which could not change and cope with newly imposed conditions.

Anyone who has had experience with wolves is pretty certain to conclude that they are intelligent—that they reason. A trapper who thinks that a wolf is guided by instinct, who fails to realize lupine vigilance, and forgets that wolves are always learning—ever adapting themselves to changing environment—will be laughed at by a multiplying wolf population.

With astounding quickness the new dangers man introduced into the wolf world were comprehended and avoided. In the decade following 1885 wolves appear to have gained knowledge of human ways more rapidly than man developed in his knowledge of wolf ways. This rapid mental development on their part cannot be called instinct. Plainly it was a case of intelligence and the wisdom of experience. Surviving wolves have simply learned absolutely to avoid those insidious means of death that high bounties have led man to invent for their extermination.

Apparently, too, old wolves promptly educate their children; so that the youngsters avoid these new complex dangers. Whether this education is consciously given on the part of the old wolves matters not. The fact that wolves multiplied in the midst of the concerted and relentless war waged against them by man indicates that the youngsters learned how to take care of themselves from the experience and not from the instincts of their parents. The safety-first slogan in the wolf world appears to be: "Avoid being seen by a man; and never, never touch anything that carries the scent of man or that of iron or steel."

A generation or two ago a wolf took no pains to keep out of sight; now he uses his wits to avoid being seen. Then it was easy to trap him; now he has become exceedingly difficult to trap. Long-range rifles, poison and steel traps brought about these changes. It was about 1880 when wolves began to develop this cunning for self-preservation. Heavy bounties brought numerous trappers and hunters into the wolf domain; but such was their development that, despite this incessant warring, for fifteen years the wolves actually multiplied.

In the cattle country you will find the wolfer—a picturesque character engaged in

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What the Guarantee Promises —These Tires Deliver

If we call the definite mileage guarantee by its real name, what do we have? Nothing more than tire insurance.

You, the tire-buyer, pay for that insurance—just as you pay for any other item in the tire-maker's overhead.

Its cost, as are other overhead costs, is absorbed in the price of the tire you buy.

And in all such tires marketed, overhead fights with quality for place.

Goodyear Cord Tires carry no definite mileage guarantee. *They are independent of any charge whatsoever that does not confer a material benefit upon the tire itself.*

Their capacity for prolonged and economical service is insured by what their maker puts into them, not by what he says about them.

Their broad utility is guaranteed by perfect materials perfectly put together.

And their quality is real and actual—unimpaired by fictitious costs of any sort.

At the last, it must be recognized that the miles a tire delivers, spring directly from the structure and substance that resist the punishment of the road—and not from any written estimate of the virtues such elements may possess.

And it must be admitted, also, that there is small consolation for the man stranded on a lonely road, in the thought of an adjustment counter twenty miles away.

For the guarantee never will be penned that can be fitted to a rim, and ridden upon.

And that, it seems to us, is the final answer in this guarantee matter: not what can be looked for on paper, but what can be looked for underwheel.

To this end, we have built Goodyear Cord Tires in the strictest spirit of the practical—built them not on a chance of what they might perform, but straightway to a service they are sure to perform.

We have stripped the process of their making of every quality-sapping cost.

By perfected organization, by efficient manufacture, by universal distribution and the absence of expensive insurance schemes, we have discounted overhead to the last possible penny.

And every dollar you pay down for a Goodyear Cord Tire buys the good that is in the tire—nothing else.

Beyond dispute, the best fire insurance is a fireproof building. By the same token, the best tire insurance is a flawproof tire.

Goodyear Cord Tires command this enviable designation. And their greater comfort, their lasting strength, their surer security, their uniform quality and downright *goodness*, constitute the best insurance of exceptional service we are able to contrive.

Particularly, when supported by the Goodyear policy that you—the tire-buyer—*must* be satisfied.

It requires a notable product to justify a confidence so profound that its guarantee is measured by no other limits than the patron's satisfaction.

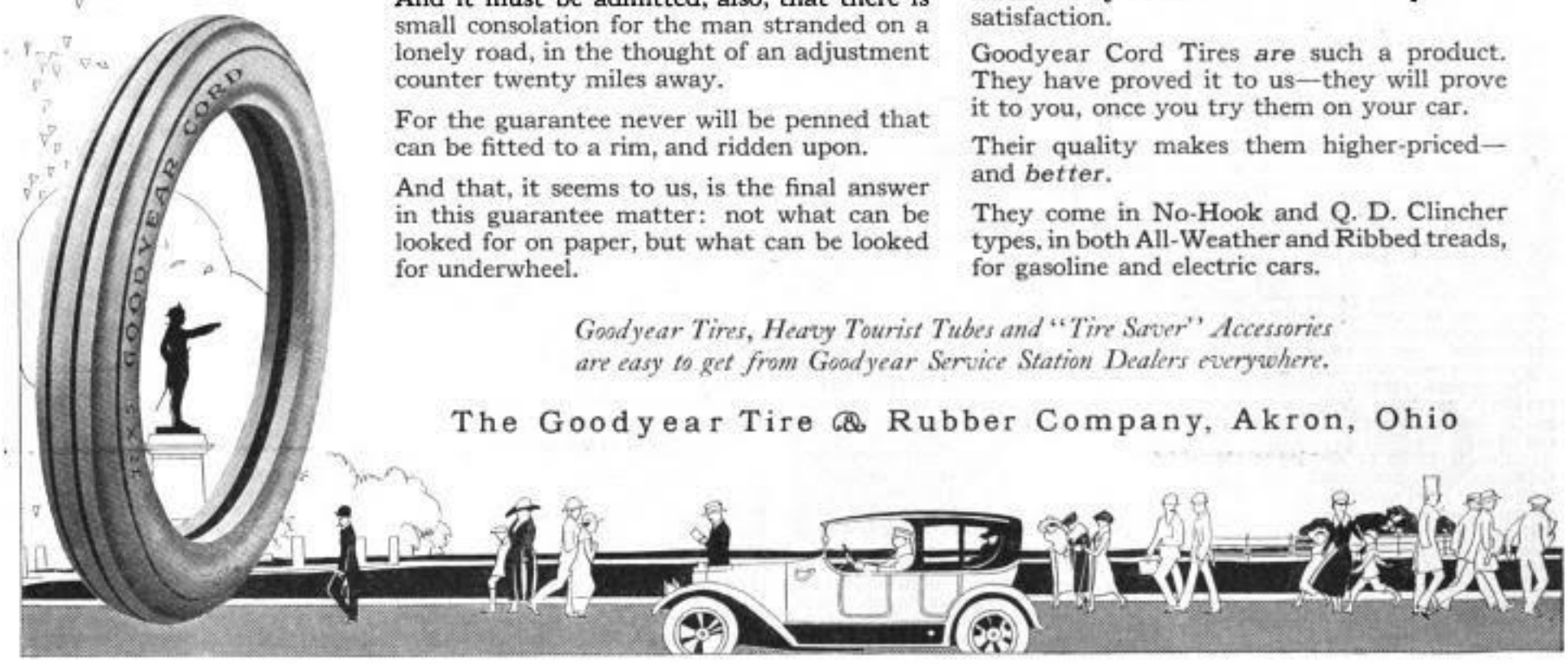
Goodyear Cord Tires *are* such a product. They have proved it to us—they will prove it to you, once you try them on your car.

Their quality makes them higher-priced—and *better*.

They come in No-Hook and Q. D. Clincher types, in both All-Weather and Ribbed treads, for gasoline and electric cars.

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio



CORD TIRES

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(Concluded from Page 53)

the peculiar occupation of trying to exterminate wolves. His equipment consists of a rifle, traps and poison. A few wolfers follow their occupation the year round. Many of them are free trappers—some of them old-timers who have seen better trapping days. Many of them enjoy good earnings, chiefly from the bounties paid for wolves, a smaller income being from the sale of the wolfskins.

In some instances a wolfer is employed by a cattlemen's association; in others by a big cattle company. In some cases the free trappers receive board and lodging at a cattle ranch—usually so long as they care to trap in the same vicinity. Often two of these wolfers go together. They have a spring wagon, a tent, a team, a saddle horse and the necessary trapping munitions. They begin operations by going over the territory and placing their traps, sometimes employing as many as three hundred. Often it takes two or three days to make the rounds of all these traps.

When a wolfer meets another wolfer, or when he is discussing business with stockmen and others who are interested, his talk is likely to run to "Three Toes," a wolf that killed so many cattle on the S. S. Bar Ranch; or to "Old Two Toes," which John Jones succeeded in trapping. He is eager to hear how Smith trapped the last wolf. Just as the prospector has faith that he will find the mythical lost mine, many wolfers firmly believe that they will yet compound a scent which will please the nostrils of the most wary wolf and lure him to his doom.

The hunter and the trapper keep bringing forward new and skillful ways of poisoning and trapping wolves. But getting a wolf becomes increasingly difficult. The majority of wolves now trapped are the young or the stupid ones. Many trappers use traps by the gross. These are set in clusters in selected places—in narrow trails, round carcasses, and in the approaches to stream crossings. The traps are concealed; placed in water; they are deodorized, hidden, and false-scented with offal. Whole batteries are placed before or round a stake the top of which is highly scented with something alluring to wolf nostrils.

One day I watched a trapper spend several hours in placing more than a hundred traps round the carcass of a cow. He avoided touching the carcass. This concealed trap arrangement was as complicated as a barbed-wire entanglement. At one place he set the traps three abreast and five deep. On another probable line of approach he set ten traps, singly, but on a zigzag line. Two fallen logs made a V-shaped chute, which ended close to the carcass. In the narrow end of this chute another cluster of traps was set. Thus the carcass was completely surrounded by numerous concealed traps. It seemed impossible for any animal to walk to the carcass without thrusting a foot into one of the steel jaws of this network of concealed traps. Yet a wolf got through that night and feasted on the carcass!

Clever ways have been devised to keep human scent off the poisoned meat. Poison is inserted into pieces of meat without touching them with the hand. Then these choice dainties are taken on horseback in a rawhide bucket and scattered with wooden pincers, the dispenser wearing rubber gloves. Yet most wolves will starve before touching these morsels, evidently scenting the poison!

Forced by poison and traps to avoid most dead stuff that man has touched, the wolf is compelled to do more killing. Then, too, his special development and increased experience, together with his exceptional equipment and opportunity, afford him a living and leave him spare energy and time; so for the fun of it he kills and kills, like a game-hog.

A tenderfoot arrived at a Wyoming ranch where I was staying. He proposed to go wolf hunting, and expressed a hope of being able to make a living by pursuing wolves. He was most heartily laughed at by the cowboys and the old-timers. He finally set off alone to kill a wolf. Wolves were all about the country. He had never seen one, but he had read of their habits. Patiently he searched until he found an entrance to a wolf den. Hiding in a favorable position, he lay in wait. The second day, as the pair emerged for food, he shot both. In less than a month this tenderfoot had found eight wolf dens within a small district. These dens were not known to the three cattlemen and the rancher who lived in that district. But this happened several years ago.

Until recently it was a rare thing to find a cattleman, a rancher, or even a hunter or a trapper, who appeared thoroughly acquainted with the habits of wolves. It was also a rare exception to find one of these men who had searched carefully for a wolf den, or who had actually hunted wolves in a systematic and painstaking manner.

Fencing with woven wire has been recommended by the Biological Survey. In many localities this appears to be practicable. It has been tried with success not only in this country but also against wild animals in Australia, New Zealand and Africa.

There has been a lack of conservation in many campaigns against wolves. Organized hunts, the employment of unskilled wolfers and the payment of bounties have generally been poor investments; and they have not exterminated wolves. Wyoming at one time had a county bounty, a state bounty and a stockman's bounty, averaging in the aggregate from fifteen to fifty dollars. In special cases as much as a thousand dollars has been offered for the pelt of a single destructive wolf. Yet in these times of high bounties wolves actually multiplied. A prominent stockman recently said:

"From now on there will be intensive cattle raising. This includes intensive wolfing—that is, we shall fight wolves with brains."

Even the most conservative figures of the total annual wolf damage to stock and ranch interests in the West go up into millions of dollars. The amount annually lost and the money annually spent in trying to destroy wolves, together with the vast payments in bounties, aggregate an enormous sum. If an equal amount was spent on fences the results would appear to be far more helpful and of more permanent benefit to the stock interests, and perhaps would hasten the destruction of the wolves.

Then, too, stock raising is beginning to be carried on in a more intensive manner. Smaller and more privately owned ranges everywhere, better grades of stock and more care of the grass—all these would help solve the damaging wolf problem by attracting more serious and intelligent attention to it.

To eradicate wolves, then, it appears necessary to understand their life habits and to use vigilance in discovering wolf dens. Vernon Bailey, of the Biological Survey, who probably has studied wolves longer and more carefully than almost any other man, emphasizes the importance of searching for dens. He says:

"A steep south slope is usually selected for the den, preferably a barren bad-land slope, but sometimes merely the wall of a rocky cañon or a sagebrush hillside, broken by ledges or strewn with large bowlders—locations that afford good sentry posts from which the old males can watch for the approach of enemies.

"Knowing the kind of country the wolves breed in, it is only necessary to ride over it until wolf tracks are found. Good tracking snow often lies on the ground in Wyoming, Montana and the Dakotas during the early part of the time when the young are in the dens, and this makes it particularly easy to find them; but even where there is no snow it is entirely practicable to locate them by riding along the crests of the ridges and across good wolf country.

"Except for the tracks of an occasional pack of bachelor wolves which wander through the country in the breeding season, it is safe to assume that every track either goes to or comes from a den. When a track is found the direction of the den can often be told by the lay of the land and the time when it was made. Since the wolves hunt mainly at night, to find the den a track made in the evening should be followed backward, and one made in the morning, forward. As the tracks approach the den they often gather into well-worn trails or runways, which become so conspicuous near the den that no mistake can be made as to its location."

As has been shown by a tenderfoot, by Vernon Bailey, of the Biological Survey, and by others, the way to exterminate wolves is to search out their dens. The finding of the den usually insures the capture of the pups and often of the entire family. As the old ones are much abroad in the month of March, searching for food for their young, the discovery of the den may often be made at that time; for the ground is then likely to be covered with snow, marked with telltale tracks made by the wolves in leaving and returning to their homes.

The latest and best word concerning wolves in the cow world is that a number of cattlemen, ranchers and the boys of settlers are carefully combing the territory near home for the lair of the wolf.

THE CONTROL OF FOOD SUPPLIES IN BLOCKADED GERMANY

(Continued from Page 8)

are determined by the products of their soil—the Italian cooks with olive oil, the German with lard. The adult clings to that upon which the tastes of childhood have been formed. The arts of the cuisine enter with cultivated classes, quite as indispensably as the nature of the ingredients; and service is as important as preparation.

Now these external standards of our diets have an influence upon the utilization of our foods. Foods that provoke distaste do not receive the same treatment by the digestive apparatus that will be accorded foods to which the individual is accustomed. There are, of course, wide variations in these reactions. But foods that must be eaten without appetite and enjoyment do not provoke the same response upon the part of the digestive apparatus which is accorded to foods that are relished.

The average person can force himself to eat almost anything; hunger drives one to eat the most revolting food. But the nervous system that has to tolerate such a situation is likely to develop abnormal reactions, and nutritional disturbances may arise. The nutrition of prisoners of war must be considered from this point of view; the prisoner of war must eat what the country of the captor offers him, no matter how repugnant to his tastes.

These external factors of a diet become problems when a nation has to undergo a generalized rationing. Under blockade, the people of Germany have to do without certain things to which they had become accustomed. In order to be fair to all, the attempt had to be made to give each German the same amount of the same food. Under the regulations they were all to have the same diet; and to this they object, as a natural reaction of their tastes. The fixed ration and the paucity of fats necessitated the cooking of foods in a manner that was repellent to many. A nation under blockade must abandon, in part, the external relations of a diet.

German agriculture has labored under many difficulties. The soil of Germany is of inferior grade, considered as a whole. Prussia, which contains nearly sixty-five per cent of the area of the empire and possesses about two-thirds of the arable land, has relatively little of really first-grade soil, and nearly one-half of the acres are of distinctly low grade. Large areas of Bavaria, Baden and Würtemberg are mountainous. Much of the soil of Northern Germany is sandy.

The climate of Germany is of indifferent quality, agriculturally speaking. Extremes in precipitation are common, both drought and excessive rainfall being of frequent occurrence. The seasons of 1911 and 1914 presented crop failures. In the summer of 1915 there was drought during critical months; during the summer of 1916 there was excessive rainfall. The temperature inclines to be subnormal; the summers of 1915 and 1916 were unusually cool, and the maturation of crops was placed in jeopardy thereby. The soil requires heavy fertilization and demands intensive cultivation, entailing much labor. Rotation of crops in some sections is made unusually difficult by the chemical composition or physical properties of the soils.

As a whole, the soil of Germany is distinctly inferior to that of the British Isles and markedly inferior to that of France. Nevertheless, agriculture is eminently successful in Germany. This has been due to the fact that the cultivation of the soil has been made the subject of intensive scientific study; farming has been made a veritable chemical industry.

The area of Germany is about 133,580,000 acres. Of this about 82,275,000 acres are under cultivation, using the term in the broad sense. The variations in acreage for the different crops has been slight during the past five years. Notable is the high percentage of grains and carbohydrate crops—sugar beet and potato—sixty-two per cent; and the small acreage under grasses—thirty per cent. In England and Wales two-thirds of the land is devoted to grasses and one-third to crops; in Germany one-third is devoted to grasses and two-thirds to crops.

German agriculture has displayed a progressively increasing efficiency during the past forty years. In the thirty years before 1913 the average yield of wheat rose from 19 to 32, barley from 23 to 36, oats from 25 to 44 bushels to the acre, while the yield of potatoes rose from 3.5 to 5.5 tons to the acre. When the cultivation of the sugar beet was first undertaken between eight and ten tons of beets were required to yield a ton of crude sugar; now less than six tons of beets yield a ton of crude sugar. Seventy-five persons are now fed with the produce of each hundred acres of cultivated land in Germany. This very excellent result has been due largely to artificial fertilization and scientific rotation of crops.

Four fertilizers are required in agriculture—nitrogen, phosphorus, potassium, and the organic substances that are called humus. The last is supplied by natural manures and turned-in cover crops. Under nitrogen are included nitrate and ammonia. In peacetime Germany applied to her soils large amounts of sodium nitrate and the saltpeter of Chile. In the years just previous to the war Germany imported some 750,000 metric tons of Chile saltpeter, of which about 500,000 tons were applied to the soil.

In addition to this, ammonium sulphate, to the extent of 94,000 tons—in terms of nitrogen—was applied to the soil, this being equal to about 650,000 tons of saltpeter, the ammonia having been derived from coke ovens. In addition to these, small amounts of calcium cyanamide were also used. This is very intensive artificial fertilization. Phosphorus, in a state of basic slag, Germany possesses in her iron industries, though obtained in part from imported ores. The amount of basic slag used in 1913 was in excess of 1,900,000 tons. Superphosphates were also imported, largely for use as fertilizer, from the United States, Algiers, Tunis and the South Seas, about eight hundred thousand tons having been used in agriculture in 1913.

Germany possesses potash deposits of almost unlimited extent, the world's largest source of this chemical. Under these circumstances potassium compounds have been lavishly used as a fertilizer. Though it is recognized that nitrogen is, on the whole, the most important of the fertilizers, free use of potassium compounds and phosphate with the nitrogen results in the largest yields; and for certain crops—sugar beet—potassium compounds are of particular importance. The average use of these chemicals on the soil in Germany in the years just preceding the war was stated in Germany to have been, in metric tons for each hundred acres: of nitrogen—as nitrogen—0.20; phosphorus—as superphosphate, thirty per cent soluble—3.65; and potassium—as potassium oxide—0.46; in all about six million tons.

The amount of natural manure available for use depends upon the number of domesticated animals and upon the extent to which concentrated fodder is used in their diet. It is probable that natural fertilizer is not more used to-day in Germany than thirty years ago. The marked increase in yield of crops, of the grains especially, is due to three factors: Use of artificial fertilizers; selection of seed and of strains; and improved cultivation.

Probably half the gain has been due to the intensive fertilization; in recent seasons the use of artificial fertilizer has yielded additions to the harvest of grain that may be estimated at from five to eight bushels an acre, or from three million to six million tons a year, of a total of from twenty-five million to twenty-seven million

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Notable Maxwell Records

IN APRIL, 1916, some interesting economy tests were conducted on the Brooklands track, London, Eng. Several makes of cars were used in testing out a new fuel mixture. Of all the cars entered, a stock Maxwell Touring Car made the most notable record, delivering a mileage of 33.6 on a gallon of the fuel. This performance was witnessed by a representative of "Autocar," the most conservative motor car journal of England, and he wrote as follows:

"In this article we are concerned primarily with the action of the new fuel, but we feel it only fair to give a word of praise to the behaviour of the Maxwell, which, brand new as it was, ran exceedingly well throughout the tests, and showed altogether remarkable acceleration and hill-climbing ability."

IN April, 1916, an economy test was made around Table Mountain, South Africa, which contains two fairly steep grades, and a stock Maxwell Touring Car made 31.3 miles on seven-eighths of a gallon of petrol.

IN August, 1916, tests for the economy of Maxwell Cars were made by Prof. David L. Gallup, professor of gas engineering of Worcester Polytechnic Institute, at the Narragansett Park Speedway, Providence, R. I. The following results were obtained and announced by him.

Speed (Miles per Hour)	Economy (Miles per Gal.)
10	33.7
15	32.7
20	31.2
25	28.8
30	26.1
35	23.0

Touring Car

$635

F.O.B. DETROIT

MAXWELL MOTOR CARS

are designed and constructed primarily for service under the average and usual conditions. They were never intended for stunts, racing speeds or any other extraordinary purposes.

It has simply been our aim to build a light, economical, durable car and to build it exceedingly well.

It is interesting to note, therefore, certain instances which prove that Maxwell Cars are not only performing their specific function—but that they possess, in reserve, a surplus merit which enables them to achieve marked distinction in events *out* of their field and class.

The facts and figures here presented throw some light on why the Maxwell is generally recognized as *The World's Greatest Motor Car Value.*

ENCLOSED CARS

Town Car $915 *Cabriolet $865*

Sedan $985

All prices f. o. b. Detroit

AT the Virginia State Fair, held in Richmond early in October, 1916, a Maxwell stock touring car won a big economy run in competition with practically all the four-cylinder cars sold in that city. The contestants were started with one-half gallon of gasoline in a special tank provided by the fair authorities. The Maxwell distanced all competitors by a wide margin, covering 13.3 miles on the half-gallon.

IN February, 1916, Ray F. McNamara drove a Maxwell Roadster from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, 293 miles, in 8 hours and 19 minutes, averaging about 36 miles an hour. The run was made over snow-packed roads and part of the trip was through a heavy snow storm. The run was checked at both ends by newspaper men. The record still stands.

IN July, 1915, McNamara drove a stock touring car from Detroit to Indianapolis and return, 620 miles, in 20 hours.

McNAMARA also established a record for the drive from Portland to Spokane. The distance is 458 miles and the elapsed time was 15 hours, 31 minutes. The best previous time was 20 hours, 30 minutes.

LATE in November, 1916, a stock Maxwell Touring Car was driven out of Chicago and reached LaCrosse, Wis., a distance of 300 miles, in fourteen hours. High speed over icy roads cut into the tires and there were four blowouts. Despite deep snow and terrible roads, the car had no mechanical difficulty.

Roadster

$620

F.O.B. DETROIT

Maxwell Motor Company Inc. DETROIT MICHIGAN

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AJAX TIRES

GUARANTEED IN WRITING 5000 MILES

ARE REGISTERED TIRES



AJAX Tires come of fighting stock. They were the first *independent* tires. Twelve years ago, they entered, single-handed, a monopoly-ridden industry—and won. They won the only way they *could* win in the teeth of violent opposition—on *quality*.

Quality was their armament and intrenchment—and their quality-challenge was the *first* tire guarantee.

The Ajax service-pledge in writing—5000 miles—is held inviolate today as then. Ajax inaugurated a straight-away policy of cards-on-the-table dealing with the tire owner. It met immediate and lasting response.

There is no longer a tire monopoly, but the Ajax initiative—the Ajax fight to maintain always-higher inbuilt quality—goes on and on.

In every industry there is a product that lifts itself, by sheer merit, by an actual service-showing above the rest—a product that achieves separate and supreme distinction. In tires, we honestly believe this master-product to be Ajax.

And when you consider the enormous yearly sales of Ajax Tires—the tremendous growth of the business—and remember that Ajax Tires are not regular equipment of the cars they are largely bought for, but the *individual choice* of thinking motorists to replace *other tires*—you have indisputable proof of leadership.

Ajax Tires are still of "fighting stock"—built for conquest in gruelling road test. They have stamina, spring and vitality—rugged resistance. Made of the cream of rubbers and quality fabrics, by the pick of tire-makers to one standard—the highest.

And note that now—in line with the Ajax policy of initiative always—Ajax Tires are *registered* at the home office in the individual tire owner's name as further insurance and protection of the Ajax Guarantee in Writing 5000 Miles minimum service. Consider that this means, based on the implied service of other standard makes, 43% more tire miles, a saving of $3 to $15 per tire according to wheel size.

Ajax Registered Tires prove Ajax determination to serve to the uttermost mile.

Ask your Ajax dealer for a copy of "The Story of Ajax Tires" by Horace De Lisser, Chairman of the Board, Ajax Rubber Co., Inc. It tells an unusual business story of romantic interest and solid fact.

While others are claiming Quality, we are guaranteeing it

AJAX RUBBER COMPANY, INC.

1796–1798 BROADWAY NEW YORK

Branches in Leading Cities Factories: Trenton, N. J.



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tons. Artificial fertilizers have alone made it possible to raise the huge crops of potatoes and sugar beets annually produced in Germany. The potatoes yielded pork, and the sugar beets made her an important factor in the sugar market of the world.

Germany possessed large herds of domesticated animals—of horses some 4,500,000; of cattle, from 20,000,000 to 22,000,000; of sheep and goats, 9,000,000; and of swine, from 21,000,000 to 33,000,000—depending upon the time of the year. Since Germany had only one-third of her agricultural land in grasses and two-thirds under cultivation for crops, it is clear that this livestock must have been nourished to a large extent upon concentrated feeds. Germany did not produce enough such fodder to feed her stock; she imported each year from one-fourth to one-third of the requirements of her livestock. This situation was, from the military point of view, the weakest spot in German agriculture. Germany was much more dependent, directly and indirectly, upon imports for her meats and dairy supplies than for her grains.

The economic situation in German agriculture has been one of exceptional strength. About ninety per cent of German agriculturists own the land they till; and, of the total land under cultivation, about eighty-five per cent is in the hands of the denominated ninety per cent of farmers. There are nearly four million holdings under five acres, some ten millions under fifteen acres; and half of the acreage is in holdings of less than fifty acres. Intensive cultivation demands abundance of labor, especially of female labor. Not only do all crops require careful cultivation in Germany, but the sugar beet in particular makes most exacting demands upon hand labor.

Just prior to the war about twenty laborers were engaged on each hundred acres of cultivated land, which, as previously stated, sustained about seventy-five persons. Of these laborers, one-third were not permanently engaged in farm labor, but migrated from place to place and from task to task. Not less than a million Russians were wont to migrate into Germany to work upon the farms during the summer. A large fraction of the native transient farm labor was engaged during the winter in forestry and in factory work connected with agriculture, as in sugar refineries, potato dryers and distilleries. Of the workers permanently employed in farm labor about half were women; of the transient workers in the fields two-thirds were women.

The progress of German agriculture has been greatly aided by the paternal attitude of the government. In every possible way—in schools, scientific experimentation, price control of supplies, financial aid and a protective tariff—the government has promoted the development and intensification of agriculture. This has been done, in part, for economic reasons; in part, however, it was done in order to make Germany self-sustaining in foodstuffs—in short, as a military measure.

The Lack of Fatty Foods

Excellent as German agriculture is, a critical survey indicates that there were several points of weakness in the system. The first was the extreme dependence upon hand labor, the relative and absolute scarcity of machinery for the most efficient handling of the crops. Farming by hand labor cannot respond to suddenly increased demands.

The predominance of female labor was another weakness. Though it was true that women were free of military claims and thus secured as farm laborers, had they not been already engaged in farm work their entrance upon such work in a time of emergency would have meant a positive increment in labor forces. Furthermore, the work of women cannot be speeded up as in the case of men. In a word nearly the total working power of the agricultural population was, in time of peace, already engaged in cultivation of the soil; when the men were withdrawn there were few within that class who could be called into activity, and a tremendous impost of extra work was placed upon the remaining workers, largely women.

Finally, a very grave defect was the lack of fat-bearing crops. This was not a lack imposed upon German agriculture by latitude, longitude or climate. For forty years specialists had been urging the necessity of the cultivation of fat-bearing crops and the pressing need of selection of the most advantageous varieties, several of which had been experimentally shown to be adapted to conditions of soil and climate in that country. But it was so much easier to raise potatoes and turn their starch into lard that German agriculturists neglected this development of their resources.

The agriculture of Austria-Hungary was primitive in comparison with that of Germany. The ratio of arable land to population is much higher in Austria-Hungary than in Germany. Hungary in particular is an agricultural state pure and simple; and Austria cannot be termed an industrial state. The total food production of the dual empire before the war was largely in excess of its own consumption and much foodstuff was exported. But the efficiency of agriculture was low; scarcely more than half a crop of any kind was gathered in Austria-Hungary as compared with Germany. The methods of cultivation were primitive and superficial, and the yields represented largely the natural excellence of the soil. Little use was made of artificial fertilizers and crop rotation was not systematically carried out.

When war broke out it was naturally supposed that the excess foodstuffs of Austria-Hungary would be made available to Germany. But, with the withdrawal of the men from the land to enter the army, the production fell to such an extent that the dual empire no longer produced more than its own requirements, and the world was offered the anomalous spectacle of Austria-Hungary prohibiting by edict the exportation of foodstuffs to Germany.

There has been little improvement for Germany in this state of affairs with the continuance of the war; neglect of production and of distribution have gone hand in hand; and, without any effective control of consumption, Austria has been hard set-to with her own problem of food supply. It is characteristic of the German propensity for efficiency that during the summer of 1916 organizations were established in Austria-Hungary for the purpose of educating the people there in the methods of modern agriculture.

Imported Foods

The diet of the German people was a composite of food produced within their borders and imported from the outside world. Importation of food was both direct and indirect. Germany imported meat directly; she also imported feeding stuffs, from which meat was produced. In earlier times the diet of a people was the direct expression of the production of the land. The development of transportation and the diversification of trade have each decade altered more and more the diet of civilized peoples, so that to-day the differences in national diets are much less pronounced than was the case two or three decades ago. This internationalization of the diet has progressed to a greater extent in Germany than in the other Continental countries.

Bread was the staple article in the German diet, particularly in the southern portions of Germany, as it still is in the French diet. In Prussia, where the potato yields very heavily, the use of the potato was much higher than in South Germany. Sea fish was used to a large extent by the Prussians and in the western sections adjacent to the North Sea. Thirty years ago mutton was used to a large extent in Germany. Year by year this has diminished and the use of pork has assumed greater proportions; the use of beef was limited largely to the well-to-do classes in the cities. Everywhere dairy products comprised a large fraction of the intake, but particularly in South Germany. The use of sugar in Germany was limited until the development of the sugar-beet industry, since which time it has greatly increased, though never to the extent practiced in America.

Up to two decades ago the peasants of Germany consumed in large part their dairy products, and little else than butter and cheese was sent from the farm; the butter consumption for each individual was low. With the advent of the modern centrifuge the German peasant was able, in connection with the excellent transportation facilities that had been developed by the German railroads, to sell his cream to the cities or to dairies operating for the urban trade. The result was a lessened consumption of dairy products on the farm, a larger shipment of dairy products to the cities, and the importation of other food to the farm. The business was profitable, since the inhabitants of the German cities, as everywhere in the world, increase yearly their consumption of dairy products.

Since the amount of cream the peasant could sell was limited only by the amount he could produce, the number of cows was yearly increased; and, to feed these added cows, concentrated feeding stuffs were imported in yearly increasing amounts. In the years just before the war many landholders of Germany conducted extensive dairies operated largely on imported feeding stuffs. The development of pasture land had not kept pace with the increase in livestock; during the past twenty years only a small fraction of an acre had been added in pasture lands to correspond to each additional milch cow, whereby the dependence on imported feeding stuffs had become yearly more pronounced.

The diet of the people in the cities, as everywhere in the civilized world, has developed in the direction of the standards of the hotel cuisine. By this is meant the greater use of meat and dairy products, and the preparation of these according to the standards of the hotel service, rather than in accordance with the native tastes of the people.

The per-capita meat consumption of the Germans has doubled within the last three decades, and this increase has taken place largely within the cities. The peasant of Germany in 1914 consumed little more meat than previously. In order to supply the demands of the cities for meat—largely pork—the stockraisers of Germany followed the example of the dairymen: they increased the number of animals and imported the feeding stuffs required. It must not be inferred that the production of native feeding stuffs had lagged in Germany; on the contrary, the cultivation of grain has been very successful, and in yields to the acre the German farm ranks with the best. But the increase in livestock devoted to dairy products and to meat production was so disproportionate to the increase in grain production as still to leave the meat industry dependent upon importation.

So far as dairy products were concerned, Germany made no attempt to meet the demands of the dairymen for concentrated feeding stuffs. Fat is the ingredient most desired in forced feeding of dairy cattle; and concentrates rich in fat had never been developed in Germany, but were imported, largely from the United States, in the form of oil meal, oil cake, peanut meal, and so on.

Though transportation has tended to erase the distinctions in the diets of different classes and sections, aided always by the instinctive attempts of the poor to emulate the diet of the rich, nevertheless, three class diets were distinguishable in Germany—that of the agricultural population; of the industrial population; and of the well-to-do in the cities.

The peasants of Germany lived largely on the vegetal products of the soil, supplemented by dairy products and a moderate amount of pork and veal, plus cheese in the south and fish in the north. The bread ration was highest in the south; the potato and fat intake largest in the north. Meat was consumed largely during the winter; in summer the diet was almost vegetarian.

Normal German Diet

The diet of the industrial classes—and by this term is meant the workers in the mining and manufacturing sections of Germany—did not present the seasonal variations noted in the agricultural sections; the staples were rye bread, potatoes and pork; butter, milk and cheese were consumed in but limited amounts, and the total intake of the industrial workers was always lower than with the agricultural population. The diet of the well-to-do classes in the cities was the diet of the markets, following the seasonal appearance of domestic and foreign products of the soil, in accordance with price and supply. Large classes of the poor of the cities were annually unable to meet the exigencies of the market, and for several months during each winter every large German city supplied thousands of poor citizens with food.

German agriculture had for forty years enjoyed the benefits of protection by high tariff, aided by other regulations designed to encourage the production and discourage the importation of food. At every session of the Reichstag, conflicts developed between the Social Democrats and the Agrarians; the former desiring easier import of foodstuffs, in order that the cost of living might be reduced; the latter striving ever to maintain their monopoly of foodstuffs. The Agrarians always won out in these contests, aided by the influence of the military authorities, who preached the importance of such development of German agriculture as to make Germany independent of foreign foodstuffs in the event of war.

Shortly after war was declared the German Government called together a commission of scientists, to which was intrusted the preparation of a report upon which the defensive food measures of the empire should be based. This commission, commonly called the Eltzbacher Commission, devoted several months to the study of the production, distribution and consumption of food in Germany.

All considerations of the food supply of a people relate to production, distribution and consumption; but the statistical data available are fragmentary to a surprising extent. The data of production are largely the data of the expert, the assessor and the market, leaving the direct consumption by the agricultural classes, and by the small towns locally supplied, more or less out of the calculations. The figures of consumption are drawn from the data of flour mills, slaughterhouses, customs-house reports and trade journals, leaving large gaps that are filled by only crude estimates.

The Eltzbacher Inventory

There is nowhere any adequate checking up of waste; there is nowhere any clear separation of the proportions of produce that go to the maintenance of domesticated animals and of human beings. Nevertheless, the Eltzbacher Commission proceeded to make an inventory of the food consumption, food production and food needs of Germany in accordance with correct scientific procedure; though it is evident from reading the report that they were not always able to see the forest for the trees. Classified on the basis of derivation, the peacetime food supplies of Germany were naturally arranged as follows:

1. Plant food grown from German fertilizer.
2. Plant food grown from imported fertilizer.
3. Animal food produced from vegetation not fit for human consumption.
4. Animal food produced from nutrients fit for human consumption.
5. Animal food produced from imported feeding stuffs.
6. Animal food derived from inclosed and adjacent fresh and salt waters.
7. Plant food grown in surrounding neutral countries from native fertilizer.
8. Plant food grown in surrounding neutral countries from imported fertilizer.
9. Animal food produced in surrounding neutral countries from fodder native and not fit for human consumption.
10. Animal food produced in surrounding neutral countries from domestic nutrients fit for human consumption.
11. Animal food produced in surrounding neutral countries from imported feeding stuffs.
12. Animal food from fresh and salt waters of surrounding neutral countries.
13. Plant food from overseas direct.
14. Plant food from overseas via neutral surrounding countries.
15. Animal food from overseas direct.
16. Animal food from overseas via surrounding neutral countries.
17. Colonial wares from overseas direct.
18. Colonial wares from overseas via surrounding neutral countries.

A complete blockade would obviously exclude all food under Numbers 2, 5, 7, 8, 9, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17 and 18; but the financial interest of the citizens of the surrounding neutral countries does not coincide with the purpose of the blockade, which cannot be made complete under Numbers 7, 8, 9, 10 and 12. It was the purpose of the blockade to place every contiguous neutral country in an inclosed situation, exportation to Germany being made indirectly impossible.

It was clear to the Eltzbacher Commission at the outset that the direct results of the food blockade must result largely from the abolition of importation of fertilizers, feeding stuffs, meats and fats. An attempt was made to evaluate the foodstuffs produced in surrounding neutral countries independently of their own importations, but the results were very evasive. As a matter of fact, it has been the results of the application of the blockade that taught both the Germans and the Allies the exact

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This is the Motorweave Man—a national figure—$6.75. Wherever you see him you will find genuine Motorweave

The Motorweave Man is At Your Service

HERE is a man it will pay you to know—the Motorweave Man.

About a year ago he saw an opportunity. He did a big thing. Now he has a nation of friends.

The Motorweave Man first thought of standardizing a quality automobile robe to sell nationally at a popular price —$6.75—guaranteed.

He made it durable, double-woven of fine reinforced woolen fabric with a warm, soft nap. He did not forget appearance. He used pleasing colors and modern patterns.

Motorweave received a truly remarkable sales ovation the moment it was placed in the national market. A tremendous demand came quickly—and everywhere! And the first season's success was built on only *one* design in only *five* colors.

* * *

The Motorweave Man hurried back to the factory for more. He got them to supply Motorweave in an immense line of assorted colors and patterns. He brought out a 1917 stock, more complete and comprehensive than any other robe manufacturer ever offered before.

And, note *this*—with prices increasing in every line of production and woolen material prices going steadily higher, he secured the factory's promise to hold Motorweave during 1917 at the *same standard price*—$6.75. At the same time, 1917 Motorweave will remain the same generous size, 60 x 80 inches, giving plenty of comfortable "tuck-in," even with three in a seat.

So, here he is today at your service.

Motorweave Robes Are Mill-Washed and Shrunk

Thousands of dollars' worth of new and modern machinery are employed in the mill-washing and mill-shrinking of Motorweave. Every atom of surface oil is removed by these latest processes. You may wash Motorweave yourself without danger of your robe shrinking. Simple instructions accompany every robe. Following these directions secures the user maximum satisfaction and long life for every robe!

In size, weight and texture it is ideal for motorists because it is made especially for motorists—the only robe so designed.

But that is not all. You will find Motorweave ideal also for lounging, camping and all outdoor purposes.

Demand to see the label and the guarantee. If your dealer does not stock Motorweave, send us your name and we will send you a handsome catalogue of the big 1917 line and will also see that you are supplied.

The Wallace & Smith Company, La Porte, Indiana

A Word to Dealers

THE Motorweave Man is fast establishing Motorweave Headquarters among dealers throughout the United States. His salesmen are now covering territory.

All dealers who stock Motorweave at this time will receive preferred attention on re-orders throughout the year *at the present standard price.*

Buy *now* and be sure of your year's supply!

Write us at once so that our salesman may call on you.

A Postal Will Do—

WALLACE & SMITH MOTOR WEAVE AUTOMOBILE ROBES

Trade Mark Registered

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(Continued from Page 59)

extent to which the surrounding countries were able to contribute foodstuffs to Germany.

The Eltzbacher Commission devoted particular attention to Germany's own production of feeding stuffs. The following data had to be determined:

1. How many domestic animals were produced yearly?
2. How many domestic animals were imported and exported yearly?
3. For the animals produced yearly, whence came the feed?
4. How much roughage and green feed were produced yearly?
5. How much pasture had Germany for the different classes of livestock?
6. How much concentrated feeding stuffs were produced each year?
7. How much concentrated feeding stuffs were imported and exported each year?
8. How much concentrate was produced in the surrounding neutral countries?

As a result of their deliberations the Eltzbacher Commission prepared an elaborate report. In this report were tabulated:

(*a*) The amounts of foodstuffs consumed by Germany in a year.

(*b*) The proportions that were produced in Germany.

(*c*) The proportions of the foodstuffs that were produced in Germany from imported fertilizers and feeding stuffs.

The commission enunciated a standard for the food needs of the people of the empire, and the differences between the figures for *need* and the figures for *consumption* were portrayed as *waste*, which it was the imperative duty of the Germans to avoid in wartime. Recommendations for increased production were also formulated, whereby the restriction due to the blockade could be partly obviated.

Consumption and Production

A survey of the relations of consumption and production of concentrates and fodders made it clear that it would not be possible for Germany to maintain, under blockade, the normal number of domesticated animals. In order to reduce the number of animals to the plane of available feeding stuffs the commission recommended, after weighing the relative values of dairy products and pork on the basis of cost of production and availability in consumption, the slaughter of one-third of the swine and ten per cent of the milch cows, the numbers to be held to that level.

In addition to the work of this commission, independent scientists published the results of original investigations, confirming, in the main, the findings of the commission, though differing in essential features. Investigations were also carried out for the purpose of determining the total feed supply of the empire, in order that the subsistence of all domesticated animals might be planned out on a ration basis.

The writer has made an independent calculation of the food consumption of Germany based on official data for the years 1912 and 1913. The following table contains the estimates of four different calculations as stated for protein, fat, carbohydrate and calories per head per day:

CONSUMPTION OF FOOD UNITS IN GERMANY
1912-1913

	TOTAL				IMPORTED				DOMESTIC			
	PROTEIN Gr.	FAT Gr.	CARBOHYDRATE Gr.	CALORIES	PROTEIN Gr.	FAT Gr.	CARBOHYDRATE Gr.	CALORIES	PROTEIN Gr.	FAT Gr.	CARBOHYDRATE Gr.	CALORIES
Ballod	3.10	2.15	14.5	2708*	0.85	0.88	0.8	450*	2.25	1.30	13.5	2480*
Eltzbacher	3.30	3.75	18.7	3642	0.90	1.60	1.5	715	2.40	2.10	17.2	2927
Kuczynski and Zuntz	3.70	3.11	20.1	3550	1.13†	1.06†	1.4†	473†	2.57	2.05	18.7	3077
Author	3.25	2.33	16.0	2790	0.90	1.06	1.4	550	2.35	1.27	14.6	2240

*Lack of agreement due to fact that Ballod estimated exported sugar as a domestic food.
†Direct plus indirect imports calculated by writer.

The food needs of a people cannot be judged by the total food consumption, since this is much too high, including all loss and waste. The per capita consumption is directly misleading, because to divide the figure for total consumption by the number of individuals would mean that the suckling and dotard receive the same ration as the workingman. Scientists allow for the individual variations in what is known as the man ration. The food-need of the adult male is set at 100, the food-need of the adult female is set at from 80 to 90, and the food-needs of the different years from infancy on according to determined standards.

In the Eltzbacher report the German population was taken as 68,000,000. The number of children of each year and the number of adult males and females were known. The figure for the number of children of each year of age was multiplied by the figure for the food-need of that year. The number of adult females and the number of adult males were multiplied respectively by 85 and 100. The final figure for the needed food units—a compromise between several standards—was 51,822,908.

Close Figuring

This figure means that the population of 68,000,000 would be nourished if it received the ration of 51,822,908 adults. Three thousand calories was the figure set for the adult need—100. The caloric needs of the German people were, therefore, determined by the simple multiplication: $3000 \times 365 \times 51{,}822{,}908 = 56{,}750{,}000{,}000{,}000$ calories. When this figure for total calories, determined on the basis of man ration, is divided by the figure for the population, the result is 2280 calories a day; in other words, the per capita ration corresponded to seventy-six per cent of the man ration.

The protein needs of the people were also calculated. Children under six years of age were allotted 1.4 ounces a day; from six to twelve, about 1.75; from twelve to eighteen, about 2.3. The adult men were allotted 2.9 ounces; the adult women were vouchsafed 2.4. The total daily protein needs for the population were, therefore, set at 1,605,000 metric tons a year.

Hindsight has made it certain that the figure set for caloric needs a day—3000—was too low. It was, of course, realized that the workingman would need much more; but this, it was felt, would be balanced by the large number of women, who would need less. But in a great war most women are laborers, not nurses, as the preparedness-for-women movement in this country seems to assume. The units allotted the growing child from twelve to eighteen were too low. A boy of this age has a heat production one-fourth larger than an adult; in fact, an active growing boy consumes as much food as a hard-working man. More important than this, the extra work that must be done in a state at war was disregarded. Practically ten million men have been withdrawn from their occupations. The work done by these men may be fairly stated to have necessitated a thousand calories intake each a day. If the work these men used to do was to be done by the remaining civilians, these must be given a proportional increase in diet. That the work has been done by the extra exertions of the civilians is the testimony of all who have been in Germany during the war. In other words, the fifty-eight million civilians must be allowed ten billion extra calories. As the extra work is done by civilians from twelve years of age, these denominated calories must be divided between some thirty-nine million, or about two hundred and fifty calories a day above the needs of the peace diet. With these considerations in mind, the writer has calculated the protein and caloric needs of the German people in wartime, and reached these figures: protein, 1,524,000 tons; calories, 63,000,000,000,000.

The figures for peacetime requirements in protein and calories adopted by the German commission are higher than competent investigators in different parts of the world regard as necessary. In particular, what might be termed the American school, led by Chittenden, regards as adequate very much lower intakes of foodstuffs; and these figures are based upon extensive tests with healthy men over long periods of time.

Before the war, Chittenden used to be called an *Anticivicus Fanatiker;* and in the German discussions of diet during the first year of the war this attitude was still apparent. Later results, however, have converted the Germans to Chittenden's ideas. One German humorously observed to the writer: "The Chittenden standard of eating had been almost as valuable as the Hindenburg standard of fighting." It will make the matter clearer to set these figures in a table:

PROTEIN NEEDS

	PER CAPITA	MAN RATION
Eltzbacher	2.30	2.83
Author	2.15—wartime	2.5
Chittenden	1.5	1.8

CALORIC NEEDS

	PER CAPITA	MAN RATION
Eltzbacher	2380—peacetime	3000
Author	2510—wartime	3300
Chittenden	2030	2600

From the data collected by the Eltzbacher Commission it was clear that the peacetime consumption in calories was from one-third to one-half in excess of physiological requirements, and that the calories of domestic production in peacetime were sufficient to cover the needs. The peacetime consumption of protein was fifty per cent in excess of the figure accepted for need; and the domestic production of protein was just large enough to cover the need. It was also apparent from the data that the fat consumption of peacetime was so large as to deserve the term luxurious, and the fat of domestic origin was enough to cover the normal requirements.

On paper, therefore, it seemed clear to the German scientists that if the German people would reduce their consumption to the plane of physiological needs, and maintain the domestic production on the peacetime basis, they would be able to sustain a food blockade without injury. It will be of interest to tabulate the recommendations of this commission, not only because they make the whole question clearer, but because they illustrate the systematic scientific consideration given to the questions.

Food Recommendations

The difference between need and use, the waste of one-third to one-half in protein, fat and carbohydrate, *must* be obliterated, since, if this waste continues under domestic production, want would be inevitable.

All luxurious living to be controlled—especially in public eating places.

The plane of peacetime production must be at least maintained. Necessary to this end is adequate labor on the land, sufficient use of fertilizer, proper rotation of crops, careful garnering and proper storage.

Production to be increased by cultivation of vacant land.

The cultivation of vegetables to be encouraged and the public exhorted to eat more vegetables and cereals and less of animal products.

The use of rye bread to be encouraged; that of wheat reduced.

The raising of hares, goats and sheep to be encouraged.

Exportation of foodstuffs to be prohibited and the importation of foodstuffs from neighboring states to be encouraged.

The use of grain for the manufacture of starch and alcoholic beverages, and for other industrial purposes, to be reduced.

The use of starch for the manufacture of alcohol for technical use to be reduced to the plane of "important uses of alcohol."

Waste in soap to be reduced.

Domestic animals to be reduced in number by slaughter to that number which can be fed on domestic feeding stuffs, the meat thus secured to be conserved for future use.

The prohibition of feeding bread grains to animals.

Regulation of feeding of potatoes to animals.

Reduction of number of milch cows to plane of necessity; no milk to be fed to swine.

Regulation of use of oats and barley in feeding animals.

Control of use of sugar beets as fodder.

Equal distribution of foodstuffs to all.

In reading the report of the Eltzbacher Commission one is impressed with the fact that the commission was composed of competent and conscientious men, who acted high-mindedly and solely in the interests of the consumer. They had, in a manner that was regarded as drastic, recommended the slaughter of one-tenth of the milch cows and one-third of the swine, in order to reduce the number to the plane of feeding stuffs of domestic origin. This ran counter to the interests of the agrarian classes.

Nevertheless, this was done. The recommendations of the commission for the control of bread grains were also placed in effect, and the entire people placed upon a bread and flour ration. From this point on, it was apparently assumed that the people would follow the recommendations of the scientists; it was assumed that producers and tradesmen would carry out recommendations designed to protect the consumer. Had the producers, tradesmen, administrators and politicians of Germany exhibited the same high-mindedness, foresight and regard for the consumer that was evident in the investigations of the scientists, the crucial problem of the nutrition of the industrial classes—which has been second in importance only to the military situation, or possibly equal to it—would never have arisen.

The Three Generals

There is a fable in Russia to the effect that three generals protect Russia from invasion: General Cold, General Distance and General Swamp. The three generals directing the attack on the nutrition of the German people were General Blockade, General Crop-Failure and General Mismanagement; and a review of the situation leads the impartial observer to the conviction that General Mismanagement was not subordinate to the others.

The recommendations of the scientific commission were directed at the problems of production and distribution in the interests of equitable consumption, even at the expense of the commercial interests of the producer and distributer. Though it was important that the producer should continue to find production profitable, it was of greater importance that each individual in Germany should possess a diet sufficient to maintain nutrition. If foodstuffs should be wanting, it was important that the lack be shared by all classes.

After the war had gotten under way, the disquieting fears of scientists were discounted by the public. The average German regarded the war as a promenade to Paris, just as the average Russian looked upon it as a procession to Berlin. Even the entrance of Great Britain awakened no serious apprehensions. With Belgium and France conquered by German arms and the Balkans under subjugation by Austria-Hungary, whatever Great Britain might do could lead to no serious consequences. The capture of large amounts of foodstuffs in Belgium and France was not without influence on the public—meat, 440,000 tons; potatoes, 650,000; flour, 400,000; bread grains, 670,000; butter, 55,000; and other foodstuffs over 500,000 tons.

Faith in the army inculcated an optimism that permeated every tissue of society. The crops of 1914 were only fair, but excellently garnered, despite the war. The check upon the Marne was regarded as a temporary lull; after the winter the march to Paris would be resumed. The report of the Eltzbacher Commission was issued just before Christmas, and appeared upon a scene of Christmas activities that was probably rarely surpassed in Germany. Not only did the civilians celebrate Christmas with all manner of eating and drinking, but the holiday delicacies sent to the front embarrassed the postal service.

When the government permitted the exportation of twenty-five hundred carloads of grain to Switzerland, and later granted permission for the exportation of a million tons of sugar (headed for Great Britain!) these relaxations were interpreted by the people as evidence of the splendid state of German food supplies, despite the protests of scientists and statisticians. The warning of the Eltzbacher report that if the per capita consumption of food continued at the customary figure of ninety units, when only fifty-six were needed and only sixty-seven were available, the supply would soon be reduced from sixty-seven to below the needed fifty-six, was seriously received by one class alone, the Social Democrats, who, as a

(Continued on Page 64)

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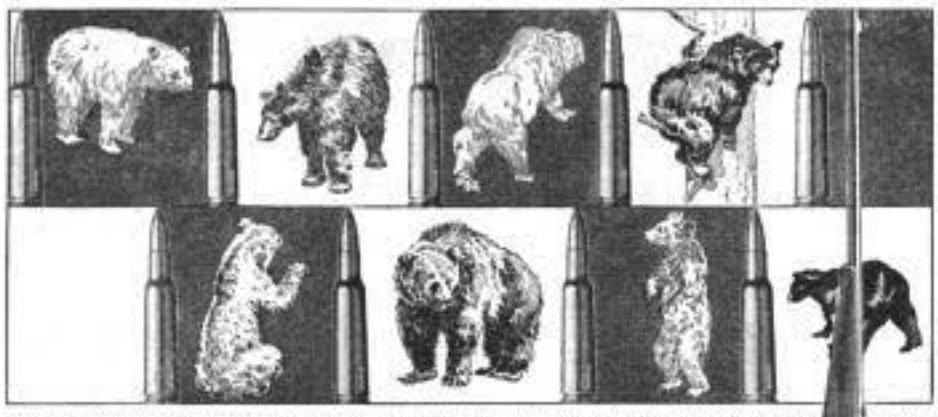


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(Continued from Page 61)

class, have proved themselves the most objectively thinking class in Germany. The agricultural population did not concern itself in attempting to measure how far its produce would reach into the industrial population.

The classes of larger means in the cities had faith in the buying power of money. "Each one should cut down; but, since so many others are cutting down, mine will not be missed." The control of bread grains and their products and the reduction in livestock were the only enactments of serious value put into force during the first year of the war. The harvest of 1915 was far below the normal in grains and the sugar beet, though the potato crop was a record crop.

The summer campaigns on the West Front were without decisive results, and convinced the mass of Germans that the capture of Paris had become very improbable. The capture of large areas of territory in the East yielded little booty in food supplies, as the Russians destroyed ruthlessly in their retreat, and had earlier in the year ruined the crops in considerable sections of East Prussia.

The advent of Italy into the war closed one door through which large stocks of supplies had entered. The entrance of Bulgaria and Turkey removed those countries from the position of benevolent neutrals to allied belligerents, who had to conserve their own food supplies for the state of war; as a matter of fact, when Bulgaria and Turkey declared war they became military aids but economic burdens, and the loss of their excess supplies was one of the prices the Central Powers paid for their military allegiance.

Two measures of conservation were enacted during the first year of the war: (*a*) All grains were declared subject to confiscation; the bread grains were reserved for human consumption; a bread ration established; feeding of bread grains to domestic animals was prohibited. The utilization of bread grains for industrial purposes was restricted; the use of barley for the manufacture of malt was reduced one-third; the oats were confiscated for the use of the army and work horses, and the feeding of barley and maize placed under a general regulation.

Unfortunate Waste

This was, in part, a paper regulation only; the grains were subject to confiscation, and such quantities as were needed, weekly or monthly, were taken possession of; but the grains that lay with the producers were not held in reserve in the same manner as though they had been impounded in government warehouses. The millers were instructed to mill rye flour to eighty-two per cent of the grain and wheat flour to eighty per cent of the grain. The flours thus obtained were somewhat more nourishing than the finer bolted flours of peacetime, and the yield in flour was, of course, materially greater; but the lessened residue in grain offal for feeding purposes was a disadvantage, since the fodder calculations had been based upon the normal production of grain offal.

The peacetime consumption of rye and wheat, in the proportion of about two to one, was about one pound a head a day—higher in Bavaria, lower in North Prussia. The bread and flour ration of the empire, fixed in the winter of 1914–1915, was equal to one-half of a pound of flour, which was much less than the flour ration of peacetime. Though ostensibly the bread card was imperial and supposed to be uniform in all portions of the empire, this was not strictly the case; in particular, considerable leeway was allowed in the purchase of flour in different portions of the country.

(*b*) The recommendations of the Eltzbacher Commission for the reduction of swine and cattle were carried out during the first four months of 1915. Approximately one-third of the swine and ten per cent of the milch cows—supposedly about a million and a half—were killed. About the time when the killing of the swine was under way, in March, an inventory of the potato stocks led to the official statement that these were low. Since the potato in Germany was one of the staple swine feeds, it was decided to kill rather more than the denominated number of swine, in order to meet the loss in potatoes. Two months later another potato inventory was taken, revealing the fact that the previous inventory had been in error and that the killing of the additional swine had been entirely unnecessary, since the potatoes were available; and these potatoes were thrown upon the market at a huge loss in price and to a large extent underwent decomposition.

No oxen were killed and the killing of calves was not in excess of the usual number; the slaughter did not extend to sheep and goats, which, on the contrary, were conserved with foresight. The presence of such huge amounts of meat upon the market unquestionably resulted in increased consumption during the first six months of 1915. According to the plan, by far the largest portion of the meats thus obtained was to be conserved for future use, and should have represented a very large stock of conserved meat. The processes of conservation were, however, carried out very inefficiently, with the result that a large portion of this meat underwent decomposition and became a complete loss.

The crops of the year 1914, though rather low, had been excellently garnered; the sugar crop was in excess of the normal; a great deal of food got in, because of the imperfect blockade; and, all in all, the nutrition of all classes of the German people was practically normal during the first year of the war.

Bread Regulations

Preoccupation with military affairs, aided by the tacit assumption that the campaign of the summer of 1915 would terminate the war, resulted in inadequate preparation of the soil for the crops of 1915. There was a definite lack of fertilizer. The basic slag produced in the mills was not sufficient in quantity to cover the phosphate needs of the fields that had always been dependent to a large extent upon soluble phosphate imported from the United States and elsewhere. Potassium, in various forms, was, of course, available in unlimited amounts.

Nitrogen, as nitrate, ammonia or cyanamide, was scarce. The plants devoted to the synthesis of nitric acid, ammonia and cyanamide were small; the conditions of successful manufacture on a large scale had not been worked out and the demands of the military authorities for nitric acid exceeded all expectations. The result was that little nitrogen was available as fertilizer for the soil, and the soil of Germany is directly dependent on fertilization for the production of each crop.

In addition, the season was not favorable; the temperature was low and there was a long period of drought at a time when the grain required rain. The result was a low yield in all grains, in hays, in sugar beets, but with a record crop of potatoes. The acreage of sugar beets had been reduced to about three-fourths, of which the yield was about four-fifths. The total grain yield of 1914 was nearly four million tons lower than in 1913; but the yield of 1915 was five million tons less than the crop of 1914. Four hundred thousand tons had been set aside as reserve for the army.

When the quantities allotted for the flour ration, plus the amounts devoted to industrial uses and reserved for seed, were subtracted from the known amount of grain available from the crop of 1914, there remained some three million and a half tons of wheat and rye to extend over into the new year. But when the inventory of the crop of 1915 was made, this grain had disappeared. During the first winter of the war the use of the potato was made obligatory in bread. Wheat flour had to be used with ten parts of potato, and, also, later contained from ten to twenty parts of rye flour. The regulation rye bread contained ten per cent of potato starch. If the bread contained more potato—from ten to twenty per cent—it was called "K" bread; if it contained still more potato—twenty to thirty per cent, or even more—it was called "K K" bread.

During the first part of the war the consumption of bread occurred largely in the form of the best rye bread. The disappearance of over three million tons of rye and wheat was not only a surprise, it was naturally a great disappointment.

The importation of grain in the two years before the war was between sixteen and twenty per cent of the domestic production. The agrarians had less grain of their own raising; they were denied the normal amount of domestic grain offal by the new milling regulations, and the blockade excluded the grain previously imported. This created for the agrarians a dilemma, despite the reduction in cattle and swine; and this dilemma they solved by the simple

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procedure of feeding the excess of grains that had been made liable to confiscation, on paper, but had, in fact, been allowed to remain in the possession of the producers.

The low crop in sugar beets brought with it, also, another ominous revelation—namely: that the sugar supply of the previous crop was exhausted. The average sugar production for the two years previous to the war was 2,700,000 tons, of which nearly 600,000 tons were exported, leaving over 2,000,000 tons crude, or 1,900,000 tons refined. Of the refined sugar 580,000 tons were exported, leaving for domestic consumption 1,320,000 tons, which amounted to two ounces a head a day. At the outbreak of the war Germany had 400,000 tons of crude sugar from the crop of the previous year; the new crop amounted to about 2,600,000 tons, so that the huge stock of 3,000,000 tons was available to the German people, under the assumption that none should be exported.

To the amazement of scientists, the government, in October, 1914, gave permission for the exportation of 1,100,000 tons. The object of exportation was explained as fulfilling three purposes: it complied with the wishes of the powerful syndicate of sugar refiners; it gratified the importunities of the surrounding neutral countries; and it raised the rate of exchange. The yearly demands of Holland, Switzerland and the Scandinavian countries were not over one hundred and fifty thousand tons of sugar a year; the remainder was headed for the French and British markets. And this was made clear in the energetic protests that were made to the government.

Regulations for the control of the utilization of sugar-beet residue, molasses, crude and refined sugars for food, fodders and industrial uses, were established late in the fall of 1914. These did not include physical confiscation, but did include authorization of control. In order to provide larger supplies for livestock, recovery of refined sugar from molasses was prohibited. During the winter of 1914–1915 the consumption of sugar was much above normal. Very large amounts were consumed in the army, also in hospitals; and apparently the people in general used sugar with unusual freedom.

To what extent the total available sugar was diverted from human to animal consumption cannot be stated, since the sugar beets were not under accurate statistical control. It does not seem probable that the consumption of sugar by each individual could have been in excess of three ounces a day, in terms of crude sugar, which would have amounted to 1,900,000 tons, leaving some seven hundred thousand tons for industrial and feeding uses after the half million tons allotted to exportation were subtracted. All in all, the fact remains that when the sugar-beet crop of 1915 was brought in, the sugar of the previous year was practically exhausted.

In the autumn of 1915 two meatless days—Tuesday and Friday—and two fatless days—Monday and Thursday—were introduced. And this was within six months after one-third of the swine and a million and a quarter of milch cows had been killed!

Maximum prices were placed to control the retail sales, again without correlation and usually without result. Gradually the lines became drawn between the cities and industrial districts, on the one hand, and the country districts, on the other. In order to protect themselves, the country districts went to the length of establishing prohibitions of export.

The authorities attempted in a half-hearted manner to oppose such regulations and to reëstablish the flow of foodstuffs in the channels of trade by increasing the maximum prices; a maximum price once established became, of course, the only price. As opposed to the regulations of the cities and of the imperial authorities, the regulations of the smaller districts were naturally more effective.

A veritable pestilence of restrictive regulations spread over the entire land; and, since it was community against community and the devil take the hindmost, it was soon made apparent that the industrial cities were hindmost.

It was clear that, whatever influence the report of the Eltzbacher Commission might have had, as applied to the consumer—and such was certainly not strongly in evidence—the letter and the spirit of the recommendations were ignored by the producers and the middlemen.

Editor's Note—This is the first of three articles by Doctor Taylor. The second will appear in an early number.

THE STUDY OF FOOTPRINTS

(Concluded from Page 13)

they were able to demonstrate by actual experiment that blows on the sheet-iron sides of the vault would reverberate through the courthouse like the boom of a bass drum.

One of the best examples of typical criminal investigation in this country is Nordall's case, in Montana.

The theater of this tragedy was in the cattle country on the Musselshell River. The scene of the crime showed two distinguishing clews, clearly defined and capable of exact examination. They were, in fact, examined by a number of persons several days after the date of the tragedy. These criminal evidences consisted of the footprints of a man in the soft earth leading from the residence of the victim to a storehouse some distance away, back again to the house, and from there to the river. The second clew was the track of a horse, which could be followed for some distance, leading away from the Musselshell River.

The footprints of the man and the tracks of the horse were clearly imprinted and contained distinguishing characteristics which should have enabled any intelligent investigator to identify both the man and the horse.

The persons who discovered the footprints saw nothing strange about them. Four or five days later some witnesses for the state examined these footprints. They thought there was "something peculiar" about them, but did not know what it was. But later on, with a number of other persons, they measured the tracks, marking their length and width upon sticks. It is significant to notice that even these crude measures were not produced at the trial. The witness who made them said he had not kept the sticks because the prosecuting attorney told him it was not necessary to keep them!

That was about the extent of the examination of the footprints, except that somebody among the number of persons who visited the place finally discovered that the man who had made the prints had been wearing overshoes.

The examination of the horse's tracks was even more careless, if possible. The witnesses who knew something about horses looked at the tracks and said that the hoof mark was queer. They thought it had been made by a horse named Nig, which belonged to Nordall. They tracked the horse pretty cleverly, located the place where the assassin had left it standing while he walked from the river to the house, and followed the trail where the horse had gone in the direction of Nordall's ranch.

There the matter ended. Nothing was done to show the court in what manner the tracks were queer, or how they resembled the track of Nordall's horse.

Upon such an examination of marked distinguishing clews the assassin never could have been located or convicted. It happened, however, that there was an abundance of physical evidence indicating Nordall as the assassin. Among other things the authorities found at his house a pair of overshoes. Both of these overshoes were for the left foot. It was then discovered that the "something peculiar" which the witnesses had noticed in the footprints was that they had all been made by what appeared to be a left foot—that is to say, by some one wearing a left overshoe on each foot. See Figure 10.

An examination disclosed that there was frozen blood on the bottom of these overshoes, between the heel and the sole. The overshoes were given to an analytical chemist to determine whether the stains were human blood. And, to add to all the other amazing inadequacies in this example of criminal investigation, the expert testified at the trial that he was unable to say whether or not the blood on the overshoes was that of a human being!

Is it any wonder that European authorities dismiss the subject of criminal investigation in this country with the single condemnatory sentence:

"Crude, unscientific and careless!"

Author's Note: See Gross; Zenker; Shauenstein; System der Kriminalistik, for diagrams.

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The Bate cantilever springs used now are tested for months in our factory. The tests mean more than years of road use. Yet not one Bate spring has broken.

We have used those same springs for two years now, on tens of thousands of cars, on millions of miles of road. Not a single one has broken.

For safety's sake, our steering parts are now vastly oversize, and built of Chrome-Vanadium.

Our gear teeth now are required to stand a pressure of 50,000 pounds.

As proof of endurance, two Mitchell cars have run over 200,000 miles each—full 40 years of ordinary service. Seven that we know of have averaged 175,000 miles each.

TWO SIZES

Mitchell —a roomy, 7-passenger Six, with 127-inch wheelbase. A high-speed, economical, 48-horsepower motor. Disappearing extra seats and 31 extra features included.

Price $1460, f. o. b. Racine

Mitchell Junior —a 5-passenger Six on similar lines, with 120-inch wheelbase. A 40-horsepower motor—¼-inch smaller bore than larger Mitchell.

Price $1150, f. o. b. Racine

Also all styles of enclosed and convertible bodies. Also demountable tops.

The Extras You See

You see in the Mitchell 31 extra features, which nearly all cars omit. Things like a power tire pump, reversible headlights, a ball-bearing steering gear, an easy control, a dashboard engine primer. You see a light in the tonneau, a locked compartment for valuables, a tool box under hood.

These 31 extras, on this year's output, will cost about $4,000,000. Yet they form but a minor part of the Mitchell extra value.

New Luxury This Year

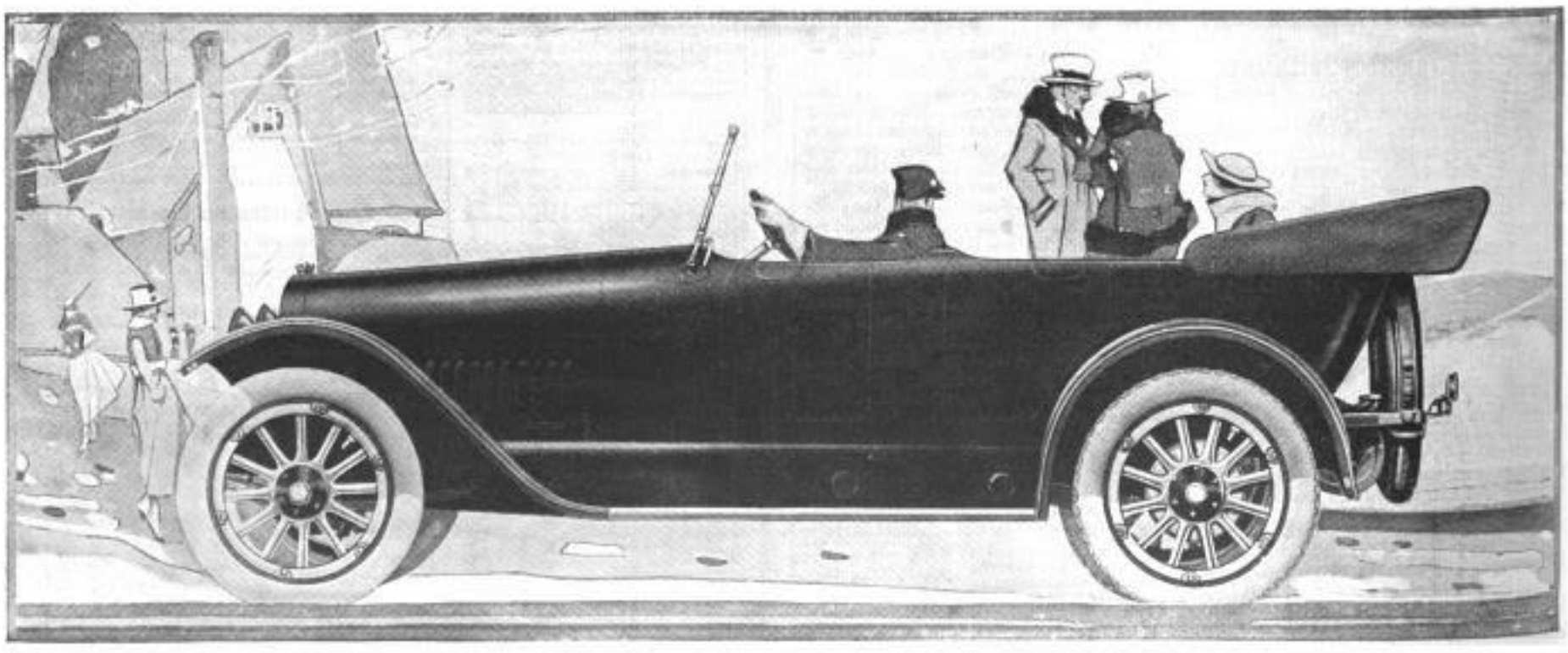
Our new body plant will this year save us a vast sum more. This all goes into extra luxury. It makes the Mitchell the handsomest car you see.

The finish coats are now fixed by heat in enormous ovens. This gives a deep, enduring lustre which almost nothing can affect.

We are using an extra-grade leather. Also new deep cushion springs which cost 50 per cent more than others. The rear seat is wider. We have added a total of 24 per cent to the cost of beauty and comfort.

This is a new, conspicuous extra. And it results directly from the savings our new body plant creates.

MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, Inc.
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.



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31 Extra Features
24% Added Luxury
100% Over-Strength

Mitchell SIXES

Two Sizes
$1150-$1460
F. o. b. Racine

A New Size—$1150

Offers You Choice of 2 Sizes and 8 Body Styles

Here is John W. Bate's idea of efficiency applied in another way.

The larger Mitchell—127-inch wheelbase—is required for a roomy, 7-passenger car. And to drive it loaded, under all conditions, requires a 48-horsepower motor.

But many men want a 5-passenger car. A 120-inch wheelbase gives ample room, and a 40-horsepower motor is sufficient. That is more room and power than usual, as you know.

So we now make a Mitchell Junior. This year no one needs to pay for room or power not needed.

Both are Sixes—both typical Mitchells. Both are generous models. Both show equal over-value. And, to prove their sufficiency, 2500 Mitchell Juniors have already been driven six months.

John W. Bate Creates a New Factor

The latest Mitchell models typify a new idea in fine cars. Factory efficiency has been applied to cheap cars, and with marvelous results, as you know. Here you see it applied to quality cars, and to the very limit.

John W. Bate, the great efficiency expert, has spent years to attain this result. He has traveled widely—including a year in Europe—to gather ideas from others.

He has spent millions of dollars to build and equip this model Mitchell plant. Every machine, every operation has been adapted to build this one type economically.

He has kept on, until 98 per cent of the Mitchell car is built under his methods here. He has succeeded in cutting our factory cost in two.

He has used all these savings to make the car better and to make it a lifetime car.

Don't Overlook Them

Don't overlook these vital factors when you come to choose a car.

You will see here standards which sometimes bring $1,000 more. And they are worth whatever price they cost. But you find them here at Mitchell prices because of John W. Bate.

Mitchell Models

The Mitchell is built with eight styles of bodies—

Touring Car	4-Pass. Cabriolet
Roadster	Convertible Sedan
Coupé	Demountable Top
Limousine	Club Roadster

Mitchell Junior **is built with Touring Car and Roadster bodies only.**

Quoted prices, of course, apply only to open models.

You will find exclusive features—dozens of them—which you know a car should have. But, without factory efficiency, they would make the car cost too much.

Will you let wrong methods deprive you of them? Will you pay an extra price to get them? Or will you get them in Mitchell cars?

Demand Has Doubled

These facts will show the answer given by legions of motor car buyers.

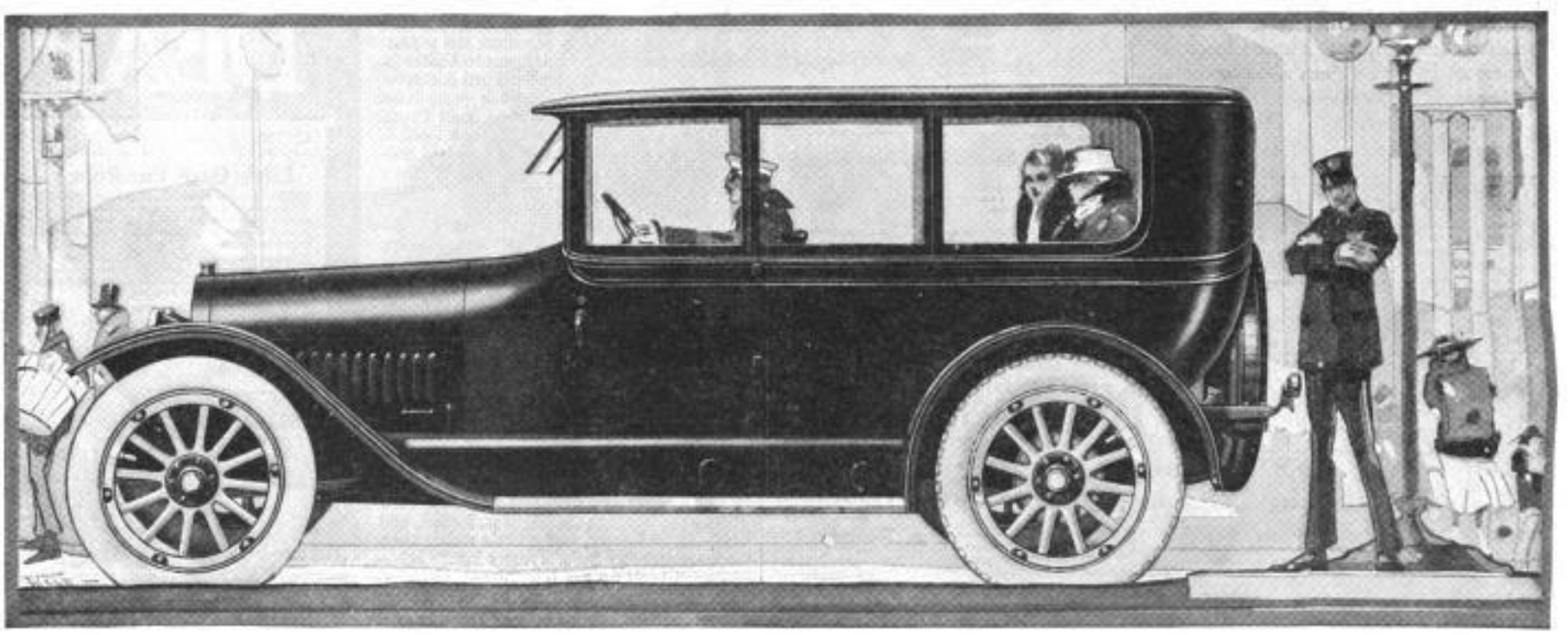
Last year—the Mitchell's 14th year—the demand for Mitchells doubled. This year we have multiplied our factory capacity by 2½ times.

The Mitchell used to be known as "The Engineers' Car," because so many great engineers bought it. It is now becoming the average man's car, because more men are finding it out.

It will be your choice for over-strength, if you consider the years to come. It will be your choice for beauty at a glance. And the extra features are things that you will want.

See them at your nearest Mitchell showroom. See them before the spring demand creates a waiting list.

MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, Inc.
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.



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when the cards can be gathered together easily, shuffled without flying out of the hands, counted readily without sticking and distributed without stretching the arms and without having the cards slip off the table onto the floor.



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View of arch cut with knife



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PATENTS

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CAPPY RICKS, WHEAT BARON

(Continued from Page 22)

"Publicity! We'll tell all we know to the bears. The bulls will get panicky; the bears will take heart of hope, and with Number One white Australian wheat they'll beat the brains out of the market and in all probability kick it down to $1.85, at which figure we promptly buy as much wheat as we have previously sold. Thus we cover our shorts, and the difference between $1.89½ and $1.85, less brokerage and interest—if any—will be, roughly speaking, four cents. Four cents on a quarter of a million bushels is ten thousand dollars—not a great deal, truly, in these days of swollen fortunes, but, nevertheless, a nice piece of velvet—eh, Cappy, you sporty boy?"

"It isn't so much the money we make," Cappy replied sagely. "It's the fun we have making it, my boy; the joy of putting over a winner. The instant a man begins to love money for money's sake he's a knave and a fool. Kill him! But—er—ahem—as you say, my dear young friend, ten thousand each is not to be—er—sneezed at."

"Then you're coming in on the deal?"

"I should tell a man!"

After the fashion of the West they shook hands on it and went to luncheon together at the Commercial Club.

III

DIRECTLY luncheon was over and Cappy Ricks had returned to his office, J. Augustus Redell moved into action. He called on Messrs. Ford & Carter, talked the situation over with them, and showed them where they, having the necessary tonnage in hand with which to guarantee delivery, could bring a couple of million bushels of fine Number One white Australian wheat to the Pacific Coast, cut the price a cent, and doubtless unload every kernel of it at a fair profit. There was every probability that wheat would go to two dollars. For his part in producing this profit Mr. Redell desired a commission of five per cent on all sales of wheat imported in the bottoms he had under option and which he stood ready to turn over to Ford & Carter without profit, since the owners of the vessels would pay him the customary broker's commission on the freight money earned on the voyage. Ford & Carter said they would think the matter over; so Mr. Redell tactfully withdrew, stating that he would call up the following day for an answer.

He knew Ford & Carter would promptly dispatch a long cablegram to their agent in Australia, instructing him to get a forty-eight-hour option on the wheat, with a guaranty of delivery to the vessels as they arrived from time to time. Meantime Ford & Carter would quote every milling company in the West, subject to prior acceptance and their ability to deliver Number One white Australian wheat at a price that would be of interest. If the milling companies accepted this rather nebulous quotation and telegraphed orders, and Ford & Carter's Australian agent could purchase at a satisfactory price the wheat to fill these orders, then Ford & Carter would make formal acceptance and purchase the wheat. If, on the other hand, their agent in Australia failed to get the wheat, then Ford & Carter had an "out" with the milling companies who desired to buy the wheat from them, and the entire matter was off, with Ford & Carter merely out a couple of hundred dollars in telegraph bills. That was the bet they had to make to put their fortune to the touch; and right cheerfully did they make it.

J. Augustus Redell gave them all the time he could. His forty-eight-hour options on the vessels then en route to Australia had cost him nothing; that was a courtesy which one shipowner always extends to another, free of charge, unless the vessel happens to be on demurrage at the time the option is given. When his options were within two hours of expiring he called on Ford & Carter.

"We'll take 'em all," Carter almost shouted at him. "They'll be arriving with sufficient time elapsing between arrivals to guarantee us immunity from any undue delay or embarrassment in loading them. We've bought the wheat and sold it; now give us the tonnage to freight it, Redell, and we'll all be happy, and a little richer than we were the day before yesterday."

Redell took up the telephone and called each shipowner, in turn, to inform him

(Continued on Page 70)

GTD

America Is Famous For Better Tools

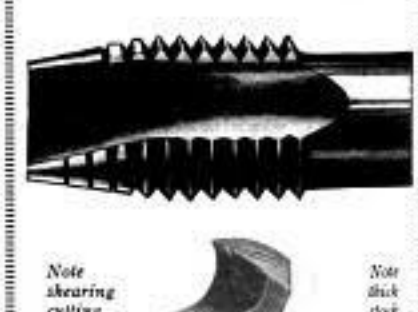
A great part of America's reputation for making superior machinery rests on American toolmakers. No more momentous improvement in tools has ever been made than in the design of the Gun Tap shown below. In one step the tap has been changed from a continually breaking, expensive trouble-maker to an efficient, modern tool.

The Gun Tap is first the tap that *wears out before it breaks*. (90% is the usually accepted figure for breakage with ordinary taps.) Then it is the easiest cutting tap, and the first type to cut correctly—with a shearing action. It cuts more accurate threads, requires less power, and holds its size longer, than any other type.

Thus the Gun Tap makes possible a production greatly increased in accuracy and quantity.

For further details and reasons why, send for Bulletin on Gun Taps.

Greenfield Tap and Die Corporation
Gages-Taps-Dies
Threading Machines, Reamers, etc.
Greenfield, Massachusetts



Note shearing cutting edges

Note thick dust

The Gun Tap — Pat. Dec. 28, 1915
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Little Gem Ear Phone

doubles the joy of living. Look at it and you SEE the smallest and smallest hearing device in the world; use it and you FEEL you have the most wonderful piece of mechanism yet devised for afflicted humanity.

The absolute superiority of the Little Gem was recognized at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, where it received the Gold Medal, highest award for ear drums, in competition with the world.

Write for booklet "Cause Thine Ear to Hear" and learn how you may obtain our $10 Auto Ear Massage FREE.

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It Pays to Have an Expert Repair Your Battery

By the Willard Service Station Man

It doesn't pay to repair a tire when it's given you ten to fifteen thousand miles of service—when it is rim-cut and its casing is torn to ribbons.

But when it is merely punctured it *does* pay.

And batteries are like tires—except that a good battery, well cared for, should outlast a set of tires and costs less to begin with.

Sooner or later both batteries and tires wear out and have to be replaced.

But when it's merely a matter of re-insulation or of replacing a single cell it often *is* worth while to repair a battery.

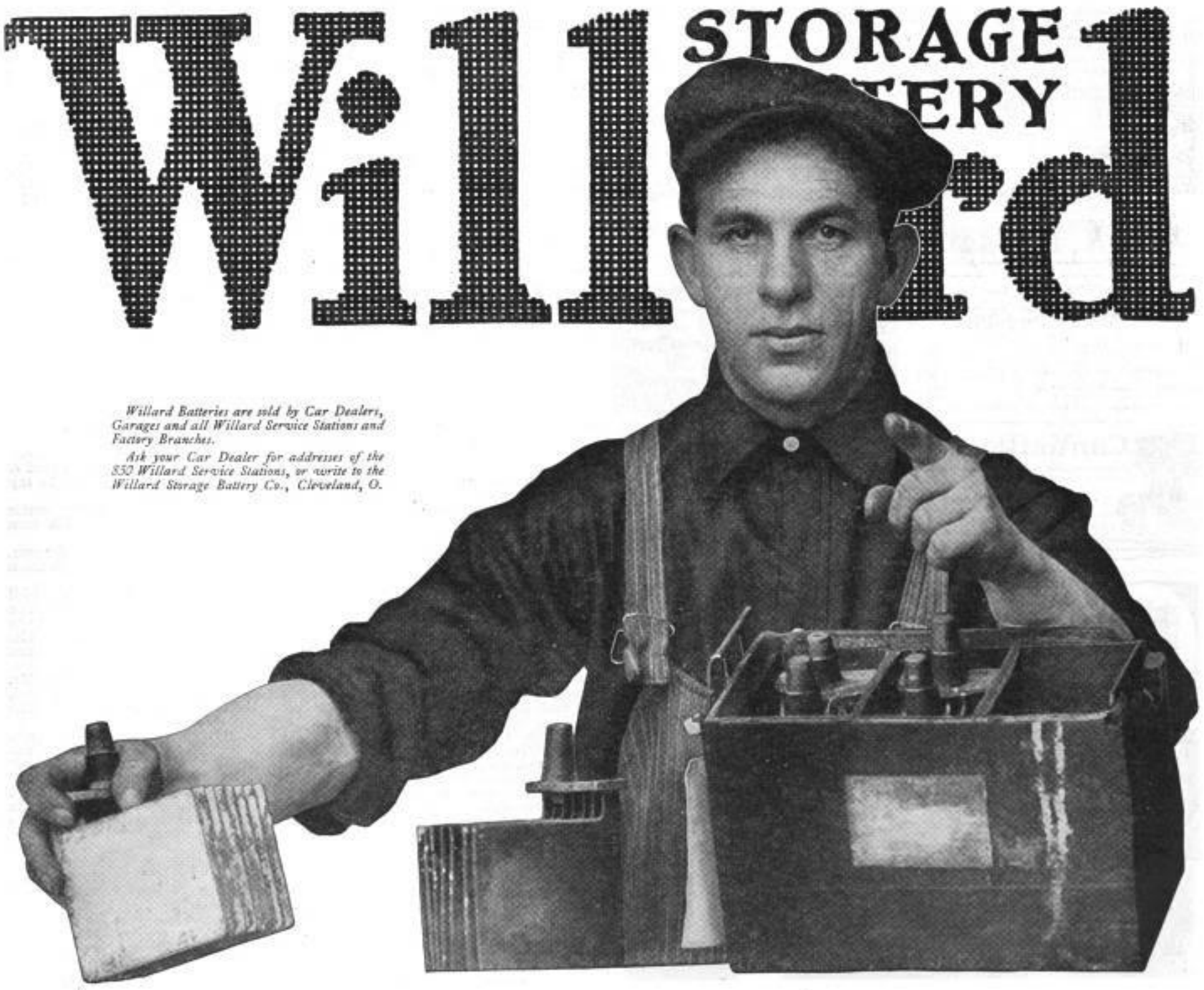
Don't, however, trust it to the judgment of a man who isn't a battery expert.

Better depend on a Willard Service Station to advise you—and also to do the work.

It's our business. We've been trained for it by Willard factory experts, and Willard Service was established to give you the fullest possible return on your investment.

And Willard Service backing up Willard quality is the reason why over a million cars have been equipped with Willard Batteries.

If I find your battery needs to be repaired, I have a rental battery for your use while yours is in the shop.



Willard Batteries are sold by Car Dealers, Garages and all Willard Service Stations and Factory Branches.

Ask your Car Dealer for addresses of the 850 Willard Service Stations, or write to the Willard Storage Battery Co., Cleveland, O.

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Only Thing for the Den

Here's where you find all the curios and odd things hung upon the walls. By using

Moore Push-Pins

and Push-less Hangers, you can fill every inch of wall space with Prints, Pictures, Knicknacks of every description, without defacing the walls. Suggestions and samples free.

Moore Push-Pins. Made in 2 Sizes. Glass Heads, Steel Points
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There's a Tycos or Taylor Thermometer for Every Purpose.

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Dromedary Dates



Try these dates de-luxe.
The HILLS BROTHERS Co.
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(Continued from Page 68)

that he would exercise his option on the latter's ship, and for the owner to prepare charter parties and send them up to his office for signature.

"I will have no difficulty in getting the owners to agree to an assignment of these charters to you," he advised Carter. "You and Ford are brothers in good standing, I take it. However, if they insist on doing business through me, in order that they may hold me responsible, I'll simply re-charter to you at the same rate."

"Lovely!" cried Messrs. Ford & Carter in unison.

Ten minutes later J. Augustus Redell burst into Cappy Ricks' sanctum and wakened the old gentleman from his afternoon siesta.

"The trap is set," he announced. "Come on, Cappy! We're going up to the broker's office now and give the order to sell our December wheat. I can't go alone, you know. There wouldn't be an odor of sanctity about the transaction if I did."

"We'll have Gregg & Co. attend to it for us," Cappy announced. "You remember Harry Gregg, don't you? Used to be in the steamship business years ago. Gosh, that boy knows me! He'll take a stiff finger bet from Alden P. Ricks."

Together they motored uptown to the office of Gregg & Co., where Cappy's card gained him instant admittance to the broker's private office. Redell remained in the anteroom on pretense of speaking to an acquaintance, and the instant Cappy disappeared into Gregg's office Redell stepped out into the hall, where he waited until Cappy had booked his order and came hunting for him.

"Well, I've sold my two hundred and fifty thousand bushels at a dollar-ninety," Cappy announced.

"How much margin?" Redell demanded.

"Oh, Gregg didn't sting me very hard. Ten thousand. It seemed like a good bet to him. He looks for a drop in December wheat."

"Met a pest out here and couldn't seem to get away from him," Redell explained. "Take me in and introduce me to Gregg, and I'll give him an order to sell a jag of wheat for me."

Cappy complied and Redell gave the broker his order.

"It will take about twenty-five thousand dollars to margin this trade, Mr. Redell," the latter remarked easily as he wrote out the order and handed a copy to Redell.

"Nonsense!" Cappy struck in. "Mr. Redell is one of our most delightful, trustworthy and popular young men, and to ask him for twenty-five thousand dollars to-day would prejudice his standing with his banker. I guarantee him, Harry. Treat him as you'd treat me. I guarantee him up to a hundred thousand dollars."

"Your guaranty goes with me, Mr. Ricks," Gregg answered promptly, and shoved the copy of the order he had just booked over to Cappy, together with a fountain pen. Cappy wrote: "O. K. Alden P. Ricks." Redell gave his check for ten thousand dollars margin and the deal was closed. When the scheming pair returned to Cappy's office the latter gave Redell his check for ten thousand to reimburse Redell for margining the trade, in accordance with Cappy's verbal agreement to provide the sinews of war.

"Now then, Cappy," Redell announced as he stuffed Cappy's check into his pocket, "the next move is to return to my office, close those charters with the owners and turn the ships over to Ford & Carter. That matter attended to, I shall, with eighteen charter parties in my pocket, drift casually over to the Merchants' Exchange. There I shall find the market reporters for both of our sunrise sheets; if they are not there I shall wait until they arrive. These gifted young men I shall draw to one side; to them I shall, with great gusto, relate a tale of Number One white Australian wheat, shortly to descend upon the United States of America in no less than eighteen vessels, now chartered for that purpose, with more to follow. In proof of this statement I shall exhibit the charter parties; and then ——"

"Front-page story!" Cappy declared, interrupting.

"Not yet—but soon. To get on the front page a story must be rather unusual. A perusal of our daily rags will convince the most skeptical that the sensational, the unusual, the bizarre are what appeal most to the men who make the newspapers. The unusual thing about our deal lies in the fact that this is the first time in the history of Australia or the United States that the former country has exported wheat into the latter—the first time the latter has ever had to call on an outsider for help. Then, Cappy, it will be a front-page story—and how those boys will hop to it! Why, we'll get a column about Australian wheat invading the land of the free whose rapacity threatens the very food that goes into the mouths of little children! Little children and their mouths is good stuff! I'll use that line when slipping the story to the boys. They might overlook it if I didn't. I'll remind them of the six-cent loaf of bread, the sufferings of the poor, and how far the importation of Australian wheat will go to knock the Chicago wheat barons galley-west."

"Here, here! You're too precipitate," Cappy cautioned. "Don't tip this story off to both reporters. That's coarse work. Tell it to one only. Put him under obligations to you by seeming to give him a scoop. Tell him you won't say a word to his competitor, and he'll tell his city editor the story is exclusive; then they'll be certain to play it up big."

"Cappy, you're a rock in a weary land! Who'll tip off the other reporter?"

"I will, of course. Leave it to me. A man doesn't go through the mill of Big Business without knowing the way of that singularly useful individual, the newspaper man."

Redell sat down and laughed until the tears ran down his merry countenance. Cappy thought the outlook sufficiently cheerful to warrant that laugh and suspected nothing. He even joined in the laugh.

"And to-morrow morning, when that story appears, the local brokerage firms will be calling up Ford & Carter to verify it," Redell continued presently. "Of course it will be verified; then—bingo! the story is wired on to Chicago. It busts, first, in the Wheat Pit and, second, in the afternoon editions. The bears will leap on the market and kick it to pieces; the bulls will get panic-stricken and hesitate about supporting it; all the little fellows who have been going short on December wheat will get cold feet and throw their trades overboard; and before the smoke clears away December wheat will break four or five points."

Cappy Ricks put his old arm round his young friend and gave him a paternal hug. He winked wickedly.

"My dear boy," he suggested, "suppose you and I go out and pin one on? Hey? How about you, boy? A pint of '98, in order that we may properly drink confusion to the wolf of want and damnation to dull care!"

IV

LATE that afternoon Cappy Ricks graciously summoned the Chronicle reporter to his office and told him in detail all he knew about the Australian wheat invasion.

"Of course," he added, "this may be mere street gossip; but I think there's something in it, my boy. At any rate, I thought you might care to be tipped off to the situation. It looks like a corking story to me. I suggest that you call on Ford & Carter and see what they have to say about it."

"I wonder whether the Examiner reporter has a tip on this?" the Chronicle man queried hopefully.

"Not from me. This story is for you, young man. That's why I called you down to my office."

About the same hour J. Augustus Redell might have been seen at the press table on 'Change, unfolding a similar story to the market reporter of the Examiner, who thought it was a humdinger of a story, and so declared.

"All right. Glad you think so," Mr. Redell replied, beaming upon him. "And, just to show you I'm right, I'll not breathe a word of it to the Chronicle man."

Having planted his journalistic bomb, Mr. Redell glanced at his watch. It was exactly eleven o'clock. "I still have time," he murmured, and departed immediately to the office of Gregg & Co., where he placed an order to sell for his account up to half a million bushels of December wheat, but to cease selling the instant the market hesitated to absorb it or the price broke a point. At the same moment, in another brokerage office, Cappy Ricks was issuing a similar order. Before the market closed, Cappy had succeeded in selling a hundred and eighty thousand bushels, while Redell had disposed of a hundred and thirty. Evidently the bears took it as it came, for the market closed strong at $1.89.

(Concluded on Page 72)

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JORDAN

The Unusual

Distinctive and Irresistible

Ever stop to analyze the reason why people gather around some cars and pay no attention whatsoever to others?

Why don't they stare at all cars? What is it that prompts people to crowd around certain cars—to linger, stare and admire?

Its style. That's all. Clean-cut, genuine, good-looking style. Its smartness—attractiveness. That's the Jordan!

The Jordan custom style bodies are the most distinctively individual bodies in America.

The long, low, rakish, smart lines, plus the attractive mahogany maroon and Venetian green color schemes are a refreshing change.

When you drive in your Jordan you know that every pair of eyes within focus is taking a good long look at your car.

But that is not all.

Beneath the handsome Jordan body are the world's foremost motor car units.

The Jordan contains more of the complete standard specifications of the Society of Automobile Engineers than any other car made in the world today.

There's the famous Continental motor. This big, sturdy, smooth-running, quiet-as-a-mouse six-cylinder brute slides along with the ease of an eagle. It's "there" in every sense of the word.

Then there's the Bosch ignition system—Bijur two-unit starting and lighting system—Stromberg carburetor—Vanadium steel springs—Timken axles and bearings—Fedders radiator—Boyce Motometer—Brown-Lipe transmission—Willard batteries—Stewart-Warner vacuum system.

All top notch first water units.

So with a chassis as sound as gold specie you can now get a distinctive and attractive style body at a very attractive price.

Whether you own one or not, the Jordan is the car you'll always admire.

The most distinctive car on the road.

The Jordan Motor Car Co., Cleveland, Ohio

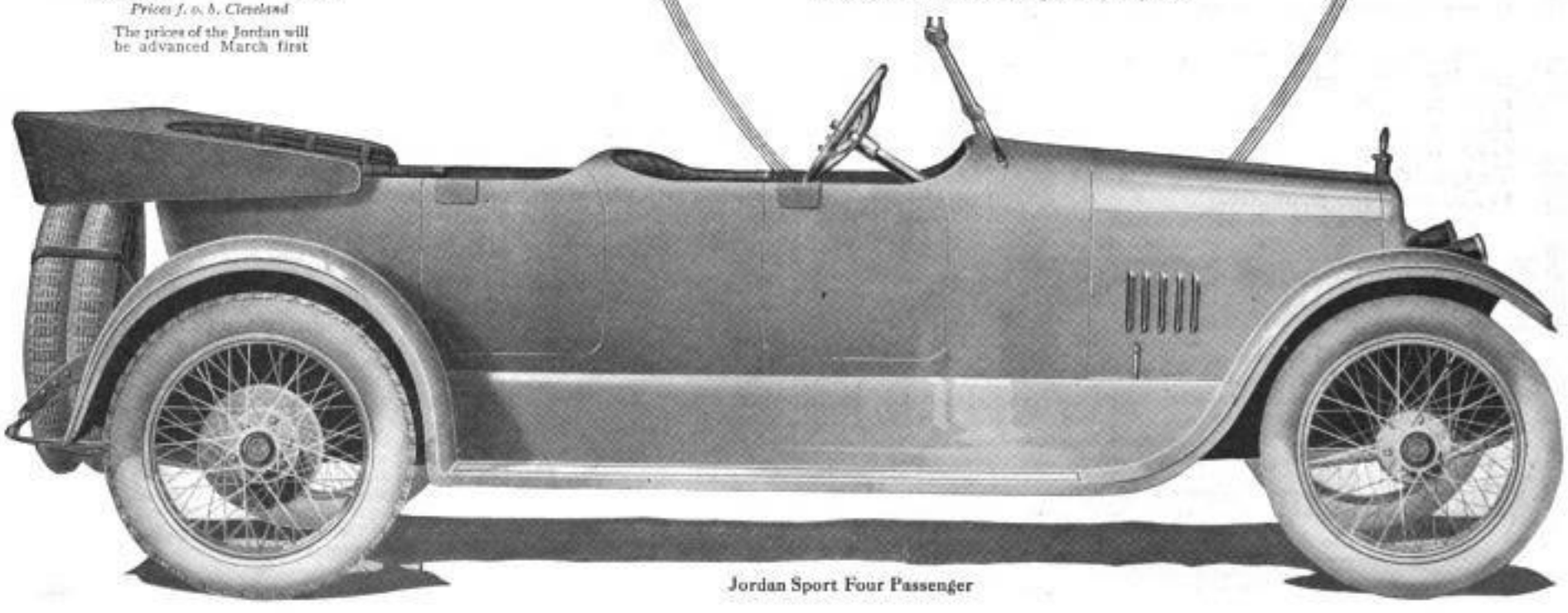
JORDAN

Jordan Prices

Seven Passenger Luxury Car $1650	Jordan Sedan $2350
Four Passenger Sport Model $1750 *Five wire wheels standard*	Jordan Coupé $2300
Jordan Sixty Roadster $1650	Jordan Limousine $3000

Prices f. o. b. Cleveland

The prices of the Jordan will be advanced March first



Jordan Sport Four Passenger

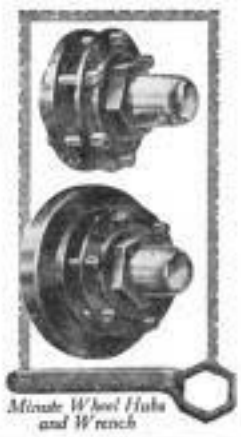
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THE MINUTE DEMOUNTABLE WHEEL



"One nut to unscrew, that's all you do"





Minute Wheel Hubs and Wrench

"Man alive! If you drive a Ford, get this Minute Wheel Equipment. You'll laugh at your tire troubles.

"If my tire goes flat or if I break my wheel, I can be on my way again sixty seconds after it happens. Yes, and the change is made so easily, with no soiled hands, no tugging or pulling or jarring of tire or temper."

Equipment consists of extra wheel, four strong double hubs, extra flange and wrench.

Installed in two hours. Costs only $30.00

See your dealer. If he cannot supply you, write us. Ask for booklet that gives full particulars.

H-S Letts Manifold Heater

for the Ford and Chevrolet Cars *Price $6.00*

Brings the gasoline mixture up to top efficiency. Clamps in two sections on intake manifold. Gas is superheated before entering cylinders—result 20 to 40% more mileage; an even, non-skipping, cool running engine; 50% less carbon, no fouling of spark plugs.

Two years' tests have developed no failure to live up to the guarantee.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us. Mention his name. We'll send you a booklet on "Mileage."



Heater in Position on Manifold

H-S Automobile Repair Parts

for the Ford and Overland Cars

are constructed with the one idea of service. Nineteen years in manufacture of motor parts enables us to know how to give this. Specify H-S Repair Parts to avoid annoying replacements.

Your dealer will be glad to install H-S parts because he knows they're best. Sold by H-S jobbers. Dealers should write for illustrated catalogue

THE HILL-SMITH METAL GOODS COMPANY

82 Brookline Avenue, BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

(Concluded from Page 70)

Neither Cappy nor Redell reported at his office the following day. At the hour when the market opened in Chicago both schemers appeared on the floor of the Merchants' Exchange and bent their anxious gaze upon the only blackboard on 'Change they had not heretofore honored with their scrutiny—the board in back of the Grain Pit, which carried the quotations on the Chicago Board of Trade, already beginning to come in by wire.

For an hour the trading was inactive. Then suddenly the price broke half a point as somebody tossed a lot of fifty thousand bushels on the market. Cappy and Redell each wondered whether he might not be the responsible party; and while they pondered somebody unloaded a hundred thousand bushels at $1.88. Cappy gasped as the quotations appeared on the blackboard.

"Something doing, Gus!" he whispered; Redell nodded.

And now commenced a period of wild trading. The price crept back to $1.89, only to be assaulted and beaten back to $1.87; then, fraction by fraction and point by point, the price fell; and J. Augustus Redell wagged his head approvingly.

"They have received our message," he said. "The riot is on!"

When the price had been beaten down to $1.83 Cappy turned to his associate.

"I'm through!" he said. "Time to cover my shorts." And he trotted away to a telephone booth.

As for Redell, he would not intrust his fortune to a telephonic order, but sprang into his runabout, parked at the curb outside the Exchange, and scorched uptown to Gregg & Co.'s offices, where he learned that he had sold four hundred and ten thousand bushels of December wheat. One hundred thousand had been sold at $1.90, two hundred and eighty thousand at prices varying from $1.89 to $1.88⅛, and the remainder at $1.88.

"Buy me four hundred and ten thousand bushels at the market," he ordered.

Before he left the office the sale had been confirmed and Mr. Redell's shorts had been covered at a price ranging from $1.83 to $1.83⅝, whereupon he closed out his trade and received a check for his margin and his profits. An hour later he met Cappy Ricks again on 'Change.

"Well, Cappy?" he queried.

"I cleaned up, thank you," the old gentleman informed him. "Sold, bought, and got the money. This is one time it rained duck soup and I was there with a bucket."

He prodded Mr. Redell playfully in the short ribs and the incident was closed. They had made a profit of more than twenty thousand dollars each; and when each returned to his office he forgot all about December wheat until half past five that evening, when both met on the deserted floor of the Exchange to scan the blackboard. December wheat had closed that day at $1.83!

Two days later J. Augustus Redell called Cappy Ricks on the telephone.

"That you, Cappy?"

"Yep!"

"Redell speaking. Read the story on the front page of the Chronicle this morning?"

"No; what was it?"

"The British Government has placed an embargo on the exportation of wheat from Australia; so all those eighteen charters I negotiated with Ford & Carter are knocked out."

"You don't say so!"

"Surest thing you know, Cappy."

"Well, say! That makes it hard on Ford & Carter, doesn't it? All those ships on their hands and no wheat! They'll have to hustle like the devil to dig up new business for them."

"Not at all! There's a clause in the charter parties that saves them. You know, Cappy—that line about fires, floods, strikes, lockouts, the acts of the public enemy, and other causes beyond their control. Consequently the ships are back on their owners' hands. I wish you joy of your five, Cappy."

"Well, that's all right. Considering my winnings in December wheat I won't hold it against Ford & Carter; so you needn't inject that note of malice into your conversation. Those boys are stuck hard enough as it is, I dare say. They've contracted to deliver a lot of Australian wheat to various milling companies; they can't do it, and I'll bet they'll be sued out of house and home for breach of contract."

"Oh, no, they won't! They hedged on their quotations when making them; all those telegraphic orders were placed with Ford & Carter subject to Ford & Carter's ability to make delivery and to prior sale. Before Ford & Carter could make them firm orders and get in over their heads, I tipped them off to the possibility of this government embargo."

"You tipped them off! How did you know the British Government was going to clap an embargo on Australian wheat?"

"Why, I didn't know," Redell confessed. "I just guessed it would; so I advised Ford & Carter to lay low a day or two and await developments. Said developments appear to have arrived according to schedule, so everybody's happy. I have even reimbursed Ford & Carter to the extent of a two-hundred-and-eighty-five-dollar telegraph bill they incurred. You see, Cappy, I gave them the wrong steer, and I knew it was wrong when I gave it to them; consequently my conscience wouldn't let me rest until I'd squared myself."

"You in-fer-nal scoundrel! Well, you didn't give me the wrong steer; and I'm surprised at that. For once in your life you're on the level."

"Don't cheer until you're out of the woods. Do you remember that German steamer, the Valkyrie, that you skinned me out of last year?"

"Yes."

"And do you remember how you used to send me statements of her earnings and write me ironical letters about the Irish dividends I was getting from her?"

"Yes-s-s, I remember."

"And do you remember how, when I tried to get even on you by inducing you to short the lath market, in order that I might sting you for about ten thousand dollars while I made twenty, you outgeneraled me and made a star-spangled monkey of me?"

"Ah!" Cappy chuckled; "you bet I remember that! Maybe after a while, my dear young friend, you'll get enough of this funny business and lay off on the old man."

"I'm off you now. I've had enough of you, Cappy Ricks. I've made fifty thousand dollars off you in the past week; and that satisfies me."

"Gus, don't lie to me! You didn't make a cent more than I did—and I made a trifle more than twenty-four thousand dollars."

"Is that so? Well, listen to me tell it: When you and I cashed in that day our deal was closed, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"And I'd played fair with you?"

"You certainly did, Gus."

"Then I was freed from any further obligations to take you into partnership with me, was I not?"

"That's how I figure it, my boy."

"That's how I figured it also, Cappy. Consequently, being morally certain that the British Government would place an embargo on the exportation of Australian wheat—Cappy, you must admit that the British Government would have been absolutely crazy if it didn't—I just called on Gregg & Co. and bought another half million bushels of December wheat at $1.83 to $1.84 a bushel. Then I sat tight and waited for that embargo story to break. Cappy, do you know that story just raised hell on the Chicago Pit to-day? The bears were caught napping; and the bulls got busy and kicked the price up to $1.90 again, at which figure I unloaded and took my profit."

"You amazing rascal! Why didn't you tip your partner off to that deal?"

"We were no longer partners. You admitted that a moment ago. When I first outlined this scheme I didn't have a dollar to spare with which I could speculate. Every last buffalo nickel was tied up in the business of the West Coast Trading Company. So I schemed to take you in as a partner on one-half of the deal; and you not only financed me but guaranteed me to the broker! Your introduction was all I wanted. After that my credit was as good as December wheat; in consequence of which, without a cent invested, I was actually enabled to carry a trade for half a million bushels! Much obliged to you, Cappy. You're a fine old sport, and I like you—particularly now that I've collected those long-deferred Irish dividends! I wouldn't be surprised if you laid off on me after this—eh, Cappy?"

"Gus," said Cappy Ricks, "one of these days the Democratic party is going to wake up and discover that America isn't where they left it the night before! And when that happens they're going to ask you about it, you—you—infer-nal ——"

The phone clicked. J. Augustus Redell had hung up.

"Drat it! —— God bless him!" murmured Cappy Ricks—and hung up too.

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Yes, a Monopoly
IN HUDSON SUPER-SIX
But Note How We Employ It

It is true, as some say, that the Super-Six motor constitutes a Hudson monopoly. We control it by basic patents. One must buy a Hudson to get it. But note how far the Super-Six under-sells many cars which it out-performs.

We must expect that every possible argument will be used against the Super-Six.

The arguments used a year ago have all been disproved and abandoned. Over 28,000 Super-Six owners have proved every suspicion baseless.

Now some say, "We also have an improved Six." Some argue Eights and Twelves. And some reflect on the Super-Six monopoly.

Mark the Hudson Value

But remember that Hudson has won by performance the pinnacle place in Motordom.

The Super-Six motor has added 80 per cent to the car's efficiency.

It has proved an endurance which is yet beyond measure—probably a doubled endurance.

Against all other types, however costly, it has won all the worth-while stock-car records.

And a year has been spent to make this car, in every detail, worthy of its front-rank place.

Yet note now many rivals—all without the Super-Six motor—sell above the Hudson price. Every buyer of the Hudson Super-Six gets a value of performance which can't be matched.

Why Another Type?

Then why consider another type of motor in buying a high-grade car?

Not because of performance. The records of the Super-Six prove it supreme in that.

Not because of endurance. The Super-Six excelled—as high as 52 per cent—in the feats which prove that.

Not because of smoothness. The whole Super-Six supremacy comes through minimized vibration.

Not because of anything. If any other motor type were better, don't you know that Hudson would adopt it? Rival types are not controlled by patents.

The Friction Question

The only question is, What motor best reduces friction? For that is the aim of all.

It is motor friction that wastes power, that limits performance and that causes wear.

Friction was the limitation of the old-type Six. Friction caused the trend toward Eights and Twelves. And the solution of this problem is what stopped that trend. The Super-Six invention, by reducing friction almost to nil, gave the crown to a new-type Six.

It isn't speed, or power, or hill-climbing ability which makes the Super-Six supreme. It is endurance, due to lack of friction. That is what won those records. If that is important the Super-Six is important.

A New Gasoline Saver

The latest Hudsons have a new gasoline saver which adds greatly to their economy. They have bodies which show our final attainment in beauty, finish and luxury.

To own a Hudson Super-Six means to rule the road. And this car, in any crowd, looks the monarch that it is.

Phaeton, 7-passenger	$1650	Touring Sedan	$2175	Town Car	$2925
Roadster, 2-passenger	1650	Limousine	2925	Town Car Landaulet	3025
Cabriolet, 3-passenger	1950	*Prices f. o. b. Detroit*		Limousine Landaulet	3025

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

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YOU and *Everyone* Would Eat Peanut Butter if it were *ALL* made like Beech-Nut

WE firmly believe that if all peanut butter were made in the Beech-Nut way, far more people would be users of peanut butter today. Because more people would realize what a finely flavored food peanut butter is; how nourishing; how handy.

"What are the reasons why the flavor of the Beech-Nut Brand is different from that of any other?"

Reason No. 1: Only No. 1 quality (choicest grown) peanuts used. This quality commands the highest price. Peanuts that cost one-third less would make a fair peanut butter. But they could not make *Beech-Nut* Peanut Butter.

Reason No. 2: The flavor is *blended.* Rich Spanish peanuts and flavorous Virginia peanuts are combined in just the right proportion to give perfect peanut taste plus richness of flavor.

Reason No. 3: Uniform roasting. Correct roasting is determined solely by *color.* We roast our peanuts under great North skylights, so that the roasting expert has an unvarying light by which to see just when the nuts have reached the right light brown color.

Reason No. 4: Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is absolutely *free from grit.* We have devised ingenious processes that remove all skins, defective kernels, the little bitter "hearts" and grit.

Reason No. 5: Uniform crushing and seasoning. Remarkable machines crush the nuts and salt them evenly at the same time.

Reason No. 6: Careful packing. The finished butter pours directly into the jars, filling from the bottom first, to exclude air. Careful vacuum-sealing completes the process. This is why Beech-Nut Peanut Butter always comes to you pure and sweet—*never rancid.*

Thus you see that the making of fine peanut butter is not a simple process, and that to obtain delicious flavor and goodness, *infinite* pains must be taken.

Mothers: Children love Beech-Nut Peanut Butter dearly. Give them all they want, for a sandwich of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter contains all the Strength, Heat and Energy that a glass of rich milk does.

Don't forget that grown-ups like it too. Have Beech-Nut Peanut Butter on the table at every meal. Spread it on crackers, bread, toast—it is fine on saltines. Order a jar today.

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY, CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.

Ask Your Grocer about the Superior Quality of

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

FELIX

(Continued from Page 11)

"No one has accused you of stealing a dog, Monsieur De Brancheville."

"Then what in heaven's name am I here for?" he demanded.

"Monsieur De Brancheville," said Le Febre, "let us make this interview as little unpleasant as need be. I assure you that this kind of thing is wholly useless. You are a gentleman. I should prefer to talk to you as one."

"As a gentleman," said De Brancheville testily, "I assure you that if my arrest is not over the matter of a dog I have no idea what it is for. If you will be good enough to tell me, in spite of your conviction that I already know, we shall get on faster."

"But for what purpose?"

"Merely to oblige me, if no other reason occurs to you."

"Very well," said Le Febre indulgently, "we will play the comedy out. I have, therefore, to inform you, Monsieur De Brancheville, that a certain quantity of radium, duly tested and certified, was delivered on Monday to Professor Rochefort, director of the government laboratory, by one George De Brancheville, and payment made therefor by the French Government to the amount of one and a half million francs."

He paused and De Brancheville looked at him in perplexity.

"Owing to the circumstance that the laboratory staff was engaged upon work of an urgent nature," he continued, "this radium was at once placed in the vault. The combination of this vault is known only to Professor Rochefort and to his assistant, Monsieur Claude Dubois. So far as is known, the vault was not opened again until this morning, when the leaden containers were removed, examined and found to contain particles of zinc instead of radium. Now Professor Rochefort is positive that he received the radium from Monsieur De Brancheville. He is equally positive that neither he nor Monsieur Dubois effected the substitution. Monsieur Dubois, it appears, was so much affected by the responsibility of knowing the combination of the safe that both evenings, upon leaving the laboratory, he insisted upon being searched.

"Under these circumstances you will see that it was necessary for the police to consider all possibilities. One of these possibilities was that, by some means known only to himself, the person ostensibly delivering the radium to Professor Rochefort, in fact delivered containers filled with crumbs of base metal. It is my desire to find out how this substitution was effected, and that I may state is the reason for this interview."

"But this is outrageous!" cried De Brancheville. "Without a scrap of proof, you charge me with a crime and bring me here to be insulted!"

Le Febre gazed at him over his spectacles and drummed thoughtfully on the desk with an ivory paper knife.

"Is it possible, Monsieur De Brancheville, that you do not yet know that the radium has been discovered in your apartment at your hotel?"

De Brancheville sat speechless, staring at the speaker.

"Discovered in my apartments?" he said at last. "Is this some practical joke or am I crazy?"

Le Febre shrugged his shoulders. From a drawer he took four small leaden boxes, each about an inch long by three quarters wide, and laid them on the desk.

"There is, of course, the possibility," he said, weighing his words with a shade of irony, "that this is not the stolen radium. Would you care to examine it?"

De Brancheville opened one of the boxes and dumped a flake of metallic substance on the table. He looked at Le Febre in stupefaction. He examined the contents of the other three containers.

"This is the radium I sold the laboratory," he said. "There are no pieces of equal size in Europe. The containers are too light for such large quantities," he added irrelevantly.

"Then you identify the radium, but not the containers?"

De Brancheville nodded.

Le Febre remained in thought for some moments, then took from the drawer a crumpled sheet of white tissue paper and ten inches of narrow blue ribbon.

De Brancheville started. The paper and ribbon were similar to the paper and ribbon that had wrapped the dog collar. He saw, with the eye of his mind, the four leaden boxes, piled two on two, making the cubical package which the clerk had described. If it had not come with the collar, where had it come from? If Primavera had sent it, how had she obtained it? What was her motive in sending it? What did it all mean?

"I see the wrappings of this little package interest you," observed Le Febre.

De Brancheville made no reply.

"You have nothing to volunteer?"

De Brancheville shook his head.

"Well," continued the police official patiently, "let us suppose that this package was conveyed to your apartment, while you were absent, and recovered by our agents before your return. Suppose also that you had never laid eyes on the package, thus wrapped and tied. What, therefore, is the association of the ribbon and tissue paper which so obviously interest you?"

"I must decline to answer that," said De Brancheville.

"It is natural," said Le Febre, "and yet I advise you to answer."

"You have my answer," said De Brancheville.

"Monsieur De Brancheville," said Le Febre, "the evidence against you is complete. Most police officials would consider the case closed. Curiosity, however, is a weakness of mine. I am more interested in the details of a crime than in making a record for convictions. Now I know that this package was sent to you by a woman, for the reason that the bow in which the ribbon was tied could only have been tied by a woman. It is creditable to you that you should refuse to disclose her name, but your refusal can, at most, but delay the discovery of her identity. Why not be frank with me? If she has acted innocently, as I think is not improbable, you have my word that she will not be drawn into the case."

De Brancheville was silent, turning the matter over in his mind. Finally he said:

"Monsieur Le Febre, because I am convinced that whatever part the woman in question may have played in this strange transaction is unquestionably an innocent one, and because apparently the one chance of getting at the truth of the matter depends upon your assistance, I will tell you all I know of the affair, though that is indeed little."

"Who then is the lady?" asked Le Febre.

"Her name I cannot tell you," said De Brancheville.

"But that is the point of my question."

"For the reason," De Brancheville continued "that I do not know it."

Le Febre shot a surprised look at him.

"Proceed, Monsieur De Brancheville," he said in even tones.

"About eleven o'clock this morning," began De Brancheville, "I was walking through one of the short streets that runs into the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré, not far from the Avenue Hoche, when my attention was attracted by an automobile running over a dog. The car stopped and a woman, perhaps thirty-five but younger in appearance, sprang out. I ran to her assistance and immediately perceived that she took me to be the owner of the dog. It is enough to say that I did not undeceive her."

Le Febre smiled.

"It is conceivable," he said, "that a man should practice such a deception."

"This lady," continued De Brancheville, "was on the way to the banking house of Carruthers & Grimshaw, and it was suggested that, before taking me to my hotel, she keep her appointment. I thereupon got into her car with the dog."

"I see," said Le Febre.

De Brancheville then went on with his narrative, describing his interview with Carruthers, the invitation to visit the dog, the departure of the automobile without an address being given, his efforts to find Carruthers, the discovery of the advertisement, the arrival of the collar wrapped in white tissue and tied with ribbon, and finally the return of the substituted Airedale.

"I was on the point of telephoning for Carruthers' address in London," he concluded, "when I was arrested and brought here."

Le Febre remained in thought, tapping softly, with the paper cutter, upon the desk.

"Well Monsieur De Brancheville," he said at last, "your story compares in probability with the history of the fisherman

(Continued on Page 77)

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Law Makers In Three States
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All are campaigning against the dangers of plain, glaring headlights. All have tested, approved and adopted

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Because

1—Warner-Lenz do away with the blinding, dazzling, dangerous, *unlawful* beam of light.

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5—Warner-Lenz give man-made daylight—lighting both sides of the road, as well as far ahead.

Join this nation-wide crusade against glaring headlights. It means safety and pleasure for all.

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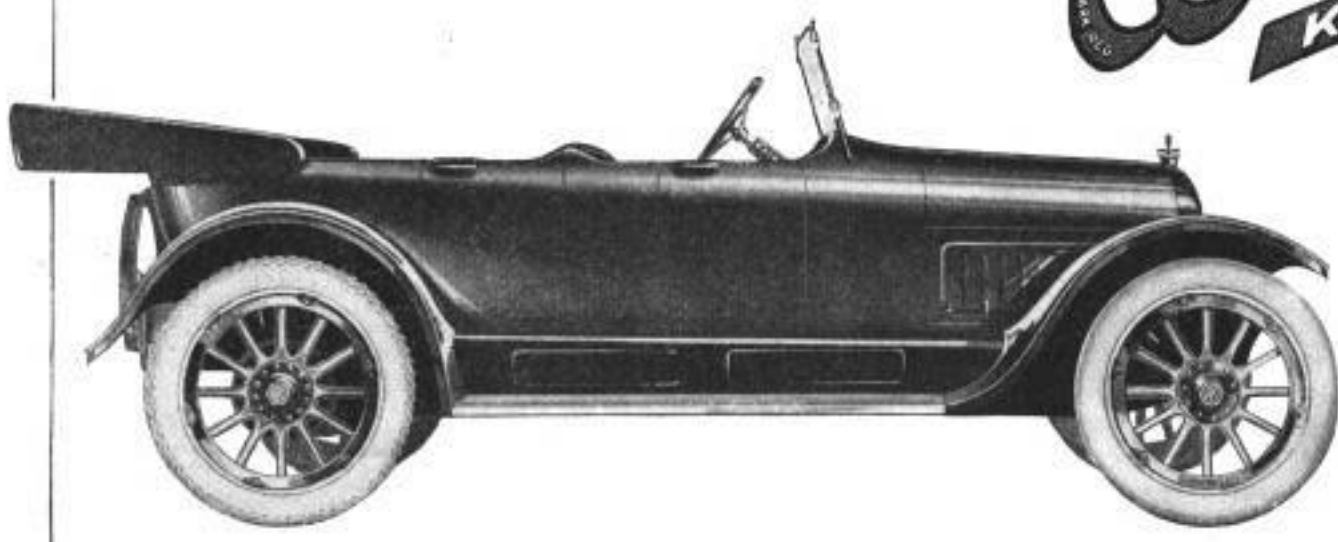
Diameter in inches	East of Rockies
5 to 9, inclusive,	$3.50
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West of Rockies, 50c per pair extra.

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Merely send us the name and model of your car with the diameter of your present lens.

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Willys Knight



Concerning—

Carbon

To you—to every experienced motorist, carbon means lessening power, increasing fuel consumption, engine "knock," valve grinding, cylinder cleaning and recurring loss of the use of your car.

It is the conspicuous enemy to the joy of motoring.

Carbon accumulates in the cylinders of the Willys-Knight Motor as it does in other types of motors—but in lesser degree—and with exactly *opposite* results.

The sleeve-valve construction of the Willys-Knight motor enables it to make *beneficial use of carbon.*

As carbon accumulates on the metal surface of these sleeves, it is evenly distributed by their sliding action, and becomes a polished smooth-as-glass coating,—smoother than it is mechanically possible to polish any metal.

Instead of unseating the valves, carbon seals the fit of the sleeve-valves of the Willys-Knight Motor.

And the result is *a gain in compression and power* for the Willys-Knight Motor instead of a loss—*increasing quietness, smoothness, flexibility and fuel economy* instead of a decrease.

Carbon is in this manner the reconstructing life which builds up and sustains the efficiency of the Willys-Knight Motor.

So instead of deteriorating, the Willys-Knight Motor *improves with use* and instead of succumbing to carbon troubles it *thrives on carbon benefits.*

This is one of the many reasons why the Knight motor has been standardized for the steady hard usage of the London Omnibuses and the Fifth Avenue Buses in New York.

This is one of the many reasons why the Knight motor is used by the leading manufacturers of Europe.—Daimler of England, Panhard of France, Minerva of Belgium, Mercedes of Germany and nineteen other European producers.

This one of the many reasons why twelve thousand discriminating American buyers purchased Willys-Knight Motor Cars during 1916 and drive them with steadily increasing respect.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

"Made in U. S. A."

Manufacturers of Willys-Knight and Overland Automobiles

WILLYS-KNIGHT

Eight Seven Passenger Touring 125-inch Wheelbase **$1950**

Four Seven Passenger Touring 121-inch Wheelbase **$1285**

Four Sedan $1950 **Four Limousine $1950**
Four Coupé $1650

f. o. b. Toledo

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"Here Go My Corns"

"I'M just one of the millions who have used that easy, remarkably simple, and painless remover of corns and calluses, 'Gets-It.' I don't have to 'putter' with my corns any more and make them sore. I just put 2 or 3 drops of 'Gets-It' on. It takes only a few seconds, and it dries immediately."

"GETS-IT"

Common-Sense Corn-Remover

It's a pleasure to use "Gets-It"—there's no work, discomfort or pain in its use. Just notice how that corn or callus loosens right off from your toe, so you can just peel it off with your fingers! "Gets-It" "gets" the corn only, not the surrounding flesh. It will make it unnecessary to cut, or dig at, a corn to remove any part of it. Try "Gets-It" tonight, surprise yourself and lose a corn.

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Fuller Sanitary Brushes

TRADE MARK — Twisted Wire Back



A shower in your bath tub
Fuller Friction Shower scrubs, massages, and gives a shower bath in one operation. Perforated aluminum tube in center emits a constant shower of clean water. White bristles curved to reach all parts of the body. Hexagonal aluminum handle. 5-foot rubber hose fits any faucet. By mail, $1.25.

A brush for every purpose
for personal use, housecleaning, automobile, etc.,—each built on the twisted-wire back principle. Sanitary—can be cleaned in hot water. Lasts longer—bristles can't come out. Write for catalog of complete line.

Representatives wanted to sell Fuller Brushes. Rapid advancement for those with ability.

Fuller Brush Co., 72 Union St., Hartford, Conn.

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SERVE HOT - *RECIPE ON LABEL*
In Cans ASK YOUR GROCER
A BIG MEAL FOR TWO PEOPLE
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RICHARD B. OWEN, 33 Owen Bldg. Washington, D. C.

(Continued from Page 74)

and the ring in the Arabian Nights. But perhaps the most extraordinary thing relating to it is the fact that I am inclined to believe it."

De Brancheville rose impulsively, but Le Febre restrained him with a gesture.

"Slowly," he said; "my belief is my personal conviction; that is all. The evidence against you, as I have said, is complete. Men are guillotined every week on less. As the case stands, you face twenty years in the galleys. I have no right to release you. But I am warranted in experimenting to this extent. I will give you twenty-four hours to discover the identity of the lady and report to me where she obtained these four containers. It would not be difficult," he added, "to make the investigation myself, but I have my own reasons for doing otherwise. Even a police official has his whims."

Their eyes met and De Brancheville thought the shadow of a smile lurked in the police official's.

"However," he added, "you understand that you will be under surveillance and that it will be impossible for you to leave Paris." He touched a bell and an attendant appeared. "Show Monsieur De Brancheville to the street," he said.

Two minutes later De Brancheville hailed a taxi and drove to his hotel. Entering his rooms he took off his hat, mopped his forehead and rang for a brandy and soda. Presently he felt better and telephoned Carruthers' house. He learned that Carruthers had left no London address, but was to wire after he arrived. Thereupon De Brancheville went to bed.

III

AT TEN o'clock the next morning no word had come from Carruthers. De Brancheville then drove to the bank and asked for Grimshaw, the junior partner. It would entail an embarrassing explanation, as he did not know Grimshaw, but there was no time to be squeamish. Grimshaw, however, was enguged in an important conference and could not tell when he would be at liberty.

De Brancheville started back to the hotel on foot. The cards were running against him, and there was nothing to do but wait. Suddenly he remembered his promise to visit Raoul's fiancée at eleven. He took the note of introduction from his pocket. It was addressed to Mademoiselle Ann Pendleton. The envelope was unsealed and he read the contents. It said:

Dear Ann: This is Raoul's cousin, George De Brancheville, who wants to talk to you. He is very amiable. Be good to him! I am explaining to your mother about his coming.

De Brancheville called a taxi, gave the street number to the driver and got in. The taxi stopped before an unusual looking house, the frontage of which was extended by a high wall, indicating a courtyard. As he rang the bell he saw a man on a bicycle slow down, half a block beyond, and turn back. He had noticed the same man passing Carruthers' bank.

Obviously Le Febre was keeping track of his movements.

A footman opened the door, ushered him into a small reception room and took the letter of introduction. In a few moments he reappeared, led him through a passage opening upon the court, across this and through a wicket gate, into a garden. His first glimpse took his breath away. There was a mimic winding lake, along the grassy margin of which clumps of tulips and narcissi bloomed. On a miniature island a great willow trailed its festoons of new green. In one corner the ground rose and became a little hill, surmounted by a temple masked in cedars; in the other an ancient apple tree, a mass of bloom, towered above the shrubbery. The air was sweet; the sound of bees mingled with the play of an unseen fountain. He seemed to have stepped into an enchanted paradise. He thought of Le Febre's allusion to the Arabian Nights.

His guide led him down a winding path in the direction of the apple tree. A dozen paces and they entered a little formal garden fenced with high cedars. At the farther gateway the footman stood aside. De Brancheville had a view of green grass, a glimpse of water where the lake ended, and then, on a marble bench, the drifting apple bloom about her, an Airedale at her feet, sat Primavera. His heart stopped beating. This was Raoul's fiancée. This was the end of it all.



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Her eyes danced as she saw him. She rose and held out her hand.

He bowed and took it.

"Is anything the matter?" she demanded. "You look as if someone were dead."

"It's a bit of a surprise," he said.

She burst into a peal of laughter.

"Do you mean you didn't know?" she cried. "You didn't find out from Carruthers?"

He shook his head.

She laughed again.

"Then I can understand. When I read your name on your walking stick I was dumfounded myself. You see Raoul and your aunt had talked about you, and I knew they hadn't an idea you were in Paris. I wanted to surprise them, get them here to meet you or something; but when you went into the bank for me I thought, of course, you'd find out. I want to thank you again for what you did," she added; "I didn't realize at the time all it meant!"

"Please ——" he protested. He stood gazing at her dumbly.

"You are a strange man!" she exclaimed. "Aren't you glad to see me again, to see Felix? Aren't you excited over it all? To think it was your dog I ran over!"

"To tell the truth," he answered, "my capacity for excitements is giving out. Just at present I'm out on bail, preliminary to spending twenty years in jail."

"Jail?" she replied. She looked at him skeptically.

"It's the truth," he laughed mirthlessly. "What is going to happen to me depends a good deal on you."

"On me?"

He nodded.

"What I want to know is where you got the four leaden boxes that you sent me with the dog collar."

"Why, those," she said, "were in Felix's collar. You know the four little pockets in the heavy leather. Julie, my maid, took them out herself and wrapped them up separately."

De Brancheville exclaimed softly.

"Was anything in them that has been lost?" she asked.

"Those little boxes," he said, "happened to contain the radium which I sold the French Government two days ago, and which was subsequently stolen. As the police found them in my rooms the consequences have been embarrassing."

She looked at him blankly.

"But how did they get in the collar of your dog?" she demanded.

"It isn't my dog," he answered dryly.

"Not your dog!" she gasped. "But why did you say it was?" Suddenly she stopped and dropped her eyes. He saw the color deepen in her temples.

"My dear Miss Pendleton," he said, "we must remember that I am here on an embassy. Raoul's mother must have written your mother."

She began to laugh.

"Ann hasn't come in yet," she answered, "I am Miss Pendleton's mother."

It was De Brancheville's turn to gasp. But even gasping was beyond him. He gazed at her speechless. Hundreds of years seemed to fall from his shoulders. As his emotions registered—as they say in films—she blushed furiously and bent down over the dog.

"Well," he said at last, "I can only say ——"

His sentence was never finished, for a man servant appeared with a silver tray, on which lay a letter.

"For Monsieur De Brancheville," said the man.

De Brancheville took the letter wonderingly and the man departed.

"Who can be writing me here?" he said. "No one knows I am here."

She made no answer, but glanced up at him from her defenses.

He tore open the envelope and looked at the signature.

"Ah! it is from Le Febre, my jailer. May I read it?"

"Of course."

"'I am sending you the final chapter,'" he read aloud. "'It appears that the person who advertised the lost dog, upon recovering his property at the newspaper office, insisted that certain objects had been removed from the collar. I daresay by this time you have ascertained who it was that removed them. As it was known that Monsieur Dubois had been accompanied to the laboratory, on the days in question, by an Airedale terrier, it was not difficult to obtain his admission that he had employed the dog to convey the radium out of the building.'"

"Then it's all right," she exclaimed. "You knew, of course, it would be. But tell me what happened! How did you send his dog back when Felix was here?"

He told her.

"Really," she said, "for a grown man to ——"

"There's more to the letter," he suggested. "Do you want to hear it?"

She nodded.

He read on:

"'Permit an unromantic police official to express his congratulations and the wish that the considerations which prompted Monsieur De Brancheville to steal will be found to justify his crime. Unofficially I advise you to present the stolen dog to madame.'"

As he finished, she was bending even closer to Felix. For a time neither spoke. De Brancheville broke the silence.

"I have revised my ideas about the mirage," he said. "It does come true. The only question is ——"

She lifted her head and met his eyes unflinchingly.

"Think," she said; "I have a daughter seventeen."

"What has that to do with it?" he demanded.

She looked away in silence for a time. Then she faced him and seemed about to speak, when voices were heard beyond the cedars.

"It is your aunt," she said, "and your grandfather."

She rose hastily and glided through the gateway to meet them.

"We came," De Brancheville heard his aunt say, "to tell you that the young people have composed their differences. I don't suppose George De Brancheville has put in an appearance?"

"Monsieur De Brancheville is already here," Vera answered.

"I see him," cried the old man; "he is there underneath the apple tree. Come forth, villain!" he called.

De Brancheville went through the little gateway and stood beside Vera.

Madame De Courville-Rochers raised her lorgnette and glanced sharply from one to the other.

"Papa," she said, "I should judge that we were interrupting. I thought you two were strangers?"

"Hardly that," said Vera; "we met yesterday morning."

"He never mentioned it yesterday afternoon. Did Raoul bring him here?"

"Not Raoul—it was through Felix ——"

"Felix?" she repeated questioningly, at the same time searching her memory for the bearer of the name.

There was no answer to her question, for the duke, a spry excitable little old man, suddenly shouted:

"They are blushing! Even George is blushing! *Ma foi*, but they are making game of us!"

"Behave yourself, grandpapa!" said De Brancheville.

"Embrace me," cried the old man. He clasped his grandson, kissed him on both cheeks and whispered, "But how did you know I had selected her?" Receiving no answer he turned to Vera. "My dear," he said, "with much greater pleasure I embrace you. If I were young again there would be no George! As it is ——" He shrugged his shoulders. He was turning away when he stopped. "You are all dining with me to-night. Remember there shall be veal for the prodigal and roses for the fair."

"You ridiculous grandfather!" said De Brancheville.

"Not a word from you, sir!" answered grandpapa. "And now, Suzette, I must take you away." Seizing Madame De Courville-Rochers by the hand, he proceeded to do so.

"Well," said De Brancheville when they were alone, "they seem to have arranged it."

"There is Felix trying to walk on three legs!" she answered and, smiling back at him, ran through the opening in the cedars toward the apple tree.



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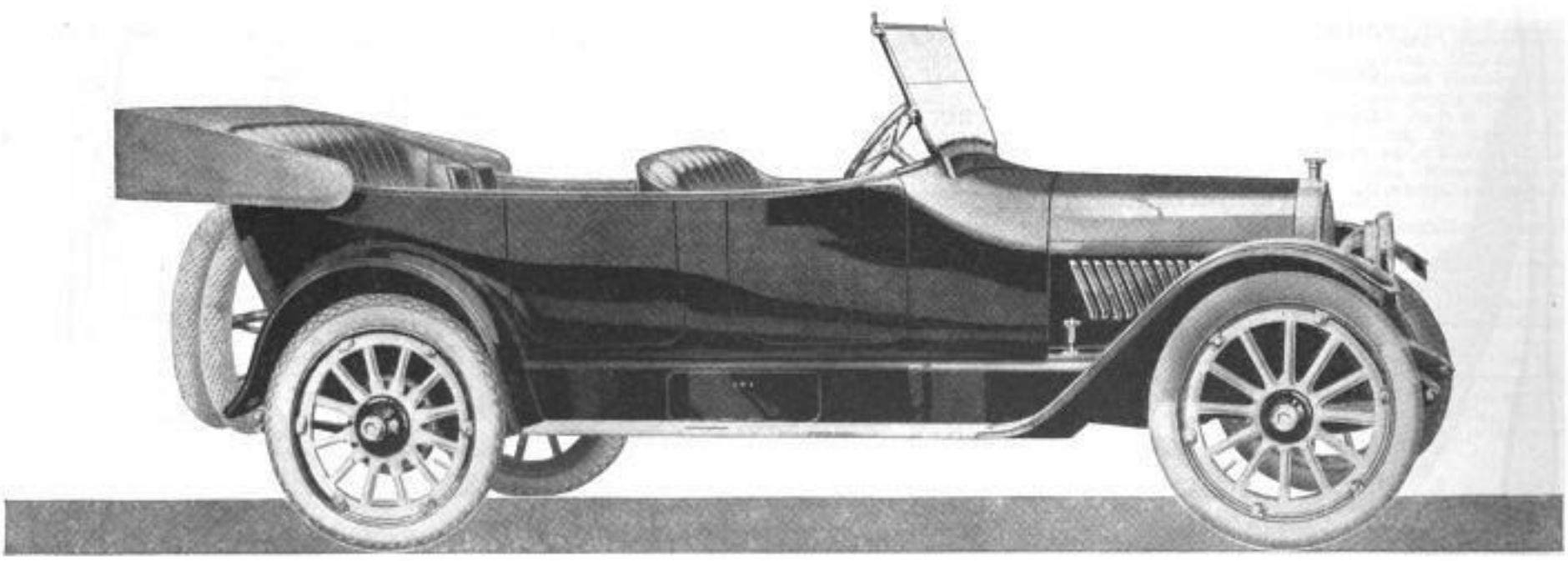
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BORROWING FROM YOUR UNCLE

(Continued from Page 19)

the day on which he appeared before the Federal Farm Loan Board, at Topeka, he was elected president of the American Bankers' Association, a position which he now holds. If he stood alone in his opinion of the facility which long-time, amortized first mortgages will offer to men who cannot pay half the value of the farms they desire to buy, the mere fact that he is a prominent banker would not prove the case; but he agrees with most bankers who have studied the matter.

Mr. Gordon Jones, of Denver, an authority on both rural credits and banking, states in a little booklet issued by him that, in his opinion, perhaps the most noteworthy effect of the Federal Farm Loan Act will be to enable tenants to buy farms under the method outlined. Bankers from Central Kansas testified that fifty per cent of the tenants in their neighborhood will buy farms on this plan with the proceeds of their dollar-and-seventy-five-cent wheat this year.

The same state of things was testified to in the South as a result of eighteen-cent cotton. Corn Belt tenants do business on rather a large scale and, as a rule, possess resources sufficient to enable them to use this plan in purchasing farms if they remove to regions where the price of land is a little lower—if they can have some security against the overvaluation of the land in the new country. The valuations of the Federal Land Banks will give them a safer estimate of land values everywhere than they now possess; and will save them from some, at least, of the traps and pitfalls set for them by real-estate enthusiasts—not to use stronger words.

In Baltimore there came to our hearing a gentleman who seemed greatly interested in the new system. A member of the Board asked him, after the hearing, whether he felt repaid for his attendance.

"I surely do," he replied. "I see how it will help me out. I have three thousand acres in farms on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. It is beginning to show signs of decreasing fertility under the tenant system in vogue; and I can see in the future nothing but poorer farms, poorer tenants and finally a poorer landlord. I am especially interested in the landlord's end of it; though, as a good citizen, I hope I am not entirely oblivious of the desirability of maintaining the fertility of the lands of the nation, or to the welfare of the tenants. What is it the poet says?

"But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

"All right; I'm not going to destroy 'em any more. I shall go home and prepare to sell my lands. I can within a year or two find thirty farm tenants who are the right sort of men; and, having organized a National Farm Loan Association, I shall deed my plantation away in thirty tracts, take that half of their value which my purchasers may get under the Federal Farm Loan Act, take also anything they can pay me without sacrificing their equipment, and second mortgages for the balance at six per cent."

What Land Owners Must Do

"I shall insist that they all take out forty-year mortgages ahead of me, and I shall not worry as to their digging out. They will dig out in a few years if they have good luck; and if any of them fall down it won't hurt me much. I shall have plenty of time before the first mortgage falls due in which to find other purchasers."

This man is a fair type. America has thousands of just such landlords.

At Nashville the writer, after the hearing, sat at meat beside a gentleman who turned out to be the possessor of a great tract of cut-over timberlands in the alluvial districts of Western Tennessee. These lands are of enormous fertility, but the clearing of them is no small job. Therefore, they are low in value and slow of sale.

"I came to the hearing this morning," said he, "out of curiosity; but I have been blessed with a big idea, born while the farmers were testifying. I shall sell my land out to tenant farmers—to any farmer or farm hand who can get the equipment for carrying on the development of the farm—and take a second mortgage for every cent of the half they can't pay for out of the Federal Land Bank mortgage."

"At what valuation?" he was asked; for there is no doubt that there is many a canny landowner in these states of ours who plans to sell to the Federal Land Banks by dint of doubling the price of his land, letting a buyer borrow half of the doubled price and pay it over.

"I see your point," said he. "Of course the Federal Land Bank wouldn't fall for any funny business. I'll take the Land Bank's valuation as the basis of the deal."

"You'll have to do better than that," he was assured.

"How much better?" he inquired.

"You'll have to make those tracts into real farms. You'll have to clear enough so that your buyer can make a living on the place; and you must furnish some fencing, and a house, a well, a barn, and the like. Each man should have a cow, some fowls and a couple of swine. Then it would be such a farm as the Federal Land Bank could loan upon—actually under cultivation."

"Well," said he, "all those things, except the chickens and livestock, would add to the value of the land, wouldn't they?"

"Yes."

"And form the basis for a little larger loan?"

"Yes."

"Well," said he, "I'll do it, then!"

"And," went on his informant, "if your buyers will then go on and do more clearing, thus adding to the value of the land, they can return to the bank for reappraisement, as the value increases, and get enlarged loans, so long as they do not ask for more than fifty per cent of the value. That's what the Federal Farm Loan Act is for—'To provide capital for agricultural development.'"

The Wisconsin Land Bank

This matter of negotiating loans for the development of land by clearing and then making reappraisements as the clearing progresses as a basis for larger loans to clear more lands, and so on, has been worked out for years in Northern Wisconsin by a land bank organized under a law of that state. Here, too, is shown the capacity of the Federal Farm Loan System to finance the poor man into farming affluence. This portion of Wisconsin is a cut-over region of rich lands splendidly adapted to stockraising—and this usually means, in Wisconsin, dairying. The people located on these lands were mostly foreign families whose breadwinners had worked in factories, some of them for as long as twenty years, during which time they had accumulated from two to five hundred dollars each by the slow process of laying one dollar on another in an unceasing struggle with the problem of living.

Each family had a small clearing and some such start in necessary farm animals as was suggested to the Nashville lumberman. But their clearings were not large enough to furnish a living for the family. The man of the house was obliged to "work out" in order that the family might live; and the clearing went on at the slow rate of not more than an acre a year to a farm. This is too slow for the twentieth century. Such slow progress it was that forced our ancestors to spend seventy-five years in reclaiming Indiana and Ohio; but there are too many other opportunities open to willing hands in 1917.

The cut-over lands, constituting the bulk of the remainder of our untilled area, must yield quicker returns or they will remain waste. The Wisconsin land bank has been for years financing these families in such a way as to make it worth while for the man of the present day to subdue the wilderness the lumberman has left.

When these farms were once occupied, and so far reclaimed as to give the settler a home and a mere toe hold, values went up a little. The man who owed half the value of his farm three years ago now owes only a third of it; therefore, he is able to go to the land bank, show that he is eligible for a loan of two or three hundred dollars more, and secure it by executing a new mortgage and retiring the old. This little margin of cash he uses in clearing more land, partly by dint of hiring labor or buying dynamite, and partly by using it to support his family while he stays at home and works. Ten acres more cleared, and his farm is worth five hundred dollars more; and the reappraisement is repeated.



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PAINT DEVOE PAINT

The loaning of money on second mortgage is not a hazardous business when wisely conducted, even subject to the ordinary first mortgage. It may be that the people managing the well-known organization for aiding Jewish back-to-the-landers are more than ordinarily efficient; but they are conducting it under peculiarly disadvantageous conditions. The Jewish farmers are mainly typical greenhorns. The Jews have been for ages divorced from farming. The traditions of agriculture have departed from their blood.

The risks of the business are widely scattered, and inspection is enormously difficult as compared with the same work in the case of the Wisconsin land bank or the prospective loans of the Federal Farm Loan Bureau. The loans are, many of them, made to farmers who are absolutely insolvent. Instead of second mortgages, the Jewish concerns loan on third and fourth mortgages as well; and in some cases have advanced funds in sixth place from the bottom title! Anyone would say that they ought to have lost a lot of money; but at a gathering of Jewish farmers in New York in November, attended by nearly three hundred Children of Israel from eight states—veritable spies sent to spy out the Promised Land and the advance guard of who knows how mighty a host!—I was informed that these losses, incurred through aiding over three thousand families, have been only 2.82 per cent in sixteen years.

Had these loans been made subject only to forty-year amortized loans, and on second mortgage only, it is difficult to see how any losses at all could have been made. As a matter of fact, the debt at low interest on forty years' time is shown by the Texas school-land experience to amount to very little as an encumbrance. The Lone Star State sells its school lands on forty years' time at three per cent interest, on receiving an initial payment of ten per cent. These mortgaged lands sell in the market for very little less than unencumbered lands; and second mortgages subject to them are scarcely inferior as securities to first mortgages.

Four Per Cent Philanthropy

I have hitherto written of the financing of rural integrity and ability as a business to be done by the local capitalist only, or by the seller of lands as a means of retiring from landlordism. It was in the state of Massachusetts, however, that the first suggestion came to us that such a thing as a legally organized system for doing this work might be expected as a result of the enactment of the Federal Farm Loan Act. In that state, as in the rest of New England, there is special need of some more liberal system of farm loans in order that the agriculture of New England may be rehabilitated. A state land-bank law was passed just before the Federal Farm Loan Act became a law; but little has been done under it. It is now on the tapis in the Bay State to amend the state law so as to make it the agency for aggregating second mortgages and making them the basis of issues of bonds.

Thus, if this project bears fruit, a second land-mortgage law will be built under the first, in order that the man with little money may have credit with which to buy and time in which to pay. The plan is to deal in those second mortgages only that are subject to long-time amortized first mortgages. From North Dakota comes a rumor that a million-dollar company is organizing to deal in second mortgages of the same sort. Doubtless there will be many more projects of both kinds. Many more were mentioned at our hearings as among things planned.

And, lastly, one cannot but think of the great field which lies open here for some such philanthropy as that of the late Mr. Mills, of hotel fame. I am informed that the Mills' hotels, built for the excellent purpose of furnishing clean lodgings and meals for the almost penniless, have paid dividends at the rate of about four per cent. Where is there a better field for four per cent philanthropy than that of turning farm tenants and farm laborers, country-minded city people, and young men with farm experience and agricultural educations into actual owning farmers by giving them the money they lack at four per cent on second mortgage?

Whatever may have been the risks attendant on such a project in the past, the day seems now to have come when such a work may be entered upon with safety. In what other way can wealth serve its country so well—and yet earn four per cent?



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el sold before the world war at $25 a ton. e ton of steel would cost $70. No more value ton against ton. Conditions have set

ter sold at 50 cents a dozen in many parts of ce then they have brought as high as 75 cents. gg against egg.

l down the line. Every breath we draw tax in higher prices for necessities and Conditions over which no man can stand are with an iron hand.

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announcement with pleasure.

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If a car-builder is insistent on having his car sell for a certain fixed price, he must, of course, make his selection of parts on a price basis.

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Building a good axle first and pricing it afterward, is not, however, an *expensive* policy. It results in more value for dollars expended. It produces axles at the lowest cost consistent with the highest quality. It saves repair expense for car owners.

Nine years of exclusive devotion to good axle building has proven that that is what the most prominent and progressive car-builders are after.

As we look back over the years and recall the names of cars that have vanished, and of others that have won the confidence of the great public, there is one thing of which we are rather proud—

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And that is why they have always traveled in mighty good company.

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Hal Motor Car Co.	Standard Steel Car Company
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TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLES

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; SHRINKING DOLLAR BILL

By Forrest Crissey

II

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"This experience taught poultry shippers and dealers many useful lessons—with the result that to-day poultry is handled with an intelligence that has improved its quality all along the line. The cold-storage bird of to-day—dry-picked, dry-cooled and dry-packed—is a real delicacy and has remarkable keeping powers."

For one who has "kept chickens," and then finally reformed, a store sign bearing the simple legend, "Fancy Eggs, Eighty-two Cents," has a melancholy fascination. Lately I looked upon such a sign in a New York retail grocery and engaged in a brood of reflections upon the perverse way of hens, eggs and markets. The wind itself is not more wayward than the hen—the universal emblem of the spirit of contrariness. Yet this whimsical creature has a secure place in the affections of the people, because she is the author of a popular breakfast food—the most perfect piece of "package goods" ever put out. The meaty egg is not only the most delicious of foods but is the most perfectly protected from the despoiling and adulterating hand of man.

Doctor Pennington's Information

Probably there is no person in America who knows more about the egg of commerce in all its stages of perfection and imperfection than Dr. M. E. Pennington, the head of Uncle Sam's Food Research Laboratories in Philadelphia. Doctor Pennington has played the searchlight of scientific investigation upon all the dark secrets of the egg and the egg trade, and there is little in the lore of the hen and her relation to human nourishment and to the commerce of the United States that is not an open book to this authority, who says:

"What has happened to our egg crop? Certainly a whole lot! In the first place, the eggs laid last spring were not an excessive crop. Then the buying power of the country had risen and the demand for eggs was so great that, instead of the usual percentage of the spring lay going into storage, it went down the throats of the people. Apparently almost everybody in the country—man, woman and child—wanted two eggs for breakfast, could pay for them and got them. Anyhow, this was true of the average wage-worker who, before the war, was content to get one breakfast egg, say, three days a week.

"As a result, the fifty-four warehouses reporting stored eggs on August 1, 1916, when the storage stocks were highest, were nearly nine hundred thousand cases short as compared with the previous year. These fifty-four warehouses covered about sixty-eight per cent of the entire warehouse holdings of the United States. That meant a shortage of considerably more than a million cases of eggs in the whole country.

"Now the New York market reports on eggs show that the consumption in 1916 throughout the whole season was unusually heavy. From March 1, 1916, to October 1, 1916, New York used 320,829 more cases of eggs than it used during the same period in 1915. From March 1, 1916, to November 30, 1916, it increased this difference still further, using 331,794 cases of eggs in excess of the 1915 consumption. The same trend is noticed to an even greater extent in Chicago.

"About November 20, 1916, active trading showed that fancy varieties of early packings went, at wholesale, from 37 to 38½ cents a dozen. The reserve stock in Chicago, New York, Boston and Philadelphia was less during 1916 than any year since 1913. In Chicago, in 1913, storage eggs sold for from 29½ to 32½ cents wholesale, while fresh-gathered ranged from 31 to 37 cents. If the consumption of eggs continues at its present rate the visible reserve in the four centers mentioned must be exhausted before February 1, 1917. The trade output in New York for November, 1916, was about 91,500 cases weekly against 97,100 cases weekly in October, 1916, and 93,600 cases weekly in November, 1915.

"In 1914, sixteen million dozen eggs were exported; in 1916 twenty-six million dozen were exported.

"On November 29, 1916, in New York, 'fresh extra' wholesales were from 47 to 48 cents and the total receipts for the week were 29,716 cases. The receipts for the same week in 1915 were 39,799 cases. Prices in Worcester, Massachusetts, were 75 cents a dozen during Thanksgiving week. Near-by eggs in New York—the finest lots—ranged from 55 to 58 cents a dozen wholesale. The values of the greater part of the supply ranged from 45 to 55 cents, because many lots are mixed more or less with shrunken eggs. Near-by hennery browns are still very scarce, and a few buyers pay full prices for them when all new and of good size—say from 50 to 55 cents. Which means that on the New York market white eggs are very scarce, because the white egg ordinarily commands a big premium in New York, just as the brown egg commands a big premium in Boston."

This authority calls attention to the fact that the United States Department of Agriculture, Office of Markets, reports cold-storage holdings of eggs on December 1, 1916, in 238 cold storages as 2,103,869 cases as compared with 3,984,534 cases in 254 storages on November 1, 1916. The 193 storages that reported holdings on December 1, 1916, and December 1, 1915, also showed a present stock of 1,794,740 cases as compared with 2,787,802 cases in 1915, a difference of 993,062 cases, or 35.6 per cent.

Apparently there is plenty of reason why strictly fresh eggs have become almost precious.

The bloated pay envelopes of the wage-workers and the general business prosperity, resulting in greatly increased consumption, are sufficient causes.

"Last spring," says Doctor Pennington, "was an unusually long, cold spring. The egg-storage man has a habit of storing eggs whenever the weather is cool. During the summer of 1916 he stored eggs much longer than usual. Had there not been the excessive demand for eggs, we should have had our usual storage stocks."

The Federal Egg Campaign

"The quality of the egg during the past year also increased enormously by the enforcement of the Federal food laws last summer in interstate commerce. A large number of Corn-Belt states, from Dakota to Tennessee, coöperated with the Federal officials to keep the rotten egg out of commerce. This means that the large supply of low-grade eggs, which ordinarily reaches the big consuming centers and which tends to keep prices as well as quality low, did not last year reach those centers, but was disposed of back in the country where it originated. One result was that the receivers in the large markets had fewer but much better eggs. One receiver in New York stated to me that he had saved seventy-five per cent of the usual loss due to hot weather. A shipper in the West says that, according to his observations, not more than twenty-five per cent of the low-grade eggs that ought to stay in the producing section were getting into commerce. These men were absolutely unknown to each other. The concordance in their statements, which were based on general trade observation alone, is striking.

"Undoubtedly the egg campaign waged by the food officials last summer operated to increase quality and to decrease the large numbers of low-grade eggs that come out of storage warehouses during the wintertime. That was the first season of the egg campaign, but it served to show the shippers that the Federal Government meant what it said about rotten eggs in interstate commerce, and that they must candle eggs and ship only good eggs if they proposed to stay in the business. Shipper upon shipper, at the close of the season, began to look round for egg-candling devices and egg-candling knowledge, and some method by which he could refrigerate his eggs as soon as they were brought in by the farmer, and so prevent the largest proportion of deterioration, which occurs between the receipt of the egg by the shipper and by the consumer. He will also educate the farmers to gather eggs more promptly and handle them better."

Of course the springtime—when the hen turns to thoughts of filling a nest for maternal purposes—is bound to bring a measure of relief, so that the man on the moderate salary may increase his breakfast portion of eggs, like the laborer in the steel mill. This help, however, will not be of normal volume, for the reason that high poultry prices and



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the high cost of chicken feed have caused thousands of henhouses to be swept comparatively clean of pullets which are ordinarily carried over for the spring egg harvest.

When we consider that no other country in the world is capable of producing so much "green stuff," and of spreading this supply so completely over the entire year, it must be admitted that we have developed the art of living out of a can to a high degree. The American people are immense consumers of canned foods; and when a calamity overtakes our crops which are logically destined for the cannery, the housewife of this country is sure to be heard from in protest.

To-day, however, the consumers of canned foods face a seeming contradiction of this statement. The calamity descended in full force upon the crops grown to be sealed in tin—and still, in thousands of stores throughout the whole country, the prices asked for foods in cans have not kept pace in price advance with the other necessities of the table.

In the line of contradictions it would be hard to find one of a commercial or economic character that is able to outrank this: In thousands of communities the retail grocer will sell you a can of corn, peas, tomatoes, or other "tinned" foods, at a lower price than you could buy that identical food, in a similar package, from the wholesaler if you took a carload or a trainload. In all probability this very thing is taking place in your own purchasing. If you are not buying at least some canned foods at a lower price for a can than they could be bought for on the wholesale market today, then your storekeeper does not do his business after the manner of the average retail grocer.

The explanation of this apparent anomaly is simple: The retail grocer generally contracts for his canned foods in advance from the wholesaler. If he has confidence in his own judgment and good financial standing, he will provide for all or most of his year's supply in this way by a "future" order. He expects the wholesaler to deliver a hundred per cent too. Generally he deals with a wholesaler who is substantial enough to do this, even when it involves a heavy loss. Retail grocers say that, as a rule, in the principal canned foods the larger wholesalers have kept close to their customary practice of delivering all their futures. With some articles, however, this has been impossible.

Canned Foods at Old Prices

Remember, there has been an immense shortage in all the most popular foods that are put into cans—with several of the most important the shortage has been close to one-half; also, in some of these foods there has been extensive export buying. Naturally the wholesale price has been pushed up to unprecedented points. Logically the retailers' price should have kept pace with the advance; but it hasn't—except when the retailer has stripped his shelves of cans of a certain food and has been compelled to get in a new supply on a current market basis. With the goods he bought on future, however, his attitude is quite commonly this:

"I've had to push up the price on so many things not contracted for in advance, but bought from hand to mouth, that I'm tired of explaining to disgruntled customers. Here's a chance to give them the benefit of a lucky stroke of buying ahead—and that's what I'm going to do as long as my stock of future-bought goods lasts."

Therefore, in thousands of instances the retailer is shoving cans of foods across his counter at a price for a can of several cents less than that food could be secured from the wholesaler or canner in carload lots. You may charge this to the timidity, the consideration, the shrewdness or the stupidity of the retailer—just as you please to put it; but the fact remains that, as a rule, he has not passed the advance in the price of canned foods over the counter to his customers. He is standing between the consumer and a market depleted by a short crop, an uncommon domestic demand and considerable buying for foreign nations.

Even on goods of this kind which he has been obliged to buy outside his fortunate future price he is not adding the normal margin, as a rule. The contrast between the price at which he is selling his contract stock of other canned foods and has been selling these identical goods would be too great, he thinks, to add even the profit—so he adds none. Besides, his competitor may have a few cans of the same food left from the original stock, and, therefore, this competition must be met.

It is interesting in this connection to raise the question of what has happened to the wholesale grocer and to the canner and "packer." Usually the contract or, rather, the future order by which the wholesaler agrees to deliver to the retailer a certain number of cases of canned foods within a specified time is positive, and constructed without any clause by which the wholesaler may escape in case of emergency.

The attitude of the large wholesale merchant is substantially this:

"I'm selling to a regular customer, whose trade I expect to keep from year to year. He buys not only canned foods from me but scores of other articles. Though my contract with the consumer says that in case of crop failure I shall receive my *pro-rata* share only, I can't pass this safety-first clause along to the retailer and furnish myself with a way of escape, because he would neither understand it nor stand for it. It's up to me to look out for myself when the price is made, and then take my medicine in case of trouble. He expects me to know what I'm about when I do my buying and to protect myself and him too. So I'm going to do it."

The Case of the Blushing Tomato

As a consequence more than one wholesale food merchant is filling futures in canned foods without profit, at a positive loss.

Not all wholesalers are doing this, however; probably by far the larger number of them are simply making their stock, secured from the canners under a *pro-rata* contract, go as far as possible in satisfying the future orders of their own customers, and then stopping there. At the same time there are large wholesalers who are delivering one hundred per cent on the future orders they have taken, regardless of the cost involved in "piecing out" short lines after their own deliveries from the canners have been exhausted.

Mr. Frank Gorrell, secretary of the National Canners' Association, who has a broad and intimate view of the whole field of canned foods, confesses that he is obliged to take the rôle of a kill-joy when looking into the future of this favorite source of American food supply. First, he points to the fact that the surplus left over from former stocks on the shelves of most of the wholesalers and retailers has practically been wiped out by the pressure of two years of phenomenally acute demands.

"Take the tomato as an example, because it is one of the most popular foods put into a can," says Mr. Gorrell. "The average pack in this country is about fifteen million cases. In the spring of 1915 it rained for two months straight, and then for the next two months there was practically no rain at all, and the heat was intense. The pollen was washed out of the blooms by the rain, and fertilization and fruitage were, therefore, far below normal. Consequently we had just about one-half a normal crop to put into the cans. Of course these destructive weather conditions cut down every kind of crop destined for a cannery. This shortage was felt very keenly, especially after the prosperity resulting from war orders began to show itself on the table of the American wage-earner. These two causes acted as a vacuum cleaner in removing all the reserve from warehouses and shelves of the wholesalers and the retailers.

"When the crop of 1916 came in it was at least two million cases short of the average. This was in spite of the fact that every effort was made on the part of the canners to secure an uncommonly large crop.

"In the course of the 1916 packing season a new element entered into the situation: Either because Canada had a short tomato crop, or else because Canadian buyers were sent to secure a supply of canned tomatoes for the armies of the Entente Allies, buyers from the Dominion appeared in our markets and soon sent the price of spot goods up to $1.35, when futures were bringing about eighty cents. For several weeks these Canadian buyers had a standing offer of $1.35 a dozen for canned tomatoes up in all our principal markets. Naturally this brought our own wholesalers into the competition, with the result that the price went as high as $1.45. Undoubtedly this foreign buying was for the fighting men in the trenches, because it is a matter of common knowledge that the tomato is a striking

(Continued on Page 89)

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Five Layers—Six Processes What It Means to You

NEPONSET Twin Shingles are made of five layers (six processes) pressed into a thick, solid, inseparable mass, impervious to rain, moisture, frost; undecaying and unaffected by sparks or embers. Similar materials in our famous Paroid Roofing are still giving good service on roofs laid 18 years ago when Paroid was new. A roof of these shingles, when laid, being several times as thick, should last as long as the house. But wear is not all. Here are other facts:

Beauty The colors, form, size and slate-surface of Neponset Twin Shingles make as handsome a roof as it is possible to find. It has the look of slate, laid in substantial looking large slabs. Its soft green and red colors harmonize with any surroundings or architectural plan. You can be sure of eye-satisfaction.

Fire-Resistance On a Neponset Twin Shingle roof sparks and flying embers burn out harmless. Most conflagrations spread from roof to roof. These shingles are a very great protection. They are approved by the National Board of Fire Underwriters.

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NEPONSET TWIN SHINGLES

(Patent applied for)

There are three types of Neponset Shingles for every requirement and purse.

For factories, warehouses, barns, etc., similar material is furnished in rolls. It is Neponset PAROID Roofing—a roofing that for service has been unchallenged for 18 years.

There are three types of Neponset Roll Roofing, meeting every requirement and pocket book.

See the Neponset dealer in your town. He can supply you with just the product you need—made and guaranteed by us.

Send for Free Booklet, "Repairing and Building"

It tells about the different Neponset Building Products.
NEPONSET Built-up Roof for Industrial plants.
NEPONSET Waterproof Building Papers.
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Lumber and hardware dealers sell Neponset Products.

BIRD & SON (Established 1795) **263 Neponset St., East Walpole, Mass.**
New York Chicago Washington Canadian Office and Plant: Hamilton, Ont.

Manufacturers of Neponset Floor Covering—sold by department and furniture stores everywhere. Also manufacturers of Special Waterproof Papers, Special Paper Boxes and Fibre Shipping Cases.



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Use These Power Plants

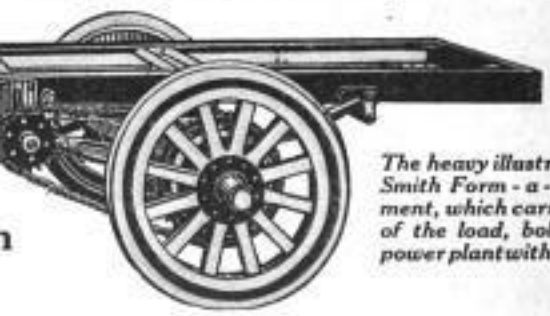
Smith Form-a-Truck combines with any Ford, Maxwell, Buick, Dodge Brothers, Chevrolet or Overland power plant. Makes a permanent, strongly built one-ton truck, fully guaranteed, with every feature of construction adding to endurance, long life, low cost and good speed of delivery.

Thousands of Users—352 Lines of Work

10,000 users of Smith Form-a-Truck in 352 lines of business all over the country are building new standards of motor truck efficiency and delivery economy in all their work. Equipments range from large fleets used by many of the biggest corporations to single units that are bringing a new idea of real service to small users.

ith Form-a-Truck dealer organization is of many of the biggest men in the motor dustry—each is the leader in his vicinity.

py of "Delivers the Goods," a booklet crammed with valuable information.



The heavy illustration shows the Smith Form-a-Truck Attachment, which carries 90 per cent of the load, bolted to the car power plant with a vise-like grip.

n

IFIC COAST BRANCH
nd Hill Sts., Los Angeles

KANSAS CITY BRANCH
1808 Grand Avenue

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(Continued from Page 86)

ourager of scurvy, shingles and beriberi, other disorders of a similar character often assail men when they are herded ther in large bodies.

Of course these export orders were with-rn after a few weeks; but they certainly a stiff backbone into the market while were here. Incidentally it should be arked that the canners, or 'packers,' as all them, who sold futures at the aver-price of eighty cents swapped dollars, some of them were not even fortunate gh to get out on this basis.

For one thing, the packer's labor and ating costs were considerably higher. ably the average increase was not far twenty-five per cent. Certainly in localities where the canning industry tensive the increase was much greater this. His cans and his labels, like his r, were decidedly more costly."

is authority declares that he has no olation to offer the American house-so far as the future prices of canned s are concerned. For cans in which to the crop of 1917 the packer will be ed to pay ten or twelve cents more a n.

gain, the agricultural situation, so far e canner is concerned, is without prec-t. Crops for canning are decidedly ate and they also call for an immense nt of labor. From his 1916 experience armer knows full well that, so long as European war continues, the wage of the hand is bound to bear a disagreeable nblance to a king's ransom; and that e most crucial moment of crop making crop harvesting he is likely to find elf with insufficient help, even though willing to pay a reckless price for his

ith wheat at practically two dollars a el and with corn at close to a dollar a el, the farmer who has previously sup-canneries sees an easy way out of his ulty through the growing of these , which are far less delicate and un-in than those destined for the can. cially in the case of wheat the amount por required would be extremely small ared with that of cultivating the same ge of tomatoes, peas, beans or other rs' crops. Because high wheat and offer the farmer an easy way out, with isk than he would run growing for the ry, the packer sees plenty of trouble l, so far as securing anything like an ade-supply of raw materials is concerned. he future of the canning situation," ents Mr. Gorrell, "is about the most s thing we have to consider to-day in atter of foods. There is no question ver that the price of all canned foods be advanced very decidedly. There is ape from this in view of the fact that morally certain that prices have in-d fully thirty cents a dozen above and very likely more than that. the irresistible increase in cost put d foods up to a price that will decrease mption? That is a mighty big and question, and one which I cannot even pt to answer."

The Increased Cost of Cans

this matter we are going to find our-in a situation where there are few ents to serve as guideposts. Of the answer to this question hinges on er our wageworkers are going to con-o receive steady employment at high . The canner is now certain of only hings: That his costs are going to mensely increased in 1917; and that he labor reaction comes the question survival will depend very largely whether it catches him with a supply ds on hand.

do not know of one canner, who is ntial and has a good standing, who willing to name a price at which he rnish goods in the season of 1917. ks at the price of tin plate—six dol-nd a half as compared with two-or the season of 1915—reflects for a t upon the increased cost of labor, ls, and the inclination of growers for nners to go into grain raising, and oncludes that he is going to feel his ry cautiously this year. Why, it is impossible for the canners to buy te at all to-day. I am told that no te manufacturer will guarantee de-after July. Bessemer steel has gone of sight in price. Bessemer is the basis plate, and not long ago it was obtain-fifty dollars a ton, as against about a hundred and twenty now. Tin—the pure stuff—has kept pace with this advance; in fact, we are really at the mercy of the British Government for our tin and must take what it chooses to allow us to have.

"As for the price of canned foods for the immediate future, there is not a single crumb of comfort to offer the consumer. As a general rule, thus far the merchants—both wholesale and retail—have been holding the bag for him and have not passed the price increase over the counter to him. This is especially true of the retailers, and they should have the credit for it."

When it was suggested to this authority that the public was inclined to the opinion that there had been a large volume of speculation in canned foods, he answered:

"Undoubtedly there was some speculation in tomatoes in 1915; but I do not know of any speculative buying in 1916—and it would naturally have come to my knowledge if it had existed. It is important for the consumer to appreciate the fact that the attitude of the canner is naturally against speculation in his products. The reason for this is entirely simple—the speculator stimulates a false demand and confuses the market. Again, when it comes to selling he is a demoralizing factor. The selling of legitimate futures to wholesalers, who, in turn, sell futures to their customers, is absolutely necessary and the only practical system by which the demands of the consumer may be met."

The Part of the Speculator

"This, it seems to me, should not be called speculation. Speculation occurs when a man who has not a clientèle which depends upon him year after year for its supply of canned foods jumps into the market, buys a big lot of goods, and puts them away in a warehouse until he thinks the psychological moment for dumping them has come. Then, instead of dealing them out to an established trade, which will forward them along on their way to consumers, these goods hit the market with a dead weight; and the result of the blow is bad for the whole canned-food industry from start to finish. For this reason the canners are strongly opposed to the speculator. I do not know of a single high-class canner who will sell goods to a speculator if he knows it.

"I know of a man, for example, who decided a few years ago that tomatoes offered a good chance for speculation. He had plenty of capital and could pay cash for all he could buy. He received the jolt of his life when he took his money into the market and could not buy the big block of goods he was after. There is no 'Welcome' on the doormat of canned-food industry for the speculator; his confusion and unsettling influence are not wanted there."

Remember, the tomato has been taken merely as a type of all canned foods in the vegetable and fruit lines. The destructive weather conditions which cut down the tomato crop devastated all other crops intended for the cannery, and in some cases wrought a havoc greater than that which reduced the tomato production of 1916 to about fifty per cent.

There may be an optimistic consumer who is inclined to suggest that, as fish do not grow from the soil and are not influenced by either excessive drought or rainfall, the tin can containing salmon ought to afford a cheering exception to the general atmosphere of gloom. But the answer is that it does not. According to the authorities the salmon pack of 1916 was just about one-third short of what it should have been. The one ray of consolation in sight is that the big run of salmon is due this year. In other words, the sockeye salmon runs every four years, and the last run was in 1913.

The baked bean is one of the most popular of canned foods, and Nature was just as unkind to the bean crop in 1916 as to all the other cannery crops; and in addition to this there has been an immense exportation of dry beans to the fighting men in the trenches. The navy bean in its natural dry state is a very condensed and extremely portable food, and for this reason export demand has been almost insatiable; and beans normally bringing a few cents above two dollars in Michigan can now command about six dollars. One country grocer went behind his counter and brought out a quart sack of navy beans, took out a handful and, as he poured them back into the sack, remarked:

"At the present price they are something like pearls! At the beginning of the season I placed a future order with a wholesale

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Blaisdell 202, with eraser tip, is specified by all who appreciate a superior, long-wearing, ever-ready, smooth-writing, general purpose pencil. 60c a dozen, $6.00 a gross.

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house for a large quantity of navy beans. The other day this quart sack came, with the information that it was my *pro rata* from the stock in the hands of the wholesale house with which my order had been placed."

The family milk bottle has by no means been immune from the fearsome attacks of the H. C. of L.; in fact, everything in the food line for which the cow is responsible has suffered a boost of price well calculated tomake children shudder and household providers hide on the first of the month. With the ordinary milk of commerce selling for nine cents a quart in the city and eight cents in country towns, it is evident that something has happened in the cow stable as well as in the tomato, the potato, the wheat and the corn field, and on the cattle range.

The high cost of living for the cow is no mere figure of speech. The writer happens to live where spotted Holsteins are the prevailing landscape decorations and the menu of the milking herd is a standard and exciting topic of conversation. Just now a mention, for example, of the feeding grains is enough to drive a dairy farmer to strong language. Thirty-six dollars a ton! And when he buys he invariably remarks that it seems only yesterday when twenty-four dollars was a top price for this bovine breakfast food.

The Sensitive Milk Market

Brewers' grains that brought twenty-four dollars a ton in 1914 are now costing the farmers of Kane County, Illinois, about thirty-three; and wheat middlings have advanced at least nine dollars a ton since the war began. Certainly this should be sufficient to suggest why the nation's milk, butter and cheese bill has become swollen to its present sensational proportions. So far as diligent inquiry is able to reveal, there are no two dairy farmers in America who are agreed upon how much it costs to produce a quart of milk, with feed at the present prices. One farmer, who keeps careful records and is an able manager, is able to show by his books that it cost him, as a year's average, an invisible fraction of a penny less than five cents a quart to make milk when he bought brewers' grains for winter feeding at twenty-six dollars a ton.

Probably there is no other food necessity that responds more sensitively to a change in general financial and labor conditions than does milk. When times begin to tighten a very large body of consumers cut their allowance of milk in half, making a pint serve where they formerly used a quart. This is the statement of the largest milk retailing concern in America. This means that in the period of the fat pay envelope and the munitions orders from warring Europe the pressure of domestic demand has been beyond all precedent. Though the volume of this demand has been immense, it by no means represents all the pressure that has been put upon the American milk bottle. The call for canned milk for the fighting men in the trenches has been loud and insistent. The president of one company puts it this way:

"Right now there is a demand from Europe for half a million cases of condensed milk—most of it for army use. Exports have, of course, been very heavy."

One of the keenest observers of the American butter market is Mr. William Taber, of the New York Price Current, who makes this interesting comment:

"The butter industry of this country is constantly following the advice of Horace Greeley and the Star of Empire, and moving westward. To-day we get very little butter from New York State. Practically all of this supply comes from the Middle West and the Far West. Last week, for example, we had five carloads of butter here from California, and it was as good and golden as the state from which it came. Colorado, Idaho and Montana are fast joining the ranks of the commonwealths that contribute butter for Manhattan's bread. In 1915 forty-five new creameries were started in Montana.

"When the American wageworker is getting good money, and getting it regularly, he wants to see a good share of it on his table; and he is especially inclined to celebrate his prosperity by spreading yellow butter over his bread. Consequently in our present period of the loaded pay envelope the pressure of increased home consumption has been keenly felt in the butter market. This led to a most interesting development—the determination of how high a price we shall pay, at a time of high-tide prosperity, for good creamery butter.

"I have been watching this market for thirty-nine years and have never before known butter to reach forty-two cents and a half before the break came. Then it fell five cents in seven days. Literally hundreds of stores took out licenses to sell oleomargarine and butterine; and this sudden stampede to the standard of the butter substitutes signalized the fact that the point had been reached at which the consumer would not stand for another cent of increase. This breaking point in butter has often been determined before, but it has never been at so high a price as that recently found by the prosperity test of 1916.

"Before the outbreak of the European war we were importing Danish butter of wonderful quality. To-day England is coming to the United States for butter. For example, between the first of September and the latter part of December, 1916, we sent 235,000 tubs of butter, averaging sixty pounds to the tub, across the water from this port. Large quantities have also gone out from Boston, St. John's and Montreal. In short, we have exported more than 23,000,000 pounds of butter inside of three and a half months.

"On December 1, 1916, the volume of butter in fifty-four associated warehouses was 52,586,000 pounds, or more than nine million pounds short of the previous year's reserve on that date.

"Is it any wonder, in view of all these facts, that butter, in big lots, reached the record price of forty-two and a half cents? This seems almost unbelievable, however, when I recall a period at which, for ten consecutive weeks, the price of the finest creamery butter in this market stuck at fifteen cents a pound. This means that the farmer received only eleven or twelve cents a pound for his product. As a rule, the jobber to-day takes a toll of about two cents or two and a half cents a pound for his service and investment in distributing to the retailer, who, in turn, adds four or five cents for his labor and investment. These margins appear to me to be entirely reasonable."

The Sugar Situation

The whole story of the sugar situation may be suggested by the statement that Europe has made continued and heavy raids upon the American sugar barrel. Our average annual export of refined sugar for the years 1907 to 1913 inclusive was 31,910 short tons. In the calendar year 1914 the United States' export of refined sugar amounted to 195,205 tons; in 1915 it amounted to 481,669 tons; and in 1916 the Department of Commerce estimates that 800,000 tons of refined sugar were exported from this country. In 1907 the United States consumed 3,353,256 short tons of sugar and exported 11,662 tons—that is, we exported but 0.35 per cent of the amount of sugar we consumed. In 1916 the United States consumed 4,097,741 short tons and exported 800,000.

When we analyze the figures which show that in 1916 we exported twenty-five hundred per cent more sugar than the annual average of seven years prior to the outbreak of the war, we cannot fail to realize that this large increase in our exports must necessarily increase the price of sugar to the American consumer.

Before the outbreak of war in Europe about one-half the world's production of sugar, exclusive of India, was derived from beets. The world's crop of beet sugar is produced almost exclusively in Europe and the United States. The leading European countries engaged in the production of beet sugar are Germany, Russia, Austria-Hungary, France, Belgium, Holland and Italy. Cut off by the war from 73.5 per cent of her annual sugar supply, England turned to the nearest available market, New York City, to supply this deficit. Within a few days British buyers raised the world's market price of sugar three cents a pound and bought almost two hundred million pounds of raw and refined sugar.

As a consequence of this action on the part of Great Britain the New York wholesale price of sugar rose from $4.16 a hundredweight on July 30, 1914, to $7.35 a hundredweight on August twentieth, an increase of more than three cents a pound in three weeks. Early in October, however, England began to withdraw from the buying market and the wholesale price declined until, in December, it dropped to $4.75 a hundredweight—only a little higher than the average normal price.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Crissey.

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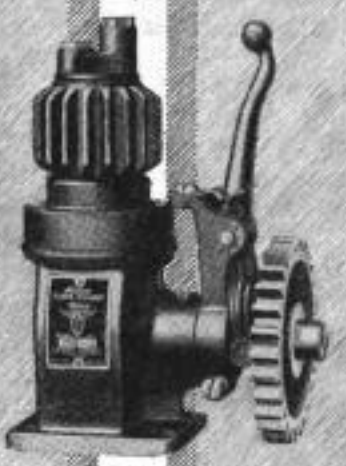
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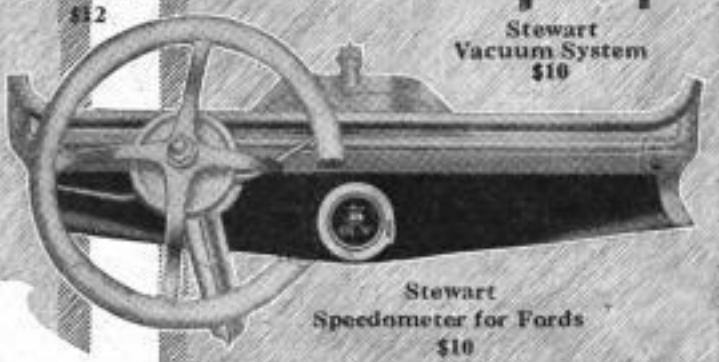
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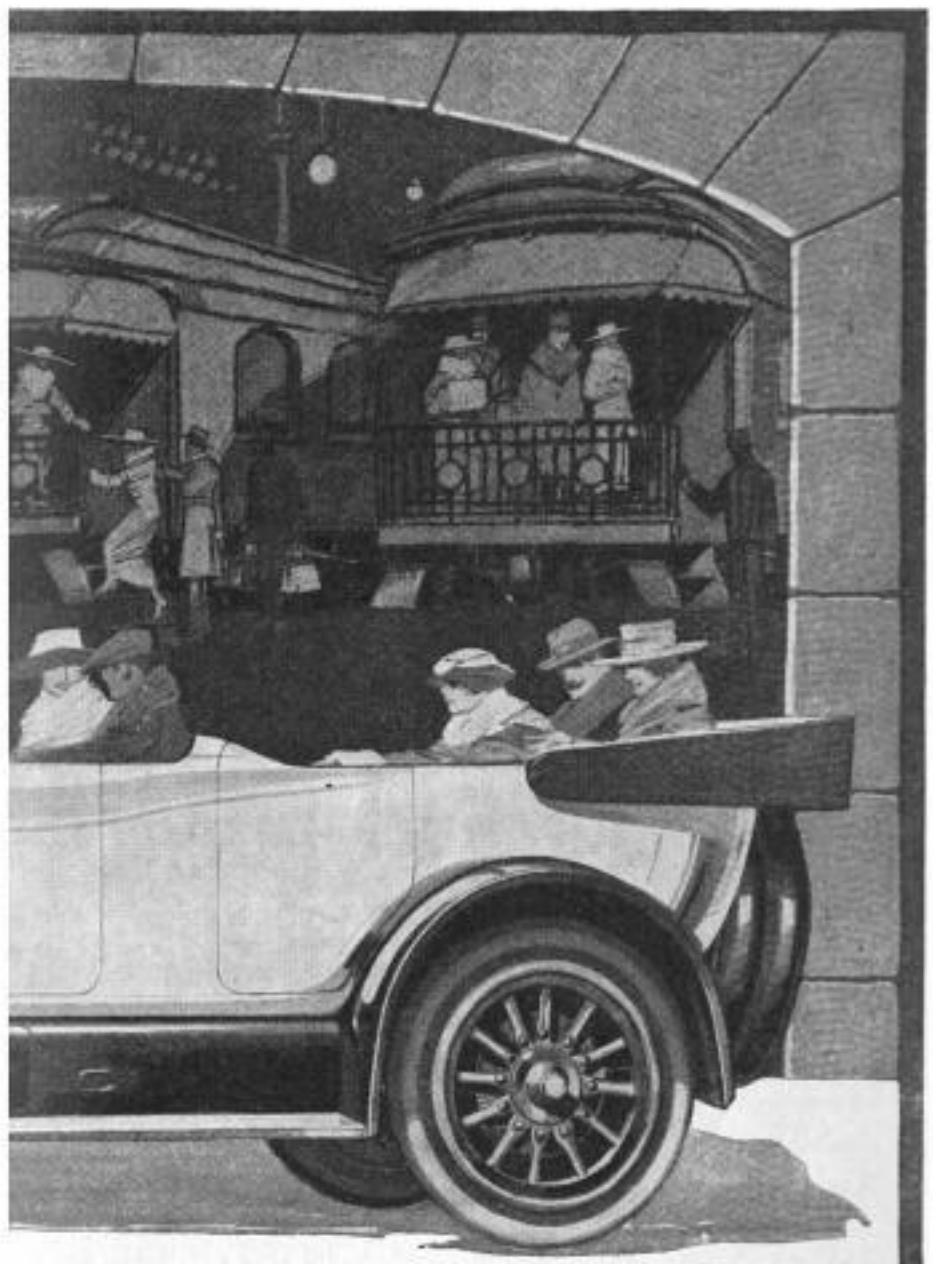
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THE HOUSE OF CRAIGENSIDE

(Continued from Page 25)

We were off, plying the oars like mad-
ien. A choppy sea swelled under us; we
ere soon wet through. From time to time
turgis turned to catch again the direction
f the chase.

"He's turning the point," he said; "go-
ig beyond the dunes. The tide will be
orsing it again in half an hour. Now—
ake purchase."

Again we bent to it, and after much buf-
ting rounded the Horn—so we referred
) the outermost dune.

"There he is," said Sturgis, standing up
the boat. "His engine has stopped—he
nearly aground."

The Fra Diavolo had blown broadside
ward the dunes.

"Why, he's not in her!" I shouted.

"Have your gun handy," returned Stur-
s. "He knows he is pursued. He may be
ouching in the bottom. Look out for
m—I believe he is deadlier than a king
bra."

I drew out my revolver—a present from
e county. Sturgis took a few more strokes
ith the oars, and in loud tones I called
on Mr. James Smith to surrender his
rson.

There was no answer from the Fra Di-
olo. If he were still aboard he must be
ing flat in the bottom of her. Again I
outed to him that he must give himself
). But on the heels of that Sturgis struck
s our against some half-submerged object
the water. He cried out, breathlessly,
d I had an instant's vision of the thing
it slid off the blade of the oar. It was the
ad of Mr. James Smith's scarlet puppet.
Sturgis threw down his oars and brought
e thing in dripping, with a piece of kelp
nging to it.

"Fool—fool that I was," cried Sturgis,
aring at that hideous chalk-white face,
hich he clutched in both hands. "Why
dn't I examine this mechanism before we
him take it! But who could have fore-
en that he would slip away like this?
ok for the rest of the body."

We looked in vain. The thing was neither
the surface of the water nor in the Fra
avolo. That boat we found empty;
re, we found the flywheel gone, unshipped
d flung overboard, of course.

"Sunk with the manikin," muttered
rgis in a gloomy voice. "We shall never
to the bottom of this now."

"The man has drowned himself!" I
ed, astonished.

"I don't know," returned the boatman.
pointed to the dunes in a terror-stricken
y. "He may have gone ashore. Be
ick! I am in a terrible predicament for
tain."

The boatman was as white as the head
ich he still held twisted in his nervous
gers. He looked hauntedly at the empty
, at the great dunes shining under the
on, at the motor boat rolling in the
ugh of the sea.

"Put her nose in the sand," he cried.

We grounded a moment later, towing the
Diavolo, and shoved both boats high
on the beach. The tide was at the slack,
there was a wide margin of wet sand
which the surf pounded and lashed out
es of footsteps in a twinkling. The dry
d beyond was so soft as not to take a defi-
imprint. Nevertheless, on impulse we
an to run in opposite directions along
shore; but we saw no track of our
rry, and presently came together again.
The wind was coming in heavier and
vier gusts, with a great thrashing sound
ong the sea goldenrod as it came breez-
through the lowermost ravine. Parti-
of sand were driven into our faces with
ging force. Wrathful by reason of this,
loped back and forth, like hounds fairly
the scent.

"Let us strike inland," panted Sturgis.
hat is a chance at least, and better than
nding here like fools."

"As you please," I said. "You seem to
e made a great fool of me already."

"It is a long story," he said over his
ulder, beginning to run.

"And a tall fool, no doubt," I said vi-
sly, plowing up the sand in his wake.

We ran first up a great seaward slope of
rvelously sifted sand, quite free of shell
ticles and gravel and very yielding to
foot. Reaching the summit, we saw far
he left the white columns of the Craig-
ide house, and the rough blue surface of
river, flecked with white caps under a
perfectly clear and at the same time
stormy with wind. At our feet the leading features of the dunes lay spread, obscured and made a whirling ground for miniature sandspouts which moved off the tossing crests in rapid succession. The lines of the dunes, however, when we could see them plainly between these assaults of the sand, had the distinctness to be expected of their barren bulk, and so the shadows cast by them were sharp and black and of the weirdest possible design. From this vantage point those sphinxlike eminences seemed to have been deluged in a sea of ink. With their long ravines, odd distorted shoulders and fissurelike cavities, they lay at our feet like the shining ghost of Arizona bad lands.

"The jig is up," Sturgis said despairingly. "Even if he came ashore, we two shall never find him here alone."

He pointed a shaking finger at the three major folds or convolutions in the sandhills, where lone vegetation had found sufficient holdfast to thrive. In these folds three separate forests had established themselves, growths of pine, poplar, birch and scrub oak, which had thrust down their roots here through many generations with the automatic tenacity of things doomed to periodic extinction. These trees, where they were still normally above the sand tide, stood in shallow bogs or lagoons. The water glimmered among their dark boles scarcely ever ruffled, for they served as a windbreak; and the presence of this water anchored to some extent the sand below it. But nothing could permanently check the onward march of the dunes. The sand action had before now made itself felt on woods as thick as these and destroyed children of its own nourishing, throttled them by rising gradually so as to girdle them high up the trunk and rot the bark away. The pine needles to be seen here were for the most part red, the cones black and shriveled; scarcely anywhere was healthy growth to be observed. The prematurely devastated boughs served as vast rookeries for herons, cranes and crows, which were dislodged in raucous thousands at the first step of the intruder.

The trees were in three typical situations: Those still rising to a good height out of the protective film of water; those which by the resistless swelling of the sand had been almost wholly buried, their blasted tips alone remaining to show the process of suffocation which had gone on below; and finally, those which had emerged, in places where the wave had passed, revealing, as the bones of a once-living vegetation, regiments of ghastly rotted stumps with foreshortened limbs crazily gesticulating. The first would still afford a very tolerable shelter, and nothing but an energetic posse would suffice to run to cover any quarry which had sought concealment amid the damp glooms of its complaining rookeries.

"He has slipped through our fingers pretty handily," said Sturgis, pausing with something like a sob in his throat. "I am at my wit's end, I tell you. I don't know which way to turn. Going it blind, we are certain to betray ourselves to him."

"Still, there is no help for that," I said. "Suppose we take a line for the lighthouse, and trust to blundering on him in one of these hollows."

My extraordinary boatman groaned "As you say," and began to run forward at a breakneck pace, through a tangle of straggling vines, now crashing through dense growths of sea goldenrod, and again running on sheltered white flanks of the purest sand without vegetable features of any sort. Here the impress of the wind was plainly discernible; its revelries were stamped in flowing lines expressive of untrammeled speed, like mænadic lines of streaming hair. In places, too, the action of the fierce rains, which from time to time drove across the dunes, was visible. These rains, rushing in freshets from the tops of the dunes, had sifted out the sands, and evolved long bronze striations running toward the pools which lay between them. In calm weather these pools lay like flashing mirrors; the sand, dark and damp at their edges, by insensible shadings growing white near the rim of the bowl which contained them. At each instant I expected we were to come within striking distance of that sinister figure, brought to bay at last; but always I was disappointed.

"It's no good," said Sturgis, pulling up at length. "He must have drowned himself after all. And yet—I wish I could be sure of that. I tell you, Weymouth, I am

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in an ugly fix; and you, too, for that matter, by my fault."

The creaking limbs of a choked pine threw down shadows on our faces; our own shadows went streaming out across a patch of billowing whiteness at our feet.

He looked about him warily. We were in an angle sheltered from the wind, but the sand still hissed on the crests of dunes and rose in tawny plumes against the pale night sky.

"Well," I said, "what is this mystery? We have evidently hunted a man to his death; and if he has drowned himself, that is evidence enough of guilt. But in God's name, then, in what did this guilt consist? Why did you let him go, only to close with him again? The thing he threw in the river was certainly of straw."

"Was it so certainly?" said Sturgis.

He passed a hand across his face. We stood motionless, confronting each other, and the moon floating over those dunes seemed as large as a washtub.

"Was there nothing strange about this business?" he demanded, facing me with his legs well apart and his arms folded. Our situation by night among those rival dunes made his low voice portentous. His smoky eyes were full of smoldering blue fire. The student, the dreamer, was at last awake. He appeared shaken to the heart and yet absolutely certain of himself.

"The agitation of that girl—was this nothing? I turned several times in my seat to watch her. You were beside her. Had she the look of a woman watching a thing of straw?"

I sank my fingers in his shoulder.

"Do you know," I cried, "the words that fell from her lips when the lid to that infernal box was removed? 'It is he!'"

"'It is he!'" breathed Sturgis exultantly. "This makes for certainty. 'It is he!' Who, we do not know; but at any rate a living man. She saw in that ghastly countenance the features she instinctively recognized—the partner of Smith; and we know that she thought herself in deadly peril from that fellow."

"But—man alive—the puppet! You have fished it out yourself. What remained for us to do? What possible alternative——"

"I tell you frankly I do not know," said Sturgis in a somber voice. "We ought to have examined the mechanism, of course. We might have ascertained in a few minutes whether that thing could be worked—I mean, whether it was even plausible. It may have had no works at all inside it. I was naturally in a hurry."

He hit his forehead sharply with the back of his hand.

"There is some deeper and darker solution to this business than we have any notion of as yet. Deep below deep. It is conceived with the infernal cunning and with the deep simplicity of a mind essentially Oriental in its nature—a man that lays hold of the fantastic to mystify and to befog the issue. As soon as I saw that this chap to-night was our ornithologist, and no other, I was on my guard at once. I watched the face of that manikin like a hawk, because I knew that under the influence of hypnotic suggestion the features would be absolutely rigid. You might have thrown a double fistful of cayenne into the thing's face, and, assuming it to have been a man in a trance, it would not have so much as blinked."

"And yet ——"

"Wait!" said Sturgis. "My fascination got the better of me, do you see? when I saw the deadly interest that dark woman behind me took in the performance. It seemed to me that we had something here beyond common—I couldn't guess what. Now I had been playing with a little penknife. On impulse—— Well, as the thing passed me in the aisle I jabbed it in the leg."

I gasped.

"You jabbed it? With what result?"

"Not a quiver. Not the slightest expression of pain."

"You see? Damn it ——"

"But when I drew back the knife *there was blood on the blade.*"

He held out to me a small penknife with the blade open. There was a dark stain on the tip. Ice was in my veins then. I stared stupidly at my companion.

"Blood? Blood? Then it was a man?"

"What were the words of the girl? She cried out 'It is he!'" said Sturgis. "Now I come to another point: That girl, you notice, didn't follow you to your confounded lunch counter. She followed Fuller and me in her canoe. I was not aware of this until just as I was pulling that scarlet mockery out of the water at Hodder's Point. She came out of shadow like a flash, and cried, 'Is he dead, then?' And I never want to hear more despair in any human voice. 'Dead?' I said to her. 'Yes, dead enough. It's made of straw.' I held it out to her, and I tell you she was as genuinely amazed as any of us. Up to this point she had known something—she had the advantage of us; but this puppet threw her off the scent entirely. She gave me a wild sort of stare, and said 'Why, so it is.' Then she turned the head of the canoe toward the Craigensides' pier."

We stared at one another.

"I'm a scared man," said Sturgis in a trembling voice. "I ought to have spoken of this. I ought to have warned you not to let him go."

"You had," I rejoined grimly.

"But I wanted to see," pleaded Sturgis, "where he was going—what he would do if he thought the shadow of suspicion lifted. It didn't seem possible that he could streak out of our clutch like that. I never gave that motor boat a thought."

"Well, the horse is out of the stable," I said. "And here's another thing: Having arrested him in the name of the Commonwealth, I had no right to let him go. You understand that, I suppose. It would take a court order to free him legally. I shall be facing a serious charge when this transaction comes to light."

"Still, he must have drowned himself."

I came closer.

"Sturgis, do you think for one instant that that fat jellyfish has thrown himself overboard?"

"I do not," he replied, lighting a cigarette with shaking hand.

"Nor I."

"Then he must be here."

"We have failed to find him."

"Perhaps he was met off the horn in another boat."

"A submarine then. The coast was clear when we came on the scene. There hadn't been time for the fastest power boat to disappear."

Sturgis looked toward the jagged cliffs beyond the dunes.

"He has dodged us through these sand cracks," he said. "And now I suppose we have got to set half the county on him to root him out."

His eyes fell on a black bulk rising against the white line of the dune.

"What is that thing?" he whispered.

"The tomb of the Craigensides."

"Ah! That old devil in his tomb may be behind all this. I bet you this affair had that old ghost anchorage fairly at the bottom of it."

He glared at the house, whose white pediment rose over the shoulder of the dune. I turned my head in time to see that flock of fat gulls pass over the roof of the house, shrieking. I thought it strange that they should fly by night, and I fancied I saw at their head that grisly bird with the loop of black cord hanging from its neck.

That crimson knife end was too much for self-constituted detectives to carry on their consciences. On the following morning we made a clean breast of the matter to the authorities at Dockport; and in the afternoon a slim, clean-shaven little man presented himself, with a card from the county attorney. The name of our detective was Hawley.

"Young men," he said, twinkling, "I don't mind telling you that you are in bad odor at headquarters on account of this delay in notification. You let the fellow slip, I understand, under the Cat and Mouse Act—intended to nab him right away again, of course."

"Of course," assented Sturgis with a gloomy brow.

"Excess of zeal—what? Excess of zeal."

Sturgis began to explain, but our gentleman waved his hand.

"The facts," he said; "first and before everything, the facts. Have a conscience for the facts."

So we told him the facts. As he listened he tweaked his nose from time to time and tapped pencil on pad.

"Have you grappled for the body of the supposed victim?"

We had, with the first tide that served.

"Without success?"

"Without the slightest."

"And no further trace of this curious straw figure, I suppose?"

"Not any. The flywheel was probably securely knotted to it."

(Continued on Page 97)

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That Film on Teeth

The Source of All Tooth Troubles

By William M. Ruthrauff, A. B., A. M.

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities





Why Teeth Discolor and Decay

Why Germs Breed Around Them

What you already know is this: Despite all your brushing, your teeth still discolor. Tartar forms on them, so they need frequent dental cleaning. And some teeth still decay.

You know that what you do, and what you use, fail to really keep teeth clean. The old methods don't protect you. So there must be something wrong.

The trouble lies in a slimy, ever-present film which you feel with your tongue.

That film is where the stains lodge, spoiling the teeth's whiteness. That film is what hardens into tartar.

That film is what holds food particles. There they shortly ferment and form acid—the cause of all tooth decay.

And that film is where the germs breed—the germs which cause countless troubles, including pyorrhea.

Thus the chief object of teeth-cleaning is to keep rid of that film. And that is where old methods fail.

Feel your teeth with your tongue, however often you brush them, and you find that film still there. Every discolorment proves it—every evidence of tartar. But between the teeth and in crevices is where it accumulates most.

It is now known that alkali hardens it. So many applications do more harm than good.

And we can't combat the acids or destroy the germs while that film remains to protect them.

That is why many methods of teeth-cleaning fail. They remove only the loose débris. That is important, but water alone will do that. The great need of a dentifrice is to attack that film. For, day and night, harmful things are being held by that film to the teeth.

That, in all probability, is your situation unless your dentist has already told you of Pepsodent. You rely for your protection on periodic dental cleaning. But Pepsodent now assures you clean, safe teeth—teeth that long stay white.

For now science has solved this film problem. And this is to ask that you prove it by a one-week's pleasant test.

Now There's a Way To End It

To Keep Teeth Really Clean

Three years ago a way was found to keep the teeth free from this film. Those three years have been spent by dentists in proving the fact beyond question.

There have been many false theories of teeth-cleaning. Many ways which seemed good have proved worthless—in fact, are now known to be harmful. So we waited three years to let dental authorities prove that this method was right.

The film is albuminous matter. That fact suggested pepsin, which is albumin's digestant. Pepsin is known to digest albumin, and that means its dissolution.

But pepsin is inert until activated. And the activating agents are acid. The usual acid is destructive to the teeth. So pepsin for long seemed barred.

Then an acid salt was found—a neutralized acid—which does not harm the teeth. In fact, the teeth themselves are largely formed from it. This acid salt will activate pepsin. It is this discovery which has solved the problem of that film.

Pepsodent combines pepsin with this activating agent. The purpose is to dissolve the film so that brushing will remove it. Five governments already, by granting patents on this combination, have recognized its newness and efficiency.

Pepsodent is now supplanting all former methods of teeth-cleaning. It has been subjected to thousands of clinical tests. Its results have been proved beyond question.

It has won the endorsement of authorities who are recognized all over America. And countless dentists in their practice have proved that it does what they seek.

Now, on their advice, we are telling the facts to you.

This is to urge you to make a one-week test. The coupon below will bring you Pepsodent for it. See what it means to you.

Note how clean your teeth feel, even after one application. Note how quickly the slimy film disappears, how your teeth grow whiter. And how they soon feel as they feel after a thorough dental cleaning.

Mark how pleasant its use is, how unique and complete its effects. One week will forever convince you. You will never return to any method which leaves your teeth coated with film. Cut out the coupon now.

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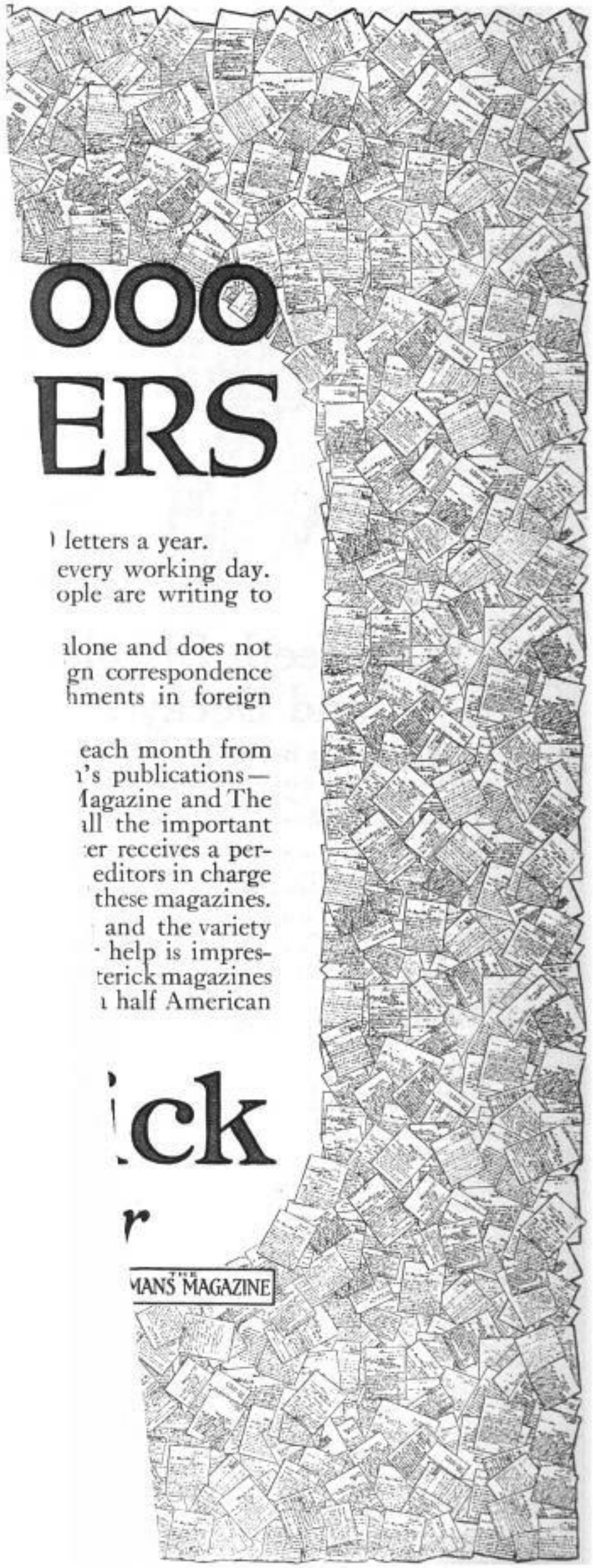
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MANS MAGAZINE

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(Continued from Page 94)

And you had not taken the precaution
aving a look at its inwards?"
e shook our heads sheepishly.
The fact is," I burst out, "I was so taken
surprise —— Well, I was convinced
f hand. Who could have thought ——"
Yes, sufficiently bizarre," said our
d. "Still, your friend with his bloody
point—his knowledge might have
ied him, I should think."
Oh, I'm a fake detective, I grant you,"
Sturgis bitterly. "And yet, look here:
s convinced that he had killed a living
. I was as sure of it as of anything in
ife. But what was the evidence? We
no body, and what is more, we might
ucceed in finding one. The tide horses
just there, at an incredible rate; if that
had been adjusted to float just sub-
ed, it might have been carried out to
ith its occupant. To have ripped open
puppet would have been to put the
upon his guard. To let him go off with
suspected might lead him into some
ying action. If it hadn't been for that
d motor boat ——"
awley nodded sympathetically.
As it stands then," he said, "everything
gave rise to this excitement has van-
l like the mist of morning: the criminal
his victim, and all his apparatus—in
, the crime itself."
Do not forget this," said Sturgis grimly,
ncing his knife with the blade open.
No, certainly not," said Hawley. He
ided his hand for it.
We ought first to submit that to an ana-
al chemist, to see if it is in truth blood.
puppet may have had some animating
in its veins, for all we know."
But, then," cried Sturgis, "do not forget
trange behavior of the girl."
Ah, the little Craigenside," said Haw-
"No, I do not forget her. We shall talk
her presently."
t's the worst mystery in my young
' groaned Sturgis.
Come, come," said the detective cheer-
'you are not afraid of mystery, I hope.
ything in life propounds a mystery.
, a dark mystery. Woman, a delicious
ery. Without mystery, by heaven,
life would be insupportable."
Really?" muttered Sturgis. The phi-
her in him had been touched.
t would be madness," said Hawley
ly. "Look over your heads. The san-
f the blue sky itself resides in its infin-
which is mysterious. That is why man
olishes the headquarters of the soul
. It's the concrete things we stumble
that drive us mad."
he little detective's eyes blazed like
crystals.
You know what it is to be held in sus-
e by a mystery story," he snapped out,
l you know how you drop back to earth
the solution comes. Of course. In
nature of things the solution is inferior
e mystery itself. The beginning savors
Put it another way. Two and two
four. You know it and I know it;
lo we get any pleasure out of it? Not
by your leave. What we don't know—
s what interests, that's what captivates.
yes, you will see that the solution of
ery business in hand, for example, will
be in any degree comparable to the
nt mystery, in the hold it has over
mind. I prophesy that it simply won't
ure up at all. It never does. Nothing
petes with mystery itself, least of all
olution."
n that case," said Sturgis, "the bitter
ent for the detective is when he puts
and on the shoulder of the criminal."
he little man laughed.
Just after that," he agreed. "Give him
iful margin of triumph. But wait, have
n this instance even so much as the
lder of a criminal?"
You think then he may have drowned
self?"
My friend, I do not have thoughts in
nce of an occasion for them. I do not
that he drowned himself—no. Before
nsider the criminal I consider the vic-
And before I consider the victim I
t know that there is a victim. Now it
s to me that there is one very simple
od of ascertaining the true quality of
Man or Mechanism: We ought to con-
the theatrical agent who sent you the
'

Dennison?"
Precisely."
he little man drew his watch.
And so I wired him to come at once. If
not mistake that was the whistle of
the train I heard a few minutes back. Mr. Dennison is an old friend of mine, and I think in this instance will humor me. Why, yes, here he comes now."

We were joined by a burly, keen-faced man, dressed in a heavy sack suit and smoking a malodorous cigar.

"In trouble again, I see, John," he said, shaking Hawley by the hand.

"Your testimony may be the beginning of it," said Hawley placidly.

But strangely enough Dennison, on strict questioning, proved to be no better equipped to testify than any member of the audience on that evening. He had booked the act after a very partial exhibition on his private stage. He had seen such acts before—they were always played by living men; and he had assumed that such was the case here. Yet he had to admit that he had had no speech with that scarlet figurine; and at the conclusion of the act Smith had fitted the lid on the box and caused the thing to be conveyed away.

"I thought that was a little strange," said Dennison; "but I was up to my neck in business, and it dropped out of my mind."

"Do you think it possible," Hawley asked, "that a mechanism could be constructed to play such a part?"

"Have a heart, Harry," said his old friend derisively. "I've been in the show business thirty years, and I've never seen one yet."

"Your view is, then, that this was a man, thrown into a trance for the purposes of the act."

"Most assuredly."

"But you offer no proof that it was a man."

"No more than horse sense affords," said Dennison.

He could not say where the man Smith had come from or whether he had had other theatrical connections. This agency appeared to have been the strange man's one point of contact with the world of affairs. Here for an instant his shadowy activities had taken definite shape. He had applied for work, had signed a contract—we saw his signature written in an even, flowing hand; and this had been the last that Dennison had seen of him.

"I kept him making long jumps," he explained. "He was a first-class attraction everywhere."

This was all that Dennison could say, beyond giving the officers the names of the cities and houses at which James Smith had played. One after another we got these houses on the long-distance telephone, but always with the same result. The man Smith had had a whim that not even his associates should know the true inwardness of his act; and his assistant, if indeed a living assistant, had in no case been seen apart from his act. It was general opinion that the unfortunate man must have spent most of his time lying in a trance on the rose-colored cushions of that hideous casket.

Hawley then ordered the sea to be dragged at low tide at the place where Sturgis and I had overtaken the Fra Diavolo. It was always possible that Mr. James Smith had drowned himself; but certain massive doubts of the correctness of this position persisted. If he had drowned himself why, for one thing, had he taken the trouble to sink his betraying manikin with a weight attached to it? A man hunted to his death would not naturally be thinking of such mystifying trifles. Why, if he meant to make away with himself, should he care what evidences of his crime he left behind him? He certainly could not expect to be tried in another world on the evidence which men might produce in this. Again, if he had drowned himself at the spot where we had found the Fra Diavolo the tide, which then was horsing in, would almost certainly have cast him up. Yet we waited in vain for him or any part of him.

"No, no," said Hawley; "the chances are that he hid among the dunes and has since made his escape. There may be something to be picked up across the river, however, even now. Let us repair to the Place of Pirates."

The girl received us on the porch, where introductions were made.

"There are a few questions," said Hawley smoothly, "which I should like to put to you, Miss Craigenside, with regard to the odd disappearance of a—mechanism from the theater dressing room at Silver Glade."

"Why should you come to me?" said the girl almost sullenly.

Hawley raised his brows.

"We must come to all whose testimony might have a bearing on the case," he said.

How I Raised My Earnings from $30 to $1000 a week

The Story of a Young Man's Remarkable Rise, as Told by Himself.

THREE years ago I was earning $30 per week. With a wife and two children to support it was a constant struggle to make both ends meet. We saved very little, and that only by sacrificing things we really needed. Today my earnings average a thousand dollars weekly. I own two automobiles. My children go to private schools. I have just purchased, for cash, a $25,000 home. I go hunting, fishing, motoring, traveling, whenever I care to, and I do less work than ever before.

What I have done, anyone can do—for I am only an average man. I have never gone to college, my education is limited, and I am not "brilliant" by any means. I personally know at least a hundred men who are better business men than I, who are better educated, who are better informed on hundreds of subjects, and who have much better ideas than I ever had. Yet not one of them approaches my earnings. I mention this merely to show that earning capacity is not governed by the extent of a man's education and to convince my readers that there is only *one* reason for my success—a reason I will give herein.

One day, a few years ago, I began to "take stock" of myself. I found that, like most other men, I had energy, ambition, determination. Yet in spite of these assets, for some reason or other I drifted along without getting anywhere. My lack of education bothered me, and I had thought seriously of making further sacrifices in order to better equip myself to earn more. Then I read somewhere that but few *millionaires* ever went to college. Edison, Rockefeller, Hill, Schwab, Carnegie—not one of them had any more schooling than I had.

One day something happened that woke me up to what was wrong with me. It was necessary for me to make a decision on a matter which was of no great consequence. I knew in my heart what was the right thing to do, but something held me back. I said one thing, then another; I decided one way, then another. I couldn't for the life of me make the decision I knew was right.

I lay awake most of that night thinking about the matter—not because it was of any great importance in itself, but because I was beginning to discover myself. Along towards dawn I resolved to try an experiment. I decided to cultivate my will power, believing that if I did this I would not hesitate about making decisions—that when I had an idea I would have sufficient confidence in myself to put it "over"—that I would not be "afraid" of myself or of things or of others. I felt that if I could smash my ideas across I would soon make my presence felt. I knew that heretofore I had always begged for success—had always stood, hat in hand, depending on others to "give" me the things I desired. In short, I was controlled by the will of others. Henceforth, I determined to have a strong will of my own—*to demand and command what I wanted.*

But how shall I begin? What shall I do first? It was easy enough for me to determine to do things—I had "determined" many times before. But this was a question of will power, and I made up my mind that the first step was to muster up enough of my own will power to stick to and carry out my determination.

With this new purpose in mind I applied myself to finding out something more about will power. I was sure that other men must have studied the subject, and the results of their experience would doubtless be of great value to me in understanding the workings of my own will. So, with a directness of purpose that I had scarcely known before, I began my search.

The results at first were discouraging. While a good deal had been written about the memory and other faculties of the brain, I could find nothing that offered any help to me in acquiring the new power that I had hoped might be possible.

But a little later in my investigation I encountered the works of Prof. Frank Channing Haddock. To my amazement and delight I discovered that this eminent scientist, whose name ranks with James, Bergson and Royce, had just completed the most thorough and constructive study of will power ever made. I was astonished to read his statement, "The will is just as susceptible of development as the muscles of the body"! My question was answered! Eagerly I read further—how Dr. Haddock had devoted twenty years to this study—how he had so completely mastered it that he was actually able to set down the very exercises by which anyone could develop the will, making it a bigger, stronger force each day, simply through an easy, progressive course of Training.

It is almost needless to say that I at once began to practice the exercises formulated by Dr. Haddock. And I need not recount the extraordinary results that I obtained almost from the first day. I have already indicated the success that my developed power of will has made for me.

But it may be thought that my case is exceptional. Let me again assure you that I am but an average man, with no super-developed powers, save that of my will. And to further prove my contention let me cite one or two instances I have since come across, which seem to show conclusively that an indomitable will can be developed by anyone.

One case that comes to my mind is that of a young man who worked in a big factory. He was bright and willing, but seemed to get nowhere. Finally he took up the study of will training, at the suggestion of Mr. W. M. Taylor, the famous efficiency expert of the Willys-Overland Company, and in less than a year his salary was increased 800%. Then there is the case of C. D. Van Vechten, General Agent of the Northwestern Life Insurance Company, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Just a short time after receiving the methods in will development suggested by Prof. Haddock, he felt that they would be worth from $3,000 to $30,000 to him.

Another man, Mr. H. D. Ferguson, residing in Hot Springs, Ark., increased his earnings from $40 a week to $90 a week in a remarkably short space of time after he began the study of will training. These are but a few—there are many other equally amazing examples which I personally know about. And aside from the financial gain, this training has enabled thousands to overcome drink and other vices almost overnight—has helped overcome sickness and nervousness, has transformed unhappy, envious, discontented people into dominating personalities filled with the joy of living.

Prof. Haddock's lessons, rules and exercises in will training have recently been compiled and published in book form by the Pelton Publishing Co., of Meriden, Conn. Mr. Pelton has authorized me to say that any reader who cares to examine the book may do so without sending any money in advance. In other words, if after a week's reading you do not feel that this book is worth $3, the sum asked, return it and you will owe nothing. When you receive your copy for examination I suggest that you first read the articles on: the law of great thinking; how to develop analytical power; how to perfectly concentrate on any subject; how to guard against errors in thought; how to drive from the mind unwelcome thoughts; how to develop fearlessness; how to use the mind in sickness; how to acquire a dominating personality.

Some few doubters will scoff at the idea of will power being the fountainhead of wealth, position and everything we are striving for, and some may say that no mere book can teach the development of the will. But the great mass of intelligent men and women will at least investigate for themselves by sending for the book at the publisher's risk. I am sure that any book that has done for me—and for thousands of others—what "Power of Will" has done—is well worth investigating. It is interesting to note that among the 150,000 owners who have read, used and praised "Power of Will," are such prominent men as Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, Ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Lieut.-Gov. McKelvie of Nebraska; Assistant Postmaster-General Britt; General Manager Christeson, of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis; Governor Arthur Capper of Kansas, and thousands of others.

As a first step in will training, I would suggest immediate action in this matter before you. It is not even necessary to write a letter. Use the form below, if you prefer, addressing it to the Pelton Publishing Company, 17-B Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn., and the book will come by return mail. This one act may mean the turning point of your life, as it has meant to me and to so many others.

PELTON PUBLISHING COMPANY,
17-B Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn.

I will examine a copy of "Power of Will" at your risk. I agree to remit $3 or remail the book in 5 days.

Name_____

Address_____

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"I am afraid I can tell you nothing," replied the girl.

Nevertheless, she groped for a chair back and tilted it against her body. In the intervals of talk I heard the heavy tread of Captain Craigenside within. He seemed to be pacing up and down.

"I am sure you will see," continued Hawley gently, "that complete candor now may save us all a world of embarrassment later."

Jane Craigenside looked up at the gulls which were wheeling over the house.

"Put your questions," she said wearily.

"In the first place, then, had you any object beyond mere amusement in going to the Glade on the night of July seventeenth?"

"None at all."

"You had no suspicion, no forewarning, that the thing to be exhibited in the guise of Man or Mechanism was other than it seemed?"

"None whatever."

"You had no acquaintance with the operator, Mr. James Smith?"

"I had not."

"Then will you kindly explain to us the meaning of your assertion, made in the hearing of a dozen people, that it was a living man—and that after the disappearance? You remember crying out 'Let the river be searched'?"

Jane Craigenside nodded; her lips moved. Suddenly she seemed to gain courage.

"I was mistaken," she said calmly. "The features of the puppet were very like those of one I had known in the Orient; it seemed to me that some monstrous trick was being played. Then when I saw the thing close up I knew I was mistaken."

"Yet you had fancied a resemblance?"

"Yes."

"A strong resemblance?"

She nodded again.

"So strong," continued Hawley, "that you all but fainted, and had to be assisted out of the theater by Mr. Weymouth, I understand."

"Is that so much to be wondered at?" he cried piteously. "I am all unstrung; the sickness of our old housekeeper has prevented me from getting sleep."

"Of course," said Hawley sympathetically. "I do not wish to press you too far. A last question: Was this person whom you fancied the manikin resembled an intimate friend or a mere casual acquaintance?"

"A mere acquaintance," said the girl.

"What profession or trade had he?"

"He was second mate aboard my uncle's ship."

"Ah, the Asphodel!"

The little man's eyes glowed and crept round to the ship lying in the river:

"He was second mate. And where did you last see him?"

"In Nagasaki."

"He left the ship?"

"Yes."

"Of his own accord?"

"Yes."

"Was there any unusual reason for his going?"

"No, he merely tired of the ship, as sailors will."

Hawley stared at her intently, and she dropped her eyes. Her last answers had been barely audible. It seemed to me that her least movement, her slightest word, were like parts of a subtly organized defense of the House of Craigenside.

Hawley stood up, clapped his hands sharply behind his back, and began to pace back and forth along the porch, as if considering. Then he put out a white hand and stroked the head of the nearest dragon.

"The old lady who is sick," he began again—"she has been long a member of your household?"

"Longer than I have myself," returned the girl with a faint smile. "But you must not question her," she went on with a serious intentness. "You must not really. Her condition is so bad that the doctor fears he may go with any tide."

"Ah, yes, with the tide," said Hawley. "A very poetical notion. Poor lady, her testimony might be valuable, but we will not force ourselves upon her."

He had been looking about him, and now he rubbed his hands together briskly.

"This is a noble old house," he said, as if his questioning were over. "These ferocious animals make a good guard for it. They were brought from the East?"

"Yes."

He moved toward the door, inspected the brass mermaid there, and turned as if to go. But then the clock inside struck four, and he wheeled about.

"A grandfather's clock!" he exclaimed with a note of genuine pleasure, as it seemed. "Well, well, I am repaid for my visit surely. I have made them a subject of special investigation."

The door behind him creaked and Ruel Craigenside stood on the threshold of the great double parlors.

Hawley put out his hand.

"Captain Craigenside, I believe? I am just examining your clock. It is a curious specimen, sir. The head is common enough; the tin ship is rather oftener met with than the background of the sky with a moon rising in it, perhaps. But the case—I think it is the oddest case I ever saw. Bless me, it has every appearance of ——"

"Time and Eternity," muttered Craigenside in his beard.

"Exactly," said the little man; and with an unforeseen gesture he snatched open the lid of the clock. The interior of the case was empty. The vertical slats had been ripped away, and no trace of the god remained behind the tarnished pendulum.

"Yes, gone, as you see," said Craigenside.

"Gone?" said Hawley pleasantly. "What is gone?"

"You well know, or you wouldn't have opened the clock. The jade is gone."

"Was it there yesterday?" continued the little man, whose inquisitiveness seemed to flow out and fill every crack and cranny of suspicion like a fluid.

Without answering, Captain Craigenside lumbered through the doorway and began walking toward the dunes.

"You must excuse him," said Jane Craigenside. "He's not himself at all. This was an heirloom, a little figure that he prized very highly. I can't understand who can have taken it."

"Suppose we say," said Hawley amiably, "that Eternity has taken leave of Time. Don't you think, my dear girl, that it would be as well to make a clean breast of the whole matter?"

"I will say nothing more," cried the girl.

"As you please," said Hawley. "We will come at it another way."

As we crossed the river I said glibly: "If mystery is what you crave you should be satisfied with this."

The little man said absently:

"*Finis coronat opus.* We shall see. We shall see. And now, my dear boys, one further question in regard to the bag which our friend the ornithologist made use of—or rather to the lens of his camera: Did you note closely the character of the flashes you have described?"

"Their character?"

"Yes. You have described them as intermittent. Now, did they intermit regularly or irregularly? In your judgment, was some intelligible communication being made to the man on the housetop?"

"I should say not. The flashes were regular. Furthermore, in my opinion the brain of Craigenside during those few moments was in no condition to remark an intelligent sign. His face was emptied of all expression, the eye fixed, the jaw slack."

"In one word—tranced?"

"If that were possible."

The little man fell back against the tiller of the boat we were rowing.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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Who's Your Tailor?

TRADE MARK REG'D 1906 BY ED.V. PRICE & CO.



You, first of all, want to know what's correct for Spring 1917. Every season, through our Book of Correct Styles, we inform nearly a half million men. Won't you write us today for a copy of "Men's Togs" and the name of our exclusive local dealer, in case you don't know him?

Price Building
Chicago, U.S.A.

E. V. Price & Co.

We manufacture no ready-made clothing

Largest Tailors in the World of GOOD Made-to-order Clothes

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NE OIL

Difference"



Did you say **Havoline** the last time that you ordered oil for your automobile?

Havoline-oiled cars seem to enjoy bigger cash values when trading-in time comes.

lers, in original pack-
know what you get.

. New York

of Petroleum

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***Sold at Actual Cost*—This Big, Convenient Orange Juice Extractor**

Illustrated Above—8 Inches from Handle to Spout

Ten cents at retail stores or 16c direct by mail east of the Missouri River—15c at stores west of the Missouri and in Canada or 24c direct by mail. We make this offer to those who use Sunkist Oranges merely to make it easier for them to serve the juice of this luscious, healthful fruit.

"Drink an Orange"

If the liver is sluggish or you feel "out of tune," drink an orange or two daily. Try it ten days, for better digestion. The results are almost certain if this practice is made a habit.

These *natural* ways to insure health are being advised by physicians more and more every day. Organic salts and acids in rare combination are present in California oranges. And the best of it is that nature has made this beneficial treatment alluring by delicious flavor.

Sunkist

Uniformly Good Oranges

Sunkist Oranges are luscious, tender and heavy with glistening juice. And this pure juice, with nothing added, is deliciously refreshing, as a year-'round early morning, afternoon or evening drink. In combination with ginger ale, carbonated waters and sugar, you have almost endless variety.

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Gets Into

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Society Brand Clothes

FOR YOUNG MEN AND MEN WHO STAY YOUNG



WHEN you buy a Society Brand Suit or Overcoat you reach top-place in ready-to-wear clothes. You can go lower in price but you cannot go higher in workmanship or style.

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s Motor Car Company, Cleveland, Ohio

s—f. o. b. Cleveland—Subject to Change Without Notice.

for shipment until		*On orders accepted by the factory for shipment after February 28, 1917*			
Coupé	*$2700*	*Touring*	*$1980*	*Coupé*	*$2700*
Sedan	*$2750*	*Roadster*	*$1980*	*Sedan*	*$2840*
Limousine	*$3260*	*Sporting Roadster*	*$2250*	*Limousine*	*$3350*

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The Customary Two Weeks

By FREEMAN TILDEN

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER



"George! I Know You Don't Mean What You Say. But We Must Go—at Once!"

IT WAS Vibert's boast that when it came to firing an employee he never shirked, sparred or minced the ultimatum. Therein Carl Vibert differed from most managers; for one thing to your pencil in and figure y percentages st the poor who isn't g good, and another thing ll that same devil in and e blue badge edom to his Such a job away the ge man's ap- and gives him e-aged nerves. body has to do e sure. Like- somebody has n the switch connects with ectric chair; u don't notice shing or shov- standing in r the position. t Vibert liked d whether he ted it or not, ld have been nough. Some- triumphant ven malicious itself on his hen he fired a It was as he was en- a superior- ublishing it; making his felt. And, than all, he passed the gn with a kind r.

e office of the Eclipse Tool Company was in the north end of the factory. It was a sion, on two floors, of little boxes, built when wood partitions were cheap and y dreamed of opening up a whole floor and letting the manager have a look. On ver floor, east, was the office of the president, Harry Burnhart. The president's was locked whenever golfing was good; and for a man who has the carfare there v days in the year when golfing isn't good somewhere in the United States. ly overhead was Vibert's office. Somebody called it the "dark room," and the stuck.

e dark room it was, though it had four windows. It had in it the shadow of —the hatred, unspoken but as living as the radio, of the office force for the er. It had Vibert's own dark, suspicious eyes, and over them Vibert's heavy eyebrows and hair. He usually wore dark clothes.

ere was one bright spot in the room. It was the gleam of a lamp in a cellar. She sat y facing Vibert, and her gorgeous hair, shading to a gold that you sometimes see at and her bright, witty eyes fought the somber shadows across the desk—and It was only truly the dark room when Muriel Clemm was away.

vas the best stenographic job in the office, so she had been glad to get it, in spite ert's personality. To do him justice, he evidently tried to be wholly decent to But Extell, the advertising manager, who worked in the adjoining room, suspected deep motives, and was in a jealous rage half the time.

ated, as the Eclipse people were, in a town where the factory was practically the town life, it was almost pathetic to observe the isolation of Carl Vibert. As he back and forth from his boarding place to the factory four times a day, the office force passed him with scarcely a nod of recognition. Some of the younger girls deliberately crossed the street when they saw him coming. In the office they were bound to be respectful; outside they felt they could do as they pleased.

Now all this is on the minus side of Vibert. A man doesn't hold a job, under any régime, on the minus side. There must have been something plus—and there was. When Vibert fired a man he had two justifications. One was that he was acting, as he saw it, in the best interests of the firm. There wasn't a question of his sincerity on this point. The other was, as he once loosened up and said, that when the time came for him to get his own medicine he wanted it handed to him in exactly the same manner. He may have been equally sincere about this. Still it was rather an easy thing for him to say, after all. He felt secure, with a lot of years ahead of him. Just as you sometimes hear lusty gentlemen talking about the advantages of euthanasia for the unfit.

But Vibert was a plugger. He was a glutton for work. You could see a light in that corner upstairs office when the Montreal sleeper roared across the bridge just under the windows, about half past ten at night. He had that patient, persistent kind of mediocrity that had made a deep impression on Harry Burnhart, soon after Old Man Burnhart died and the youngster took charge. He knew how to dictate a straightforward, minutely detailed letter to Harry Burnhart, that the latter, reading on the veranda of a Palm Beach hotel, construed almost as a personal compliment. He was a driver, with the defect of a driver—that when he let the reins go loose for an instant the horses slowed up. He was a martinet, with the defect of a martinet—that he got the hand without the spirit. He had a great head for details, with the defect that goes with this merit—that when you look for little things you often miss the big. He was the sort of man that could pick out Keokuk on the map of Iowa at a glance—and never see the big IOWA that stretched across the state.

Unloved, then, was Vibert; but nobody hated him quite so bitterly as George Extell. Had there been no other reason, this would have been enough: Muriel Clemm was Vibert's stenographer, and George Extell was in love with Muriel Clemm.

"Pop" Grinnell was the oldest old employee. He must have been in the game from the day Old Man Burnhart started making tools in a room over the wheelwright's—of ancient memory. He started as a woodworker, became a correspondent, and remained one. The old man would have cut off his right hand, on principle, before he would have ever let Pop go. He ought to have left Pop a few thousand when he died; but he forgot that. Young Harry ought to have pensioned Pop when he took hold; but he didn't. And so Pop was left to the mercies of Vibert, who had no sentimental interest in him, and watched the old fellow's honest efforts with a hawklike eye.

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He Began to Hang Round the Mansion House, Planning How He Should Some Day Get Even With Vibert

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office with a look of mingled fear and joy on his face. He brought with him the little bundle of personal effects which he had taken away, and started in with his patient, slow, and not absolutely sure instruction to travelers.

Extell, coming back from lunch ten minutes late, saw Pop in his room, waved his hand at him meaningly, and went to his own desk to gloat. He had not been indulging in that pastime long before Vibert entered. Extell's heart beat fast as he saw the manager. He felt sure that he had come to talk about Pop Grinnell.

He would give him as good as he sent!

But Vibert said nothing about Pop. Instead, he pulled up a chair, favored Extell with a ghost of a smile that made the young fellow's spine cool, and began blandly:

"About that catalogue, Extell? You know we want to use it this year."

"It isn't my fault, Mr. Vibert, if the engravers can't get out the half tones on time," began Extell with a manner that his excitement rather than his intent made unfortunate.

"I take it the engravers aren't running this office," replied Vibert. "However, I don't want to be unjust to you—of course delays are bound to happen. By the way, Extell, you don't call that a very snappy ad, do you?" The manager thrust an advertisement, clipped from a trade journal, on the desk in front of the advertising manager.

Extell did not reply. He gazed at his work wonderingly.

"That ad," went on Vibert, "from my point of view has about as much life as a mummy. It hasn't as much punch as a Sunday-school program. And I'll tell you why, Extell. I'll tell you why your ads don't pull. It's because you don't understand selling. You want to write something pretty. I don't say you couldn't write swell poetry, Extell. I s'pose you know more about grammar than the rest of the office put together. But I've had travelers, Extell, that can hardly write their name, ignorant as horse jockeys, that could put over an ad—dictate it—that would sell something. Now we're not doing the advertising we should. I've worn out my voice trying to get Mr. Burnhart to see that we ought to give our men on the road some backing. He doesn't see it yet—but he will. But the stuff you turn out, Extell, wouldn't sell peanuts to the bleachers."

Extell, crimson, did not reply. He wondered how he was able to restrain himself from choking this malefactor. After a moment's pause, to let the words sink in, Vibert rose and stood at the door. Then he added:

"Another thing, Extell. I wish you would get round to the office the same hours as the rest of us. Look at your card for this half month. It looks like the social visits of a banker. It won't do, Extell. Think it over."

When Vibert had gone out Extell sat stunned. He felt as though he had been deftly relieved of all his vital organs; in the pit of his torso there was a gnawing void. Nobody had ever talked to him like this before. True, Vibert had mentioned the matter of Extell's being late once or twice, but not in a way to carry conviction to a young man who had been more or less the petted child of the office.

Extell had gone directly from high school into the employ of the Eclipse people. His father had been a friend of Old Man Burnhart, and his way had been made comparatively easy. And, inasmuch as John Burnhart, founder of the business, had held the old-fashioned view of advertising—that it was a sort of necessary evil—Extell had had no criticism worth the name.

The young fellow had considered his advertisements exceedingly fine. He used hackneyed catch phrases with a naïve belief that the waiting world would find them seductive. He had begun by toiling ardently over his copy, but during the past two years he had been loafing, partly without knowing it. It wasn't entirely his fault—the office simply hadn't taken the job of advertising manager seriously.

As to being late at the office, he had to admit the validity of that charge. But he had come to endow himself with a sort of artistic temperament—he felt a little beyond the rules.

If it had been truly an awakening—if Extell could have seen that Vibert, no matter what his underlying animus, was really telling the simple truth—the young fellow might

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to get to the office
just on the dot——"
"George," inter-
rupted the girl ir
her deftest manner
"don't be angry, wil
you? You want m
to be reasonably
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you? I think—yo
ought to get in o
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you should. It'
true, it isn't th
most importan
thing in life; bu
don't you think, b
letting little thing
like that slide, peo
ple grow slack ir
others?"
He saw it. He re
plied thoughtfully:
"You're right,
Muriel. I'll make
an effort to be on
time. But Vibert
needn't think it's
because I'm afraid
of him!"
She took confi-
dence from this.
"And about Mr.
Vibert, George," she
went on cautiously:
"I wonder if perhaps
you don't think too
much about him. I
Some ways I think j
the thing that prom
dear old Pop; in a
just think—put yo
over his head. Of
don't interrupt; y
somehow nobody e
She knew, in h
shoulder talk must
the personal side;
as they sat on the
upon him.
The young man
had come to be st
looked like iron y
good nature and ru
all those things in
preference is the g
"I should think
clearly, Muriel," he
She sighed. All
He went away pee
pain in her soul.
He went down to
not dreaming that
was rocking back a
potently, sobbing
partly because she
on a toboggan.
That night Extell
who were going up
went also and got
He had the fervent
he would just take

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e avoided what followed. But he phrased the thing as he saw it when he went over to Muriel Clemm's that nt and purred himself into a sleepy self-content:

Vibert didn't know of any other way to get back at me going over his head in regard to Pop Grinnell, Muriel. he had to try to find a flaw somewhere."

o a young man not befogged by indulgence toward self, the girl would have appeared doubly charming night. For she showed not only the tenderness she for Extell, but the solid common sense with which she d temper that affection. She looked at him with eyes of wistful interest; and she let her hand lie between his this unspoken thought—which she prayed he could : "Here is my hand, dear boy. But—make me think ou as dearly as I feel toward you."

e couldn't read that. He was too engrossed in the ect of Vibert's ill-will toward him. He rattled on, fully cocksure: He'd fire me to-row, Muriel, if he ed to. But he ws that Harry nhart wouldn't d for it. I do my , and he knows f I don't happen et to the office on the dot——" George," inter-ed the girl in deftest manner; n't be angry, will ? You want me e reasonably k with you, don't ? I think—you nt to get in on . I really think should. It's , it isn't the t important g in life; but t you think, by ng little things that slide, peo-grow slack in rs?"

saw it. He re-thoughtfully: You're right, iel. I'll make ffort to be on . But Vibert n't think it's use I'm afraid n!"

e took confi-from this.

nd about Mr. t, George," she on cautiously: nder if perhaps don't think too about him. Please don't think I'm defending him. ways I think just as you do. I—I like you more for ning that prompted you to go to Mr. Burnhart about old Pop; in a way, I was glad you did it. And yet hink—put yourself in Mr. Vibert's place. You went his head. Of course he wouldn't like it. No, please interrupt; you went over his head, and somehow—now nobody ever quite forgives that. Do they?"

knew, in her wise young head, that this sort of der talk must be accompanied by a special display on ersonal side; and she put her head close to Extell's, y sat on the sofa, and breathed her fragrant loyalty him.

e young man had not come to be enlightened. He ome to be stroked. The richest nuggets of wisdom d like iron pyrites to him just then. The inherent nature and rugged sense and boyish ingenuousness—ose things in his character that had given him the ence in the girl's heart—deserted him.

should think you might see my side a little more y, Muriel," he said.

sighed. All her caution and pains had been wasted. ent away peeved, and she saw him go with a sharp n her soul.

went down to the hotel and played bid whist savagely, reaming that a certain pretty and much-desired girl ocking back and forth in her room and sobbing im-tly, sobbing partly for a reason unknown, and because she loved a young man who chose to ride oboggan.

at night Extell met a crew of good fellows at the hotel, were going up-river in a launch in the moonlight. He along and got to bed at quarter to four in the morning. d the fervent notion, as he took off his clothes, that uld just take a nap and be at the office at eight sharp.

He woke up at eleven, fell asleep again, and woke up again at half past twelve. By going without his luncheon he was at the office at one.

Extell's interior telephone rang. Vibert would like to see him. He went to the corner room with a combination of misgivings and defiance.

The office manager was brief. And he accompanied what he said by that peculiar half-sneer that had made him a hated man. He said:

"Extell, you were probably sick this morning?"

The young fellow didn't choose to lie. He replied that he was not sick; but he advanced no reason for his absence.

"A sort of sleeping sickness," went on Vibert ironically. "I haven't been hasty with you, Extell. Some ways you're a likable chap. But I won't keep an incompetent and I won't keep a drone. You can have the customary two weeks. That's all."



The Young Fellow Looked Into the Clear Eyes, Hesitated, and Then Went Into His Own Room

Extell looked at the manager with wild incredulity. The customary two weeks! Those words—to him! Without explanation! Without preamble! The stern stuff of self-respect that was in him told Extell to supply a smile, say "Very well, sir," and quit the office. But he weakened again and justified Vibert's sneer to some extent as he said with feeble defiance:

"We'll see about that, Mr. Vibert!"

Vibert went on writing without replying. He knew the strength that lay in silence, if Extell didn't.

Before he had reached his own room Extell had made up his mind just what to do. But he stopped in the hall, just in front of his door, as Muriel Clemm came along toward him with her hands full of letters. She saw his white face and guessed unerringly. Her breath came fast as she whispered "What is it, George?"

Extell gulped as he replied with an assumed airiness:

"Oh, Vibert thinks he's fired me. He thinks so. He thought he fired Pop Grinnell; but it turned out he hadn't. Next thing he knows he'll fire himself."

The silken eyelashes closed over the wistful eyes, and opened wet. She shook her head, not trusting to words, and started along. But she turned and whispered:

"It's the best thing that could happen. You will win, George."

He thought she meant that he would be able to defeat Vibert's purpose, and it gave him confidence. If he had known what she really meant, he would have collapsed.

Extell found that Harry Burnhart was leaving for French Lick at five o'clock. He went up to the house as soon as he could pull himself together. The president of the Eclipse was obviously surprised to have the same visitor again so soon; but he greeted Extell just as cordially, and at once said:

"Oh, that's all right about Pop Grinnell, Extell. I saw Mr. Vibert, and Pop is reinstated. Didn't you know it?"

Extell went scarlet. Somehow the platform fell from under his feet when Harry Burnhart assumed that he came again philanthropically. But he had to say something now. He stammered:

"It wasn't about Pop I came this time, Mr. Burnhart. I—I have been unjustly discharged by Mr. Vibert. He has never liked me, and since I came to you about Pop Grinnell ——"

Harry Burnhart's lips came together with a different expression. He regarded Extell in a not unfriendly way, something of pity and a little of contempt in his glance. But he shook his head and replied:

"I'm sorry, Extell; but you've created a bad situation. I don't mean I blame you, because I don't know the facts; but I mean that you've somehow managed to raise an issue between Mr. Vibert and yourself. Now in such a case as this one or the other always goes. I don't want to let Mr. Vibert go. I hire him to run the business. In Pop Grinnell's case—well, that was almost a family affair. I say, Extell, you're young! Jump out and show Mr. Vibert that he made a mistake—eh? Nobody dependent on you, is there? Well, well, Extell, hit the trail for the West and make good. This town's half asleep anyway. If I can be of any assistance, let me know. I'll give you a good recommendation—but recommendations are no good. Good-by and good luck!"

Extell found himself halfway to his room before he wholly came to his senses.

"The dirty crowd!" he kept repeating to himself. "The dirty crowd!" What galled him most was that Vibert had beaten him. It was evident that the manager had apprised Harry Burnhart of his intention. At half past five he went down to the office, bundled up a few things of his own, rolled up his linen duster and jammed it into his pocket, and left the place without telling anyone that he was through. It gave him a measurable satisfaction to believe, as he passed Pop Grinnell's door, that he was martyred to save Pop. He couldn't help wondering if Pop appreciated it.

The next day was Saturday. Extell had to go to the office to draw the customary two weeks' salary to which he was entitled by Vibert's sardonic custom. It was a perfect day. Extell and Muriel Clemm had planned, the previous week, to go canoeing up-river in the young fellow's canoe. They were both skillful paddlers, and this was one of their most joyous diversions on the Saturday half-holidays.

The excursion proved to be only the skeleton of a pleasure that was. After a period of straining to speak of other things than this biggest thing, they both broke down and faced the necessary. Halfway to their destination Extell steered in toward the bank, and they pulled the canoe up under a canopy of hemlocks that grew down to the water's edge. Then they sat down on the brown carpet. She spoke first.

"Tell me," she said, looking at Extell anxiously, "what you are going to do."

"Oh, I'll find another place easy enough," he replied.

Reflectively the girl lifted the folds of her blue-dotted skirt and smoothed them all out. She was looking down at the ground now. Finally she went on:

"If I didn't know that you would do something worth while, George, of course I couldn't care for you as I do. I'm glad you are out of this—this office. I keep my eyes open, George, and I can see that the Eclipse isn't making a bit of progress. I wouldn't tell that to anyone else in the world, and you mustn't say a word. But since John Burnhart died everything has been going backward. You'll say it's Mr. Vibert's fault. I don't know—but I don't think it

(Continued on Page 69)

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E'S RECRUITS

, PAYNE



'l and George F. Baker

). C. Barber, president , was interested in this consolidation, and the a vice president of the ee years later he was iderable time in New ainted with him got an xtensive experience in

gan buying supplies of country. There was a and waste—perhaps her, and so on. So a s put in the hands of tedly the greatest job private concern. Of , and the firm picked He must have done a year he was made a ne then; but he had s.

the firm at the time, ch an employee has xceptional employee, so exceptional that aking the rule—if it

. The firm takes in ional horse power of is employed by the f talent and energy. ion to speak with t for publication— in this institution, n outsider than an

the rule to promote at employees rarely ution. It pays, on r big banks. Per- ther higher. But nployment.

employees a sub- At the end of this ty per cent of his year's salary; and it is said a few higher employees got considerably more. There is no announced rule about it. The bonus may be only thirty per cent. But the employee knows he is going to get a very tidy Christmas present, its size depending on the year's profits.

Handing the bonus money over in a lump at the end of the year is a better encouragement to thrift and saving than apportioning it out monthly or weekly during the year.

Working conditions are probably as agreeable as any conditions that involve clerical toil can be. This sanctum of high finance, a biscuit's toss from the feverish Stock Exchange, with Broad Street surging and shouting on one side and Wall Street swarming and sweating on the other, is as quiet as a village store on a rainy Monday morning. Going through the glass doored vestibule, you run plump into two very tall and brawny gentlemen in everyday clothes, your first step inside bringing you figuratively right into their arms. They are very courteous, smiling in the most affable manner as they inquire whom you wish to see, take your card, and show you to a seat—the seat being directly under their amiable eyes.

Nothing could be more polite. All the same, you perceive they are there to discourage any mere wandering about. As a matter of fact, there is little coming and going; no confusion; you may listen many minutes and hardly hear a sound. It impresses you as being a snug, undistracted sort of place in which to work. And the house, in fact, takes very good care of its men.

But it goes outside for partners. Running over the list shows where they come from and indicates how. Two years before Mr. Stettinius was made a partner, Dwight W. Morrow was admitted to the firm. He was born in a Pennsylvania town, his father being a school principal. He went to Amherst; then through the Columbia Law School; and was engaged by a big New York law firm that did a good deal of business for Morgan & Company. At forty-one he was made a partner in this law firm.

The 1911 Crop of Partners

FOR some years Charles Steele has been the lawyer member of the Morgan house. Of late he has not been so active as formerly, and the law business has grown along with other branches. So in July, 1914, Mr. Morrow—already for some years member of a law firm that did much business for the house—was made a Morgan partner, going in rather as a lawyer than as a banker.

In 1911 three members were taken in—Thomas W. Lamont, William H. Porter and Horatio G. Lloyd. Mr. Lamont was born in a New York village, went to Phillips Exeter and to Harvard, struck into the banking business in New York City, and advanced rapidly. He was made a Morgan partner at forty-one and had been a man of weight in the financial district for several years before that. Mr. Porter was born in a small town in Vermont; went through high school and to an academy. His first employment in New York was in the office of a small railroad; then he went into the Fifth Avenue Bank, as a clerk, at the age of eighteen. Seven years later he went to the Chase National in a much more responsible position, and at thirty-eight was made a vice president of that big bank. Mr. Lloyd came from Philadelphia. While working there as a clerk he studied law in the University of Pennsylvania and was admitted to the bar. He was a clerk in a trust company, and after a while was made secretary of the company. A new trust company was organized. He was elected treasurer, then vice president, then president of it; and so progressed into partnership in Drexel & Company, which is the Philadelphia connection of Morgan & Company.

In 1909 Henry P. Davison was made a Morgan partner. He was born in Troy, Pennsylvania, and went to a preparatory school, but not to college. He taught school at

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ıd worked on a farm during vacation while he
e preparatory school. After a little experience
ry bank he went to New York City and got a job
ger in a bank there. He worked up to paying
resigned to take the job of receiving teller in a
ıwn national bank. He got to be paying teller of
and at the age of twenty-seven was made an
ashier of the Liberty National Bank. The next
vas made cashier; then vice president; then
at the age of thirty-two. From that vantage
went on to the Morgan partnership.
embers of the firm are E. T. Stotesbury and A.
ld, of Philadelphia, Charles Steele, the lawyer,
Hamilton, son-in-law of the late J. P. Morgan.
lve partners, only the head of the house inherited
in high finance; and if he had not measured up
ortunity either he would not be head of the house
se would not be the important affair it is. The
t partners were brought up in the West—Min-
Missouri. Five others were born in country
of them won an important position round the
y—under that rather than over it. Eight of
college men and four were not.
l they get to this top story of high finance?
principle or according to what formula were
d to seats at the first table?

he Stuff Bankers are Made Of

an answer we might look a little farther than
·gan firm. Twelve national banks and trust
in Wall Street hold assets that foot up three
rs and a half. They, with the big private houses
collateral institutions, are about what people
e in mind when they speak of high finance.
hem in the order of size we should begin at the
ity Bank, with assets of six hundred million
president, Frank A. Vanderlip, was born at
nois; went to public school and for a time
'ersity of Illinois; worked in a machine shop
o engaged taught himself shorthand. Going
he got a job as a newspaper re-
presently won the position of fi-
or of the Tribune. That naturally
into frequent contact with bankers.
was Lyman J. Gage, then a vice
the First National Bank. President
ppointed Mr. Gage Secretary of
r; and a Secretary of the Treasury
private secretary. Among many
whom he knew, and who might be
fill that comparatively easy posi-
torily, he chose Mr. Vanderlip.
not because the candidate had had
ce as a private secretary. It was
he knew anything in particular
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PHOTOS, FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY
Gates W. McGarrah

oung man a certain weight and force which
f upon the people he came in contact with,
ordiality that made friends readily and kept
ick Mr. Gage as a person having the knack
men.
iccessful men of affairs instinctively know
l—the sort of well-oiled, aggressive ability
its way among men with the maximum of
inimum of friction. Some time before this
Chicago's weightiest captains of industry
sion to the South. So much of the city's commercial leadership could not be permitted to go off on a special train by itself. The press must have a representative along, and the young man on the Tribune was at once chosen for the post. Any company of successful business men, having to choose one among the reporters known to its members, would quite certainly have picked him.

As private secretary to the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Vanderlip so well satisfied his chief that in a year or so Mr. Gage had him appointed an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. The Treasury Department always has more or less dealings with Wall Street, as the center of the country's banking system; so the new assistant secretary began making acquaintances among bankers there. James Stillman, president of the National City Bank, was one of those whose acquaintance he made, and the qualities that had recommended him to Mr. Gage also recommended him to Mr. Stillman, who presently invited him to become a vice president of the bank.

Again, it was not because Mr. Vanderlip knew anything about the banking business in detail, for he had never been behind a bank counter in his life—except possibly as a visitor. It was not primarily because he understood the theory of banking and the principles of finance. In the economic departments of our colleges Mr. Stillman might easily have found fifty men who could talk circles all round Mr. Vanderlip on the theory of banking and the principles of finance—and it is safe to say the president of the City Bank would have been aghast at the suggestion of appointing any of those men a vice president of his institution.

It was because he liked this Assistant Secretary of the Treasury personally, and saw in him the sort of genial, forceful ability that attracts men, makes friends, impresses itself. He judged that Mr. Vanderlip would be a useful instrument in extending the reach and influence of the National City Bank; not because of his exact, technical knowledge of banking—much less because of his money, for, as he had been employed all his life at a modest salary, first as newspaper reporter, then as private secretary and assistant secretary, there can be no disparagement in guessing that he had none to speak of—but because of his personal qualities.



Frank A. Vanderlip



Henry P. Davison

In fact Mr. Vanderlip himself has confessed that when he went into the bank as a vice president he found to his surprise that there was nothing in particular for him to do.

He had a fine job at a fine salary, and his only definitely appointed duty consisted in drawing the salary. Evidently it was just a personal equation that Mr. Stillman had wanted in getting him into the bank. In order to get himself anything in particular to do the new vice president had to strike out on his own motion and organize a bond department.

For some time before Mr. Stillman retired from the presidency it was a foregone conclusion and an open secret that Mr. Vanderlip would succeed him. Now, as chief mover in the City Bank, the City Company, the fifty-million-dollar American International Corporation, and other enterprises, he is picking out young men for seats up near the front, in the same way that Mr. Gage and Mr. Stillman picked him.

There are thirteen vice presidents of the City Bank, most of whom Mr. Vanderlip has selected—four from the Middle West, a couple from the Southwest, and so on. He picked them because he liked them personally and found in them certain forceful, genial personal qualities that are easy enough to recognize but hard to describe. Whether they knew anything in particular about banking was a secondary consideration, and whether they had any money to speak of was no consideration at all.

Next in size after the City Bank comes the Guaranty Trust Company, with half a billion dollars of assets. Its president, Charles H. Sabin, was born in a town in the Berkshire Hills and went to school there, but not to college. At seventeen he went to work with a concern that dealt in flour, but two years later started in banking, as a clerk, in Albany, New York. Two years more and he was promoted to the teller's cage, and at thirty was elected cashier. A few years later he moved up to a vice presidency. The next step was to the vice presidency of a comparatively small bank in New York City; but he kept on going.



Thomas W. Lamont

James S. Alexander, president of the National Bank of Commerce, which counts for about three hundred and fifty million dollars, was born at Tarrytown, New York, and began his business career at eighteen as a clerk in the bank there. Two years later he went down to the city as a clerk in the big bank of which he is now president. It was not until he was thirty-four that he won his first official position—an assistant cashiership. Since then he has moved up steadily to the top.

This, it will be noticed, is about the traditional case of the young man who starts at the bottom of the ladder and works his way up step by step until he arrives at the topmost rung of the identical ladder on which he began.

Great Men's Orbits

A SOMEWHAT similar case is that of James N. Wallace, president of the Central Trust Company. He was born in a Connecticut village and went to work at the age of fifteen in a private banking house of which F. P. Olcott was a member. Mr. Olcott, an eminently successful and finally very rich banker, took a liking to the lad and, when he was made president of the Central Trust Company, carried young Wallace along with him as a sort of personal office boy. Mr. Olcott's liking continued and the youth had the stuff of success in him; so at the age of thirty-nine, Mr. Olcott retiring, Mr. Wallace was made president of the big concern.

But these traditional cases are exceptional. In most cases there is considerable skipping about from one ladder to another. There is Seward Prosser, president of the Bankers Trust Company, a creation largely of the late J. P. Morgan. He was born in Buffalo; but his parents moved to Brooklyn, where he attended public school. He went to work for a life-insurance company and after a while formed a partnership for the purpose of writing life insurance. He made acquaintances among influential men, who thought highly of his capacity; and at the age of thirty-six he was elected a vice president of the Astor Trust Company. A few years later he was made president of the Liberty National Bank, and from that went to the Bankers Trust.

The Morgan influence is powerful in the Bankers Trust Company; in fact, it is usually called a Morgan concern. It may be noted that Mr. Cochran, the new Morgan partner, graduated into his present position by way of the Astor Trust Company and the Liberty National Bank; and that Mr. Lamont, another Morgan partner, also came from the Liberty National Bank. Neither the Astor Trust nor the Liberty Bank is among the bigger financial institutions, but the cases of Messrs. Prosser, Cochran and Lamont suggest how the lines of promotion run. It is primarily a question of making the right impression upon a man who has high financial positions to dispose of, which means that you must somehow get into the great man's orbit. If you are so fortunate as to be in an institution that is in his orbit your chance of advancement to high command is that much better.

To illustrate another point we may take two more big bank chiefs. First, Gates W. McGarrah, president of the Mechanics and Metals National Bank, whose assets foot up a quarter of a billion dollars. He was born in a small

(Concluded on Page 86)

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"Say, this ain't the sort of tip you think it is!" he said sharply. "I got it straight from the inside, I say."

"Sure!" nodded Mr. Pincus genially. "That's where they all come from—the inside. Blake, when he gets cleaned out last year, he gets a tip from the inside, too, I guess."

"Blake? What's Blake got to do with it?" demanded Mr. Thurlow bewilderedly; and Mr. Pincus grinned.

"It's a secret—nothing! Only all of us gets cleaned out some time; and mostly it's off a tip. I get cleaned out—well, maybe; and you get cleaned out—yes; for sure. Then we hunts up a job; or, if we don't get it, some two-spot of a crab has a chance to call us a loafer or a street bum. Sure; for a tip, yes!" said Mr. Pincus.

"Say, what're you driving at?" demanded Mr. Thurlow darkly; and, again sucking his teeth, Mr. Pincus once more idly smiled.

"I was saying it was a fine weather for ducks—some ducks," he replied; and, abruptly turning on his heel, Mr. Pincus left Mr. Thurlow snorting indignantly, and hurried toward the cashier's cage at the rear.

Beeks, a round-faced, pudgy personage, the office manager, was standing there, laughing and joking with the cashier; and, his air insinuating, Mr. Pincus nudged him on the arm.

"Say, Handsome," said Mr. Pincus, "what's this that feller Blake now asks Rooker to stake him for? A hunnerd shares of something, was it?"

Beeks nodded indifferently.

"That bum? Oh, sure! It was a hunnerd shares, first; but before Rooker threw him out it was a meal ticket and the price of a room he was begging."

Mr. Pincus gave a start.

"Vat? He don't eat, and he sleeps in a park, maybe?"

It was so for all Beeks knew—all Beeks cared, either, one had thought. Rooker, Burke & Co.'s was not a tramps' lodging house; besides, Rooker was tired—sick and tired of supporting panhandlers like Blake. Enlarging on his topic, the subject of his employer's open-handed liberality, Beeks was telling how, only the Saturday before, they'd slipped Blake a couple of bones; and here the hobo was back for more—when all at once Beeks woke to the fact that he was addressing empty air. Mr. Pincus had departed.

Of a sudden that air of his, that show of easy, idle indifference, had seemed to vanish; and, with a muttered exclamation—"*Himmel!*"—that and an agitated grunt, Mr. Pincus had darted across the office, bolting through the throng to the street door.

The next instant, jamming his hat down on his ears and without umbrella or overcoat to protect him, Mr. Pincus scuttled up New Street in the rain.



ght!"

It was true, indeed, that Blake—now a wreck, a battered stray—had once saved Mr. Pincus from disaster. But for him, Mr. Pincus' day in Wall Street would have come to a sudden end.

Mr. Pincus did not wish it to end. Least of all did he wish it to end like that. His plans, like the plans of every dabbler, involved a different, more exhilarating exit. This was the killing he talked about; but even then, even if he did make this killing, the clean-up that all the dabblers dream of, that did not of necessity mean he'd quit the Street for good. If he liked he could still take an occasional flyer. The flyer would be just for amusement, of course—just to pick up a little lunch money or to buy his wife a Christmas present. But to go broke, to be chucked out, penniless—that was different!

The calamity, as expressed, however, was not limited only to this. In Mr. Pincus' mind it seemed to invoke in train certain reflections concerning the Bleecker Street dress-linings trade, a business, it appeared, with which Mr. Pincus once had been connected. Somehow, the mere thought of it made him shudder. Return to that! Go back to that grubby place, the loft in Bleecker Street!

"*Ach!*" ejaculated Mr. Pincus, the grunt expressive.

It had been touch and go, however. Only chance had saved him. Just when Rooker, Burke & Co. had been about to sell him out, Blake had come to his rescue. The loan he had made Mr. Pincus voluntarily had saved the day for Mr. Pincus.

But chance, it ap
tune, had not inter
himself had been cle
at the time—away
Eastertime Mr. Pin
the air. When he'c
Mr. Pincus had onl
"Vell," he'd said
job now, vat?"
Briefly Blake's jo
a large manufacturi
missions the firm ha
year; and as Mr. Pi
a feller has, for him
to play the market
he is a sucker!"
But Blake, it ap-
peared, had not
gone back to his
job. He had no job.
His employers hav-
ing heard of his
speculations, Blake
had been dis-
charged. Here he
was, now, walking
the streets, a tramp.
"*Himmel!*" ex-
claimed Mr. Pincus;
and, jamming his
hat down farther on
his ears, he sped on
his way up New
Street.
The man, the fel-
low he pursued, had
just turned west-
ward into Wall
Street. His clothes,
half rags, flapped
and fluttered in the
gusts that came
whooping down the
hill; and as Mr.
Pincus scuttled af-
ter him he eyed the
clothes and won-
dered how long their
wearer had slept in
them in the park.
There was some-
thing else, too, that
Mr. Pincus won-
dered. It was:
What had become
Mrs. Blake?—for, a
Mrs. Blake. Had sh
"Hey, you!" crie
With a sudden sp
the man by the arm
he had been struck.
"Legs! I ain't
voice a startled whin
captor he had recogn
Mr. Pincus gasp
"Sure, it's Pink,"
yell it so loud." E
hear you, somebod
banner too!" he be
There, after a brie
sucked his teeth,
casually.
Blake all at onc
pleasant fellow Mr
recognizable. His
trembling, he begg
the price of a cup o
scowled.
"Say, nix on that
"Nix on that dim
for that!"
Blake gave a gas
"Pincus!" he ej
Again Mr. Pinc
another cry.
"You won't?"
"I vill not!" sai
Then, having sa
gave Blake a dig in
"No; I don't giv
what'd you say to
them and a few cal
But Blake seeme
at him.
"Listen, Pincus!
Mr. Pincus paus
"Vell, I'm listen
Blake dawed at

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ance, it appeared, a stroke of strange good for-
not intervened for Blake. A year later Blake
d been cleaned out. Mr. Pincus had been absent
ıe—away at Atlantic City, where every year at
e Mr. Pincus, accompanied by Mrs. Pincus, took
When he'd returned Blake was gone. Even so,
s had only nodded.
he'd said cynically, "the feller goes back to his
'at?"
Blake's job had been that of New York agent for
ıufacturing concern in Ohio. In salary and com-
ıe firm had paid him twenty thousand dollars a
as Mr. Pincus said: "If twenty t'ouzand a year
, for him
market
ker!"
ce, it ap-
ad not
to his
d no job.
ers hav-
of his
s, Blake
n dis-
Here he
walking
a tramp.
!!" ex-
Pincus;
ing his
rther on
sped on
p New

the fel-
ed, had
west-
Wall
clothes,
flapped
l in the
came
wn the
s Mr.
led af-
red the
won-
ıg their
lept in
park.
some-
o, that
won-
was:

"Do you want to be rich? Rich!" shrilled Blake.

"Do I vant to be vat?" inquired Mr. Pincus.

"Rich! Rich!" shrilled Blake. When Mr. Pincus, grinning slightly, lightly admitted he had no objections, Blake pawed at him again. "I can do it, Pink! I can make you rich!" cried Blake again; and, sniffing slightly, Mr. Pincus took him by the arm.

"Come along, feller; you feel better after you eat," he was saying, when Blake snatched his arm away.

"Say, listen! D'ye hear?" snarled Blake. "I mean it!"

His eyes fierce, roaming everywhere as if he feared someone might hear his secret, for a full minute he poured into Mr. Pincus' ears a flood of fierce, impassioned words.

How Blake, too, had come by the tip was as much a nightmare as all the rest of it.

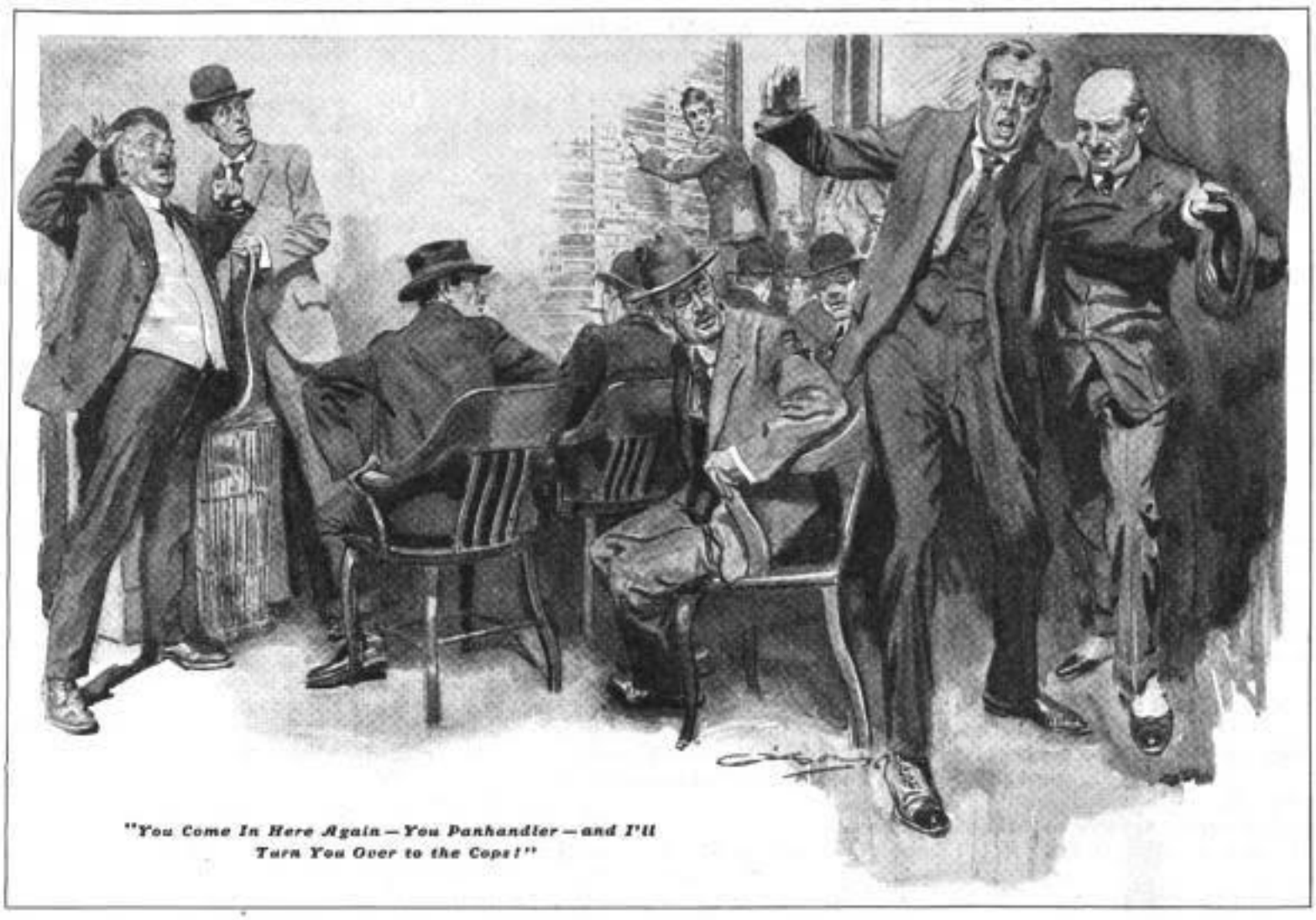
Blake, it seemed, had fallen very low. Unable to find work—the sort, at any rate, he was suited for—the man had gone from bad to worse. Finally, to save himself and his wife from want, he had become a porter in a downtown office building. There he had swept out offices and emptied wastepaper baskets. There, it happened, too, he'd fallen on his tip.

One night, broom in hand, Blake had opened an office door. To his surprise, he'd found the room filled with men. It was a directors' meeting, Blake had seen; and at the meeting something big was happening. An hour later, after they'd gone, he'd slipped back to the room; and there the papers in a scrapbasket had given him his clew. The meeting was a meeting of the Ingot Furnace Company. Blake's tip, in fact, was on the same stock that Thurlow, that "two-spot," had been tipped.

There was this difference, though: Thurlow had been tipped to sell. Blake's tip was to buy! In other words, the company's directors, getting together, planned that well-known financial diversion—namely, jobbing the stockholders out of their stock.

Armed with the tip, for five days Blake had hurried from place to place, hunting up former friends and begging each for a loan. To each he had told his tip and each had laughed in his face. Buy Ingot Common? Put money into a cat-and-dog like that? Desperate, Blake at last had gone to Rooker. In turn, Rooker, too, had laughed at him; after which Rooker had thrown him out of the place.

Mr. Pincus, however, had not laughed. Instantly he had grasped the significance of what Blake had told him. It was to little purpose, though. Mr. Pincus was broke—"bust," indeed, as he'd expressed it. Unless luck, another chance, happened to save him, one sure thing stared him in the face. It was Bleecker Street and the dress-linings trade.



"You Come In Here Again—You Panhandler—and I'll Turn You Over to the Cops!"

ecome of the scarecrow's wife? Where was
—for, as Mr. Pincus knew, there had been a
Had she, too, been sleeping in the park?
!" cried Mr. Pincus.
lden spurt he ranged alongside and gripped
ıe arm; and Blake, at the touch, leaped as if
truck.
ain't done anything!" he vociferated, his
d whine. Then another cry escaped him. His
recognized. "Pink!" he gulped. "Oh, Pink!"
gazed about him uneasily.
Pink," he acknowledged; "only for you don't
." Explaining apologetically "Should they
ebody thinks Pincus himself is carrying the
he beckoned Blake into a near-by doorway.
brief glance at Blake's attire, Mr. Pincus
eeth. "Vell, how's tricks?" he inquired

t once began to shake. The once dapper,
v Mr. Pincus once had known was hardly
His hands outstretched, convulsed and
begged wildly for a quarter—a dime even;
up of coffee and a slice of bread. Mr. Pincus

that panhandle stuff!" he directed roughly.
dime-for-a-cup-of-coffee game! I don't fall

a gasp.
e ejaculated.
Pincus shook his head; and Blake gave

?"
' said Mr. Pincus.
g sucked his teeth a moment, Mr. Pincus
ig in the side with his elbow.
t give you no dime," said Mr. Pincus; "but
to a nice fat sirloin and fried *kartoffel?*—
cakes, hot, right off the griddle, vat?"
emed to have forgotten the hunger gnawing

ɛus!" he babbled hoarsely. "Listen!"
aused.
tening."
at him with trembling paws.

Idly Mr. Pincus listened. It was as if he humored Blake, placating him as anyone would placate a man crazed by his privations. All at once, though, Mr. Pincus' air of bored benevolence suffered a sudden change.

"Vat?" he ejaculated.

Again Blake poured into his ears the fire of his impassioned eloquence; and, with a gasp, Mr. Pincus gaped. Blake again went at it. He was in the midst of it once more when, with a start, another ejaculation, Mr. Pincus gripped him all at once by the arm.

"Vat!"

"I pledge you my word!" said Blake; and, at that, excitement seemed to burst within Mr. Pincus' breast.

"Here!" he cried; and, shoving a hand into his pocket, Mr. Pincus dragged out a single rumpled bill.

The bill was a dollar bill; and, this in hand, he was thrusting it on Blake, bidding him to go eat; he must get a jump on and get back to Rooker's; there was not a moment to lose. Mr. Pincus was darting away, when he paused, with a sudden cry. It was a loud cry too. The bill falling from his hand, fluttered to the floor.

"Why, what is it?" ejaculated Blake.

His face blank, his air of a sudden abject, Mr. Pincus bent down and picked the bill from the floor.

"Oh, nothing," drawled Mr. Pincus, and he sighed—"nothing; only I guess for you and me, Blake, we go jump off the dock in the river!"

"What's wrong?" Blake demanded hoarsely.

Mr. Pincus told him:

"I'm bust, Blake! I ain't got a cent in the world! This week again the market cleans me out."

It was so. Once more Mr. Pincus was on the rocks. That was why, when Blake, desperate, had appealed to Rooker, and Rooker had thrown him out, Mr. Pincus had sat there, to every appearance callous and indifferent. He could not help Blake. He could not even help himself. Bleecker Street and the fancy dress-linings trade beckoned him anew.

What is more, it beckoned when, with a little cash, a little capital, Mr. Pincus could have saved himself. With money to back him, he could have jumped into the market and made a clean-up—that killing he so long had dreamed about. For Blake's tip was a knock-out. It was one tip in a thousand!

Late that night, long after dusk had fallen and an hour or more behind the time he usually arrived at home, Mr. Pincus climbed the stairs of the modest West Side flat house where he dwelt; and, arriving at his door, for a moment he halted irresolutely, his latchkey in his hand. Doubt, an air of unwonted concern, seemed at the moment to engulf him; and, gazing at the door, he took off his hat and scratched his head reflectively. He looked, in addition, a little feverish.

All that day, his eyes afire and the fever growing in him, Mr. Pincus had been rushing about the town. Like Blake, he, too, had sought out friends of his, begging and beseeching them to advance him enough to play the tip on Ingot Steel. Most of the friends were centered in a certain quarter—Bleecker Street and the dress-linings trade; and each of the friends, as was also the case with Blake, had laughed in Mr. Pincus' face. What! Lend money to dabble in stocks? Lend money, especially, to play that cat-and-dog Ingot Furnace Common? Pincus must be crazy with the heat!

That gentleman, however, had one string left to his bow; and jamming on his hat, with a sudden air of resolution, he opened the door and stepped boldly into the hall.

At once a voice as well as a gust of aromatic vapor came wafting toward him from the kitchen, at the rear. The vapor was that of fried fish and cauliflower, while the voice was that of his wife. Instantly an artful smile spread on Mr. Pincus' face.

"Vell, Minnie?" chirped Mr. Pincus dulcetly.

"Vell, Benny?" responded his wife.

Like her husband, the lady was short and rotund—roly-poly, in fact, with a round, smiling face at once as shrewd as it was good-natured. As she came down the

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'loosen up" he would quit
or good, never again take a,

vhen a grunt escaped Mrs.

he echoed.
us; and again Mrs. Pincus

. Pincus brusquely. "Ven
lead or you go bust, either."
l at her.
o then, Minnie?"
Rockefeller himself he'd had
so; and, hearing this, Mr.
winds.
l that happens is, we bust!"
ther—seemed to fall as flat

Mrs. Pincus. "You bust,
ist." Then, giving the hat
itself another dig, Mrs. Pin-
rself in the glass. "And ven
lded blandly, "you go back

is lips.
-linings trade? A feller c'd

us," she rejoined. "Better
a waste my money and your
iness, Wall Street. As well
'or a living, dealing cards, as
s! . . . Vell," added Mrs.
years you hang out in that
even years your wife, which
t of it. Now she does it—

Mr. Pincus frenzied. "T'ou-
ds! And we lose 'em!"
swered Minnie; and a last,
Mr. Pincus.

Pincus!" was her reply.

An hour later, tossing fit-
was, in fact, still choking.
. A groan, a hollow note of
him, when a hand reached
s in the side.

"Listen, Pincus," said Minnie; "if you gamble, playing stocks, how much is it them fellers, your broker, charges you?"

"Vat?" ejaculated Mr. Pincus.

Minnie repeated the question; and, startled, a gleam of hope springing into his heart, Mr. Pincus babbled the information. What a broker charged was an eighth for each transaction. Also, with three thousand dollars, one could margin three hundred shares. Eloquent now, his fever rising anew, Mr. Pincus gave her all the details. Then, his heart in his mouth, hope trembling high, Mr. Pincus wet his lips.

"Vell, you make me a check out, vat?" he suggested.

A grunt was heard.

"Go to sleep, Pincus," directed Mrs. Pincus.

"Vat? You make a fool of me, then?" roared Mr. Pincus.

Minnie only gave another grunt.

"If you are a fool, Pincus," she replied calmly, "that is your affair."

Then, turning her back to him, Mrs. Pincus slept.

The tip, that pointer worth a fortune, was destined, it seemed, to die on Mr. Pincus' hands.

Those familiar with the doings of that crop of singular securities, the War Babies, to which Wall Street has of late given birth, will recall that it was on a Tuesday morning, just after the market's opening, when Ingot first began to splutter and buzz. That day more than one fortune was made in Wall Street. In train with this, more than one fortune was lost there too.

But then, that is always true of Wall Street. What one man wins is of necessity what some other man has lost. Only a few, however, the chosen few, had ever won anything on Ingot. Almost invariably outsiders always had lost.

Always in trouble, the quarry always of that Wall Street wrecking crew, who feast and fatten on disaster, the concern's career before the war was a succession of refunding, receiverships and reorganizations. Now, however, the war had changed all that. The Ingot Company was about to cut a melon. However, before the melon was cut, the directors meant first to secure for themselves the largest, the most juicy of the slices. Consequently, having picked up almost every share available, the instant the news broke the stock soared skyward with a rush.

At ten o'clock the market opened. Ingot was the first quotation. Having closed at 34 bid, a quarter asked, it opened with a whoop. The first transaction, a block of two hundred shares, was snapped up at 35. The next transaction was another three-quarters up. Five minutes later uproar raged in the market. The whole Street fought to get aboard; and in every brokerage office—Rooker, Burke & Co.'s among them—the uproar on the Stock Exchange was instantly and as wildly reflected.

"Ingot, a half—three-quarters! Five hundred Ingot at seven-eighths! Ingot, thirty-nine! A quarter! A half! Five hundred Ingot at forty! Ingot, forty-one!"

Mr. Thurlow, his mouth agape and his face now of a startling pasty pallor, stood gaping at the quotation board. The day before the gentleman's mood had been merry. When Blake, that stray, that has-been, had been ejected from the place, Mr. Thurlow had lightly laughed. But then, why not? Had not Mr. Thurlow had a tip? Was not the tip a hot tip too? In anticipation of the money, the riches that would accrue from it, there had been every reason why Mr. Thurlow should take things pleasantly. Now, however, the dream seemed somehow to have been shattered.

Tipped to sell, Mr. Thurlow had sold. That, in fact, was what the Ingot Company's director had expected when he'd given out the tip. Consequently, having sold at 34, Mr. Thurlow now looked as if he meant to faint.

His face moist and his lips wetting themselves together, he was still staring at the quotation board when Rooker tapped him on the shoulder.

Rooker's face wore a smile. The smile, however, was purely professional.

"Say, Thurlow," he said, "if it's convenient, I'd like a little check from you."

When Mr. Thurlow, a bit whiter, mumbled he'd let him have the check the next day, Mr. Rooker shook his head. He must have a check at once, he said; and, his face convulsed, Mr. Thurlow made an exclamation.

"What! You'd close me out?" he cried.

It was as he said. Unless he came across at once with a check, the firm indeed would close him out; and, his voice rising, Mr. Thurlow began to protest. It was not for long, however. "Here, you," ordered Rooker, his jaw ugly; "if you have any squealing to do you can't do it in here!"

Mr. Thurlow, however, did not heed. He had raised his voice even higher, shrill now in his misery, when Rooker, assisted by Beeks, the office manager, briskly escorted him to the door. Exit Mr. Thurlow, still squealing.

This commotion, however, had hardly subsided when it was succeeded by another. Ingot had just crossed 50 when, with a stifled cry, Mr. Pincus rose and launched himself across the room. Then, throwing open the street door, with another cry he bolted out into New Street, waving his arms as he went.

"Say," said one of the crowd, addressing a fellow trader in the chair adjoining, "what's biting Pincus? Crazy with the heat, huh?"

"Search me," replied the other gentleman. "Looked like he was tearing his hair!"

If so, Mr. Pincus had cause to tear his hair. At seven o'clock that day Mr. Pincus had risen. In moody silence having dressed himself, he had then repaired to the breakfast table. There, in the same submerged gloom having consumed a dish of prunes, a saucer of breakfast food, four slices of toast, a couple of eggs and two cups of coffee, he had kicked back his chair and lumbered to the door. His wife inquiring then whither he was bound, Mr. Pincus had turned on her with a savage glare—that and an equally savage answer.

"Vat's it to you? If it's to the river I go and jump in, vat do you care, anyhow?"

"Vell, don't get your feet wet, Pincus!" she had rejoined.

And, jamming on his hat, Mr. Pincus had turned on her again.

"Vell, I fool you, anyway!" he cried excitedly. "I bust, maybe! Just the same, I don't go back to them dress linings."

(Continued on Page 30)

F (

LEE SING, heatl
laundrym
filled his mo
with tepid water
noisily sprayed
snowy bosom of
shirt that for the
ment claimed his
tention.

He knew little
cared less abo
germs, this being
the dark but chee
age before germs
tained promine
and customers g
fussy on the subj
of sanitation. I
Sing's successor,
ing business in
same frame sha
uses a blowpump
erated by compres
air, has his ne
shaved twice a we
as regularly as a
good American, a
scorns the queue a
blouse of his fo
fathers.

Verily, the wor
does move!

As Lee Sing wadd
the garment into
moist ball he lift
a quavering Celest
falsetto in snatches
weird melody, h
long braided que
swaying like a pen
refrain: "Ju uh su
We sh

Not without reas
gretted as the prize
Mission, where good
known better, labo
brands from the bur

Having first acq
value of apostasy, L
had remained an ar
so long a time as it
write one-syllable E
tion for a successful
to lead in prayer and
the Chinese Christia
returned to his idols
his occasional nips
whiffs from a bam
least, the two-a-day
Company.

Lee Sing was a g
washed dirty linen
gratify a consumi
glossy shine to col
arrayed in a plum-
about the ill-smelli
consorting with the

Some day he ho
Quong Hop Comp
five-six and force o
bowl upside down.
By and By—a visio
ets empty. A din
his last ten-cent pie

Lee Sing lived
gambling was the
the windows of his
surrounding the ra
the speed of horses.
cool breeze blowing
fever was in the ve
that he knew abou
turf neighbors, sav

Experience had
customers, often g
generosity. It had
boys were rest-le
stunted imps who
with a fluency far b

"I ju uh ever-er

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'OG

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

ILLUSTRATED BY DOUGLAS DUER



"How You Likee—Huh?" Said Lee Sing. "Plitty Good?"

NG, heathen
ndryman,
l his mouth
l water and
rayed the
som of the
for the mo-
ned his at-

v little and
ss about
s being in
ut cheerful
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essor, do-
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atches of
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d queue

a pendulum and marking the time of the

n uh swee-ee-eet . . . by um by . . .
We sha' lest on 'at beau-tee-fu' shaw,
Beau-tee-fu' shaw."

ut reason was Lee Sing remembered and re-
e prize backslider of the Chinese Christian
re good women, whose husbands should have
r, labored long and hard to snatch yellow
the burning.
st acquainted himself with the educational
asy, Lee Sing had embraced Christianity, and
an ardent and enthusiastic convert for just
e as it had taken him to learn to read and
able English. Then, having laid the founda-
essful commercial career, Lee Sing had ceased
er and had fallen from grace with a dull thud;
hristian Mission knew him no more. He had
s idols, his joss houses, his red-spotted dice,
nips of fiery rice brandy, his semioccasional
bamboo pipe, and, last but by no means
-a-day drawings of the Quong Hop Lottery

s a gambler. Outwardly a laundryman, he
inen only to secure the means wherewith to
suming passion. Even as he imparted a
o collars and cuffs, Lee Sing saw himself,
lum-colored blouse of brocaded silk, loafing
melling gambling dens of Fish Alley, and
h the *jeunesse dorée* of the Chinese Quarter.
e hoped to catch a ten-spot and break the
ompany, or strike a lucky streak at four-
ce old Sam Wing to turn the big blue dice
wn. This was Lee Sing's vision of the Sweet
ision that kept his irons flying and his pock-
dime is a piker's bet, but he who stakes
t piece earns the right to be called a plunger.
ed and worked in a community where
the rule rather than the exception. From
his shack he could see the high board fence
e race track where white men gambled on
rses. The smell of easy money was in every
wing in from the broad Pacific, the betting
very air; but Lee Sing stuck to the games
bout and paid little or no attention to his
save when he met them in a business way.
ad taught him that horsemen were good
n given to sudden, inexplicable bursts of
had also taught him that California stable
-pocket editions of the devil himself—
ho threw stones at Chinamen and cursed
ar beyond their years.

e-ee-eet . . . by um by . . ."

The front door opened with a bang, and a short bow-legged youth entered abruptly.

"'Lo, Lee!"

"'Lo, lilla kit!"

The visitor scowled and twitched a shabby cap lower over his eyes, which were gray, deep-set and older than they should have been. Fringes of yellow hair seemed to bristle behind each ear, and the muscles of his small but sturdy torso tightened under a ragged blue sweater.

"Aw, cut that 'little kid' stuff! . . . Is my shirt done yet?"

Lee Sing's loose slippers clipclapped on the floor as he moved over to the rack that contained his finished work. Selecting a small flat package from the pile, he examined the hieroglyphics scrawled upon the linen tag.

"Me ketch 'um," said Lee Sing, grinning pleasantly. "You ketch 'um dolla hop?"

"Now where would I get a dollar'n a half?" demanded the youth. "How many times have I told you the hoss ain't started yet?"

Lee Sing's face became perfectly blank; he took refuge behind the phrase at which the entire West has battered in vain.

"Me no sabby," said Lee Sing stupidly. "No sabby hoss. You no ketch 'um dolla hop, no ketch 'um laun'ly. Fo', fi', sixsa week—alla time you foola me. Alla time you say not yet—jusha one week maw. You hip no-o good!" He replaced the small bundle on the pile.

"Aw, listen, Lee!" begged the youth. "I know I've had to stand you off for a month or so, an' I'm sorry; but I've got to have that shirt. I've got to have it to-day!"

"Dolla hop, you ketch 'um," replied Lee Sing, unmoved.

"But I got to take my sister down town to see a doctor," pleaded the boy, "an' I can't go lookin' like a tramp! Have a heart!"

"Umph!" grunted the Chinaman. "Sista, she sick?"

"She coughs all the time, an' she's kind o' weak an' run down. I can't take any chances, lettin' it go too long. I want a doctor to find out what ails her, an' mebbe give her some medicine. That's why I need the shirt. I got to look as if I can pay a doctor's bill, anyhow!"

Lee Sing reflected for some time, his slant eyes half closed.

"When you ketch 'um dolla hop?" he asked.

"Next Friday!" said the boy desperately.

"Umph!" remarked Lee Sing, still far from conviction.

"Friday I got Ninespot entered in a race," persisted the boy, "an' I'm goin' to bring him home in front by a city block. He'll win sure, Lee!"

Lee Sing showed the yellow stumps of his teeth in an incredulous grin.

"Mebbe so; mebbe so not," said he, shaking his head. It was not the first time that a race-track customer in straitened circumstances had offered Lee Sing feed-box information in lieu of coin of the realm. "Mebbe so loosh 'um!"

"But he can't lose!" argued the boy, drawing nearer and lowering his voice to a confidential pitch. "You know how long I've waited with this hoss, just to get him placed in a soft spot. Well, Friday's the day; an' there ain't a thing in there for him to beat—not a thing! I'll have money Friday night—all kinds of money; but I got to have that shirt now!"

"Dolla hop," murmured Lee Sing, weakening.

"But Jennie can't wait till Friday," urged the youth, pressing his advantage.

"She ought to see a doctor this afternoon an' get something to stop that cough! Aw, be a good feller, Lee!"

"You no foola me?" demanded the Chinaman, with a shrewd glance out of the corner of his almond eyes. "You no tell 'um lie?"

"Cross my heart!" cried the boy with sudden passion. "Cross my heart an' hope to die if it ain't the truth! Jennie's sick, I tell you; an' I got to take her to the doctor. You think I'd lie about a thing like that?"

Lee Sing sighed heavily and picked up the small bundle again.

"Aw light," he grunted. "Nisha time aw light. . . . Me hip dam' fool! . . . Fliday, you ketch 'um dolla hop?"

"You bet your life!" The boy snatched the bundle from Lee Sing's hands and moved toward the door; the Chinaman followed him swiftly.

"You hoss," said he, "what him nem?"

"His name's Ninespot, I told you; an' he goes in the sixth race, Friday. Ninespot—sixth race—Friday—got that?"

"Ni'spot," repeated the Chinaman, and a sudden smile bisected his grave countenance. "Ni'spot, Chinee lottelly, him plitty dam' good; ten-spot mo' betta!"

"Gee, but you're a bug on that lottery stuff, ain't you?" asked the boy, pausing at the door. "And say, you got as much chance to land a ten-spot as—as I have to win the American Derby with the awful oat-hound I got in my barn!"

"Bimeby ketch 'um, git plenty money," replied Lee Sing, grinning vacuously. "Ten-spot losh money, kit; all sem lich!"

"Lots of money, eh? Well, go to it, Lee; I'm for you. You're a good feller at that!"

"Uh-huh," was the dry response; "jusha now me dolla hop good fella. Me sabby you. You come back Fliday?"

"Just as sure as the sun shines!"

The boy leaped out into the chill December breeze, hugging the flat bundle to his breast.

"Billy," said he to himself, "what's goin' to become of you? You lied like a common tout—lied to a Chinaman to get a shirt an' make a front so's to stand off a doctor! Ninespot! They flattered him when they named him! An' you said he'd win sure! I'm ashamed of you!"

Inside the frame shack Lee Sing continued to wad damp garments into little balls, and the quavering melody rose and fell, while the swaying queue marked time:

"In uh swee-ee-eet . . . by um by . . .
We sha' lest on 'at beau-tee-fu' shaw,
Beau-tee-fu' shaw."

"Haw!" chuckled Lee Sing, and followed his chuckle with an avalanche of guttural sounds, which being interpreted into pidgin English gives us the following bit of wisdom:

"Ni'spot, him plitty dam' good; ten-spot, mo' betta!"

II

WHEN old Tom Randolph closed his eyes on a world of change and chance he left an estate consisting of a spotlessly clean record on the American turf, an excellent

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"It's a mean trick, Billy," Old Tom had said after the doctor had told him the truth; "yes, a mighty mean trick, leavin' you like this—you an' Jennie. You'll have to watch her pretty close, my boy. She's inclined to be delicate, like her mother was, an' she'll need lookin' after. . . . I ain't askin' you to promise me, sonny. I know you'll think of her first always. . . . The racin' game ain't what it used to be before bookmakers began buyin' stables of their own; but if you stay with it, Billy, run your hosses on the square—I expect you'll be ridin' a couple of seasons yet. Don't never ride for a man that wants you to do wrong, an' remember what I told you 'bout makin' a low weight if it hurts you. It ain't worth while ruinin' your health. . . . And now, if you'll bring Jennie in. . . . I'm in the home stretch, sonny, an' finishin' fast."

For two years Billy had preserved his father's estate intact. Old Tom's turf record had not suffered by any act of his son; the split-second stop watch had not left the Randolph family for as much as an instant, and the worthless Ninespot had a roof over his head and oats to eat—oats he had not earned. By riding for other owners Billy had been able to keep a horse of his own—not much of a horse, to be sure, but still a thoroughbred and the sole survivor of the Randolph Stable.

And now, at the end of the second year, Billy Randolph sat on the porch of a three-room cottage in the rear of the barns and faced a crisis all too serious for his years.

It was night, and a dense fog had drifted in from the ocean, swallowing up the stable lights and blotting out the low even lines of the buildings where the thoroughbreds were quartered. A medley of sounds came to the boy out of the thick gray pall—some of them amazingly close at hand, others muffled and indistinct—snatches of camp-meeting melodies crooned by negro hostlers and roust-abouts; shrill cries of youthful gamblers, bending over the dice in some near-by but invisible tackle room; occasional bursts of loud laughter, marking the point of some rude joke. Billy Randolph heard these things but did not heed them. He sat with his chin in his hands, while the fog slowly took the stiff-ness out of the bosom of his clean white shirt.

A door creaked behind him, and a girl's voice caused him to turn his head.

"Billy, you mustn't set out there in the fog! You'll ketch your death o' cold!"

"Shucks, Jen! I'm warm as toast! Run along to bed, an' don't bother about me. I'll be in after a while. I'm waitin' for George th' Greek."

There was a short silence. The door creaked in an undecided manner but did not quite close. A pencil of yellowish light still glimmered through the fog curtain.

"Billy?"

"Well?".

"You ain't worryin' about it, are you, dear? You know you can't do any more'n just your level best. I'd rather stay here with you, Billy, than go down there among strangers. Don't let it bother you."

The boy laughed harshly. "Bother me? I should say not! Didn't the doctor tell me you'd be all right once you get out of this damp foggy climate? Well, we're goin' to get out. I'll land you in Arizona if I have to make Ninespot carry double. Right at present, I'm figurin' ways an' means—mostly means. . . . Hike, now—here comes somebody!"

The door closed softly as a figure loomed through the fog.

"That you, Billy?"

"What's left of me, Greek. Set down; I want to have a talk with you."

Now George the Greek was really not a Greek at all, neither was his first name George. The alias had been bestowed on him because of an olive complexion, dark dreamy eyes, and a mop of blue-black hair, inclined to curl. When he had money, which was seldom, he could be found vibrating between the paddock and the betting ring, and he had once been four hundred dollars ahead of the game for almost half an hour. When he had no money he worked and earned it, in this respect differing from many turf followers.

"Plenty. In the first place, it's her lungs. That was my guess all along."

George the Greek made a clicking noise with his tongue and shook his head sorrowfully. Because he found nothing to say, he patted Billy's knee.

"Cheese!" said the head of the Randolph household. "It ain't as bad as that! It's only in the first stages. The doctor says I got to get her out of this foggy climate."

"Sure!" said George the Greek, and swore softly at the fog.

"Go as far as you like!" said Billy. "You don't hate it any worse'n I do—on her account. It's the fog that brings on all her coughin' spells. . . . Arizona or New Mexico—that's what he said. Might as well ask me to take a trip to the moon! Arizona's a long ways off."

"We'll do it somehow," said the Greek.

"But it's got to be done quick. If we take it in time she can beat the game yet. If she stays here ——"

"No 'if' about it. You got to get her there in a hurry."

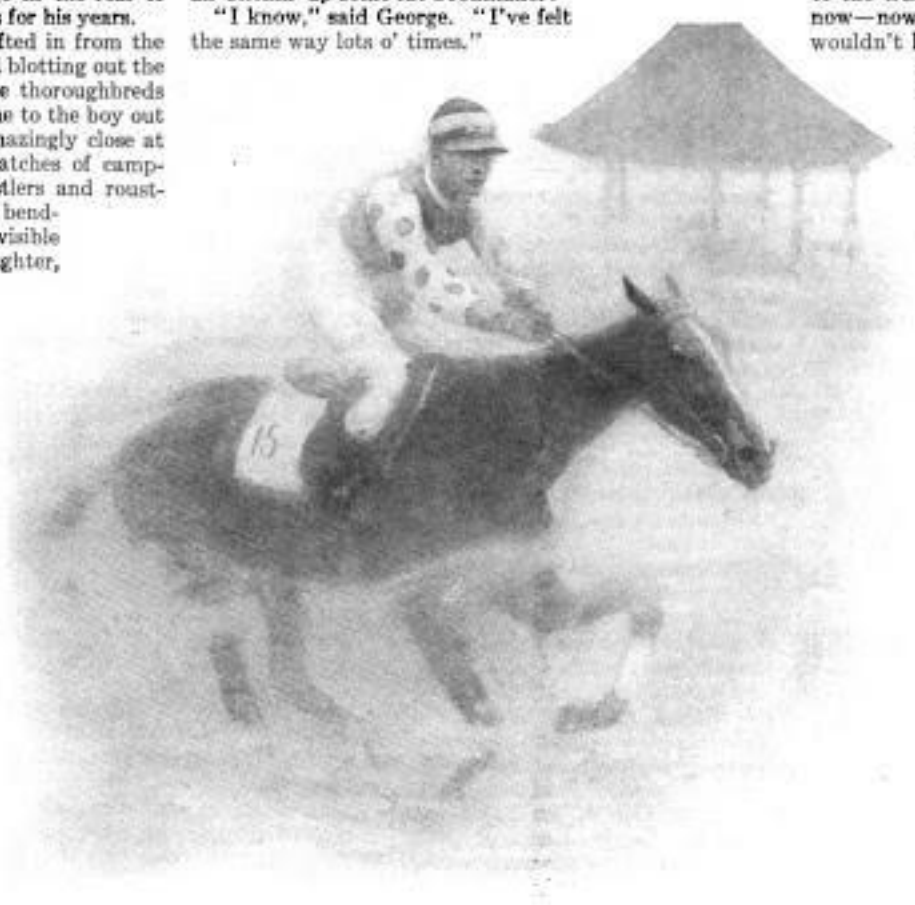
"But how? That's what stops me—how?"

George the Greek rolled a cigarette and blew a cloud of smoke into the fog.

"Couldn't you sell Ninespot?" he asked.

"Humph!" grunted Billy. "That big hound? Why, I couldn't give him away! He ain't worth thirty cents. . . . I tell you, Greek, I feel like goin' out with a gun an' stickin' up some fat bookmaker!"

"I know," said George. "I've felt the same way lots o' times."



Billy Thoughtfully Guided Ninespot Well Into the Middle of the Track

"I got Ninespot entered in a race next Friday," said Billy. "It's a Burglars' Handicap if ever there was one—all the bad hosses at the track are in it. The route is a shade longer than he likes—seven-eighths; but if he runs up to his best work he stands an outside chance. Jim Barlow has got his big black hoss in there ——"

"Ace of Spades?" asked George.

"That's the baby. Ace of Spades is quite a hoss. He outclasses this bunch—can win in a walk if Barlow's tryin' with him. Trouble is, you never know what Jim's doin' till he's done it; an' by that time they're payin' off. He's been cheatin' with the black hoss lately—waitin' to get a price, I reckon—an' he may not be ready to cut him loose on Friday.

"If he ain't it's anybody else's race, an' Ninespot'll have as good a chance as most of 'em. . . . If I only knew about Jim ——"

"Maybe I can find out," said George the Greek hopefully. "I know a couple of swipes that are working for Barlow."

"Jim's too foxy to tip his mitt to stable hands," said Billy.

"You goin' to take Ninespot out in front?" asked George the Greek.

"Yes; an' if anybody beats that barrier next Friday it'll be me. The only good races the big hound ever ran were the ones when he had the jump on the bunch. He ain't got no heart, Greek. He quits as soon as they come up 'longside of him. . . . A big yellow hound! . . . An' that's the only hoss left to run for the Randolph Stable—in a pinch like this!"

"He might not quit Friday," said the optimistic George the Greek.

"He better not!" was the savage rejoinder. "If he does quit it'll be after the worst lickin' a race hoss ever got! I hear Jennie movin' round inside. Reckon I ought to go in an' talk to her—cheer her up a little."

"Is—is she scared, Billy?"

"She wouldn't ever let me know it if she was," replied the boy. "I wanted her to go in the next room while I talked with the doctor alone. Think she'd stand for it? Not in a thousand years! It was the truth she was after. And game? She's so game that I kind of choke up when she talks about the little cold on her chest. . . . That's what she calls it—a cold on her chest. Can you beat her?"

"Listen!" urged George the Greek, with a sudden inspiration. "You tell her I had an aunt once that was awful sick—lungs all shot to pieces. They had to carry her to the train on a stretcher—that's how bad she was; an' now—now she weighs a couple of hundred pounds, an' you wouldn't know there was ever anything the matter with her! Honest, you wouldn't! That's what Arizona done for my aunt; you tell Jennie."

"Is this aunt business on the level?" demanded Billy sternly.

"Aw, what difference does that make?" growled George the Greek. "You tell her anyhow. It may do some good!"

III

THERE are great souls to whom a little luck is only an aggravation. Not content to accept the small favors flung them by the blind goddess, not satisfied to touch the hem of her garment, these bold and greedy adventurers essay to pick her pockets and loot her of the capital prize as she passes them by. A very few believe that this can be done. As a general thing, the belief costs them money and heartaches.

It was on a Thursday afternoon that Lee Sing "caught a ten-cent seven" in the daylight drawing of the Quong Hop Lottery Company, and thus found himself richer by the sum of eighteen dollars and seventy-five cents. Another lowly dabbler in soapsuds might have rejoiced; but Lee Sing only sneered as he wound his queue about his head and prepared to board the street car for Chinatown. He regarded a ten-cent seven as very small fish indeed—fit for nothing but to be used as bait in the snaring of a leviathan.

From the lottery headquarters it was but a step to the establishment of old Sam Wing, ostensibly a respectable merchant, really a pillar of the gambling trust. In his dingy basement, where a million shopworn odors fought for mastery, and some were defeated but none died, Sam Wing defied a city ordinance by operating a dice game known to the initiated as four-five-six.

Night and day the ivory cubes rattled and spun in the big blue bowl; and the stakes changed hands, sometimes with amazing rapidity, for four-five-six is the sort of game where the speculator gets action for his money.

Lee Sing clattered down the basement stairs, with his nose in the air and many silver dollars clinking in his pockets. To-night is always the night when a Chinaman has money he has not earned.

Sam Wing, a frail little mummy done in wrinkled yellow parchment, peered through the smoke of cigarettes and rank Chinese-made cigars and nodded at Lee Sing, who nodded politely in return.

About the large round table were the gamesters—white, black, yellow and brown. Plump, smooth-skinned Chinese dandies were jostled by negroes and Mexicans; white men, their dead eyes and sallow cheeks marking them as opium smokers, made room for coolies and Japanese vegetable growers. Lee Sing saw at a glance that it was a good game, with plenty of money in sight. He edged his way in to the table, thus inconveniencing a white boy in a

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r's uniform, who
ishly watching his
ve-cent bet.
quitcha shovin'!"
he youth. "Now
e on, ace!"
g made a few small
varying success;
it came his turn to
e dice he emptied
ts into the small
Sam Wing held
. A mutter of
ran round the

money now,"
Sam Wing.
y bet 'um—bet

er players placed their wagers
f them, in amounts ranging
e to a dollar. Lee Sing waited
ast coin was staked; then he
the three dice and examined
ully.
spots are on 'em!" grumbled
ger boy. "Shoot!"
; rolled up the right sleeve
se and extended his arm
losed fist was directly over



"Heh!" Cried Lee Sing, Releasing the Dice With a Quick Downward Jerk of His Wrist

thin' to deceive us, eh?" said the boy. "Why
hoot?"
cried Lee Sing, releasing the dice with a quick
jerk of his wrist.
, spinning, into the blue bowl. A deuce ap-
n a trey; and from the entire circle went up a
culation, almost a prayer, and addressed to
e, which was spinning like a top. It wavered
d halfway across the bottom of the bowl and
. A grunt of relief rose from the players.
im come—too bad!" said Sam Wing calmly,
his talons into the tin dish.
had thrown one-two-three, the lowest possible
ust pay every bet, so far as his money would
ing with the messenger boy, Sam Wing dis-
e contents of the dish, making change with
dible swiftness, and permitting no arguments.
d finished he flipped three dimes out on the
at remained of Lee Sing's fortune.
good man gone wrong!" said the messenger
rattling some small change into the tin dish.
with me, gents! I'll give you something to
ll you that now!"
alla time talk!" said old Sam Wing wearily.
not much money!" He shook the tin dish
"Eighty-fi' cent—humph!"
picked up the three dimes, glanced at them
ucked his hands under his long blouse and
e stairs. A white man would have cursed his
o would have mentioned the amount of his
can would have snarled at the winners. Being
, and coming of the race that produces the
n earth, Lee Sing made his exit in dignified
ing with him into Fish Alley a wooden expres-
tenance, which had not changed by as much
of an eyelash.
er he shuffled into the back room of the Chow
ny—the same being the respectable alias of
op enterprise—and, seating himself at a table,
quare slip of flimsy paper. On this slip were
y Chinese characters, ten to the line, and
olumns—a copy of the first page of a
considerably older than Christianity,
ng twenty sentences of four characters
them rich with wisdom, as the follow-
vill show:
at times, is not in the center; and the
s, is not full."
clouds appear the rain will come."
ter is salty and river water is fresh."
as not in search of information about the
stars. He selected a camel's-hair brush,
lue indelible ink and thoughtfully pro-
terate ten of the characters, apparently
e then marked a duplicate for future ref-
cked it inside his blouse. The original
a sleepy attendant, together with two
and once more his fortunes were at the
midnight drawing of the Quong Hop
pany.
third dime, reserved as car fare, Lee
bloke."

ning dawned raw and cold, and Billy Ran-
hattered as he opened the door of a stall and
arge chestnut horse, which did not seem par-
to see him.

"Aw, behave yourself!" scolded the boy. "I ain't goin' to gallop you this mornin'. I'm saving everything you got for this afternoon, you ornery oat-hound; an' oh, if you ever tried in your life, try for us to-day!"

It was also cold in Lee Sing's shack, and the laundryman shivered as he picked up a folded paper which had been thrust under his door by his friend See Yit, an early-rising vegetable peddler. It was the same sort of slip that Lee Sing had marked the night before, but twenty of the characters had been punched out—the lucky twenty, which had been drawn by lot at midnight in the cellar of the Chow Loon Company.

Lee Sing's sleepy eyes widened as he examined the "drawing." Hastily he compared it with the duplicate preserved for that purpose, and an explosion of strangled gutturals escaped him. The next instant he snatched his slouch hat from its peg and dashed out of the place, his queue streaming behind him, snapping this way and that like a blacksnake whip.

IV

THE day continued raw and cold, with a hint of rain in the air. The rain did not come, but the afternoon breeze brought the fog in from the Farallones—only a shred or two at first, driving low across the infield; then a pearl-gray haze, clinging close to the ground; lastly the main body of the fog bank itself, rolling swiftly in from the sea, obliterating landmarks, obscuring the sun and hastening the dusk of a winter evening.

The fourth race was run through scudding patches of mist; the fifth, in a haze which almost hid the upper turn; and when the bookmakers posted the prices for the last event objects fifty feet away were blurred and indistinct, and rapidly becoming invisible.

George the Greek, acting as hostler for the Randolph Stable, brought Ninespot to the paddock, where fourteen other horses were waiting for the saddling bell. The Greek scowled as he recognized several of the owners.

"Billy called it!" thought he. "Burglars' Handicap is right. Every thief on the track has got a horse in this race. Question is, How many of 'em are tryin'? . . . Jim Barlow ain't—that's one good thing. . . . Ace of Spades looks fine, though—looks ready."

The bell brought Billy from the jockey's room—a stocky little figure in the shabby colors of the Randolph Stable. George the Greek saddled Ninespot under the critical eye of the owner, and the boys engaged in low-toned conversation as they waited the signal to mount.

"My—oh! What a fog!" said Billy. "Jen wanted to see the race; I'm glad I told her to stay home."

"Nobody'll see this race," said George the Greek. "It's thicker than soup out there. . . . Fine chance for rough stuff on the upper turn; the judges can't see any fouls. Better look out for some of these fellers."

"They better look out for me!" said Billy, fumbling in the leg of his boot. "I'm desperate enough to do'most anything."

He straightened up and showed the Greek a twenty-dollar note folded small in the palm of his hand.

"Where'd you get that?" demanded George.

"I borrowed it on the watch," replied Billy. "I'm takin' a chance that you got the straight dope on Ace of Spades."

"Both of Barlow's boys told me Jim wasn't tryin' to-day," said George the Greek. "They told me the black horse wouldn't be anywhere."

"I hope you're right," said Billy; "an' I'm goin' to gamble that you are. Stand over here and I'll drop this in your coat pocket. I don't want anybody to see me slip it to you—it might start a lot of pikers to playin' Ninespot. . . . Now this is what you do: Wait till the very last minute, an' then slip into the ring an' get me the top price on him to win. He'll go up in the bettin', sure; you ought to get fifty or seventy-five to one."

"Hadn't I better put ten on the nose an' ten on the limb?" asked the cautious George.

"Put it all on his nose!" ordered Billy. "Every nickel! He'll win or he won't be nowhere; an' if it comes to a cleanin' I might as well be cleaned right. What good will a stop watch be to me—in Arizona?"

"There's something in that," murmured George the Greek.

"I haven't told Jen," continued Billy; "so be careful an' don't spill it. She'd feel bad if she knew I hocked the watch. If Ace of Spades is in the morgue to-day I got as much chance as the rest of 'em; an' this big hound will certainly get a sure-enough ride, no matter where he finishes."

Somewhere in the fog a bugle blared shrilly.

"Good luck, ole pal!" said George the Greek as he hoisted Jockey Randolph into the saddle. "If wishin' was winnin' ——"

"I know," said Billy; "but it ain't. That's the hell of it."

The fifteen thoroughbreds passed the grand stand in a ghostly procession, invisible to all but the judges and the spectators near the fence. Even at this close range it was difficult to read the numbers on the saddlecloths, and the presiding judge shook his head at his assistant.

"I don't remember ever seeing it quite so thick as this," said he.

"Nor me," remarked the other. "It'll be just our luck if about seven of these skates take it into their heads to finish noses apart. That'd be lovely, eh? Better run through those colors again, I think. Let's see—red jacket, white sleeves, white cap—that's Harrington's horse; purple jacket, green sleeves, purple and green cap—that's the Denver Stable ——"

Billy Randolph, jogging along at the extreme end of the line, urged Ninespot a bit and soon found himself touching elbows with Jockey Sanderson on Ace of Spades. Sanderson, who was young in years but nevertheless an able business man, was cursing several things, among them Jim Barlow, his heirs and assigns forever.

"What's it all about, Sandy?" asked Billy.

"Barlow crossed me," answered Sanderson, and continued to free his mind.

"Crossed you? How?"

"He told me he'd let me know when he was goin' to turn this one loose, so I could bet some money on him. . . . Barlow never bet a dime for a jock in his life."

The cold seemed to strike Billy Randolph through and through.

"Why," said he, "I—I understood Ace of Spades wasn't—wasn't ——"

Jockey Sanderson interrupted him with a savage oath:

"So did a lot o' people! So did I! Last night Jim Barlow told me this race was just goin' to be another one of 'them things.' Then, at the last minute, when there ain't a chance for me to flag my bettin' c'missioner, Jim breaks it to me that the stable money is down, an' gives me orders to take this baby out in front an' never look back! I leave it to you if that ain't a rotten trick!"

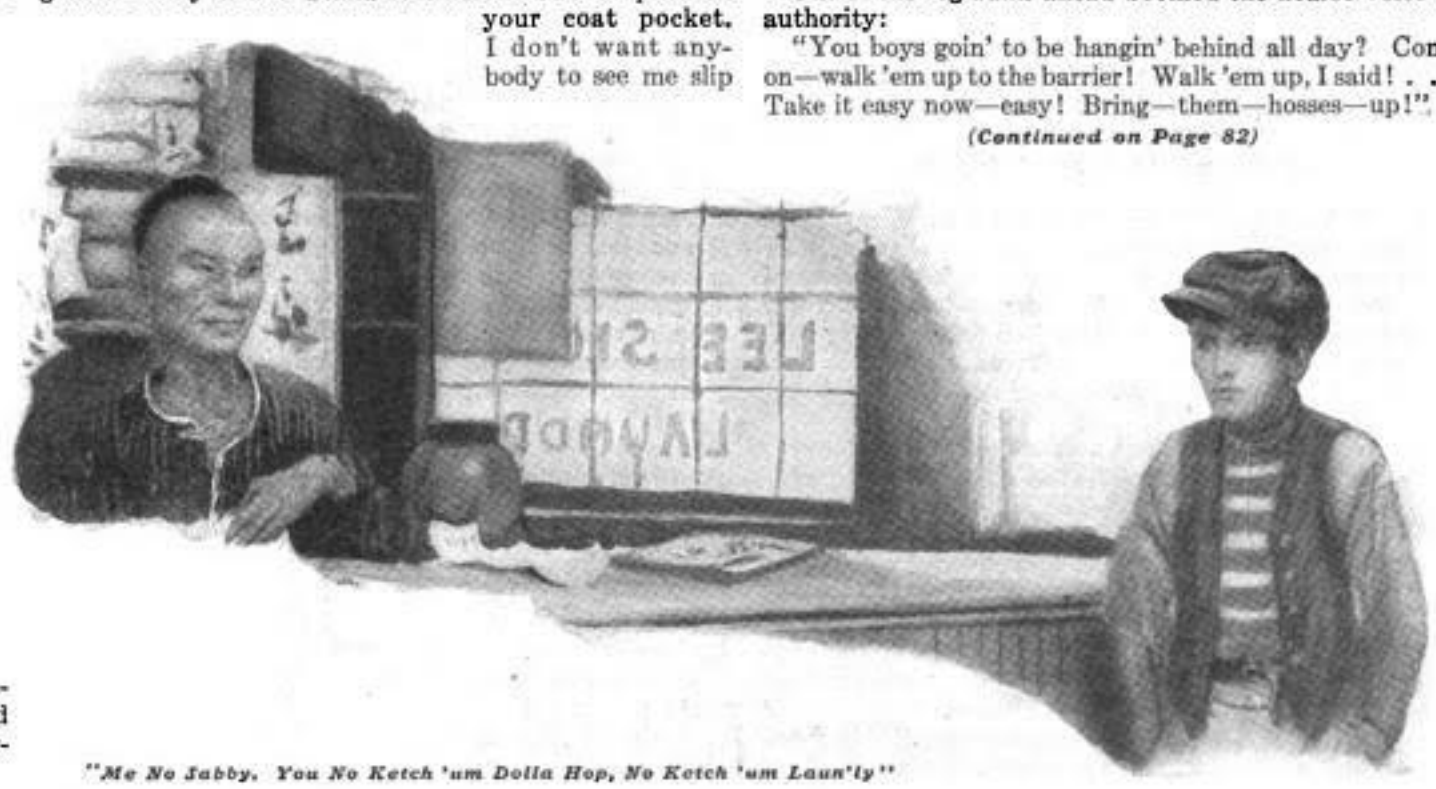
Billy Randolph did not answer. He could not speak.

"It's all right to job the bookmakers an' the public," complained Jockey Sanderson; "but a guy ought to be on the level with his stable c'nections. Here I been grabbin' this bird every time out, messin' him all over the track, bringin' him home outside the money, takin' a chance on bein' set down by the judges; an' now, when Jim gits ready to send him for the checks, he don't even tell me! He's a fine stiff, he is! Why, if I ——"

Out of the fog bank ahead boomed the hoarse voice of authority:

"You boys goin' to be hangin' behind all day? Come on—walk 'em up to the barrier! Walk 'em up, I said! . . . Take it easy now—easy! Bring—them—hosses—up!"

(Continued on Page 82)



"Me No Jabby. You No Ketch 'um Dolla Hop, No Ketch 'um Laun'ly"

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IN FAIRVIEW



IS BY H. DEVITT WELSH

went broke on wheat in the sixties and
hese prairies fed the world with bread.
ing wheat exclusively. We used to break
April and May of one year and sow it to
spring. We knew of no crop that would
hly broken sod; and we thought the fur-
ribbon of black earth, had to lie and rot
fore it would make a crop of anything. To
to plant corn in holes chopped through the
but sod corn was the synonym for nothing
ve raised our winter's potatoes, turnips,
squashes on the new sod, and scant crops of
our winter's cakes; but nothing of much
y.

ew helped us to exist, and that is about all.
est flight of pioneers had roughed it through,
rs found that they could grow a crop of flax
e breaking plow and make good money on it;
vest many a man paid for his land with the
flax. Then, in Western Canada the landown-
rise to this possibility and sold the land on the
op the first year; so that the new knowledge
zed in the price of land—just as all knowledge,
inevitably becomes so capitalized sooner or
a law of land values.

first crop of wheat, which was the second year
, we sowed another crop of wheat; and then
d another—and so on. The Corn-Belt prairies
n seas, rippling in the sunshine and the winds—
ent sight; as different from the Corn-Belt sum-
cape of to-day as Alaska is different from Florida.
ack soil in fall and spring—bare black soil as far
e could reach. It was the faint green of sprout-
in April, deepening into lush greenery in May and
w beginning to wave in dark ripples in the wind.
reen and gold in July. And in August came the
lf-rake reapers, the old droppers and the harvest-
h with two men binding and riding at the same
d the headers spouting geysers of wheatheads into
oard boxes.

hen the prairie became freckled with shocks, which
athered into groups of hive-shaped stacks, after
he threshers went about filling the air from daylight
r dark with the hum of the cylinders, rising and
ike the voice of no other machine, in a long, waver-
sical pæan of triumphant plenty. Then came the
burning straw piles, and the stubble fields were
cored with broadening black ribbons of plowed
roadening until all was black again; and the
wore deep grooves in the earth as the crop went to
the railway, sometimes as much as forty miles off. And then in the spring there went into those fields another crop of wheat.

Not for too long a time, however, would Nature allow this to go on. There came a time when something mysterious was seen to be the matter with the wheat. It came up as rank as ever, it grew as tall as ever, its heads were as long as ever; but the straw, which used to turn to gold from green, now bore black specks and turned brash, so that the heads would pull off the bands when we cinched up the sheaf before tucking it in. Sometimes, too, our boots would be red with rust from the wheat straw, and at other times the wheat would stand shoulder-high and filled with kernels, when some terrible thing would shrivel the grains almost to chaff.

We waded through deep waters in those days. Nobody knew what the trouble was, though we had all sorts of theories. Now the professors in the colleges of the spring-wheat states have found out that when wheat is sown after wheat, as we sowed it, there are fungi and bacteria which fill the soil and pervade the country. But, though we suffered from them, we did not know they existed. Nobody knew then. Such knowledge belongs to the age of the college of agriculture and the county agent.

We quit growing wheat, finally, and corn became our great crop. Then our states became the Corn-Belt States. Now one may see as much corn as then we saw wheat. It is as beautiful as the wheat, but it is different. Not warned by Nature's protest against a one-crop system, we planted corn after corn. And recently we have begun to see that this, too, is a mistaken policy. Then wheat came back; but this time it was not spring wheat.

In my young manhood, here in the Corn Belt, we had no winter wheat that would resist the severities of our winters. But twenty-five years or so ago Russian immigrants brought to Kansas varieties of winter wheat which are more hardy; and these have gradually made their way north until they are now grown in Alberta, where the season is so short that this year's harvest must be taken off after next year's seed is sown.

Young Men With New Methods

THIS wheat has been perfected by the plant breeders of the colleges until it is better than when the Russian immigrants brought it over. It brought wheat back to Fairview. We began slowly to adopt the Ohio Valley rotation—corn, then wheat, then clover.

Now this new system found us all out of practice in wheat growing. We had never been much troubled with chinch bugs and not at all, to speak of, with Hessian fly; but now both these pests were upon us. About the time that I, at least, had come to the conclusion that I had forgotten a lot about wheat, and that there was another lot I had never known, a county agent was hired for our county.

We in the Fairview neighborhood took very little interest in him and his work. We thought we had in Tom Whelpley and the school, and in Frank Wiggins and Daisy, his wife, and the Fairview Meetinghouse, a good deal more than the county agent could give us in the way of aids to rural progress. We were, perhaps, a little uppish and conceited in the matter.

But the county agent didn't feel that way about us; in fact, he disarmed us by coming to our meetings every Sunday and levying on Tom and Frank for help in his work. He said it was not often that a county agent came to a county in which his work was so well started in an influential neighborhood. If he could just get the Fairview spirit and the Fairview Idea, he said, spread all over the county, he would consider his work there a success.

Now what can you do against that sort of approach! Nothing but turn in and help. And after a while we discovered that not even a Tom Whelpley knows everything: and that the keen young fellow who is making a business of gobbling up every bit of new knowledge, as soon as it is knowledge, is sure to be a few laps ahead of the best of us—except in the general and old-established practices of farming, in which, of course, we old stagers naturally know more than anybody else.

The county a
name was Freeman
He wasn't so very
ful after all, thou
called him, disparag
a kid. He had an
in the courthouse
county seat, and
kept a little gaso-
line runabout, in
which he burned up
the highways of the
county all summer
long. On Saturdays
he was in his office
and the farmers
and their wives and
children, too, got
into the habit of
dropping in to see
him pretty often.
understand this is
the way most of
these fellows do.
Going from farm
to farm, as he did,
he kept posted on
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sows of the breed

He sold fifty d
Beebe, because Wil
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Whelpley ten or f
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always organizing
view meetings; an
fashioned one-room
the Fairview ferme

He always carrie
notes of anything
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sion man, with the
before every farme
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I did that one da
that the chinch bug
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"Too bad!" said
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"Where!" I aske

"Kansas," said h

"Do any farming

"Born and raise
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Anti

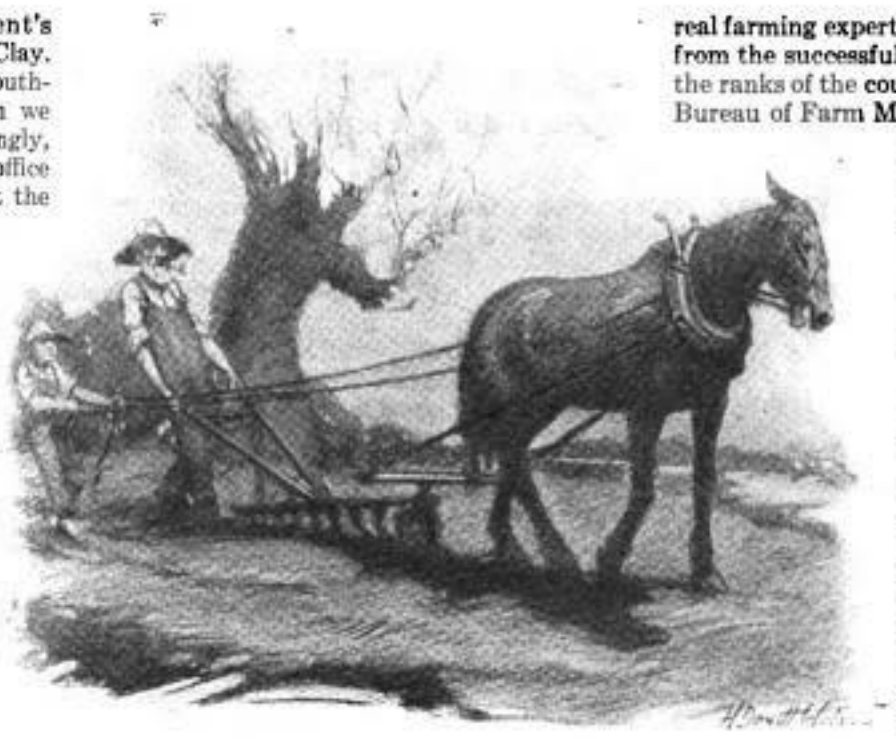
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real farming experts of the country, aside from the successful farmers, are found in the ranks of the county-agent force of the Bureau of Farm Management of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, working with the farmers in the various counties to which they are accredited under the Smith-Lever Act.

All that can be done to check the ravages of chinch bugs after harvest Freeman Clay showed me how to do; I had read of it of course, but it had gone into my brain at the eyes and oozed out at the back of my head, as most things do that we read. That's the value of the county agent to the fairly well-informed farmer: he makes real the things which otherwise remain wrapped in the haze of matters only read of. Only scholars really visualize things that are merely read.

Old Dr. Seaman A. Knapp, father of the county-agent movement and, I think, the greatest educator America ever produced, once said to me: "When a man reads a thing he doesn't know it. When you tell it to him he doesn't know it. When you actually do it before his eyes he still doesn't know it. He never actually knows a thing until he does it with his own hands and brains!"

On the other hand, a friend of mine in New York, who likes to deal in contradictions, is fond of saying that you can't teach any person anything he doesn't already know.

Both these men are absolutely right. I knew, in the way one of them meant, how to check the invasions of chinch bugs marching from the stubble into the corn; but I never really knew it in the way meant by the other until after I had worked it out with Freeman Clay, and found out how far too late it is to tackle these pests after they have got their big summer start.

"Anyhow," said Freeman, "this is no time to start on chinch bugs. Over in Lincoln Township the farmers are going to go after next year's bugs this fall."

"So am I," said I; though I hadn't thought of it until that moment.

"Good!" said Freeman. "You can get most of 'em that way."

"Um—how would you advise going about it," I asked cautiously—"er—under our conditions?"

"Well," he answered, "there's no use fighting them individually. It's a community proposition. They're going at it on a township scale over in Lincoln."

"So are we," said I—for I'd be darned if I'd admit I was plumb ignorant of the whole business after beginning with a bluff. Not that we didn't both know I'd been bluffing; but he is so young and I'm so old, you see. "Can you come over and help us organize the movement?"

"Sure!" said Freeman. "That's what I'm paid for. And I harbor a bitterness toward chinch bugs that makes me feel a savage joy in such a frolic."

Well, with the help of Tom Whelpley, Frank Wiggins and the leaders among the boys and girls, we did have a frolic—and we cleaned them out for the next year. We raked and burned over all the roadsides, so there were no wintering places for eggs of the bugs. We left no batch of weeds uncut or unburnt. We scourged the swales of matted vegetation as with fire and sword; and gave a shampoo to a lot of lawns and orchards which had not been under the barber's care once in their whole history. We went through groves and hedges with fine-tooth combs; and for two or three days the smokes of our holocausts ascended to heaven like Indian signal fires.

We divided the country into sections of two square miles each, and chose squads, which were scored by a committee composed of Doctor Faville, Jeff Sharpe and Ethel Wyatt Fisher, fifty points each being allowed for speed and efficiency. The best three squads got badges, which we sent off for, to be won three years in succession in order to be permanently possessed. And we had a dance and feast at the schoolhouse when it was all over. We were that much to the good, no matter what the effect on the bugs; but I really think it did a lot of good. The next year we had no chinches to speak of; and they had a good many in sections where no bugging contest was held.

I suppose, too, we destroyed a great many other bad insects, of which we knew nothing. You almost always do better than you expect by being thorough. I reckon the San José scale has been a good thing for the fruit industry; when you spray for scale you rid the orchard of pests of which you never had any suspicion.

Practical Coöperation

THIS started a kind of intimacy between Freeman Clay and me, and gave me a new slant on the county-agent business. I began taking rides with him in his car or mine, in which we pretty well explored the county. I never realized before how ignorant the average farmer is of what is going forward on farms within two hours' run; and I came to believe that we haven't yet really domesticated the automobile as a farm tool. It lays all the farm skill of the countryside under contribution for the farmer who likes to know what the real, practical farmers—not the theorists—are doing.

It began by excursions with Freeman Clay to see what other neighborhoods were doing in the anti-chinch-bug crusade; and I found that he was carrying that war into Africa pretty well all over the county. I calculate that in this thing alone he saved the county several times his salary; for we should never have done it if we hadn't had a county hired man to do the drudgery of dragooning us into it.

Pretty soon, however, he began showing me other things. Before I knew it I had joined with six others to buy bulls coöperatively. You must understand that the bull is just exactly half the herd, so far as improvement is concerned; and, as it is cheaper to buy good blood in one animal than in ten or twenty or forty, he is really a good deal more than half from the practical viewpoint.

"Do you know," said Freeman to me, "how many grand sires are never recognized as such until after they have gone to the block?"

He went on and told me of scores of great cows whose sires had been dead before it became known what great and valuable animals they were. So we organized this bull club to get good animals and keep them, passing them from farm to farm among us until they were aged and tested. Some of these days we'll be found showing the Missourians what's what in breeding—all by the exercise of a little common sense in doing things together instead of separately, and saving on overhead charges all the time.

Since then I have made the same sort of arrangement with breeders of my kind of swine also; and the women and boys are doing the same thing with a bred-to-lay

(Continued on Page 62)

as to tell me where I could get three brood
reed I like best, and which I wanted.
fty dollars' worth of seed corn for Wilson
ie Wilson's boy had been taught in school how
ave it and test it; and it was a good variety
organized boys' and girls' clubs all over the
used to come in his little car and take Tom
or fifteen miles about every week, to tell
rd neighborhood how much good we had got
community function in Fairview. He was
izing parties of visitors to attend our Fair-
; and localities that still had only the old-
-room schoolhouses began to simmer with
ferment.
carried a book with him in which he set down
hing any farmer wanted to buy or had to
a sort of universal sales agent and commis-
i the commission eliminated. It wasn't long
armer in the county would stop at the turn-
d and wait if he saw the dust of Clay's gaso-
aching.
ne day and complained, when Clay arrived,
i bugs, after ruining my wheat, had attacked
of corn.
' said he. "I'm from a chinch-bug country
ve had considerable experience with them."
asked.
aid he.
ming down there?" I asked.
raised at it," he answered; "and have an
heat farm there now. That's how I learned
the chinch-bug evil."

Anti-Chinch-Bug Crusade

firmly convinced that he learned about the
chinch bugs in college; but if he had said
t "the control" of chinch bugs instead of
n, he knew I should have refused to accept
i him. He led me to believe he had picked
ge in farming, just the way I have picked
ould talk with him as farmer to farmer.
re such fools sometimes—almost as big fools
n banker or the American manufacturer.
i which only the expert can possibly earn
the wages of unskilled labor in other fields,
any of us are so inexpert that we actually
do our hired men, there are thousands of
eer at experts. I have done so myself. I
do so at times in the future; but I have
ch, anyhow: I shall sneer only at the men
shall for the moment believe, imitation
true ones. The real experts—experts in
in practice—will always observe me in the act of taking my hat off to them, even if I did earn the reputation of being the prize mossback of the Corn Belt by having a whip socket put on the dash of my first motor car.

Moreover, I am willing to concede that perhaps most of the



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By Meade Minnigerode

ILLUSTRATED BY T. D. SKIDMORE



In the Work

clear a space for them. So he found himself face to face with Pepita, and the circle closed in behind him. Once again a hush fell on the assemblage. Obviously this was a great moment. For one thing, Pepita was about to speak, and undoubtedly she would say something awfully clever; and then Mr. Manners—well, there was no telling what Mr. Manners might do. The moment was crowded with possibilities.

"Oh, Pepita dear!" chirped his sponsor, fully aware of the importance of her function—it might well be that in days to come she might say "Why, yes; I introduced them to each other"—"I want to present Mr. Manners. Miss Farragut, Mr. Manners."

Their eyes met.

The entire gathering held its breath. Bang!

Alas, not the tiniest pop of a bang! It was rather disappointing.

"Mr. Manners?" said Pepita. "So glad to meet you. You'll pardon my left hand, won't you? Nearest the heart, you know!"

A titter ran its discreet course around the circle. Trust Pepita to say something bright.

"How do you do?" said Billy—not that he cared a whoop, at that.

They shook hands, and Pepita's fingers twined around his own like the tendrils of a vine; and Billy hardened his heart.

"What do you think?" chimed in the mistress of ceremonies. "Mr. Manners is so shy! I caught him trying to run away—now didn't I?"

Billy looked at her coldly, but without rancor. She was too young to die; it was quite out of the question.

"Not running away from poor me, I hope!" said Pepita. "I'm sure, Mr. Manners, I should never wish to drive you away!"—accent on the you.

She flashed the Pepita look at him at one-second intervals. She had found it most effective in the past.

Billy felt that something was expected of him. He was always so conscientious. Without any warning, he came a step nearer and arched his eyebrows. Pepita was startled.

"Oh, Mr. Manners!" she exclaimed; and the circle shivered with anticipatory delight.

"You see," said Billy, "I have never met anyone quite like you before!"

Perfectly true; he never had. He had always managed to avoid doing so before.

"I'm afraid you're making fun of me," said Pepita in a go-on-do-it-again tone of voice.

"Who, me?" said Billy. "I couldn't make fun of you!"

"I don't know about that," said Pepita. "I think you're a dangerous man, Mr. Manners; and I'm afraid of you."

"Don't be afraid!" said Billy, as though he were addressing the last girl in the world. "Let me call you Pepita!"

"From what I've heard about you, I don't believe I ought to—Billy!" she replied very softly, turning from the Prologue to Act I, Scene I.

But Billy missed his cue. He had no intention of going on a conversational joy ride with Pepita.

"May I get you something to eat?" he inquired, and she closed the book of the play of Pepita and Billy with a snap.

Something had gone astray and they were lined up for the Prologue again. Pepita was annoyed.

"If you wouldn't mind," she said, turning away. "I am simply starved, Mr. Manners."

Billy proceeded toward the dining room and provided himself with the first thing that came to his hand. It happened to be a plate of macaroons. It can hardly be said that his heart was in the work.

On the way back he suddenly became aware of a girl sitting in the corner—a jolly-looking sort of girl, prettily dressed and with frank eyes. Billy looked at her once and then promptly retraced his steps to the table. He walked around it once or twice, getting glimpses of her as people came and went between them; then he absently took up a second plate and started off again. It was another plate of macaroons.

This time he looked at her very carefully; and the sight pleased him, for unconsciously he began walking more and more slowly until finally he came to a dead stop before her, with a plate of macaroons wavering precariously in each hand. And then the girl looked straight into his eyes and smiled. Billy was delighted—not because she had smiled at him, though that was pleasant enough, but because the smile reminded him of all sorts of lovable things.

Then very suddenly she tilted her head and began to laugh. Billy came back with a start from some place very far away and realized that he was pouring a cataract of macaroons into her lap.

"Oh, dear!" he exclaimed; and then his laugh answered hers. "H-have some m-macaroons!"

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awfully!" she tittered. "And please excuse me
, Mr. Manners. I'm afraid it was very rude."
ew who he was, thought Billy; probably some-
met in the receiving line and failed to notice
ne mischance. Certainly he had no idea who
e; but he was determined to conceal the fact

ibly sorry!" he said. "Lucky it wasn't ice
ould have spoiled your nice dress."
think it is nice?" she asked. "I made it
n't you sit down?"
mered again. This girl was not like other girls.
I s-sit down?" he said, and did so at once.
me time he managed to peep around the cur-
ta was established at the farther end of the
nded by local swains who seemed to be more
ministering to her wants.
to the girl by his side, and for a time they were
gly eating macaroons out of her lap. She now
timid all of a sudden, and all he could see of
the beautiful long dark lashes. It was a
little face, except for the eyes; but the mouth
en she smiled. And she had lovely dark hair,
at all. Billy looked particularly to make sure.
ice, isn't it?" he said at last, without knowing
t he meant. "Aren't they? I mean—the
ou know."
she said. "I like it—them, I mean."
ot quite sure. Any girl might have said that.
it was nice being with you, really," he said,

k you!" she exclaimed. "That was a compli-
wasn't it? You know, people don't usually
nents to me."
r pleased him. He felt sure Pepita would have
g quite different.
at?" he asked.
't know," she replied. "They don't pay much
me. You see I'm very young and I'm not
lever yet. I think some day I shall be if I
it's splendid to be able to interest people.
ly not old enough to be very interesting;
st sit and listen, and people don't notice
nind it a bit. I'm not used to being grown
always want to laugh, and you know one
one is a young lady. It's very difficult,
"
d very suddenly, as though frightened at
her speech; and he could not coax her
at him. "Y-yes; it's v-very difficult,"
You do it so much better than I do. I'm
r spill macarooms in people's laps!"
she exclaimed with a sudden
nation. "But only yesterday
ttle brother's feet when he was
ayers—and—oh, I shouldn't
u! I must go now, I think.
Manners."
e before he could swallow the
ad in his mouth. He jumped
g the plate, and followed her
loor; but the room was in a
partures. Pepita was leaving
her farewell scene in the door-
ent up to her, feeling that he
thing. "Oh, are you going?"
"I've been looking all over
have a macaroon!"
sly took the plate from him;
oment he caught sight of his
d of the dining room, standing in
abandoned Pepita, plate and all,
his cousin, who was passing.
," he whispered, or he meant to
's that girl out there? No; in the
t there, there! Do you see her?"
s Miss Farragut, you boob!" said
ll see her at the dance to-night."
l to find his own particular divinity.
lisappeared, which was of no con-
; the mysterious little lady had
ed, and it seemed to Billy that something
pleasant had gone with her.
e of the plate of macaroons is not recorded.
nwritten code in that little town that young
late in arriving at dances, and Buck, being
al dandy, made a point of being later than
und it very irksome; and when his cousin
of pool after dinner he quietly slipped out
o the dance alone. And therein he made a
, for he was the first young man on the
his horror he discovered that it was a card
hopelessly outnumbered and hemmed in on
y the time his card was filled with names he
ason in the unwritten code of the young men

pportunity he retired to the smoking room,
ion to a few bitter thoughts, and surveyed his card: Miss Mortimer, Miss Ashmead, Miss Ferris, Miss Anne Ferris, Miss Gertrude Ferris—grand slam for the Ferris family—Miss Lawrence. . . . Names; nothing but names. He tore the card into little bits and threw them into the fireplace. Young men came and went; but he was a stranger and they paid no attention to him, after the manner of local young men at a dance. There was an outburst of sounds at the front door and Billy understood that Pepita had arrived. Then the music began, and he knew that the first dance was under way and that he was cutting it.

Billy felt very mean. It was only a step for him to feel very sick. He must feel sick. He did feel sick. Must have been those macaroons! In a moment someone would probably come looking for him in the smoking room. He must look sick. He moved over to the window. As he passed the fireplace it annoyed him to see in the mirror how extremely well he was looking. He tried holding his breath to make himself look pale, but he succeeded only in getting very red in the face. He stared gloomily out of the window and heard the applause for the first encore.

The dance was at a hotel and the smoking-room window looked out on a veranda—a deserted veranda, dimly lit by the glow from the ballroom windows. Billy viewed it without interest, except as a possible avenue of escape. And yet the veranda was not actually deserted. In the shadow of one of the pillars a girl was standing, and when Billy opened the window above her she saw him. She said "Oh!" very softly and stood very still in the shadow, watching him.

One is not told what passed through her mind. One can only judge from her actions. In her right hand she held a macaroon—a trifle crumbled, to be sure; and one wonders why she had it with her. She had not brought it to eat, apparently; and, anyway, under her dark cloak she had on a simple but very pretty evening gown, and it is not to be supposed that she had gone without her dinner. She watched Billy for some time without moving. She seemed to be waiting hopefully for something very special to happen. Her eyes were open very wide and she was biting her underlip with the tips of two very small white teeth.



"Mr. Manners is So Shy!
I Caught Him Trying to Run Away—Now Didn't I?"

But nothing happened. Billy just stood there by the window, looking at what he supposed to be the empty veranda. With every moment that passed he felt meaner, and he tried to convince himself he felt sicker. And finally the girl grew tired of waiting.

"Oh, you silly billy!" she observed—but whether she meant Billy in particular or someone else—possibly herself—is not known; then, with a swift little motion, she threw something at the window.

Billy knew nothing until he felt some small object strike his arm and heard it fall to the floor beside him. He looked down and saw the fragments of what had once been a macaroon. For a moment it conveyed nothing to him, though it did seem odd that someone should be throwing macaroons around. Then it occurred to him that it had been thrown from the veranda and presumably at him. Who on earth could be throwing macaroons at him? Good Lord! Who on earth, indeed, but one person! He leaned out of the window.

"Hey!" he exclaimed. "Wh-where are you?" No answer. "Might as well tell me!" he insisted. "Sure to be caught—throwing things around like that!" Still no answer. "Of course you know I can see you perfectly well!" he lied hopefully.

"Oh, no," came a sudden answer in a voice that set Billy smiling. "You can't see me at all now. You're not even looking in the right direction."

"Wait and see!" said Billy. "I'm coming down."

"I'll be gone when you get here," she teased. "It's a long way around."

Ah, but he had no intention of going down by the stairs! It was not a long drop onto the veranda. He put a hand on the sill. "No, you won't," he laughed. "I'm coming now!" And he did.

"Oh, oh!" she exclaimed, stepping out of the shadows. "Aren't you hurt? You couldn't do it again, I expect; but then, it's not necessary, is it?"

"No; it's not necessary," said Billy. "Did you throw that m-macaroon at me?"

"Yes, I believe I did," she replied. "I mean—yes, I know I did. Do you mind? I'm very sorry."

"Are you?" asked Billy.

"Oh, I can't say," she hedged. "I don't believe I have to answer, do I?"

"No, you don't," said Billy. "Why did you?"

"Oh, dear! You ask a great many questions, don't you, Mr. Manners?" she complained.

"I beg your pardon," said Billy. "Please tell me."

"Well," she replied, "I came to see the dance. I couldn't go to it, because—well, never mind why. I don't have to tell you everything, do I? So I came to look through the windows; it's kind of fun. And then I saw you upstairs in the window; and—and I thought perhaps you'd like to talk to me, and—and I threw it."

"I know why you can't go to the dance," laughed Billy. "It's because you tickled your little brother's feet last night, I'll bet! Well, tell me, how did you happen to have it with you?"

"What?" she asked, looking startled.

"The macaroon," said Billy.

"The mac—oh, dear!" she exclaimed. "I didn't think —— You're awfully grown up, Mr. Manners, to ask so many questions. I had it—oh, dear! I'm going now. Good night!"

She turned and ran down the veranda like a little ghost and disappeared around the corner. "Hey! W-wait a minute!" said Billy, and lost valuable seconds before starting in pursuit.

He reached the end of the veranda and caught a glimpse of her flitting across the street, and followed breathlessly, his coat-tails streaming out behind him. She went down the street and turned a corner well ahead of him; but he got there in time to see her run up the steps of a big old-fashioned house set back from the roadway. He stormed after her and heard the front door bang before he was halfway up the path. His pumps clattered on the wooden porch and he hurled himself at the door.

"Say!" he panted. "Let me in! Gosh, let me in!" No answer. "Oh, come," he shouted; "be a sport! You can't run away like that."

Profound silence. He began pounding on the door with his fists. It opened about an inch and he tried to push it farther; but it seemed to be fastened on the inside in some way.

"Please go away!" said a small voice, breathless as his own. "Someone will come if you go on making that noise. I shall be very embarrassed."

He stopped pounding. "Won't you let me in?" he pleaded. "We hadn't half begun to talk." No reply. "You're not sulking, are you?" he asked, hoping for a rise.

(Concluded on Page 81)

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d Supplies in ermany

lonzo Englebert Taylor





oove, a Military Soup Wagon

The price for produce to the producer is fixed by regulation.

The milling of grain, the composition of flour, the composition of bread and the disposition of grain offal are determined by regulation.

The amounts of grain that may be used in the manufacture of alcoholic beverages is limited by order.

The manufacture of industrial products from produce of the soil—such as starch, alcohol, soap—is limited and regulated.

The disposition of livestock is under regulation; so much and such stock is prepared for market, set apart for the dairy, and so on. The slaughtering of animals for food is under central control.

The uses to which milk is put are determined by regulation. The importation and exportation of all foodstuffs and fodders are under central control.

The number of middlemen that may handle a food is limited by order.

The number of wholesalers and retailers that may engage in the sale of foodstuffs and fodders is limited and specified.

The selection of retailer by consumer is under regulation.

The hours of doing business in sale of foods is under control.

The prices that may be charged by wholesalers and retailers, and the numbers of dealers in any line, are matters of regulation.

More Regulations

THE amount of the several foodstuffs that could legally be in one's possession is limited.

The menus that are to be served in restaurants, eating houses and hotels are limited by regulations.

The ration of the entire people is subject to limitation and specification; so much of this and that article of diet a day, week or month, for each infant, child, adult, hard-working laborer, for the sick, and so on.

It is incumbent upon the controller to see that equality is maintained in the food supplies and fodders allotted to the agricultural classes; that waste is eliminated; that transportation is facilitated; that the prices are not elevated by manipulation; that the prices of all foods are kept to the level consistent with the increased cost of production and the increased scale of wages; and that absolute equality in distribution and consumption is attained.

There were metaphysical distinctions between conditional and unconditional confiscation, and limited and unlimited control; for practical purposes the power of the food controller is absolute.

The new system was installed, with the appointment of the food controller, on June 1, 1916. Under this system Germany passed into a state of communism surpassing the visions of Marx and Lasalle. But it was communism from without, not from within. It did not represent altruism; merely repression of commercial interests of individuals and classes under stress of military necessity. Nevertheless, the workings of the system will illustrate to the world how men may be expected to react to the operations of a communistic system of government.

It is interesting to recall that France in 1792–94 passed through an experience quite like that of Germany to-day. The government seized foodstuffs and attempted to regulate amounts, prices, distribution and use upon a socialistic basis. The experiment failed, according to French historians, because of the impossibility of making the producer, the peasant, play square. The German system profited by experience in one direction, and the work of the food controller was classified as executive, and not legislative. The food controller does not have to go to the Reichstag for authorizations. Otherwise each procedure of the Kriegsernährungs-amt—War Nutrition Office—would provoke a struggle between the Agrarian Group and the Social-Democrats—and both know how to filibuster.

One feature of the German regulations that roused much opposition was the control of prices all along the line—in

: Food Supplies (Presi-
vas given police powers,
ıte in their scope.
ller went to Adolph von
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administrator; that he
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hide, highly desirable as
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rs of conciliation, but also
the vision and he has the
netaphysics!
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ıutrition! The board con-
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etary of agriculture; Von
an Department of the Inte-
Teusch, an engineer; Steger-
general consul in Stettin;
member of the Reichstag

, the powers centralized in
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the food card, out



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PHOTOS. FROM PRESS ILLUSTRATING COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

German Soldiers Cultivating the Enemy's Land

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encies of the emergency. It is an index of
lity that in this war, on both sides, cap-
made to serve the state—if not for nom-
, at least for far less returns than would
d through the operation of the laws of
demand.

feature of the new system that was
posed was the taking of complete inven-
vestock and foodstuffs, including those
eholder. But it was the foundation of
e of regulations. The worst mistakes of the
gime were due to trying to regulate the
of a food without knowing how much of
The inventory not only furnished the
unit of consumption, it also enabled the
force the regulations for distribution and
ever it was announced that the sale and con-
rticular article would be centralized the supply
nodity in private hands would at once disappear
arket; only a search could recover it.
most hoped for from Von Batocki by the con-
he abolition of the polonaise. The Berliner is
ing; but there was a great difference between
he Palais de Danse and dancing in front of a
. The word "polonaise" was applied to the
ront of shops for the sale of foodstuffs. For
he cities of Germany, under the régime of
terally millions of women spent hours daily
front of shops, the police keeping the line. The
s came hours before the time set; often they
ening before.

The End of the Polonaise

n was that the food card did not carry any
. It was, therefore, first come, first served; when
or the day was exhausted the remaining shop-
rned away. The bread cards were obligatory;
dancing in front of the bread shop. But the
front of shops for the sale of meat, sugar, but-
l fats were more or less continuously thronged.
s of the peace were inevitable and frequent.
omen were withdrawn from occupation for
grievous injustice.

lbrück no one knew how much meat, butter,
would be available for sale on a day or within
rds were issued, but the organization was, in
a paper organization. The total value of
, outside the bread card, was that it gave the
holder the right to stand in line for hours and take the chances. During the month of May, 1916, the householder in Berlin who desired any of the following articles had to stand in line for purchase: Meat, sausage, oil, butter, margarine, milk, flour, sugar, coffee, potatoes, eggs and sauerkraut. The results were appalling in loss of time and energy. Rubner made the amusing calculation that the woman who remained in bed for six hours would have more fat than if she stood in line the necessary time to secure the amount allotted on the card.

This state of affairs was particularly onerous for the mother in the family that had no servant. One of the first acts of Von Batocki was to state the principle that no article of food should be announced for sale until the amount available was known; this amount would then be divided into the population pro rata and fixed time for sales abolished. The Social-Democrats charged, week in and out during the Delbrück régime, that the wealthy were permitted to purchase food outside the regulations. Von Batocki promised equality before the food counter, but stated that months would be required to bring it into effect.

A review of the development of the problems that confronted the new food controller resembles a description of a game of hide-and-seek. The producer class desired to consume, convert or dispose of their produce in accordance with their own interests, as in time of peace. The trading class desired to have the distribution to the consumer pass through the ordinary channels of trade and subject to the customary scope of manipulations. The industrial classes demanded that food be furnished to them in adequate amounts and at commensurate prices. The people had been officially advised at the outset of the war that consumption of wheat, meat and fats would have to be restricted; that of rye, potato and sugar increased as equivalent.

When the inventory of grains was taken in the fall of 1915, revealing a total of less than twenty-two million tons as against twenty-seven millions the year before, the fact also came to light that nothing remained of the excess of bread grains of the previous year. Under these circumstances the authorities paid particular attention to the control of wheat and rye, and were able to maintain the allotted bread ration—seven to eight ounces of flour—despite the restrictions of the small crop, but only by the free addition of potato to the bread. During the winter of 1915–16 some fourteen hundred thousand tons of grains were imported from Rumania, half of which were bread grains. Efficient management in the army effected a saving of some two hundred thousand tons; so that, with the addition of those two amounts, the bread grains available for the year 1915–16 lacked only three hundred thousand tons of the crop of the previous year.

A calculation on the basis of bread-card and flour allotments, including the heavy bread ration of the army, indicated that a million bushels remained as reserve. The importance of this reserve became apparent in the spring of 1916, when the scarcity of potatoes and sugar made an increase in the bread ration highly desirable. The reserve, as in the previous year, had largely disappeared; and, though it was possible to enlarge the bread ration to certain groups of workmen in industrial districts, the fact remained that a million tons of bread grains had again disappeared.

Bread Grains Fed to Cattle

THE statement of the Social-Democratic Party, made in the Reichstag, to the effect that eight million tons of bread grains had been deflected from food to stock feed, was an exaggeration; but there is apparently no doubt that, in all, between three and four million tons were thus diverted within two years. As time passed the unfortunate results of the original establishment of the bread ration have become more and more apparent. Had the flour ration, as flour and bread, been set at the outset at nine-tenths of a pound, where it should have been established, that ration could have been maintained, since the control would have been elaborated to that end. Then, when other articles of food became scarce, the deprivations would have been less severely felt.

The crop of wheat and rye of 1916 was larger than that of the previous year, equaling that of 1914—over fourteen million tons. As soon as this was assured the food controller announced an added ration of one ounce and eight-tenths of flour for children between the ages of twelve and seventeen, increase in the bread ration to nine-tenths of a pound for all manual laborers, and to one pound and



Soldiers Harvesting Apples

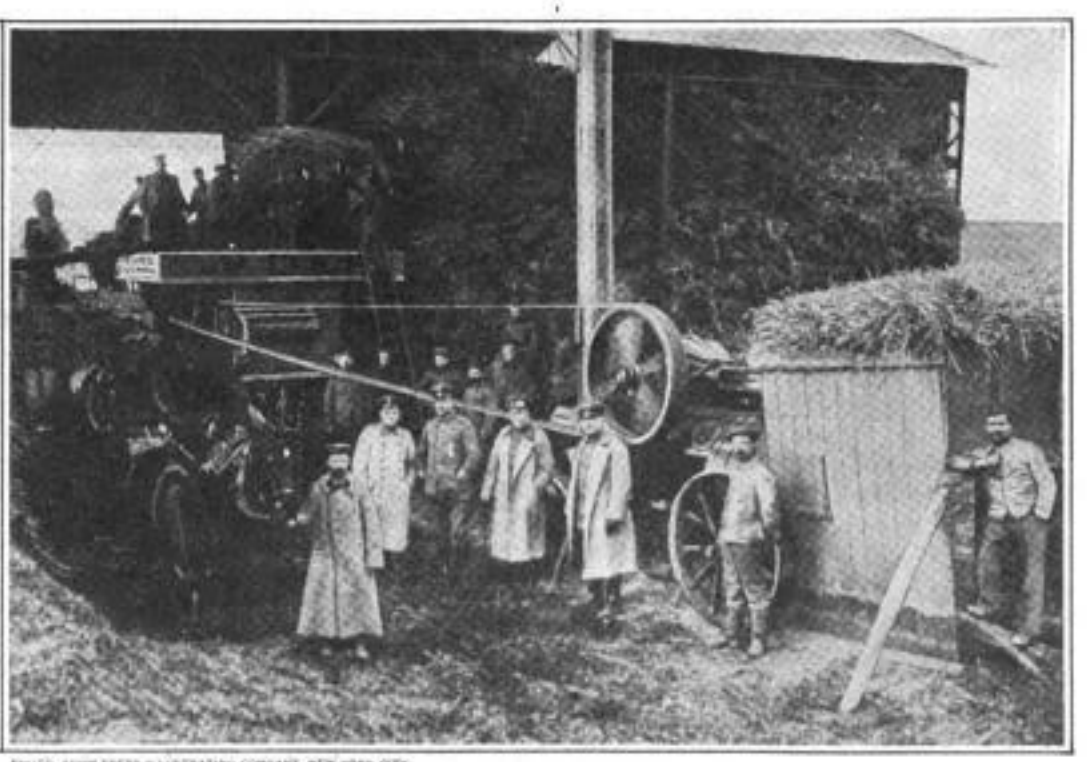


PHOTO. FROM PRESS ILLUSTRATING COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

Using the Threshing Machine in France

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viously was closed to live-
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art, the result of efforts in

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nt year. The product has
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ohol, acetone and glycerine
e crude sugar is eight times
om which it was prepared;
ne are very valuable.
p different forest plants, to
concentrate. Mixtures of
y, straw sugar and protein
quettes for easy shipment.

Kitchen waste and table scraps are subject to collection in cities of over forty thousand inhabitants; and special wagons are provided for this purpose. The collected materials are dried and pressed into cakes and then delivered to communal authorities, who allot them as fodder for milch cows. It has been estimated that the per-capita waste thus saved amounts to over one ounce a day, and that the milk derived therefrom was equal to a million quarts a day. Animal waste matter has been utilized to the practical exclusion of all loss. Slaughterhouse refuse, bones, bodies of dead animals—including bodies of animals killed in the war zone—fish and mussels are dried, pressed and used as fodder, alone or with carbohydrates. Such materials used to go to the soil as fertilizers; to feed them directly means saving time. The control of sale and use of feeding stuffs and fodders of all kinds is now under the charge of the Feeding Permission Bureau, which determines how, where and to what extent livestock shall be fed.

The Pig-Fattening Company

OPERATING in connection with this bureau is the Pig-Fattening Company, which directly or through communals contracts with swine or cattle owners to send to them feeding stuffs against agreements to return certain numbers of fattened animals of specified weight within a stated time. These arrangements, of which the large cities have made especial use, have worked out to the satisfaction of all concerned. The risk is taken from the feeder, capital is advanced to him and the result cannot be deflected. It would have been better had the state in the beginning confiscated all fodder, feeding stuffs and livestock, reduced the latter to the plane of the former, and fattened them, by contract with the peasant, with the confiscated feeding stuffs. It would have been better to pay the peasant his price rather than to lose the units of human food; if a guard had been placed upon every farm in Germany he would have saved much more than his board and wage.

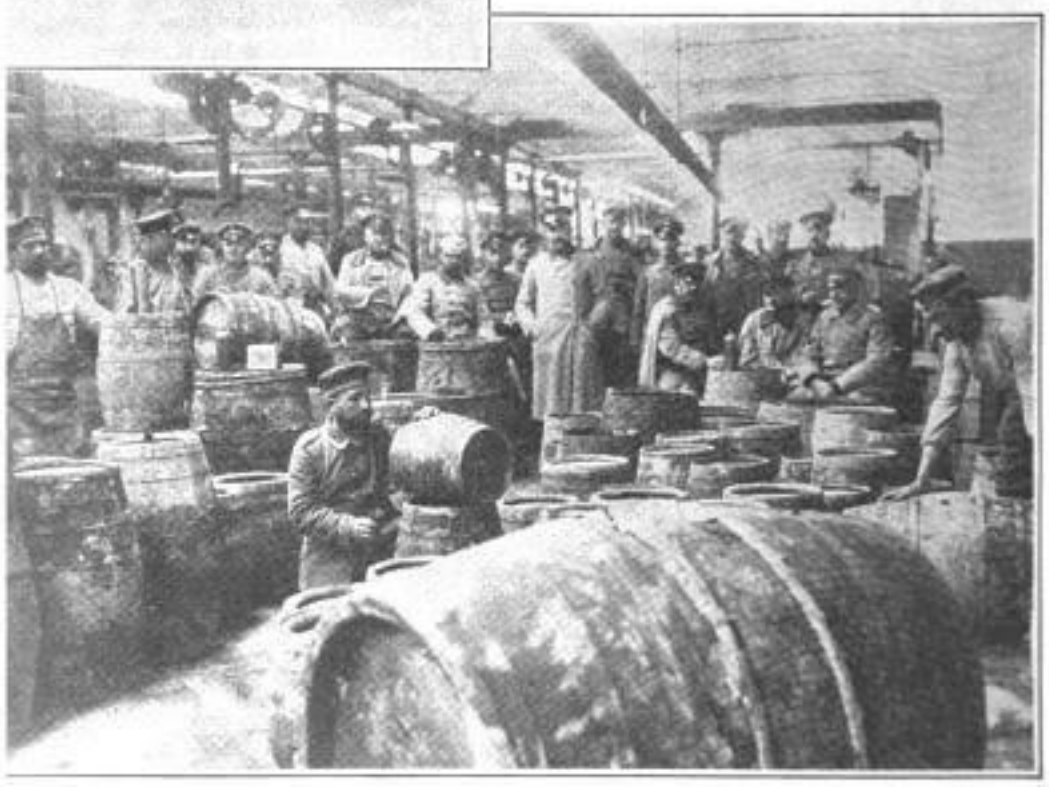
When the small sugar-beet crop of 1915 came to the refineries these were practically empty of the huge crop of 1914. The exact sugar crop of 1915 was not then announced, beyond the statement that it was about two-thirds of the crop of the previous year. It was later announced as fifteen hundred thousand tons. This should have sufficed to cover the normal consumption of sugar plus the excessive demands of the army. There was paper regulation of sugar during the winter of 1915–16, despite which the peasants fed beets freely, and also molasses; and the consumption by distilleries was probably in excess of the normal.

In January, 1916, sugar had become very scarce. Then the feeding of beets and molasses to livestock was prohibited and the recovery of the sugar from molasses again permitted. Sugar cards appeared in March as local regulations, the allotment was not guaranteed, maximum prices could not be maintained, and during the spring and summer months sugar spelled confusion.

A survey of household consumption indicated that this had been abnormal. The authorities had evidently calculated that the people would consume the usual

(Continued on Page 35)





Pigs in the North of France

Where the Wine and Beer for the Troops are Casked in Berlin

THI

IX

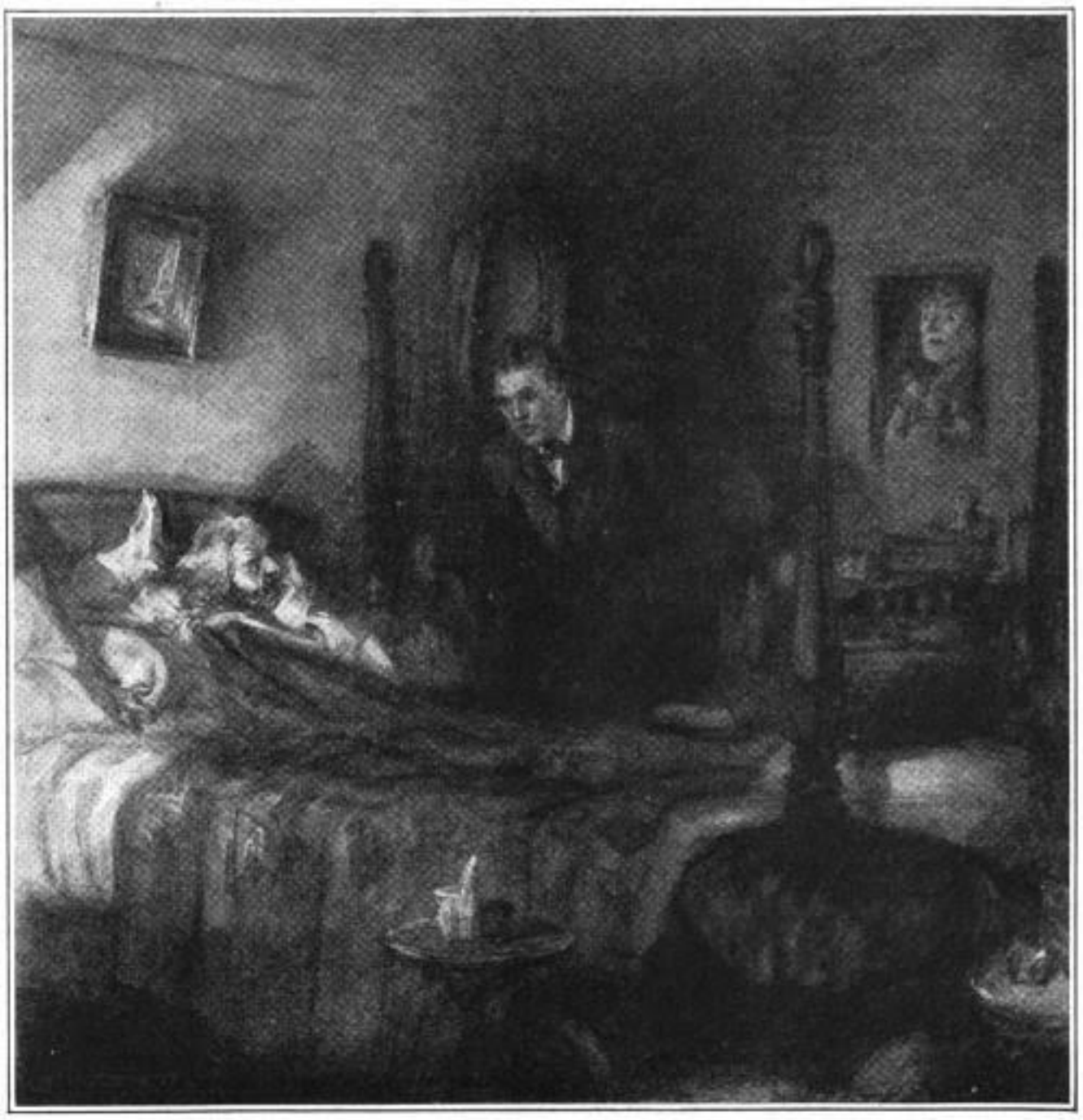
AT THIS point
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Joe Goddard staring
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"Who is that
Hawley quickly.
"The watchma
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"Ah, the fellow
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to sailors, by and la
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replied Goddard.
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went past Goddar
moment against th
back toward the ri

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HE HOUSE OF CRAIGENSIDE

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH



"Do You Not See Its Fearful Eye Staring at Me Through the Wall? Save Me From It!"

IX

point we were
g the Asphodel
r port side, and
I caught sight of
staring at us over
beckoned mys-
l disappeared.
that?" cried
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fellow with the
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Joe,' he says to
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-sack,' he says,
l, because you
ber there ain't
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sailed out of.'"

is a man after my own heart," said Hawley. inest sailormen under the canopy of heaven," d.

ceeded with his story. It appeared that prior to the appearance of the act, Man or Silver Glade, Captain Craigenside had transhman from the ship to the house. It became y to come ashore at nine o'clock in the eve- hour the captain usually retired—and patrol h until relieved. This was as a rule about

was very nervous all this while, and Joe m pacing overhead in his sennit slippers. vould lean down from the wrought-iron balead of his watchman, and surprise him with words. Joe supposed that at such times one ad overtaken him, and although never his l a good deal of commiseration for the plight man. If he had ever had any ambition to y life of a sea captain, it would have been this prolonged observation of the morass in er had become involved. If there was such t terrors Craigenside experienced their bitull.

once I wondered why he didn't weigh anchor n the Asphodel," said Joe, "but this trouries under his own hat, I suppose. At any uld have stuck closer to a house than he did

e night of the fracas in the Glade. This was ge happenings, Joe averred. First, along clock the young lady, who was usually as b and much more self-possessed than her hing up the terraces like a mad woman with ed and her cheeks as pale as death. She dard without a word and stood leaning a that cast-iron dog on the lawn, and looking e river with heaving breast.

Fascinated, Goddard crept up on her, and for an instant, before she turned away from him and ran into the house, he saw the expression on her pale face. Her jaw with its delicate squareness was set, her dark eyes expressed a fiery resolution; but beyond this they were full of a supreme happiness, which seemed to communicate itself to every atom of her body. This transfiguration was so strong that even the rough seaman could not fail to note it.

He stood there wondering in the darkness, and then it occurred to him that if he was to inhale the true savor of this thing it must be through the medium of tobacco. He searched his pockets in vain, and at last remembered that he had left his pouch on a spile at the wharf's end.

He had heard nothing of the captain on this evening; he felt certain that he must be asleep. Whether asleep or no, the pull of the tobacco pouch was too strong to be resisted. Down he went, as speedily as his bow-legged gait would warrant. He snatched the pouch from its spile, filled and lit his pipe, and began to reascend the terraces at a more contented pace.

Then when he was about level with the second terrace he heard behind the rose bushes there the noise of some sort of scramble. There was a hollow sound, as if a man's ribs had been severely thumped; then a more ominous sound yet, as if a skull had been splintered by some sort of bludgeon.

Joe Goddard snatched his pipe from his mouth and rushed forward, only in time to see Captain Ruel stretched his length on the turf, and a rill of blood sprawling on his cheek. He stood aghast, but before he could collect his wits to look about him for this mysterious night assailant he received himself from behind a crashing blow on the head which tumbled him senseless across Ruel's body. When he opened his eyes Craigenside was standing over him, staring at his hand, which was crimson with blood where he had put it to his head.

"What's all this?" he said in a dazed way. "What's gone on here, Goddard?"

"We've been knocked out by some sort of thug or other," said his watchman. "Did you get a glimpse of him, I wonder?"

Ruel shook his head stupidly; then struck by a sudden thought and with a frightened oath, he wheeled in his tracks and began lumbering toward the house. Goddard, staggering after him, was in time to see him snatch open the lid of the clock, mutter "Gone!" in an agonized voice, and sink to his knees in a kind of lethargy. As to what might be gone, Goddard did not know; he had never monkeyed with the clock itself.

Hawley and I were not so much at a loss.

"It looks as if the jig was up," I said. "The man has got what he wants; he must be off by this time."

"Not so sure," said the little man. "We do not know yet into whose possession the jade actually came. We do not know who delivered these two very skillful blows."

"Who if not the ornithologist?"

"Assuming that he had a living assistant, that man must have had an interest in the thing. Otherwise why should he have tried to murder him?"

"Have tried ——"

"We have no proof of actual murder."

My brain reeled.

"Neither have we proof of an actual victim," I reminded him.

He acquiesced.

"We have first to construct a man; we have next to contrive his escape from the power of this mesmerist. But, assuming the criminality of Smith, this is certainly one of the possibilities; and if we do not assume his criminality we might as well give over effort at once."

Turning to Goddard, who had stood listening in a puzzled way, he said curtly:

"Did you see the young lady again that night?"

"In about ten minutes she came by again, and there was Captain Craigenside standing beside that cast-iron dog with blood on his cheek and his eyes bulging out of his head. It was just after his looking into that clock for something that wasn't there. But she seemed to take no notice of him at all, but into the house with her and up the stairs at one bound."

"Did she retire then?"

"No, sir, she was on the roof of the house with her uncle's glass for a good hour. Then down she came, and said to me she was going over to spell the girl with the old lady."

"You did not attempt to follow her, I suppose?"

"I was too sick and sore," replied Goddard. "I had all I could do to hang onto my head."

"So that you do not know whether the young lady actually did as she said she was going to?"

"Well, now, I think I do. For the next day I says to the Crooker girl: 'You look peaked. Were you sitting up all night with the old lady?'

"'No,' says she; 'I was spelled at the usual hour by the young lady.'"

"And what time did she come back?"

"Along sun-up. She was as fresh as a daisy then, and came along singing. That's the first time I've heard that girl sing, too, to my knowledge."

"She was happy," said Hawley reflectively. "Now what an odd circumstance, gentlemen, was that! You will agree with me that the sight of her uncle, bathed in his own blood and half demented by the approach of some creeping horror, could not have been the cause of this singing; nor is the bedside of a dying woman usually a cause of cheerful reflection. Yet after such a night she sings—she sings. Not out of sheer callousness or indifference surely."

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" he returned dryly, "you have
. Medicine must be sent over
he eight o'clock mail. Will you

"It's the candy, my boy. This
d not very well have forced our-
h to know the lay of the land
there. It may be that her closet
demon will prompt her to make
some useful revelation."

"And you?"

"That is a horse of another color," said the little man. "I shall be busy on my own hook, never fear. As the lawyers say, I shall be off on a little frolic of my own."

He drew me aside and said in a whisper:

"Watch for the ebb."

There was still sunlight left when Hawley departed. To calm my mind and bring it out of its confusion, I took oars and went up the river in a little punt belonging to Sturgis.

What strangeness there was in all this business! It seemed certain that there was a connection between the disappearance of that scarlet puppet and the secret history of the Craigensides; and what could this connecting link be if not the god which had been stolen from the shelf in that upright teak-wood coffin? But if that was it, then vengeance had been consummated; and what likelihood was there that the criminal still lingered in this neighborhood? I for my part had privately made up my mind that I should never again in this life clap eyes on Mr. James Smith. He had gone as he had come, without fuss or feathers, perhaps into the sea, perhaps transmuted into one of those whirling sand devils which fled
vanishing troops. Whether
lth or thickness, it was my
d himself beyond our juris-

region of marshland where
k fishhouse set up on piles.
ly clear, but a rampart of
tibly on the horizon to the
in strong gusts, hurled like
tling the many oars which

ıve Crooker. He sat out-
t across his knees. "There
look there! The gulls are

the fat flock could be seen
bodies against that ugly

e Crooker. "Man alive, I
s. But there they are, and
are gone. There's no pa-

ing with them before the

oor old Mercy.

s time I calculate she'll
eve it now—her feet are

n the fisherman, paring
l knife.

ump of clay that I dug
She's mortifying fast."
l him. A late sun was
shore had entered their
e.
said gravely. "Doesn't

"Do we any of us want to go?"

"Still, where she has lived her life, a man would think she would know enough not to train on as she does. But, dear me, my girl Amanda has waited on her by inches for the past week; and quite often she is out of her head, the old lady, and no sooner is she out of her head than she dreams she is in hell."

"In hell?"

"Yes, sir, with the flames scorching her. Did ever you hear of that? Calling out 'Water! water!' and squirming on the bed like all possessed. She's a strong Methodist, too, strong Methodist to appearance. But now if I was to bet with you about that old lady ——"

He narrowed his eyes. "It's God's truth she and old Amos had some league with the devil. Yes, sir. It would come natural to him; and she was that kind, that she would follow where he led. She wasn't in them Eastern oceans all her life for nothing."

I laughed, knowing this to be normally a spur to Dave's imagination.

He shook his head and rasped his hands together.

"You kin laugh," he said, "but my daughter will tell you that it ain't no laughing matter. She has heard her talking to the devil himself this last day or so, and if it wasn't that she was a mighty sensible, strong-minded kind—she's like her father, takes an interest in things and the like of that, but ain't to be frightened—she'd have fled the house long before this."

"And why?"

"Maybe you ain't heard about the old lady's closet demon," suggested Dave.

The closet demon!

"Explain this thing," I said.

"There ain't nothing that can be explained," Dave answered. "But there's an imp from hell joggling her elbow the moment my daughter's back is turned. She can't be left alone a second."

"And what like is this imp?"

"That's more than I can tell you," said Dave gloomily. "It's not of this world, but still it has a mortal hunger for the old lady's soul."

"And it is this demon which is tormenting the old lady?"

"There ain't a doubt of it. The thing keeps dragging and dragging at her, and won't take 'No' for an answer. She'll go with the ebb."

Dave stood up with his weir net over his shoulder.

"I'm heading for the dunes," he said. "Will you put along with me?"

We began to go toward the sea together. The sun had left the water by that time, but the gulls flashed light as they glided in the upper air, which held a mellowness of last rays. The wind fell away to nothing, and in the stillness we heard the sea droning on the coast. The dunes were like crouching yellow hounds awaiting whatever prey destiny might waft them from that wide horizon. More dazzling and more unstable than the imagination of man itself, they were not the same two days together. They rippled, crawled, billowed, uncovering here and burying there. At no great distance from the tomb of the Craigensides the bones of some old ship had come to light, a file of charred rib ends protruding black as ink into the swimming golden lights of the western ridges.

"Look how the sand has sucked her old skeleton in," said Dave.

The great net was draped over his crooked shoulder, corks dragged at his heels over the yielding sands. He looked himself like a sea wraith born of that shipwreck; and I was following him, smiling a little at the figure he presented, when suddenly he came to a full stop opposite the tomb itself.

This had been cut into a solid rock ledge, at the extreme limit of sand. It was a desolate little place. Granite pillars had been set at intervals round it, linked together by sagging chains which had grown very rusty. At the base of the tomb some sort of tiny flower grew in clusters, and the iron gate had wrought into its pattern a scheme of lyres and weeping willows, much bitten by time and sea salt and driving sand.

Now a strange thing: The little fisherman at my side stared and then bent down with a convulsive movement, his nose all but thrust into the sand.

"Come here, boy, come here," he said in a throaty whisper.

The golden coloring had left all those floating wisps of cloud; the dunes lay cold and ashen in a sinking light; and coming up behind my little fisherman I saw with beating heart the thing he pointed out. We were not twenty feet from the front face of that old rock tomb, and there in a patch of firm sand the tracks of a naked foot were sunk deep.

I sank to my knees. Beyond all question I had under my eye the track of a man with six toes on his right foot. I sprang up and stood staring at the rusty door and the purple flowers all about it, and scarcely felt old Crooker twitching my sleeve.

"Let's put her for home," he muttered. "Let's put her for home, boy."

"Wait," I said. "There may be nothing mysterious about this."

"Look there at the six toes. Man alive, it's no one else!"

I laughe
"Oh, Da
ghost to lea
"I've th
now this is
makes his t
pirate, bour
fire can burı
and put her
"No," I s
I took a s
"You're r
"I'm goin
"You're c
I confess t
do not think
sufficed to b
vault. The n
mind that t
verification
I half expect
whirling sanc
"I wouldn
house," he sa
"Then I w
the tomb.
At once I fc
This discover
stitious terro
the tomb in t
revolver and
say that my s
ing living in t
"Did you
could put you
Excitement
knew who ha
along the sout
the sand ende
ing caverns in
could lose him
one of them?
linger in the n
I left the fi
back God-fear
Glade scarcely
Then when th
the shore to sj
that raft laden
been anchored
second pyrotec
said to the le
with hollowed



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but not with very great heartiness.
e," I said, "this must be a weary weight of a
e a track like this."
ught of that," returned the fisherman, "and
what I am thinking: It's a weight of sin that
ack so plain. He carries a load of sin, the old
l fast to his back; and who knows if even hell
it up and purge it away. Stamp out the track
for home."
aid.
ep forward.
ever going into the tomb? "cried Dave, aghast.
g into the tomb."
razy mad!"
o you that in that first moment of discovery I
all the powers of another world would have
ring me to a closer inspection of that grisly
yth of six-toed Amos had been so often in my
his impression in the sand came as an eerie
f the wildest stories told of that old pirate.
ed the old reprobate to shape himself dimly in
l. The old fisherman stood away from me.
't be the man to meddle in the affairs of that
id in a voice hardly audible.
ill," I answered sharply, and I knelt before

ound that the heavy padlock had been broken.
y had some effect in putting to flight my super-
rs; but it had no less the effect of presenting
he guise of a formidable menace. I drew my
swung open the door. I go no further than to
earch was thorough, and that there was noth-
the tomb.
think there was something there that you
r hand on?" muttered Crooker.
t was rising in me, for I thought now that I
d found sanctuary in that place. I looked
th shore to where the heavy cliffs began and
d. There were a thousand cracks and spout-
the face of that giant rampart, where a man
nself. Was my suspect even now crouching in
But why, after so long a time, should he still
neighborhood?
isherman still shaking his head, and casting
ring eyes at the flashing gulls. I reached the
y in time to station myself at the theater gate.
e audience was inside the fence, I ran down to
speak to the two men who were in charge of
n with rockets and colored bombs which had
l in midstream. This was the evening of our
echnic display. "How will the wind be?" I
eader of these two men, a sagacious devil
l cheeks and satirical eye.

"Offshore," he said briefly.

"So you said before," I answered him tersely; "but one of your rockets went through the theater roof notwithstanding."

"That will not happen again. We have set these sticks up at a different angle this time—about eighty degrees. They will all land in the river."

"Make sure they do," I replied. "The first rocket is to go off the moment the five arcs come on under the theater roof. Then wait five minutes and go on with your exhibition."

I left the powder monkey grinning, and went back on the gate. At some time during the second act Doctor Starr put into my hand a bottle wrapped in pink paper.

"Here you are," he said. "The girl will know how to give it."

I pocketed the bottle.

"Any time before midnight then."

He was gone.

I felt that there was no time to lose. I held a deep-seated conviction that some part of this mystery lay locked in that old lady's dying brain. Accordingly I got my colleague on the gate and crossed the river.

Making my boat fast to the Craigenside pier I skirted the lowest terrace, leaped the stone wall, and found myself in Mercy Cobb's estate.

Mercy's house lay to the left of the Craigenside estate. It was far older than the larger place. Long, low and broken-backed, it seemed as if several ripples had been sent through it, like those which attend movement on the part of a caterpillar. Seaweed had been banked all round its foundation the winter before for the warmth, and this rampart, though shriveled and blackened, had never been removed, and straggled away from the house like locks of the dead Medusa. The windows were full of small, wrinkled panes, and the unpainted shingles, dislodged in places, glowed wan silver under the flying moon as I stepped into the yard. It was like an old gray hen that had begun to molt.

Delicate pilasters were set into the body of the house at the front door, supporting the fan-shaped glass transom over it. Into the worn granite flag which served for a step an iron scraper had been sunk and leaded, and on the ground at either side lay vertebræ of giant blackfish bleached marble-white and very porous. The wind that eddied there bearing the strong odor of the flats, testified that already, as I pulled the bell, the tide was running hard.

A sleepy girl, of nineteen or so, with red eyes and flaxen hair, let me into the hall. This was the daughter of the fisherman.

"I've brought the medicine," I said, and handed her the bottle.

She was a tall, broad-shoulderd girl with tousled yellow hair and kindly eyes red from lack of sleep.

"I'm thankful you've come," she breathed, half sobbing. "I've been thinking she might go any minute, and me here all sole alone with her."

"Is there nobody to relieve you?"

"Miss Craigenside was here earlier, but the captain sent for her."

"How is the patient?"

"She couldn't well be worse. Oh, Lordy, I hope I never live to grow old and carry on as she does. It's just wicked that that good old soul should be made to bear it in her last days. It doesn't seem right. Oh, I do sincerely hope I may die young, sooner than come to this."

"She has requested to see me."

"Then come this way, please."

The house had a faint, not unpleasant smell of must, interpenetrated by the odor of straw matting. A week's dust lay about, but otherwise the place was neat as waxwork. Not a rug was turned, not a chair out of its appointed place. Faded pictures in tarnished gilt frames hung against wall paper that had wrinkled and blistered in the corners, and the design of which was of a very ancient date. The stairs and banisters creaked and snapped as I followed my guide upstairs. A hand lamp stood burning dimly on the top step. In another moment I had entered the room, and stood looking down at all that was left of the earthly tenement of Mercy Cobb.

The indomitable old lady presented an extraordinary spectacle. She was propped up in the huge four-poster, her meager body covered by a sunflower quilt, one of these affairs of a thousand pieces, to which such women devote I hesitate to think how much of their lives.

"Ah, you are there," she said feebly. "Sit down, my good young man."

Her black eye held craft and entreaty in it.

I drew near a blue-painted wooden chair, on the back of which a red robin was roughly indicated. She regarded me with burning eyes, clutching the quilt to her chin, the witchlike outthrust of which sickness had exaggerated. And this movement of the quilt revealed, what I would rather not have seen, a great lump of glistening blue clay at the foot of the bed, in which her feet were buried. The angel of death, it seemed, touched her cold by horrible degrees.

"I'm going with the ebb, as I said I should," she whispered, closing her eyes. "Have you seen the captain?"

"Not to-day."

"Ah, he's up to some deviltry. He called the girl from 'an old lady's deathbed. I never liked that man from first to last. Not from first to last. He's no more like his father than chalk is like cheese."

The girl came in with the medicine in a graduated glass. Old Mercy clutched it in a trembling hand.

(Continued on Page 74)



The Head of the Little God Spun to the Feet of the Priest, Still Emitting That Baleful Light

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 24, 1917

Food and Frightfulness

THERE have been many contradictory reports about food conditions in Germany, and in palliation of the ruthless acts of the Central Powers their sympathizers have claimed that women and children are being starved to death. The results of Doctor Taylor's six months' scientific inquiry into the control of food supplies in Germany, now being published in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, seem to establish conclusively that up to the last of the year, at least, Germany, while it had had to tighten its belt, was not starving or threatened with starvation.

That the German nation as a whole is living on short rations, and rather uninviting rations, appears to be the fact; but that any condition approaching actual starvation exists in any class is not true. Germany cannot plead that extenuation for lawlessness and ruthlessness.

Precedents

THERE are two broadly typical ways of looking at a precedent. The conservative way is to say: "This institution, or policy, or custom, has endured so many generations; therefore, it must be the final embodiment of human wisdom, and we should be bound by it." The radical way is to say: "This thing has stood here a hundred years; therefore, let's give it a kick in the ribs to find out whether it's still alive, or only a mummy."

Taking it by and large, the radical way, of course, is the more intelligent—especially in politics; for if any political arrangement was good a hundred years ago the rational presumption would be that it is not good now. Step into a museum and notice how little of the stuff that was used a hundred years ago would be useful now. For one illustration: Nobody knows better than constitutional lawyers and Federal judges how the Constitution of the United States has undergone constant modification from the day it was adopted, until its framers would hardly recognize it now.

Recently they have been quoting Washington and Jefferson and Monroe on every problem that has come before them. Quoting Confucius would be almost as much to the point. Washington and Jefferson, at least, were not blockheads. They did not derive their policy from the precepts of Solon, but from the situation of America and Europe as it was in their day.

What somebody else had thought on the subject under the different conditions of a century before would have interested them little. They had recently been engaged in a very extensive smashing of precedents.

Work for a New Solon

IN HIS last sane years Nietzsche projected a great book which he was never able to write. His notes indicate something of what he had in mind. One of them reads:

"Third Book: The problem of the legislator. To bind anew the unregulated forces in such a manner that they are not mutually annihilated by running foul of one another; to make a real augmentation of force."

Doubtless he did not mean a League to Enforce Peace, for he held that a truly useful state must engage in vigorous to be remedied by shooting off the male population's legs, thereby reducing them to a state of sobriety which would relish philosophy.

All the same—especially in view of what has been happening during the last two and a half years—that note suggests an enormous task for the statesman: "to bind anew the unregulated forces in such a manner that they are not mutually annihilated by running foul of one another." Even in the peaceful United States a large part of the country's potential force does cancel itself by mutual jealousies and antagonisms. Better coöperation is the greatest problem before the world.

Statecraft

THE Bryce report on Armenian horrors is possibly subject to a certain discount, because the atmosphere of war is not conducive to judicial poise. Making all reasonable allowance for that, it still seems clear that some hundreds of thousands of Armenians were murdered by the Turks in 1915 and 1916, with all the beastly circumstances of Genghis Khan and Tamburlaine. Children were brained and drowned wholesale, and the highest good fortune for a woman was to find some means of committing suicide before falling into Turkish hands.

The hundreds of thousands of Armenian men, women and children who were killed with appalling cruelty during the last two years were really victims of Europe's international system. They were among its logical fruits. The civilized states were so completely occupied in jealously watching one another, and patching up a wabbly balance of power, that the Turk practically had a free hand. The civilized power of Europe simply canceled itself in mutual distrust and hostility.

We may be absolutely sure that the old system will produce the old results. Under it, a generation hence—if the Christian subjects of Turkey have not been quite exterminated—we shall be reading of more Armenian outrages. The only remedy is a new international relationship.

Advertising the Library

SEATTLE sends us a set of attractive placards that are well suited to making citizens aware of their public library. One of them reads: "Get the good out of your Public Library! Borrow the brains of the best writers in your line of work. For information on any subject, try the Reference Department, Main 2466." Another says: "When you want information, statistics or facts, don't hesitate; come to your Public Library or telephone. This service is yours for the asking." Another reminds the Seattle parent that "Your child's reading may bring happiness, success, character. If you want to know what books are worth while for boys and girls, go to your Public Library; ask the Children's Librarian."

Skilled workmen and those who wish technical information are reminded that the latest and best books are to be found at the library: "Go to the Technology Room and ask for Mr. Thompson, who will be glad to assist you."

This is real public-library service. Broadcast messages of that sort, in striking and attractive type, will multiply a library's usefulness.

Every day's mail shows us how much public libraries need to be advertised. Follow Seattle's example in inculcating a public-library habit.

A Real-Estate Note

THE world is going up!

A hundred and fourteen years ago we bought from France nearly a million square miles of territory, containing great areas of agricultural land as rich as any on the globe, all in a temperate climate and abutting on a great highway to the world's markets. The purchase price was approximately fifteen million dollars, or only a few cents an acre.

Fifty years ago we bought from Russia nearly six hundred thousand square miles of remote and rugged territory, just under the Arctic Circle, having little known productive power. The price was seven million two hundred thousand dollars—a great advance over the Louisiana Purchase, considering the difference in the land.

The other day we bought from Denmark a handful of rocks in the Caribbean and paid twenty-five million dollars for them.

This overmatches any story of city real-estate boom that we know. The world is going up!

No farther back than the eighteenth century great parts of the earth's surface were like land, say, in Nebraska in the early seventies. A farmer with a homestead claim and a timber claim, and illimitable reaches of scantily settled country all round him, might swap a horse for somebody resources into the competition.

A Hopeful Sign

CONGRESS, it seems, has some interest in the subject of economy. The Senate proposes asking the President to investigate the executive departments, somewhat on the lines of the Taft Efficiency Commission, and report next winter whether they cannot be reorganized to advantage. Several senators expressed an opinion that thirty or forty million dollars yearly might be saved in that way.

This is a hopeful sign. That at least thirty million dollars a year can be saved, and public business more efficiently handled, by an intelligent overhauling of the executive departments is highly probable.

But the great waste is up at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue. If Congress once gets interested in this subject of economy there is hope that it will finally overhaul its own end—with a real budget system, a comprehensive and permanent plan for river-and-harbor and building appropriations, and so on. We should like to assure Congress that a great number of people have long been interested in governmental economy, and that every sign of interest on its part will be popular.

Waste

SECRETARY REDFIELD recently confessed to having a "suspicion" that the country's total cartage bill might be five or even ten times the total freight bill. The secretary may be too suspicious; but unquestionably, on a great part of the goods consumed in the United States that are transported both by rail and wagon, the cartage cost is much more than the freight cost.

This is because transportation by rail is highly organized and transportation by wagon is hardly organized at all. In every city, and almost every town, at every hour of the day, wagons are running over substantially the same routes, so that two or three, or half a dozen, are performing a service which one could perform just as well.

That is the way in which the United States is really wasteful—in lack of teamwork and intelligent comprehensive planning. In many other ways it is blamed for waste that is more an appearance than a reality. It wastes many substances because to conserve them would be a waste of human energy.

If a carpenter's time costs forty cents an hour it is cheaper to let him throw away thirty cents' worth of board ends than to spend an hour in carefully matching them together. To make it worth while to save the board ends we should have to pay him only twenty cents an hour. We waste the boards, but save the carpenter.

A farmer who cannot, sometime in nine open months, waste half a day taking his family to a picnic in his own wasteful automobile is himself largely wasted. We do not want life so ordered that nobody can throw anything away.

It is the waste of bad organization that needs curing.

A Revenue Reform

AFTER three years of experience the income tax is open to question. Returns for 1916 emphasize this.

Some seventy million dollars of easily got revenue is derived from it; but every study of the returns strengthens a suspicion that a good deal of taxable income escapes.

The fault is not at all that a small part of the country pays a great part of the tax. In 1916 fifteen districts, inconsiderable in area, but comprising the chief wealth centers of the East and Middle West, paid five-sixths of the total tax. But if they have the income they ought to pay the tax.

The real cause for dissatisfaction arises from a presumption that a great deal of taxable income in the lower ranges of taxable income escapes. After three years' experience the Collector of Internal Revenue says "It is axiomatic that the Government cannot rely entirely upon a taxpayer's declaration as to his own tax liability."

The tax ought to be enforced as equally as possible or it ought to be abandoned. The Prussian method of enforcing an income tax is vexatious; but it is better than a general presumption that the man who does declare his income honestly is paying taxes for his neighbor whose conscience is more accommodating. The Prussian method involves keeping an official eye upon every man's expenditure—the sort of house he lives in, whether he has an automobile, and so on—and calling him in for a rigid cross-examination if the income he reports for taxation seems inadequate for his style of living.

As a beginning—and whether or not the exemption is lowered—the Government should require a statement of income from everybody in receipt, say, of fifteen hundred dollars a year or more. That foundation would facilitate checking up evasions.

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ıgland and the Upper Class

By WILL IRWIN

acquaintance the American usually elf into thinking that he understands ı—or, rather, that southern part of largely govern the empire, and whom we

There is the language—except perhaps ords used in different senses on opposite lantic—exactly the same. There is the ıs they, learned our letters from Shak- ı. A thousand common institutions, laws, perstitions furnish a basis for mutual Across the waters, Wells, Shaw, Bennett, sefield, speak to us a set of ideas that we ectly; and just so do they read and ells, O. Henry, Jack London and Edith

ıings the waters have not divided us one So Americans of the old British stock who inent go among them with perfect con- will understand us, and we them.

ed and good-natured American visits in the mood of a genial setter dog that with his tail gently waving, his ears down, ady to respond to any advances. And, at gets those advances. It is only later that, ns of the British Houses of Thought, he d doors—runs, like a man in a fairy tale, ıtacles, which he cannot surmount.

most obvious of these is the institution of he reverence with which the British regard and the Royal Family—or, rather, the that reverence. For the dyed-in-the-wool criticize his King, will gossip about him, his personal peculiarities, as freely and y American. But let the American—let e the institution of monarchy, and the coldly or pas- ful, according nature. An ıe slightest— y if the name ixed thereto.

the King!

to me, before I he inconsistent a titled lady. gossiping to a gossiping— l Family. On e visitor called just received a ıe perhaps a rthday present en. She was the event, ex- d been made

rom Edinburgh nd myself in a ith a wounded a young man ıtelligence and ır conversation lkan situation, wrought down world trouble lries.

ion of royalty I ventured to about as you tutions, it is

nged; I could struggling with

he answered; t find one in a vho could think out a King!"

sing the Atlan- home, I talked o held advanced things. Being I dared express publican ideas.

ıg to pay my ound to keep up nily," he said. udest symbol. ymbol. Do you

suppose you could have raised such a volunteer army as we have—an army so large in proportion to your population? The prestige of Kitchener had something to do with it; but mostly the King. 'Your King Needs You!' was the phrase that brought the volunteers!"

I mention these instances because they are typical of a thousand others. Here and there I found a man who whispered—gently whispered—that the institution of monarchy had worn itself out. But these were rare. One such was a Socialist leader.

"Nevertheless," he added in qualification, "it isn't nearly so bad as some other things we have to correct in these islands; and I'm afraid Humpty Dumpty will be the last figure to come off the stone wall."

Yet an American understands all this, with his mind, though not with his emotions, if he compares their symbol with ours. We have the flag, merely a combination of primitive, inartistic forms and colors printed on cloth. We may criticize the design; without being unpatriotic, we may say of any given flag that it is blazoned in cheap dyes on rotten fabric. Yet he who publicly insults the flag gets arrested, and he who tramples upon it stands in danger of the mob. It is our symbol. Now, instead of a flag as a symbol, imagine a human being with flesh, blood, animal warmth and personal peculiarities. Imagine, also, that the symbol is surrounded by beautiful, antique appurtenances of pomp; that it is kept in palaces such as appeal to national or local pride; that every great government honor is conferred in its name.

By holding the symbolism of the flag in mind we shall arrive, I think, at some sympathetic understanding of the British attitude toward royalty.

So we can make a key to this door; but presently, exploring further the British House of Thought, we come to another, which we cannot unlock, a state of mind for which most of us have no means of sympathetic understanding. It is the class system, and the British attitude thereto. This, the dyed-in-the-wool American can regard only externally, looking upon it as a man looks upon such a phenomenon as the migration of birds or a blood stampede in a herd of cattle—the activity of a totally alien mind, whose expressions and manifestations he may note, but whose true, deep motives he cannot understand.

We encounter it even among the people with whom, on most points, we have the greatest mental kinship. A young American woman of intelligence and ideas was making her first visit to England. She met an English lady, with a minor title, who held advanced social and political views. Together, as kindred spirits, they used to knock about among the radical and revolutionary meetings so common in London, and usually so interesting. At last they attended a dinner given by a group of workingmen to the popular hero of the hour. The toastmaster, in his preliminary remarks, said something like this:

The Prayer Book Taken Literally

"WE ARE glad to honor one who has been honored by so many of the higher classes."

The American girl whispered to her companion:

"Heavens! I thought that here, at least, we should escape from this cant about class."

The English girl turned upon her a blank face.

"My dear," she said, "you must remember that the class system was arranged by a power higher than we!"

The lady was expressing a tenet of her church. There it stands in the catechism of the Church of England:

"*Q.* What is thy duty toward thy neighbor? *A.* To order myself lowly and reverently toward all my betters . . . and to do my duty in the state of life into which it shall please God to call me."

Similar words are in the prayer book of our Protestant Episcopal Church in America; but we do not interpret them literally. The conservative English, I take it, do.

I was talking last autumn with a British economist and Fabian Socialist, a great, quiet force in England. He was forecasting for me that newer England which British liberalism hopes to bring about after the war—its organization for social justice, its abolition of old forms.

"And what you call the class system," I ventured—"will that go too? Will you abolish your government by class?"

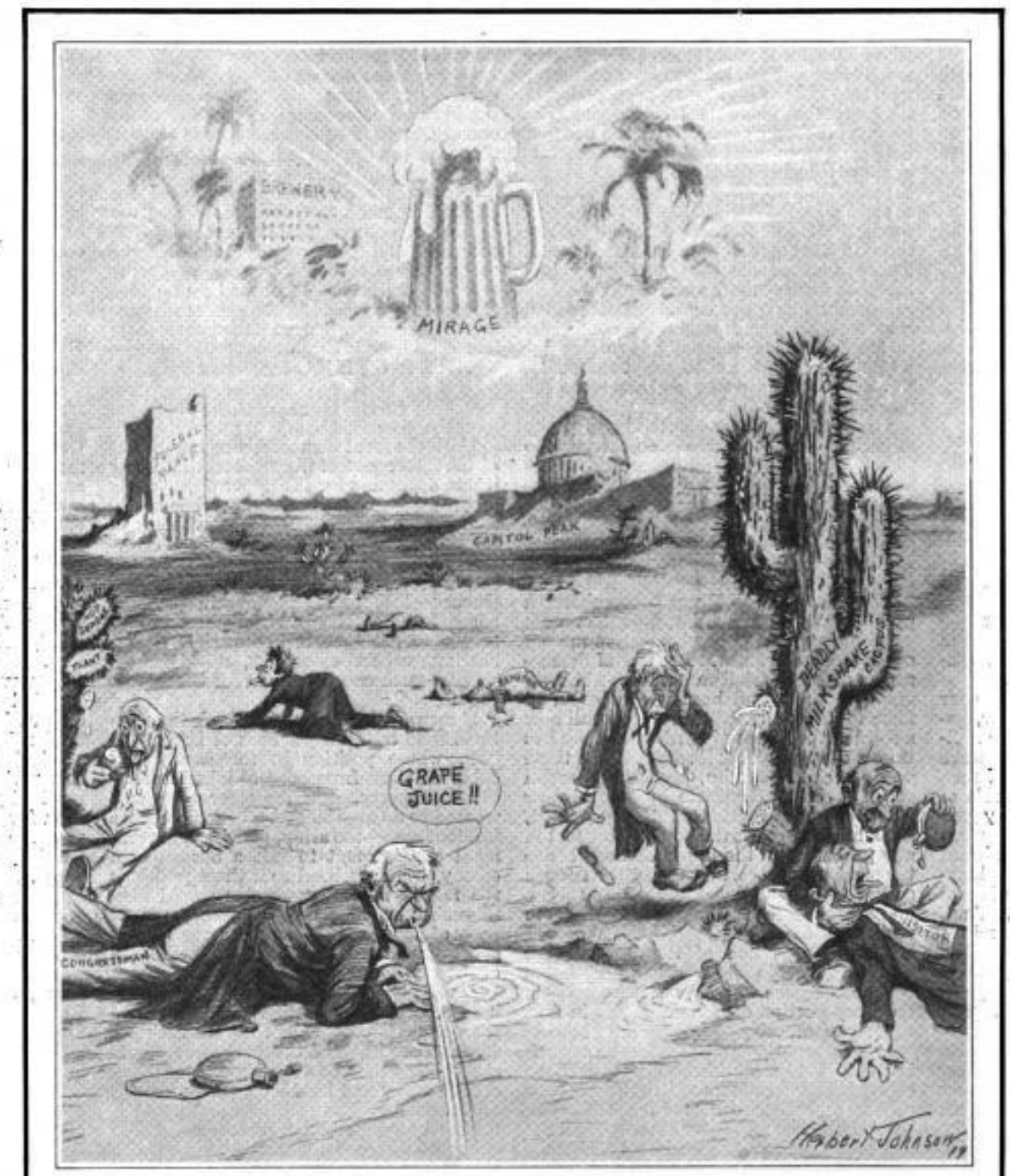
A change came over his face. I had run into the invisible wall.

"We believe," he said, "that the best people should rule. In county elections we delight to think that our candidate is a man of education and comes from the finest families. That is the wisest way—don't you think?"

And he said it with such sincerity, with such deep, basic conviction, that I had the heart to register no more than a mouselike difference of opinion.

To give still another typical example: I had written something in praise of the democratic spirit in the French Army. An Englishman took me to task for this article, alleging that the British Army was also perfectly democratic, and should have been mentioned along with the French.

"Why," he said, "the spirit is perfect! The men love their officers."



Death in the Desert

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and, I think, especially strong in the Northern races, from which we ourselves have drawn most of our blood. We Americans have no sooner got a new mining camp into working order than it begins to develop "the best people." What are our fraternities in the Western and small Eastern colleges; our class societies at Yale and Harvard; our clubs at Princeton—but artificial reachings toward an upper class? We have in the older cities of the Atlantic Coast an aristocracy almost as insistent on exclusiveness, almost as convinced of the righteousness in class, as the oldest aristocracies of Europe.

But—and herein we differ from the British—the people below these exalted beings do not recognize their claims. To a very great extent the lower classes of the British do. "I am as good as any man alive!" says the American mechanic. Tell him that he isn't a gentleman and he will knock you down. "I am of the lower class," an English workingman will say, with neither pride nor humbleness, but as one stating a fact. Tell him that he is not a gentleman, and he will reply "Of course not!"

In short, the average conservative Englishman accepts the social position into which he was born, be it upper class, upper middle class, or lower class, as he accepts his stature, the color of his eyes, the shape of his nose. The average American or Frenchman accepts class only if he happens to be of the upper class.

Once, in a town of Central France, I witnessed an interview between an old French peasant farmer and a count, whose family, under the old régime, were lords of the High Justice, the Middle and the Low in all that region. They held adjoining tracts of land; the interview had to do with some emergency war measure. The peasant entered the presence of the aristocrat with an easy dignity that had in it neither deference nor impudence. He was just one Frenchman talking to another, with the same politeness he would have shown to any comparative stranger of his own class—no more; no less. The British small farmer, thrust so into the presence of the lord, would have entered fumbling his cap and ducking. The Frenchman, risen to eminence from humble occupation, absorbs the manners of the class into which he has been graduated. The average Englishman, in like circumstances, carries with him to the last of his days the marks of his origin. He usually shows an uneasy consciousness that he is not quite a gentleman.

The Operation of Class

The operation of class in Great Britain has so many lights and shades, so many subtleties, that an alien must needs live in England for twenty years in order to get all its bearings and ramifications. I, who write of it here, profess to give only a superficial view, like that of the Englishman who polishes off Chicago after a month's observation. Yet, having seen a few of the workings of class in politics, in the army and in commerce, I can perhaps write of it truthfully and soundly along broad lines.

One who cast an observing eye over England in the early days of the war, before all its manhood was cast into the military melting pot, could not fail to observe a difference in the physical build of men and officers. At the time, the old rule of British Army organization held pretty generally true—the officers were gentlemen; the ranks were lower class. And, almost without exception, the officers were long-limbed, slender, willowy—the kind of build we associate with a distance runner. And, almost without exception, the rank and file were stocky and beefy—the John Bull build. As the first volunteer regiments came into khaki one noticed a change in the appearance of the rank and file. The distance-runner build began to appear among them also. This, you found after a little investigation, was because the upper class, true to their traditions, had been first to volunteer. I spoke of this to an English friend, who added his testimony.

"I stood in the lobby of the Houses of Parliament last week," he said, "when the House of Commons and the House of Lords adjourned at the same time and came

teristic; and the Normans were a Scandinavian people. The stocky build is a Saxon characteristic, apparent to this day in the people of Saxony. In short, one began to suspect that among the South British, whom we call the English, there were still two peoples, dwelling side by side—and I wondered whether Norman and Anglo-Saxon had yet really fused.

Why was it? William conquered England, bringing with him his Norman lords, retainers and settlers, in 1066; within two or three centuries, the history books tell us, the amalgamation of the two peoples was complete. Though Norman blood remained the boast of the oldest nobility, that strain, in the law of breeding, must have flowed through much of the English people, as a drop of actual blood in a pail of water will spread at once and color the whole mixture. Dr. David Starr Jordan has said that almost every person of pure English blood would be found, could we but follow up his ancestry, to be a descendant of William the Conqueror.

However, a special tendency, newly discovered but universally recognized, governs breeding—what science called the Mendelian law. We know now that there is such a thing as a dominant strain. One parent, or one race of parents, is, in the function of breeding, stronger than the other. This tends to put its imprint upon the race that arises from the mixture.

The Dominant Norman Strain

Now I miss my guess if the Normans, those wild, vigorous, long-limbed, hard-hitting rovers who adventured all over Europe in the dawn after the Dark Ages, did not constitute one of these dominant strains. A tribe of them settled on the River Don, in Russia, marrying with Slav and Tartar women, taking Slav and Tartar men into the tribe—a small part, really, of the blood that made the Don Cossack. Yet to-day the Don Cossack bears the mark of the Norman in mind and body. The Normandy of France holds still, in spite of centuries of marriage with Frank and Latin, a population of tall, blue-eyed men and women. If the Norman strain does not show in Sicily, it is because the Norman lords conquered not by their own people, but with armies of alien adventurers.

Now if I am right, and the Norman blood is really a dominant strain, the conditions in England were especially favorable for keeping that strain a little select and apart. For at least two centuries they were the governing class, the nobles and gentlemen, striving to preserve the pure blood. They opened up to let in the able Saxon who forced his way through the mass. But that Saxon usually married a daughter of the Normans; and most certainly his descendants, newly made aristocrats, avoided misalliances and took to themselves women of the Norman breed. Dominance of strain did the rest.

The Wars of the Roses extinguished a great part of the old titles; but the nobles who stepped into their places were mainly of the dominant stock. The day of democracy and industrialism arrived. Brewer and ironmaker and boatbuilder began to force their way into the Peerage, until now a third of the House of Lords hold titles less than a century old. Nevertheless, in these newly arrived families, also, the Norman strain seems to dominate by the third or fourth generation. Hence this long-limbed, clean build, which is the outstanding fact in any gathering of the upper classes; hence the persistence of certain Viking traits, such as a love of out-of-doors and manly sports and a passion for seeking wild and remote corners of the globe.

That the portion of the British race which remains in England is conservative to its bones has become an axiom. Indeed, the Tory portion of Britain glories in that conservatism. Kipling, in his later stories, is never so sentimental as when he records the fact that this thing or that is done exactly as it was under old King John. Now for two or three centuries of frank Norman domination the middle and lower classes of England lived as political and economic serfs to an alien race.

Feudalism was feudalism wherever found. But the French serf and the French lord,

governing and the other producing. The seeds of that British mental peculiarity whereby the lower class admits its inferiority may have been sown in those days, to grow into the class system of the nineteenth century.

One may carry this theory of a dual race entirely too far. Yet it does explain much about England otherwise inexplicable to the citizen of an alleged democracy. The boundaries of the classes are hazy. It is often hard to say whether any given man belongs to the upper class or to the upper middle class. A family with a title is surely upper class; yet people not even related to titles are so classified. People of possessions and leisure, whose ancestors have held possessions and leisure for generations, might be described by the English as middle class. There, however, we come to subtleties and distinctions with which no American can deal until he has lived a decade in England.

The point of the matter for us is that the upper class is nearly synonymous with the governing class. As my friend, the Fabian Socialist, says, the English, even when it comes to a matter of popular election, usually like to be represented by a gentleman, by a man of good family, by one to whom, on social standards, they can look up. Perhaps that tendency is not strictly British; perhaps it is partly just human and belongs to settled states of society. There are conservative districts in France where noble blood is a political asset; and I find the same tendency here and there among the people of our East. At any rate, during a century in which the hereditary House of Lords declined in power and the elected House of Commons rose, during which the franchise was so extended as to become nearly universal, the upper class still held the reins of government.

Government was its business, as we may learn by inquiring into what sociologists would call the "economic sanctions" of the class. Only a few professions were open to a man of the upper class who wished fully to keep caste. Politics, law, the army or navy, the church—there you have the list. Law, in England as elsewhere, is the little brother of politics; the lawyer interprets, enforces—and gets round—the laws the politician has made. The army and navy are the defenders of government. The priest is a governor in ecclesiastical matters—especially when, as in England, there is an established church, sending its bishops, by right, to the higher legislative body.

Class Occupations

Until the great democratizing movement of the latter part of the nineteenth century it was degrading for the upper class to mix in any business except the supervision of its own landed estates. If the movement of the times carried lords into boards of directors, and managers of great industrial enterprises—like Lord Cowdray and Lord Cunard—into the Peerage, it still remained beneath the dignity of strictly upper-class people to get technical education. Engineering, expert chemistry, scientific research—such education was for the middle class.

If men of the upper class took them up these were but younger sons of large families, whose position in the family line debarred them from hope of inheriting entailed property. For the elder sons, who wanted to do anything at all—for the more brilliant sons—the army, politics, a government appointment to rule a bureau or a colony, the church. In all these positions the family money or estates would help to maintain the position. The practical work of production, even in its most scholarly and scientific aspects, was for the culls of the breed.

Along with this system ran a certain kind of democracy, rather more advanced than ours. That is one of the subtleties in complex old England that will forever puzzle us. A man, to be a laborer or a lord, had certain social and legal rights that society, on the one hand, and the law, on the other, enforced with scrupulous exactness.

Englishmen are always twitting us with the undeniable fact that we do not hang our rich men for murder or imprison them for theft. Somehow, their money and their

The anomaly of the situation is perhaps this: That a land of advanced democratic ideas permitted and cherished feudalism in its midst. The French, the Swiss and the Americans abolished long ago the idea of a governing class. Not until the later years of the nineteenth century did Britain begin the job of attacking the privileges and questioning the right of the nobles and gentlemen. That movement, accelerated by the advanced Liberal government, which held power for eight years before the war, has been going pretty fast. The House of Lords, stripped of many powers and privileges before the war, was tottering.

The Liberals were beginning to attack the land system, with its bulwark of entailed estates, which had put the soil of England under control of a few great individuals or families. "They are taxing the gentleman class out of existence!" moaned a Tory to me before the war. Indeed, certain Englishmen have told us, with perfect sincerity, that the class system is finished; whereas the class system is almost the first thing about England that strikes an outsider from a democratic country such as France, the United States or the British Colonies.

The Rise of Aristocracy

No; through two or three generations during which the tide of democracy has risen over England, during which she has changed from the *laissez-faire* theory of economics to the coöperative theory, the upper class and the governing class have maintained their grip. Other democracies have broken this grip of a class in the very beginning—we by process of law; the French by the guillotine. The reason for the anomaly lies, I suppose, not so much in the conservative character of the British people as in the merits and excellencies of the British upper class.

Nature, which abhors heights and depths in a breed, which works by leveling the mass and then raising it as a whole, destroys most aristocracies in a few generations by the working of natural or semi-natural laws. An aristocracy begins with the rise of able individuals from the mass; they marry with the daughters of other able individuals; able strains are born. This is the logical part of the aristocratic theory, and I think it stands the test.

Take, for example, the breed of kings. Even omitting those who have seized thrones by their own powers, like Hugh Capet, Napoleon and Cæsar, you find people of genius or high ability, such as Peter the Great, Augustus Cæsar, Frederick the Great, Elizabeth of England, or Charlemagne, occurring in far greater proportion among kings than among the general run of mankind. Exceptional opportunity is not enough to account for such human phenomena as these. In the British nobility are certain strains, such as those of Cecil and Churchill, which through every generation spawn men approaching or achieving genius. Arthur Balfour, of these times, is a Cecil, and Winston Churchill's name places him.

However, no sooner is an aristocracy founded along these lines than its self-destruction begins, through two special tendencies: In the first place, war is the particular interest of an oligarchy. Until this period of vast enlightenment in the possibility of destruction most wars have been fought by the nobles and gentlemen, plus the dregs of the population. Those sturdy yeomen of England who bent the long bow at Crécy and Poitiers are the exception. The officers, in old days, were aristocrats; the rank and file were the failures of peace.

Wars did to the aristocratic blood exactly what the present war is doing to the best blood, eugenically considered, of all the European nations. It stamped out those breeds that had been trying to defy the leveling law of Nature and to divide our human race into man and superman. Follow back the history of almost any title—a title is not the same thing as a noble race—and notice how often the race that bore it has come to a full stop, leaving the title to some newly arrived breed, because the holder and his heirs have all perished in war.

(Concluded on Page 28)

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toward sharper and sharper pleasures, toward stronger and stronger dissipations, in which excess kills the breed.

So when an aristocracy runs its normal course we have such a group of people as the ancient nobility before the French Revolution. For generations the drain of war had carried off their strongest blood, unreproduced. Dissipation had done the rest.

Now the British upper class has a special history and a special character; and therein resides the reason why it has held the fort so long. Since the Wars of the Roses England has not known any war that much affected its noble blood. If there be an exception it is the Civil War; but that, after all, made small inroads on the breed. While Germany was murdering her nobles wholesale in the Thirty Years' War, while France was grinding up lord and commoner together in the Napoleonic Wars, Britain was holding her domain mostly by naval warfare, which involves comparatively small loss of life.

Again, the British nobility has never, as a class, weakened itself by dissipation. A little priggish, it has also been virtuous. By and large, the English have more character than almost any other people in the world; and this trait is especially prominent in the upper class. They have a sense of responsibility to their nation, their class, their religion. If this sense of responsibility operated to keep the feudal régime in England, it no less operated to keep the upper class wholesome.

Then, too, that excessive love of sport, against which Matthew Arnold ralled, has been an important conserver of upper-class virtue. As our Y. M. C. A. long ago discovered, athletic exercise is a great foe of Billy Sunday's Personal Devil. The hunts and polo, the rowing, the school football and cricket, were preservatives of the aristocracy, letting off that excess vitality which in softer oligarchies produced decadence.

Indeed, a zealot for democracy may say, without concession of his principles, I think, that no people in the world excel these for finished human beings. Physically they are a handsome race. I need scarcely describe the tall, lean, long-limbed, scrubbed young man of this class; the type is too familiar. The female of his species, robust, and yet usually graceful through exercise, her satin-complexioned flesh backed by a comely structure of bone, may lack the allure every Frenchwoman has; but most often of any women in the world do these upper-class Englishwomen achieve beauty.

Gentility and Efficiency

I have seen the men of five nations going forward to be ground up in the meat mills of the German Junkers, and have known all the revulsions of sentimental pity; but at no time have I felt such an artistic pity as when I have seen those young English officers marching up to have their fair young bodies rent apart.

Mentally, it seems to me, they are—or were—almost all you might expect of a finished class, sure of its position; usually sure that it has achieved the end of progress. If they lacked anything it was that quality of "soul" or "temperament," so common in the Latin and the Slav. Their schools and universities taught them not usefulness and efficiency—such education was for the bourgeois—but the kind of culture that is the final embroidery to a gentleman's character. The outsider, looking into the life of Oxford, is either appalled or amused by the loafing spirit of the place. Unless the student happens to have a special ambition for certain fairly empty and useless honors in mathematics or the classics, he can slide through to a degree with a paucity of work that makes the "snap hunting" of our American universities seem like industry.

The very teaching of science at the two famous and leading British universities has for its end not practical use, but that rounding out of the mind which we call culture. The practical education of England was for the middle classes, and its schools were elsewhere. To those students of the well-brained Scotch race who dig for twelve hours a day in the libraries and laboratories

schools, which follow their lead. The mind of the upper class lacked efficiency in the twentieth-century sense. It possessed information in speculative and historic fields, and—until you reached certain lines along which no British gentleman is supposed to think—breadth and an easy tolerance.

Talking once with a Tory peer I happened to mention that it was Lincoln's Birthday. That brought a discussion of our great liberator. Now I thought myself well informed, as every American should be, on Lincoln; but he bore me down by sheer weight of information. Governing is the business of this class; and their women, without direct participation in politics, have always acted indirectly. They have almost as much interest in the game as their men; and they, too, know affairs and the learning that is back of affairs.

"England," said Morley, "is a heaven for the rich, a hell for the poor, and a purgatory for the able." No life is more charming, better worth leading as an end in itself, than that of the landholding, leisure-class people of England. The English house party is the world's mark for a hospitality cordial without effusion, diverting without dissipation. They know the art of living. Indeed, that life is a weapon in their class struggle. It is so easy, so pleasant, that it acts as a soporific to those who want to waken England and the world.

The Passing of Feudalism

In spite of a "silly set" here and there, in spite of an occasional outburst of dissipation in small groups, this governing class, viewed by itself, has been a fine, admirable body of people, leading a singularly attractive life. There is only one reasonable ground of criticism: It has been too expensive. In terms of humanity, it has cost too much, as aristocracies always do.

Its peculiar ideas, customs and character, with their feudal tinge, suited it far better to govern in the eighteenth century than in the nineteenth or twentieth. In that era England was agricultural; it lived mainly by the soil. The lord, holding then, as now, the greater part of the land, had his upper-class sense of responsibility. He knew his tenants, servants and retainers as individuals. If he was true to the best traditions of his class he administered his position paternalistically, supporting them in adversity, nursing them in sickness.

This was an aristocratic idea; and at its very best it prevented the rise of the mass. It had, however, its virtues of affection between classes, loyalty, generosity. Its flower was that life of Bracebridge Hall, concerning which Washington Irving wrote. The muck about its roots was a kind of intellectual degradation in the peasant class, and the exaltation of property and position, which made the theft of a shilling or the poaching of a hare figure on the statute books as a parallel offense with murder.

Then came the industrial era. The able middle class of England discovered the modern factory system. The more successful of the *entrepreneurs* forced their way into the Peerage and the upper class. The older aristocracy, holding that land which is the basis of wealth, began to invest. And now the economic foundation of the class was rebuilt. The lord held perhaps the governing interest in half a dozen great factories or tenements in London, which housed ten thousand people. He did not know, he could not possibly know, his retainers and tenants. They were far away from the personal interest and benevolence of His Lordship and Her Ladyship.

Sympathetic imagination is the rarest of qualities in Northern blood. The upper-class Briton, wanting this sympathetic imagination, could usually see in industrial relations only the factor of dividends. There followed the *laissez-faire* doctrine of economics, the comfortable theory that if things were let alone they would right themselves. The history of reform in England since the early part of the nineteenth century is written in the assaults on this doctrine.

Yet not all the upper class was mentally crippled by lack of imagination. Indeed, one of those merits operating to keep the governing class in power was the self-sacrifice for conscience' sake which led

Other nations have witnessed aristocrats fighting their class, accepting chains and ostracism for democracy—like Count Tolstoy and Prince Krapotkin, in Russia, or the Marquis de Lafayette, in France. But no other has ever possessed a whole group passing on the torch from generation to generation. The English have a genius for political martyrdom; and when a Briton gets it into his rather slow, conservative intelligence that a thing is right, he goes through with that thing, though the gates of hell oppose him.

When this governing class entered Armageddon, its most bitter period of trial, old ideas still prevailed. The gentleman was made to lead; the mere workman to follow. Gentlemen were the officers of the Old Army, which virtually ceased to exist after Mons, the Aisne and Ypres; and lower-class men the rank and file. The aristocracy, true as ever to the responsibility it could see, flocked to the colors; and, at first, the officers of the New Army were universally chosen from this class, with rather more regard to their standing as gentlemen than to their qualifications for the job in hand. They died like men, without flinching; and that, it seemed to one who saw the period just after first Ypres—when the Germans were holding the line by machinery, the British by lives—was about all they did. How could they do better? The direction of warfare now is a matter of exact scientific knowledge. Of what use was the long, ripening, leisurely culture at Oxford and Cambridge; their dialectics and Greek roots; their history and philosophy? They could only do their best—and die.

That they did; and as England straightened things out the other side of the shield began to show. At school, at the universities, all through their education, their fellows, as much as their instructors, had been pounding into them the cardinal principles of life expressed in two old English phrases: "Keep a stiff upper lip!" and "Stand the gaff!" Those principles held them strong during the discouraging days of second Ypres, of Festuberg, of Loos, when the muddling at home had denied them enough equipment and proper ammunition. It gave England breathing space to look about, collect her thoughts, and start on the right track. "Here the battle of Waterloo was won," said Wellington as he viewed a public-school cricket field. There, perhaps, Armageddon was half won for England.

Plain Men in High Places

The system, however, had to go, at least temporarily and partially. Mid-course, England put her military affairs into the hands of a man who began life as a footman; her political affairs into the hands of a man whose uncle cobbled shoes to educate him for the bar. "Our lower-class soldiers want to be led by gentlemen; they will not follow anyone else," said the heads of the army in 1914; and they proceeded on that theory. But, when the British family in Barrie's play was wrecked on a desert island and ran against primitive necessity, it was the butler who, being endowed with practical intelligence, became king of the island. So, in that crisis of the primitive, which was Armageddon, artificial distinctions went down.

The failures of peace often become the successes of war. Men of military capacity began to appear in the ranks—sometimes gentlemen; sometimes not. In the beginning gentlemen were hurled into the officers' training corps who knew no more about a rifle than that it is a thing which shoots. Now the new officer must have done his turn in the ranks. The average social standing of officers went steadily downward. An officers' training corps I looked over last autumn is full of men registered in their papers as "clerks."

Now when such men as the "Kipps," whom H. G. Wells has described for us, achieve in any great numbers the British corps of officers, there is a revolution in British thought. The laboring class is not represented to any great extent in the command of the New Army; but the British have a reasonable explanation for that: To make an officer, you need a basis of education—the cultivated ability to grasp

tion is more generally diffused than in Great Britain. The barrier to the working class in the British corps of officers is less lingering snobbery or lack of ambition than want of preparatory education. The British upper-class snob may call these new arrivals "T. G.'s"—or "Temporary Gentlemen"; but England, after the war, will know many a temporary permanency.

The England of the Future

"England changes not," says Balfour. "We shall have, after this war, a new England—the newest country that exists," says Lloyd George. The shopkeeper's clerk, who has worn on his sleeve the three stars of a captain or the crown of a major, who has messed on nominally equal terms with the sons of lords and baronets; who has matched flesh and brain and nerve with aristocrats of the same military rank, and found himself their equal—will he live the rest of his life in the spirit of the old-time British shopkeeper? The governing class cannot and will not open up to let him enter. He has not the financial background; and, for all the expressed aristocratic scorn of money, the fact remains that it constitutes the essential, indispensable basis of any aristocracy. He must go back to what he was before the war—Captain Smith, Lieutenant Jones, cutting cloth or directing lady customers to the fifth aisle, rear! Go farther down the military scale to the private in the ranks, who has faced death every day for two or three years; who has dealt such strokes for England as man never dealt before. Will he be again the respectful, contented, subservient domestic, the well-oiled cog in an aristocratic machine?

Barrie, in the last act of his fantasy, which I have mentioned above, shows the shipwrecked English family, and the butler who became king of the desert island, back again in England. The butler, in the old environment, has reverted to type. He is once more the perfect English servant. Does a universal truth about this race lie under Barrie's fantasy? I think not. But, as I have democratic leanings and am an outsider to this game, I put forward my opinion with hesitation: I think that, after a possible setback in the four or five years following the war, the democratic tide in England will roll on more powerfully because it has been diked temporarily.

Two special factors will help to break the hold of the aristocracy: They were the first class of all to volunteer; as officers of the early Kitchener forces they occupied positions of great danger. The mortality among them has been very heavy. Before the war had gone a year, a man of the upper classes told me that the crimp in the noble blood of England was greater than in the Wars of the Roses. The war is now approaching the three-year mark, with the greatest losses for England, and for the upper class, perhaps yet to come.

Also, the economic foundation of the class, without which it cannot exist, stands in peril. "They were taxing us out of existence, even before the war," said an aristocrat. The burden of taxation for war debts will fall most heavily on the class that holds the land of England; nothing in the future seems so inevitable as the break-up of the great estates and the restoration of land ownership to the yeomanry.

The system will pass, though not all at once. The British do not arrange progress in that manner—they hate anything sudden; we love it. Then, too, old formulas and ways of existence linger long in new states of civilization.

Though the end will not come until we are all dead and gone, the system will perish—with its honors and ermines, its pageants of power and pretty ceremonies of sport, its hunting parks and preserves, its honors and emoluments.

One who holds democratic convictions, but who loves the romance in life, mourns its passing a little, as he mourns the passing of the lotus days in Egypt or the age of chivalry. He may mourn, indeed, on less romantic grounds. For all the faults we find in it, for all our opposition to the system that maintains it, the British aristocracy has been perhaps the most worthy oligarchy since the great ephemeral day of Athens.

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THE LAST THROW

(Continued from Page 10)

"Don't you?" inquired Mrs. Pincus.

"No; I don't!" snapped Mr. Pincus; nd his voice rising, his face filled with ragic triumph, he added: "Yesterday they old me so! They won't give Pincus a place, because he deals in stocks—yes! Put hat in your pipe! Hah, hah!" laughed Mr. Pincus wildly; and Minnie gave him smile.

"Dress linings, it is, Pincus," she re-oined. "Back you go to them dress linings f with my hands I have to buy a business or you!"

He tossed his arms in contempt.

"You buy a place? Rats! For ten t'ou-and dollars, the least it costs to buy a dress inings place! And where do you get them en? Is it off the bushes—vat?" Jamming n his hat he gave still another snort of lisgust. "You make me sick!" said Mr. Pincus.

"Oh, sick are you?" responded Mrs. Pin-us. "Then, why not take something for it t the drug store?"

He did not even reply. Slamming the loor behind him, Mr. Pincus scuttled down he stairs.

He still had one string left to his bow. Down at the office—down at Rooker, Burke & Co.'s—he might find somebody who'd elp him out, perhaps. He had that tip, adn't he? It was a hot tip too. If those ellows would do the regular thing—come cross, you know—he'd let them in on it. n that way he could still get something rom the tip. The dream, however, was as dle as all the others. What! Take a tip rom Pincus? Pay Pincus for a tip when or years he'd sneered and sniffed at tip-ters? Mr. Pincus, in short, had been hoist vith his own petard.

Balked and baffled, his courage gone, e'd sat there all the morning, half crazed n his desperation. Thus, when Ingot, soar-ng, crossed 50, Mr. Pincus no longer had een able to restrain himself. Rising with cry, the once calm, once imperturbable labbler had dashed out and away from the cene of his disaster.

Such a disaster too! Here he was, armed vith a tip, a pointer, that meant thousands nd thousands in the market; and yet here e must stand by, idle, and watch it die on is hands! It was terrible! Worse than errible; it was criminal! Minnie, too, had nocked him! That was the worst of all vith Mr. Pincus. Had it not been for Min-ie's three thousand, that money lying idle n the bank, he might even have forced imself to face it. The loss of the money vas not everything. It was the fact that, vith that killing almost in his grasp, Min-ie had stood by and seen opportunity go o waste!

"*Ach!*" Mr. Pincus exploded violently.

Well, he'd show her! She'd see if he went ack to "them linings"! In that, anyway, vas some satisfaction. Even though she ried it, she couldn't drive him back to Bleecker Street.

She couldn't, not even if he was willing o go. It would show Minnie the extent of vhat she'd done.

What had happened, though, was but a art of it. Mr. Pincus had still to face omething else. He was rolling on, mum-ling and muttering to himself, when at the treet corner a tall, shabbily dressed man arted out of a doorway and gripped him y the arm.

"Pink! Pink!" he cried. "What's hap-ened? I've been waiting here two hours ow."

Mr. Pincus roughly shook him off.

"Out of my way, loafer!" he snarled, and vas striding on when Blake again gripped im by the arm.

"What's happened, Pink?" he demanded vildly. "You were going to stake me to a undred shares, weren't you? Don't tell ne you didn't do it!"

An unintelligible murmur rumbled out f Mr. Pincus, and again he sought to free imself.

"No, no, Pink!" shrilled Blake. "You've von thousands—you know you have! I vas up in a place there—a barroom round he corner—and I've seen the tape. You've von thousands and thousands, haven't ou?"

"T'ouzands?" inquired Mr. Pincus. A augh escaped him then. The laugh, though, vas harsh—bitter and devoid of merriment. Oh, sure! I win t'ouzands! It's in my mind win them. Now ven I lose my mind I lose nem t'ouzands too!" Then he told Blake what had happened. "We're bust, Blake—you and me! My old woman she don't let me have that money, and your tip, it blows up in my hand."

Stricken, Blake stared at him.

"She wouldn't let you have it? She wouldn't do it to save me, even though I'd once saved you and her?"

So it was, and shamefully Mr. Pincus admitted it.

"That woman ain't got no heart, Blake. Never before would I suspect it; but now I know. All she thinks of, I guess, is that flat of hers and getting ready three meals a day. . . . Oh, vell," sighed Mr. Pincus, "all them women is like that. A feller c'd be as well dead or a widower." Then he gave a shrug. "Just the same, yes," added Mr. Pincus; "I show her vat!"

Blake, in spite of his distress, stared at him.

"You mean you're going to leave her?"

No; it was nothing like that. He couldn't leave Minnie even if he wished to. Min-nie wouldn't let him. What Mr. Pincus planned was something different. He meant to go home; that was all. Then, when he got home he would stay there.

"That fixes her!" explained Mr. Pincus grimly. "After I sit round a week she gets sick of the sight of me. Then she wishes she hadn't!"

It was a fine idea. It was, as Mr. Pincus himself would have expressed it, "swell!" However, though it would indeed have created the result he'd anticipated—that of making Minnie sick of the sight of him—Mr. Pincus had overlooked one salient thing. That thing was Minnie herself.

The hours passed. Noon went by; it was one o'clock, two; then three. At three the market closed. Long ere this the news about Ingot was out and discounted, but still the stock had climbed. At the close it stood firm at 70¾.

Mr. Pincus almost wept.

"*Himmel!*" he cried. "Forty points it's up, and that tip busts in a feller's face!"

Blake was still with him. Together they stood in a barroom scanning a news-ticker's tape; and curiously it was Blake now who consoled and comforted. In his hopeless-ness calm had come to him.

"Well, no use worrying," said Blake; and again Mr. Pincus exploded violently:

"Not worry, vat? For why shouldn't a feller worry? If in one day you lose twelve t'ouzand dollars, which is forty points on three hundred shares, I would worry all I like! You are crazy, man! I bet I worry. I worry all I wish, I tell you!"

"Come along, Pink," urged Blake. "You're coming, aren't you?"

Yes; Mr. Pincus was coming. Blake was going home with him, and when they got there Mr. Pincus was going to give him a suit of clothes. These Blake meant to ex-change for another suit—one that would fit him; after which Blake meant to hunt another job. Mr. Pincus, however, meant to seek no job. His mind was still fixed firmly on his original plan of sitting at home till Minnie got sick of the sight of him. What is more, the minute he got home he meant to announce it to her.

Five o'clock had just struck as Mr. Pin-cus, accompanied by Blake, climbed the stairs of the West Side flat house where Mr. Pincus dwelt. At five Minnie was always at home. Nothing, no matter what it was, ever prevented that. Home at five, Min-nie put the dinner on the stove, and at six she put it on the table. A chronometer was not more fixed and accurate in its move-ments than was Minnie in her domestic arrangements. To-night, however, there appeared to be a change.

"Vell, here we are!" said Mr. Pincus grimly.

His jaw set, his manner all ready to show Minnie what he thought of her, he stepped into the hall. To his surprise the hall was dark. Furthermore, the kitchen also was dark. No dinner was on the stove, either—no scent of it in the air.

"Hey, vat?" inquired Mr. Pincus, star-tled; and, hurrying down the hall, he was halfway to the kitchen when the parlor door was opened abruptly, letting forth a flood of light.

Mrs. Pincus stood in the doorway. She had her hat on, as if she'd just come in. Her air bland, she smiled.

"Vell, Benny?" she remarked.

(Concluded on Page 33)

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That is why
Year-Ahead

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The New Hupmobile

The Beauty-Car a Year Ahead

Ideal Made Real In Our Four-Million-Dollar Factories

Bright finish, long grain, French seam upholstery.
Luxuriously improved seat cushions and backs.
Moulding finish conceals all upholstery fastenings.
Neverleek fast-color top, black outside, tan inside.
Tonneau quarter curtains, cut integral with the top.
Front and rear edges of top finished with moulding.
Bow spreaders to carry top when folded.
New "Lift-the-Dot" fasteners for side curtains.
Door-curtain carriers fold with curtains, and drop into place instantly.
Tonneau carpet fastened with snap fasteners. Tonneau sills carpeted. Entire tonneau finish improved.

Satin-finish instrument plate. Ammeter supplied to show rate of battery charge and discharge.
Hand grip-pads on doors. Improved door handles.
Larger door pockets, with weighted flaps.
Bodies, Hupmobile blue; hood and fenders black. More paint and varnish, handsomer finish.
New type demountable rims. New type rim carrier.
Adjustable foot pedals. Clutch action very light.
New carburetor air control. One switch for ignition and lighting.
New dimming device graduates brilliance of head lights.
Tail lamp operates independently of other lamps.

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The World's Best Four Now The Beauty-Car

The Hupmobile has always been a quality car.

It stands, also, at the pinnacle of performance.

It is, in very fact, the world's best Four. That needs no further proof than the testimony of 17,000 owners.

In our four-million-dollar factories, with nearly $1,000,000 of recent improvements, it now receives the outer dress befitting its famous inner virtues.

Many tell us we build the car too good. That we pay too much for things people never see.

If We Build Too Good: Why—We Build Too Good

We could not be content to give Hupmobile owners less.

Quality and performance—these long have been our ideal.

Surely we have reached our goal in a car fit to stand as the world's best Four.

Five-Pass. Touring Car,	$1185	Roadster	$1185
Year 'Round Touring Car,	$1385	Year 'Round Coupé	$1370
Seven-Pass. Touring Car,	$1340	Sedan	$1735

f. o. b. Detroit

The Mark of Superior — *Motor Car Service*

So we studied people's style-wants.

We prepared for them by building new factories.

In The New Hupmobile, see how we have met them. How we have gone a year ahead.

Note the new upholstery. The gloss, the softness of the leather. The depth of the cushions. The stylish French seam.

Note the finish and fittings of the tonneau—and the front compartment, too.

Be Guided By Your Own Style-Sense

You see the rear quarter curtains on few other cars—unless costlier. A top fashioned in our own factories, on Hupmobile design.

Dim the headlights. See how the light is graduated—down to a dull pin-point glow.

Drop the side curtains into place. See the ease of placing the supports in the doors. They convince instantly that here, at last, is an open car which quickly avails the perfect bad-weather comfort of a closed car.

Let your own style-sense guide you as you go over the car.

Do this, and you can have no doubt that The New Hupmobile is indeed the Year-Ahead Beauty-Car.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation, Detroit, Mich.

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for Everyone

eliance $6.00
old-filled case)

adiolite $2.00

iumph $1.50

Midget $2.50
glow dial, $3.50

re

A Quarter-Century of Ingersolls

IN 1892 the House of Ingersoll was marketing but one model; now there is an Ingersoll for everyone—for every use—at prices from $6.00 down. We'd like to make you better acquainted with the newer models.

"Radiolites"

Most interesting of all are the "Radiolites," watches that tell time in daylight and dark. The hands and figures are thickly layered with a new self-luminous substance called "Radiolite." "Radiolite" contains genuine radium (only a little is needed) and glows as brightly as ever for at least eight years—probably much longer.

Jeweled Watches

The Reliance is thin, accurate and handsome. You now have a choice of snap case, dust-proof screw case, and extra high-grade ten-year gold-filled case.

The Waterbury is a man's watch, small and with four jewels. It is accurate, sturdy and good-looking.

Special Watches

Have you seen the "Two-in-Ones"—ideal for desk or bureau? And the strap watches in plain and glow dial, that both men and women are wearing? You can see them at any Ingersoll dealer's store, alongside the familiar Triumph, Eclipse, Junior and Midget, and the Radiolites and jeweled models.

CANADIAN PRICES: Radiolite, $2.25; Radiolite Two-in-One, $2.50; Reliance, snap, $3.50, screw case, $4.00, gold-filled case, $7.50; Waterbury, plain dial, $3.50, glow dial, $4.50. Other models same as in U. S. A.

Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro.

New York Chicago
San Francisco Montreal

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(Concluded from Page 30)

us did not wait for more. The
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ound himself shrill and undig-
was the woman, however, who
about his ruin; and, his voice
incus poured out on Mrs. Pin-
e and resentment bred by the
e day.
nerely smiled, though. Her
placidly on her waistline, she
ait complacently for Mr. Pin-
There was about her, too, an
yed triumph and enjoyment
r. Pincus nearly wild. Catch-
h, he began at her anew.
rising, Mr. Pincus was in the
g Mrs. Pincus what he thought
Blake, starting violently, gave
itated cry.
ried Blake.
quired Mr. Pincus; startled,
d in the midst of his vocifera-

ou here?" Blake ejaculated;
Mr. Pincus aside, he stepped
or. Then, for the first time,
oted that Mrs. Pincus had a
as a slender, delicate-featured
soft dark hair and big, appeal-
es. The eyes were now moist
g, and on the caller's face
in of recent tears. As Blake,
de toward her, she looked up

ht, Joe!" she cried. "Every-
ht!"
rything's all right," nodded
and, reaching out abruptly,
ous hand she jerked Mr. Pin-
arlor.
s. Blake, Benny," directed
then, turning to Mrs. Blake,
ndicated her spouse with a
ory dig. "Meet Pincus, Mrs.
ere is him."
meet you, Mrs. Blake," said

ng his teeth in what he es-
a formal smile, he turned,
rs. Pincus.
vled Mr. Pincus, his air all
ous, "I don't get you, Min-
st du, anyhow? Is it a game
at?"
ed more blandly still.
Pincus. Only my friend Mrs.
Mr. Blake, we all go to a res-
ner, first; then Mrs. Blake
ake the train for Cincinnati."
!" ejaculated Blake.
s where you worked once,
ined Mrs. Pincus, beaming
o back to Cincinnati; then
again."
k!" Blake exclaimed.
rose swiftly. Again tears
eyes, but they were tears of

l job, Joe—don't you under-
got it back again!" Then,
her husband, she pointed to-
us. "She got it for you, Joe."
ed Blake.
stupid!" cried Mrs. Blake.
telephone—it was over long
when I promised you'd give
—never gamble again in
old me to bring you right
going to work the minute

ded Mrs. Pincus, jabbing
in with her thumb—"yes;
and this loafer here, too, he goes back to his work as well!"

Mr. Pincus stood there gaping. At Mrs. Pincus' words, however, he gave a violent start.

"Vat? I go to work?" Starting again he composed himself, a scowl on his brow. "Vat work, Mrs. Pincus?"

"Dress linings," she replied.

In disgust, in triumph and mockery, Mr. Pincus raised his voice:

"No; I don't! I don't work for any dress-linings feller! Already I tell you they won't give a place to Pincus! . . . Yes; that for you, smarty!" ejaculated Mr. Pincus.

And, her smile as imperturbable as ever, Mrs. Pincus still more widely smiled.

"No; you don't work for no feller, Pincus. Instead, you work for me!"

"For you!" Mr. Pincus gaped open-mouthed. "Vat? I work for you?"

Mrs. Pincus nodded pleasantly.

"Sure; you work for me. It is in the dress-linings trade, like I say. I buy out a business, you know."

Mr. Pincus stared at her for a moment.

"You buy out a business, vat? Don't make a fool of me, Mrs. Pincus! A dress-linings business costs ten t'ouzand dollars!"

"Sure," nodded Mrs. Pincus; "ten t'ouzand I pay for this one, also. Five t'ouzand it is cash, and for the balance I give a note. This afternoon I do it, Pincus." Then, smiling sweetly, Mrs. Pincus gave him a jab. "To-morrow you go to work, Benny! You work for me, you know."

A great light seemed all at once to have dawned on Mr. Pincus; his face moist, he wet his lips together.

"Say," he said, and his voice cracked as he said it; "say, vere is it you get them t'ouzands of dollars—vere, I ask it—vere?"

At once she told him.

"It was in the market, Benny. That tip is a good tip; so I play on it myself. If you play it, you know, and get the money, you stay down a loafer always. So this morning, after you go out, I take the Subway down to Rooker's. Then I slip in by the back way and buy Ingot, like you said. Ingot goes up; so at three o'clock I tell Rooker to close me out. Afterward I hunt up Mrs. Blake, here, where she lives."

"*Ach!*" gasped Mr. Pincus, and he gaped. "You do that? *Gott im Himmel!* How much do you clear?"

"It was twelve t'ouzand nine hundred eighty-two dollars *und* a quowter," replied Mrs. Pincus—"only half of it, fifty-fifty, it belongs to Mrs. Blake, there, like I offer her."

"Yes; but I wouldn't take it!" protested Mrs. Blake.

"Yes; but I make you take a couple o' t'ouzand, anyhow," Mrs. Pincus rejoined; then, with another jab of her thumb, she again adroitly indicated Mr. Pincus. "Even for this loafer—this feller here—two t'ouzand it is cheap to get him back to work again. Hey, vat, Pincus?" she demanded.

Mr. Pincus did not seem to hear her.

"Bleecker Street!" he was breathing. "*Ach, Himmel!* Bleecker Street!"

"Sure; two doors from the corner, Pincus," rejoined Mrs. Pincus; adding grimly: "Eight o'clock, too, every morning, you punch the time clock also. I don't have any loafers hanging about my place!"

Moist, palpitating, Mr. Pincus drew a hand across his brow.

"A time clock? You run the place also?"

It was so, and Mr. Pincus wiped his brow.

"*Himmel!*" he breathed. "If last night I knew this I'd have choked, like you told me, before I give you that tip!"

e Road to Ballymena

By Mary Lanier Magruder

d days; the ould road
llymena going;
ill; the ould thorn
its buds a-blowing!
vind now on the heather;
heart in me;
re we'll walk together
l road to the sea.

ay go by in keening
t's gone before.
ht has but one meaning
hearts, asthore!
ouds lie on the could rocks;
heart in me;
y ship by the ould docks
'l wear to sea.

"Down the ould road, in the ould town,
All the bobbins flying
Weave a wedding veil for Sheila—
Oh, my heart is dying!—
His the hold of Ballymoney;
Mine the open sky;
His the white loaf and the honey—
Dawn and dew have I!"

The gray night, the fey night,
And all the wild winds blowing;
A wanderer on the ould road
From Ballymena going;
With only memory to beguile,
And a broken promise his;
But in his heart is Sheila's smile—
And on her lips his kiss!

BLUE STREAKS



$3.00 each



Guaranteed

THAT bicycle you used to ride—is it rusty and dusty in your garret or woodshed? Bring it back again into service with Goodyear Blue Streak tires. Get it out! For Blue Streaks have met that bicycle tire bugaboo. You may now buy really dependable tires—Goodyear Blue Streaks, everywhere. Tires that let you forget that former high cost of bicycle upkeep. Goodyear has done that for bicycle folk by making only one bicycle tire, and making that one tire really good. Blue Streaks hold fast to a high quality standard. And, they're packed with happy, healthy miles that make your heart glad.

Put that bicycle of yours back on its feet again! Make bicycling better than ever, on Goodyear Blue Streaks.

Even with material prices as high as they are today, Blue Streaks cost only $3.00.

Blue Streaks are standard everywhere.
One quality, one guaranty, one price.
AT ANY GOODYEAR DEALER'S

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON



60c—$1—$2—$3.50 the box.

American Candy Co., 230 BROADWAY Milwaukee, Wis.

Makers of REX Chocolates—King of Bitter Sweets

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...E CONTROL OF FOOD SUP-...ES IN BLOCKADED GERMANY

(Continued from Page 20)

...e and one-half to two ounces a ...at the balance could be fed to ...sed industrially; but the public, ..., consumed so much sugar that ...t was very scarce, and a house-...arch was made for concealed ... sugar ration was reduced by ...ittle over a pound a fortnight. ...ory in May revealed only six ...ousand tons, to last until Octo-...ents were made to marmalade ...ake bakers and for household ...fruit. Finally the state confis-...early apples and plums, and ...n in order that the sugar and ...be thus conserved for general

...ion of the public to the scarcity ...s unmistakable in tone. The ...d not be explained away. Ger-...h before the war exported a ... of sugar a year, was without ...ed to the plane of consumption ...ed thousand tons a month. The ...eats and fats could be explained ...ays, as directly or indirectly ... blockade; but the dearth of ...not be explained as the result ...ge of export. The simple truth ... peasant fed sugar beets, the ...fed crude sugar, the distillery ...ugar and the household con-...d sugar—all at excessive rates ...eously.

...of the restriction in sugar must ...ost keenly felt by the German ...rused the widely distributed ...the People in War, a collection ...livered before the Department ...r, of Prussia. On page 259 of ...ion was an article by Nau-...ch suggestions were given for ... held in popular language, for ...of instruction of the common ...ways and means of household ... Among the things urged upon ... was the doubling of the con-...ugar!

...crop of 1916 was supposed to ... much under two million tons, ...ood controller apparently has ...er control. Sugars and sugar ...not be fed to livestock, and ...industries has been restricted. ...rop was as large as estimated ...possible to increase the ration ...er the amount allotted for ... little less than one ounce a ...nusual demands are made for ...ization of sugar. At the same ...ous that the government may ...resent ration and utilize the ... a certain amount of sugar—... scarce and expensive in the ...neutral countries—to exact ...on of a corresponding price-...

...of the Potato Crop

...old and dry year 1915 turned ...nan people fifty-five million ... potatoes, the fact was the ...spread rejoicing, since, with ... the grain crops, the added ...tatoes constituted veritable ...e crop seemed so large that ...f control was not taken seri-...authorities. The distilleries ...nusual demands; it was ob-...ge amounts would be fed to ...le; and potatoes were intro-...regular ration of horses. The ...or made the proper storage ...f potatoes an impossibility, ...lt, not foreseen, that when ...atoes were brought out later ... loss by decomposition was ...been excessive.

..., since the total crop was ...s the normal consumption as ...nly seemed to promise an ...roughout the year. The ...ato used in the bread did not ...re when compared with the ...op. Utilization of potato in ...re of soap was prohibited and ...ed for starch was restricted. ...es had been continued from ...year, both for retailer and

...ary scarcity in potatoes de-...e cities. This was at first attributed to manipulation. An inventory taken in January, however, showed that only eighteen million tons remained, from which the seed had still to be reserved, leaving only eleven million tons to last for six months. Potatoes had been consumed by man, beast and industry at the rate of over five million tons a month. Thereupon potato cards were introduced and the attempt was made to limit the feeding of potatoes to livestock. The potato card for swine, for example, allotted four pounds a head a day; for man, one pound. It was when the authorities determined to uncover and seize the stocks of stored potatoes that the unexpected losses by decomposition became apparent.

The food controller, on assuming office, promptly forbade any feeding of potatoes to livestock. The potato cards were not guaranteed, and in the large cities the intake for each person during the spring months was often as low as a quarter of a pound a day; to make up for the missing potatoes equivalent rations in bread and flour were issued. The crop of summer potatoes came upon the market with a rush, as the maximum prices were high and scaled downward in order to increase the offerings. The growers brought out the potatoes before they were mature and flooded the market with them. So anxious were the growers to harvest the new potatoes that in some sections the Whitsuntide holiday was not granted to potato workers. The summer crop of potatoes was estimated at some eleven million tons, and was supposed to last three months.

The Imperial Potato Card

Early in August the cities were flooded with potatoes in carload lots. The poor, cognizant by announcement that prices were scaled to fall, bought only from hand to mouth; as a result, thousands of tons decomposed and were lost. Nevertheless, even at this time the potato card and the prohibition of feeding to swine were not suspended. Two weeks later the cities were again empty of potatoes. The growers had ceased to harvest potatoes when the prices fell; they were engaged in the harvesting of grain, and the people in the cities had to wait for regular rations of potatoes until the digging of potatoes could be again resumed.

The potato crop of 1916 was small, supposedly as low as thirty-six million tons, and not of normal grade. The food controller has established an excellent system of regulations: All users of potatoes have to hand in the figures for their year's requirements. An inventory of potatoes has been made in every district. The required amounts are subject to revision by the central authorities; and when the total figures for demand have been checked up against the total supplies available, all of which have been requisitioned and seized, the denominated amounts of potato belonging to each district, community, household and factory were to be set aside or delivered.

The unclaimed potatoes, if such there were, the authorities could dispose of as they chose. Extensive drying of potatoes was being done under official supervision, and every effort directed against waste. Feeding of potatoes to animals is permitted only to swine and geese. The potatoes of the horse's ration of last year were replaced with oats, and every possible measure taken to prevent the peasant from mulcting the crop.

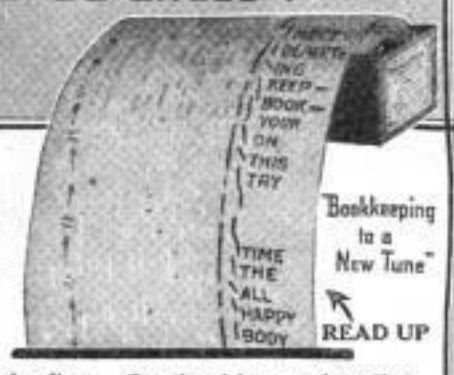
The imperial potato card was issued in October, a guaranteed card, for which each household must select a retailer, who could obtain supplies only by presentation of the collected cards. The potato ration per day for grower and industrial classes was fixed at one and one-tenth pounds for women, children and light workers; two and two-tenth pounds for hard workers, the ration per head not to exceed one and three-quarter pounds, with extra allotments for the army, the sick and wounded, and children whenever necessary. This ration means the use in food of about nineteen million tons, so that apparently, when the industrial demands are satisfied, not over five million or six million tons will be available for animals.

In the spring of 1915 the people were officially urged to plant vegetables, especially

(Continued on Page 37)

No. 55 of a series

Are your bookkeepers burning "midnight oil"?
Is it a struggle to get trial balances?
Are your statements sent out late?



MACHINE BOOKKEEPING

with neat type-printed, accurate **machine**-figured **Baker-Vawter** ledgers (in place of the slower **hand**-written, **brain**-figured books)—did away with the need for more help at the office of the Vocalstyle Music Roll Company of Cincinnati. It ended nights of struggling to find trial balances. Neat, accurate, machine-made statements now go to each customer **on the first.** One bookkeeper handles all posting (direct to the ledger), keeps books in daily balance (machine automatically adds debits, subtracts credits and computes balance as items are posted), issues statements **and has time for more work!** Formerly it required two persons. You can effect proportionate savings in **your** office by writing to

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The Ivory Garter is made of the very best elastic. It is most flexible and "stretchy." Pull it out and see how elastic it is—how strong. Furthermore, there are no seams made across the webbing to cut the rubber strands. Consequently, Ivory Garters wear *long* besides wearing well. The Ivory Garter is most comfortable—doesn't bind—is extremely light—and is GUARANTEED. At your haberdashers.

PRICES: Silk 50 cts. Lisle 25 cts.

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For those who do not like a garter around the leg.
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The men who make Gould Starting-Lighting Batteries are long-trained in building batteries for requirements vastly more severe than your car demands. *Built inside* of the Gould Battery is the service you want—*service on the car*. When you buy a new car specify a Gould Battery. When you need a new battery remember that over 2,500 dealers can supply a Gould of the correct type and size for your car.

GOULD BATTERIES FOR ELECTRIC VEHICLES have established remarkable records for capacity and long life.

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Service Stations and Supply Depots Practically Everywhere

Gould Super-Hard Plates

are also used in batteries for

Street Cars
Submarines
Railway Signals
Train Lighting
House Lighting
Power Plants

—wherever absolutely dependable battery service is required.



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very poor. It was all impor-
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Continental breakfast. The exclusion by the blockade of the large supplies of dried fruits previously obtained from California has been keenly felt.

When sugar became scarce the law prohibiting the use of saccharine was abrogated, and in March the public was encouraged to use saccharine. Two months later this use became compulsory in certain directions. Since then, eating houses have not been allowed to serve sugar with beverages, and many soft drinks and other addenda of the dietary must contain saccharine instead of sugar. During the summer it was widely used in jams and marmalades, and also made its appearance in beer. It was frankly admitted by the authorities that the use of saccharine was a questionable policy, as it was a constant reminder to the people of the straits in which Germany, a sugar-producing country, found herself.

Saccharine can never be termed a substitute for sugar from the gustatory or any other point of view. Certain articles of food containing saccharine have the normal taste, as though they contained sugar; to other articles of food, however, an abnormal after-taste is given by saccharine, a condition particularly noticeable in beer. Amazingly enough, though ironically so to the people of Germany, the supply of saccharine was so short that for a time it was almost as difficult to secure saccharine as to obtain sugar—a condition, of course, that was only temporary.

The Scarcity of Eggs

A subject that possessed an interest in the cities, and occupied an amount of space in the newspapers out of all proportion to its importance in the diet, was the egg. The peacetime consumption of eggs was two per capita per week. The domestic production varied from sixty-five to seventy-five eggs per capita per year. These were mostly consumed in the country districts and the cities supplied largely by importation. The eggs secured by importation came principally from Austria-Hungary and Russia—in reality from Russia, since they were largely Russian eggs that came from Austria-Hungary.

A fragile and perishable article like the egg is a poor blockade runner; and when Austria-Hungary, at the beginning of the war, prohibited exportation to Germany, the consumption was reduced to the plane of domestic production, since the surrounding neutral countries produced few eggs. Since the imported eggs supplied the cities, a situation was created that was just made to order for the market manipulator. During the first year of the war, when there was little scarcity of food, eggs could always be obtained in the city markets at high prices. During the second year of the war the country districts were less inclined to send their eggs to the cities, except at very high prices. When the spring of 1916 appeared the usual spring increase of eggs was awaited with great expectation.

But the eggs did not appear and winter prices were maintained.

The use of eggs had been prohibited in ordinary cakes and limited in the making of tart. Local regulations appeared in many cities, fixing maximum price, limiting the number that could be bought, prohibiting the serving of eggs at breakfast—and finally the egg card appeared. The wealthy classes had become very dependent upon eggs in their diet and the egg dealer preyed upon them. Among the students in Germany a popular story was current long ago to illustrate the limitations in the average student's wardrobe, depicting him counting his clean laundry, ending with *und das Hemd*—"and the shirt." Now it had become *und das Ei*—"and the egg."

The wealthy classes resented the restrictions on importations made by the central purchasing bureau, convinced that if the authorities had not centralized imported eggs, but had permitted buyers of eggs in Germany to compete with buyers in foreign lands, eggs would have been available, though the prices would have been very high. As a matter of fact, the supply of domestic eggs was not reduced below the figure for peacetime. In peacetime a few million Germans consumed eighty per cent of the eggs. The total number coming to the cities was reduced and most of these went to the wealthy and to public eating houses.

In June the number allotted in the cities was two per week per head. In July this was reduced to one per week, which was the allotment in September and October; the





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price, seven cents. In October the controller enacted regulations of confiscation in order to protect the needs of children, the army and the sick. The producers were supposed to retain a portion of their production; the remainder was to be turned in to the food controller.

When it becomes a question of dividing the eggs of the peasant's hens between the war nutrition department and the peasant's wife, it will be safe to place the wager on the woman. In the channel of trade the egg is too evanescent an object to be placed under rigid regulation. Enforcement of the egg regulation in hotels was out of the question, and circumvention was always accomplished. When the writer was last in Berlin, in October, he could without difficulty secure an omelet each day in the same eating place, and this not out of any regard for his being an American.

In peacetime the majority of Germans had not over two eggs a month, while a few had thirty a week. Now all have three or four available a month. The cuisine of the well-to-do is hit hard by the lack of eggs, and the well-to-do have loud voices. It is a clamor for luxury. The government will, under these circumstances, find it difficult to effect a confiscation of the peasant's eggs for any other purpose than the needs of the sick and the wounded; and one may be assured that, once an egg reaches the channels of trade, it stands little chance of ever landing upon a poor man's table.

During the first year of the war there was no scarcity of tea, coffee, cocoa or chocolate. Apparently the stocks in Germany were large; considerable amounts were obtained in Belgium; a large amount of Brazilian coffee was confiscated in Hamburg and Bremen; and until July, 1916, importation was not seriously restricted. During the past six months, however, there has been scarcity, which has been met by regulation of use. The first regulations made obligatory the use of substitute with coffee, half and half; and all middlemen were wiped out, retailers securing supplies direct from the authorities. Hotels and restaurants were allotted half the amounts to which they were accustomed, with equal amount of substitute.

Supplies of Chocolate and Milk

In October final regulations were issued. Coffee now comes in three grades—ten, twenty-five and fifty per cent coffee; the rest is substitute. The best coffee has the maximum price of sixty cents a pound. Many substitutes are on the market, composed largely of browned grains, with a certain amount of chicory. The quality of these surrogates finally became so bad that they were placed under the control of the coffee commission.

Tea never possessed the standard of a man's drink in Germany, and the supplies were satisfactory until last May, when the tea was confiscated and the retail sale regulated, the limit being set at half an ounce. The use of substitute was not made obligatory; the prices varied from one to two dollars a pound.

Cocoa was little used as such in Germany and chocolate to a very large extent in foods rather than as a beverage. The writer was never able to understand where the limitless supplies of chocolate in Germany came from. In the smallest hamlet and the largest cities were shops after shops filled with chocolate candies, often of very low grade, but, nevertheless, inexplicable when viewed from the standpoint of quantity. Up to November there was no limitation in the use of chocolate.

No item of the German food supplies has attracted more attention in Germany and in the outside world than the scarcity of milk; and ever since the beginning of the war periodic appeals have been made to the governments of neutral countries to induce them to exert their influence toward such modification of the blockade as would permit the shipment into Germany of milk for little children. Laudable as was the motive of these appeals from the humanitarian standpoint, they were based upon a misconception of the amount of Germany's milk supply that naturally went to the children, since they assumed that any reduction in the milk supply must naturally fall proportionately or disproportionately upon the children.

This was an erroneous assumption. According to the Eltzbacher Commission, from forty to forty-three per cent of the milk produced in Germany in peacetime was

(Continued on Page 41)

Tire Saver Kit



Perfecting Your Pleasure

Actual tire trouble is not needed to ruin the pleasure of a motor trip—the fear of it works almost as damaging an influence.

And the fear of it springs from what? From the thought that the single spare or the pair behind *may* not fully outrank the chances of accident.

This fear is banished from the car that carries a Goodyear Tire-Saver Kit.

For this Kit prepares the driver against any tire accident short of complete ruin.

It is handy, compact and complete, and the only package on the market containing all essential first-aids-to-tires. It contains tire putty, self-cure tube patches, inside and outside protection patches, cement, talc, friction tape, valve parts, pressure gauge and so on—everything needed in the emergency.

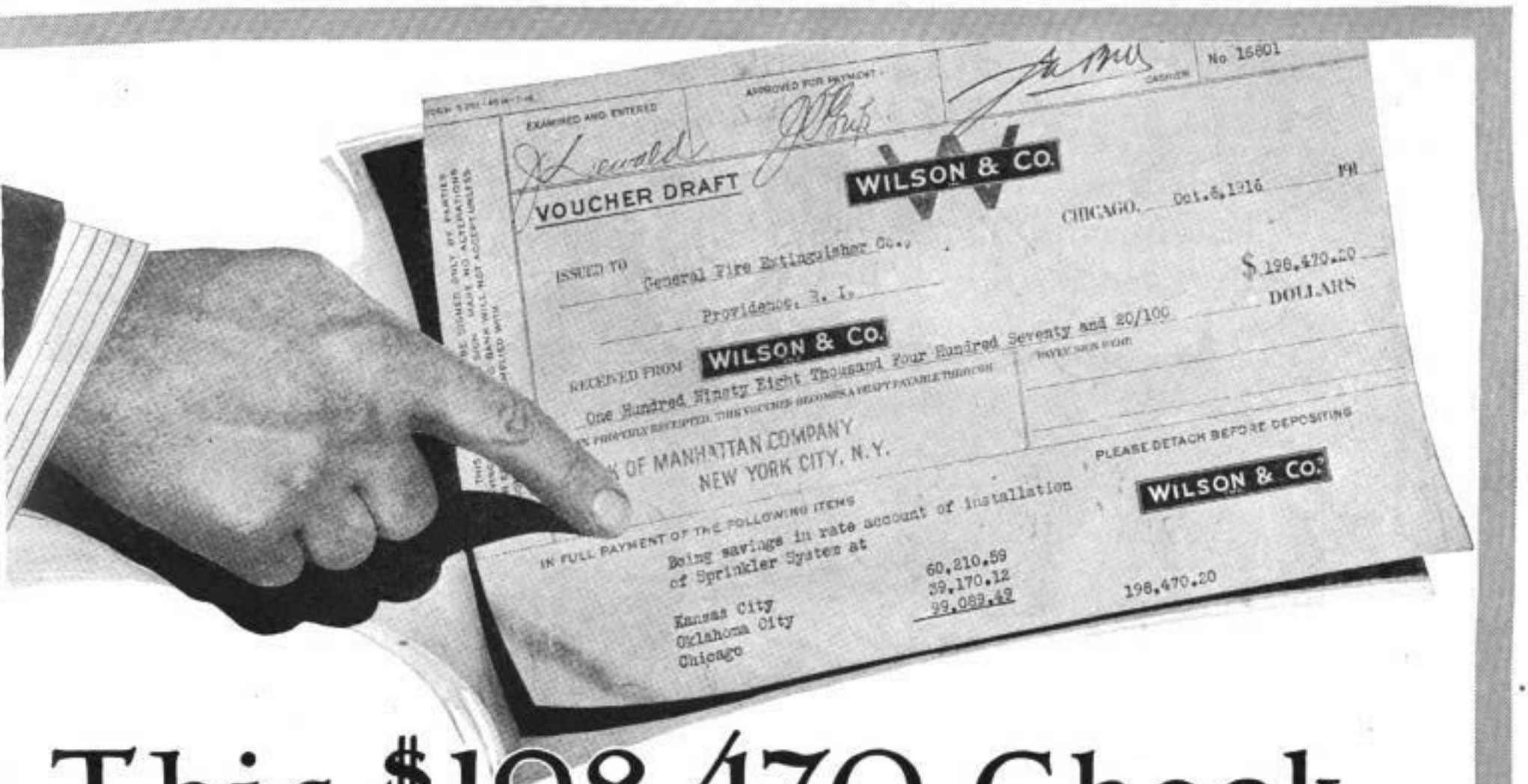
It perfects your pleasure in your car, and its cost is trifling in view of the peace of mind it brings.

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

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AKRON

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This $198,470 Check

Wilson & Company's First Annual Sprinkler Saving

Mr. Thos. E. Wilson, President of Wilson & Company, the great packers, wanted the best possible safeguard against having their $150,000,000 a year business interrupted and disrupted by a fire.

He found that Grinnell Automatic Sprinklers would reduce the average insurance rates on his packing plants 85%.

His shrewd business judgment told him that the insurance companies could not afford to make such a sweeping reduction unless the fire danger in those plants was going to be practically wiped out by the Grinnell installation.

Forthwith, he contracted to have Grinnell Automatic Sprinklers installed in all the large plants of Wilson & Company.

As the Grinnell Systems were completed, the new low insurance rates went *immediately* into effect.

In the Kansas City, Oklahoma City and Chicago plants the Grinnell Systems have been installed a year.

The above check for $198,470 shows the first year's saving in insurance premiums to Wilson & Company on these three plants alone, which sum was also their first payment to us.

These savings will come annually.

In less than three years the insurance companies will thus repay to Wilson & Company what it cost them to protect their business against fire.

When the other plants are equipped, Wilson & Company's annual insurance savings will be proportionately increased, and in a few years an annual insurance saving greatly in excess of $200,000 will be entered on Wilson & Company's books as "all profit."

Many concerns can make the same ratio of saving as Wilson & Company even though their insurance premiums are as low as $500 a year and, what is more important, secure the same measure of protection.

If you have the slightest doubt about *your* being able to make a substantial saving, write to us.

In case you cannot spare working-capital, we can give you the names of reputable concerns who make a business of accepting insurance savings as partial payments for a sprinkler system. This plan not only safeguards your working-capital from the calamity of fire, but also, practically with no investment, adds a Grinnell Sprinkler System to your real estate assets.

Your big American business man is in love with his business. He believes in keeping that business going, not chancing it in a fire.

Why not take a leaf from the books of the wisest business concerns in America, and get in touch with us to determine quickly the cost of protecting your *going* business? Address the General Fire Extinguisher Company, 277 West Exchange Street, Providence, R. I.

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AUTOMATIC SPRINKLER SYSTEM

The Factory-Assembled System

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f Germany could almost be airies in a city cut off by a The slaughter of the lesser h cows was based upon the t, if more swine were slaugh-that was devoted to them ted to milch cows. The cal-he commission have been ts to have been unfulfilled, ng stuffs that were supposed to milch cows were, in fact, ; whereby the ratio of milk against maintenance per head lowered.

pply in the first part of the far from normal. This was continued importation of oil from the United States, not well into the second year of low yield of grasses and hay in with the small crop of grain ity of all concentrates, com-fall of 1915 to bring about a ilk that has since constituted ost difficult problems in Ger-roblem has concerned only the ulation. The agricultural pop-throughout the war enjoyed e normal supply of milk.

Milk Regulations

egulations were enacted in the 915. Nursing mothers, infants to the twelfth year, and the ges, were given first call upon he use of milk in the kitchen ating houses, and as a beverage vas restricted. With the onset e supply of milk became very ed, and in particular the milk e cities was far below the nor-robably not far from the truth , from December, 1915, on, not the normal milk supply reached ties of Prussia, Saxony and the

orities were at the outset loath , since milk is such a perishable ttempts were made to regulate nd to fix the volume of trade in ections in the geographical sense, ecure equitable distribution by . As a matter of fact, the dis-as exceedingly inequitable until of the new food controller. No r could supply the normal de-his route; no milk shop could quirements of its clientèle. There-ilk went to the highest bidder, ners searched for milk from shop

horities attempted to force pro-The producers replied that in the ondition of the cows forced pro-as not profitable at the prices of uffs and at the price of milk. The feeding stuffs tempted the peas-d milk to his young stock. Grain supposed to go to the milch cows n to beef cattle. It is clear, how-at the prevailing prices of milk it was more profitable to convert at than into milk; and we may be this was done. The low ration of flour resulted in a larger consumption of milk by the peasant class. The high prices of butter induced the peasant to produce butter rather than sell milk.

Gradually the price of milk at retail was raised from five to eight cents a quart. Nevertheless, increase of price did not bring increase of production. During the winter months the public was urged to be patient until the coming of spring, which would yield the green fodder on which the freshened cows would again produce satisfactory amounts of milk. The spring came, but with it little increase in milk. The cows had calved in such poor physical condition that when the new fodder became available the excess of intake over maintenance went to restitution of lost tissues and not to increase in the flow of milk.

Just at this time the use of crude sugar was prohibited, potatoes were becoming scarce, and grain also; and there was no relief. With the advent of spring the cows of the peasant were placed at work, since the scarcity of horses and work oxen made this necessary. Emaciation of the cows, subsistence on green fodder and subjection to hard work in the fields were not conducive to a large yield of milk; only a low production of milk could be expected and nothing else materialized. These considerations did not apply to the large dairies; but the large dairies lacked concentrated feed.

Chances for Leaks

Milk cards appeared throughout the spring and summer as local regulations. In September, 1916, the supply of milk was very low—scarcely more than enough to cover the needs of mothers, infants, children and the sick. The rule imposed upon the dealer that he should confine himself to his old customers, and not accept new ones, did not prevent him from practicing favoritism with his old customers; and the instruction of the controller to sell not over one-fourth to one-third of the peacetime amounts could not be enforced, as in the last analysis it had no reference to the size of the household.

The point of failure in the entire attempt at regulation, up to the control introduced in October, lay in the fact that the enforcement of specified use was imposed upon the consumer.

The final system inaugurated in October was founded on four considerations: the milk of peasants and of dairies was separated in the regulations; the use of milk in the household, guaranteed on the milk cards, was based on the composition of the family; the amounts of milk devoted to household use and to the manufacture of butter and cheese were regulated at the source; and the feeding of milch cows was effected by rationing by the authorities. Large dairies are supplied with rations, and must return specified amounts of milk. The small producers' milk was not confiscated. They were advised to use the normal amounts and turn the balance over to the authorities.

Here, obviously, was left unguarded an opportunity for a leak, since the peasant might feed milk to swine or calves. The nonagricultural population has been placed upon a strict milk regulation. During the last three months of gestation, during the period of nursing and period of recovery therefrom, a woman receives one liter of full milk daily. The bottle-fed child up to the second year is to receive daily one liter of full milk; between two and four years, three-fourths of a liter; between five and six years one-half of a liter. After the age of six, no milk ration is guaranteed, but of skim milk the child may receive as much as the market affords.

Full milk is allotted to the sick under the care of a physician. After these amounts have been allowed for, the remainder of the full milk goes to the manufacture of butter and cheese, the skim milk being returned to the market for unrestricted sale.

The medical world expressed criticism of the exclusion of milk from the diet of the child over the age of six. A choice had to be made between the milk needs of these children and the butter needs of the entire population; and the controller evidently reasoned that the child would receive the skim milk, and in their ration their share of the butter. There is little doubt that, under the operation of the present system, the people of the cities in industrial sections receive more milk than they secured during the first nine months of 1916.

The manufacture of cheese was regulated and the total cheese production of the empire, outside household cheese, confiscated.

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BUFFALO—CLEVELAND—DETROIT
(Now building in St. Louis and New York)

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Any one of the three Statler Hotels will go the limit to please you.

We're three times as anxious to satisfy you as we could be if we had but one hotel—because we want your patronage in three cities.

Remember that, when you're going to Buffalo, Cleveland or Detroit.

Hotels Statler are the hotels where the guest is always right; where every room has its own private bath; where you get a morning paper under your door—and it isn't charged; where your satisfaction is guaranteed, whatever you pay.

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Building in St. Louis and New York!

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NEVERLEEK
TOP MATERIAL

THE smartest new cars exhibited at the 1917 Automobile Shows were invariably equipped with tops of Neverleek. Style is the chief feature of these cars and Neverleek is used because it adds to style, beauty and service. More than 40 motor car manufacturers use Neverleek as regular equipment.

Ask for a Neverleek Top on *your* new car.

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lson Super-Six. Ask any r car. You will find the ıs we express in this ad.

was by reducing friction almost to nil that Super-Six gained its supremacy. It is ɔugh the endurance which results that it won amazing records.

The evidence is clear that the Super-Six best luces friction. Until some type excels it in at respect, it holds the leading place. Every otorist must concede that, whatever type he ns.

Not Waste Alone

Much of the power was wasted in the old-type Six. We knew that, as did others. And, like others, Hudson engineers sought ways to correct it. We clung to the Six because this invention made the Super-Six excel.

By saving this waste, we get speed, power and flexibility such as like-size motors never showed before. We get more than you need, or will use.

But we get, above all, endurance. The fiercest strains, continued thousands of miles, have failed to show in the Super-Six the slightest evidence of wear.

We now combine this Super-Six motor with the limit in beauty and luxury. We have added to the car a great gasoline saver. No effort has been spared to make the Hudson supreme in every detail.

It is today the world's great car. And it probably always will be. The Super-Six motor comes so close to perfection that it leaves little room for improvement. And our patents control it.

Its owner knows that it can win in any sort of test. And, above all, in the test of long life.

Sedan	$2175	Town Car Landaulet .	$3025
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...f cheese has suffered little ... Up to September, 1916, ...ation controlling the pur... there was no maximum ...rices were high, and the ...nted the normal appear... In September all im... ...re withdrawn from the ...d to the army, hospitals ... camps. The domestic ...ributed through control ...in different cities. There ...er, no cheese card and ...al purchase.

...to the war, butter was ...ard and margarine the ...rding to the Eltzbacher ...-capita consumption of ...t 3.5 ounces a day, of ...alf was obtained by ...r indirectly. In peace... ...ted hundreds of thou... ...h vegetal and animal ...mption, for manufac... ...concentrates, and for ...s for manufacture of

...complete blockade, ...eding trough and the ... the fat of domestic ...its that the blockade ...e blockade of food... ...ships need painting; ...and. Leather needs ... therefore fat is con... ... used in smokeless ...t is contraband. In ...ones fat is produced ...erate zone fat must ...ltivation Germany ...proved the weakest ...gear in her trans...

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...he war there was ...tter, and there ...ning their uses. ...arcity and regu... ... and other fats ...ber, 1915, that ...compelling the ... to the Central ...heir output for ...ties, towns and ... butter cards ...days were pre... ...days; on those ...ble and in the ...ibited.

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...re was con... ... from the ...All manner ...d upon the ...oor; while ... pay large ...pread ma... ...nufacture ...y the but... ...e watery. ...nistration ...olling the ...s, and in ...ime four ... In the ...tablished

that expressed price distinctions, but not qualities.

The wealthy devised a pretty scheme to circumvent all regulations. A peasant possessing ten milch cows would sell one to each of ten men of means. Then each would employ the peasant to care for his cow, supplying the fodder, and having the milk and butter delivered to him, claiming exemption as an individual producer. The scheme was expensive; but it provided butter and milk in excess of the allotment of the cards.

With the advent of the new controller all fats were confiscated. The outputs of dairies were exacted on the basis of their milk supplies, and their cattle were rationed by the state. The killing of milch cows was made illegal. The butter cards became obligatory for the empire, and the selection of dealers was made compulsory. During June, July, August and September rations in cities varied from three and two-tenths ounces to four and six-tenths a week. The prices averaged from twelve to fifteen cents for three ounces. Communal authorities seized all butter produced by dairies of over fifty-quarts capacity a day, determined how much should be distributed locally and how much should be sent to the Imperial Bureau for Fat for the Use of the Cities. Peasants were not allowed to sell butter except to the communal authorities and the peasant's butter and milk were both liable to requisition.

To illustrate how hard it is to scotch the peasant, one needs but to state that, in Bavaria, it is contrary to law to sell a centrifuge or churn to a peasant, unless he contracts to sell his butter to the communal authorities.

Substitutes for Soap

The margarine and fats are now distributed by the same organization. The results of the new system have been a marked reduction in prices, but no increase in quantity. During October the usual ration in cities was three and two-tenths ounces of table fat a week; butter, two-thirds; margarine, one-third. The prices were from six to eight cents for two and one-tenth ounces of butter; for margarine, three cents for one and one-tenth ounces.

Lard and tallow are classed either as meats for purposes of the diet or as industrial fats. The cultivation of vegetable fats has been greatly stimulated and the crop of 1916 contained very material amounts of fat obtained from chestnuts, beechnuts, rape, marigold, poppy, sunflower and mustard. Slaughterhouse residues are no longer fed to animals until after all the fat has been extracted.

According to Liebig, the great German chemist of two generations ago, the civilization of a people may be measured by the consumption of soap; and if this dictum be accepted the Germans will have to admit that one other people is more civilized—namely, the Americans. The peacetime production of soap in Germany was some seven hundred thousand tons, ten per cent of which was toilet soap; nine thousand tons of glycerine were obtained as by-product. The per-capita use of soap was a little over twenty-two pounds a year. When fats became scarce in Germany, in the winter of 1915–16, the soap makers were among the first to feel the pinch.

In March, 1916, the soap card was issued. The ration at first was three and three-quarter ounces of toilet soap and one and one-fifth pounds of common soap a month, purchased on the bread card on the twenty-fifth of the month. The use of soaps for common cleaning purposes—steps, woodwork, leather—has been prohibited. Since July the monthly soap ration has been one and four-fifths ounces of toilet soap and half a pound of bar soap. There is now an Imperial soap card, guaranteed and uniform throughout the empire. Special provision has been made to cover the needs of children, nurses, physicians and dentists.

A large number of synthetic cleansing agents have been devised. Some of these, which are entirely free of soap and resemble tooth powders or tooth pastes in appearance, are very effective in the cleansing of the skin, operating after the fashion of almond meal. The scarcity of soap illustrates strikingly the scarcity of fats. When one considers the high value of glycerine to a nation at war, one may be certain that all the fat which can be spared from human consumption and technical uses will be spared; and the soap production becomes, therefore, a reliable index of the availability of fat. *(Continued on Page 46)*

Stein-Bloch
Smart Clothes

Men wear Stein-Bloch clothes because success and the appearance of success are so closely associated with each other.

THIS LABEL MARKS THE SMARTEST READY-TO-WEAR CLOTHES
The Stein-Bloch Co. Wholesale Tailors REGISTERED 1888

THE STEIN-BLOCH COMPANY
Wholesale Tailors Rochester, N. Y.

ONCE IN EVERY MAN'S LIFE

THE COLT WAY

"I tiptoed downstairs with my 'Colt' ready—switched on the lights and caught him red-handed. Then I telephoned for the police. If it hadn't been for my 'Colt'—well!—I don't know what would have happened."



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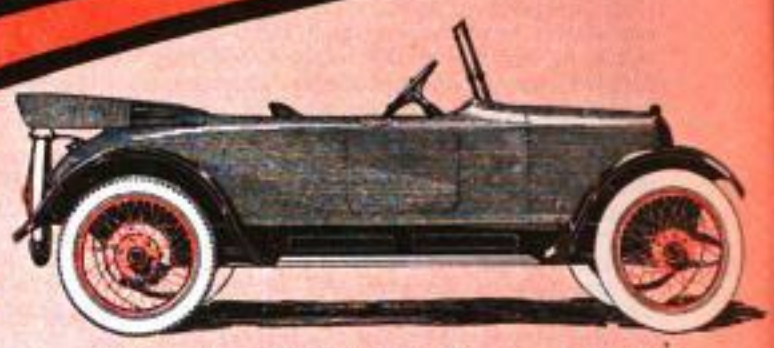
"You can't forget to make a Colt safe"
COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG CO. HARTFORD, CONN.

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Overland Light Four Models

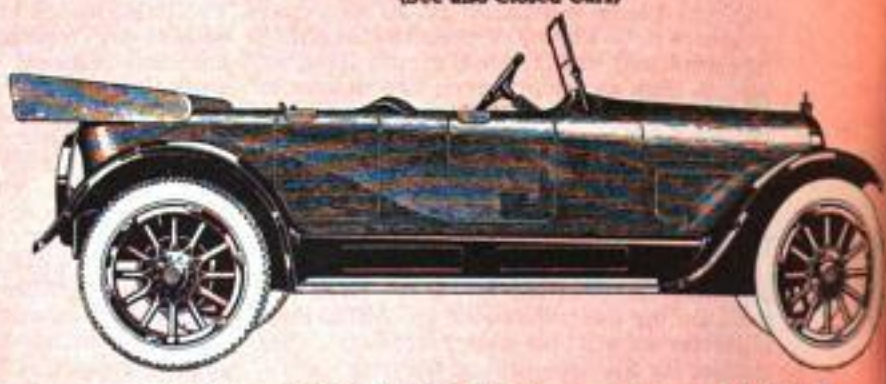
Roadster, 104-in. wheelbase	$650
Touring, 106-in. wheelbase	$665
Sport Model, Country Club (Illustrated)	$750



Overland Light Six Models

Roadster, 116-in. wheelbase—(Illustrated)	$970
Touring, 116-in. wheelbase	$985

(See also Closed Cars)



Willys-Knight 7-Passenger Models

Four Cylinder Touring, 121-in. wheelbase	$1285
Eight Cylinder, 125-in. wheelbase (Illustrated)	$1950

(See also Closed Cars)

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Reason ogic



better motor car for *less* money.

Overland success means just that to you.

For five years we have outsold all cars in our class.

Last year our sales were millions of dollars ahead of any make selling over $400.

omies were greater—values greater than er.

year, through an achievement new to e American Automobile Industry, we ply the economies of vast production a *complete* line of cars.

ve been working toward this end for ht years.

general expense heretofore charged to ingle class of cars we now *distribute* r several groups including not only priced cars but cars in the high ed class as well.

lers this year have contracted already 180,000,000 worth of these cars.

olume we will save millions of dollars anufacturing and sales economies.

you a most attractive line of nobiles in the high priced class—derate prices.

We offer you the dominant value in lower priced cars—greater values than ever.

There are Light Fours, Big Fours, Light Sixes and the Willys-Knight group which includes the new Willys-Knight Eight.

Body styles, *all new*, include

—roadsters, two and three passenger,

—Country Club, four passenger sport model,

—touring cars, five and seven passenger,

—coupés, three and four passenger,

—sedan, five and seven passenger,

—and the limousine.

You will find in the Willys-Overland line an automobile of high quality, exactly adapted to your any need or pleasure.

In every class these cars represent such remarkable value that every consideration of pride, economy, safety and enjoyment must urge you to consider the Willys-Overland line first.

Tell the Overland dealer what kind and class of car you want. Let him help you solve your personal automobile problem as thousands of others are solving theirs—permanently.

See the Overland dealer now.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

Manufacturers of Overland and Willys-Knight Automobiles and Light Commercial Cars

"Made in U. S. A."

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(Continued from Page 43)

The peacetime consumption of meat in Germany was about two and a quarter pounds per head per week, practically double the consumption of a generation ago.

The meat production of Germany was to a considerable extent dependent upon imported foodstuffs. We shall not go far wrong if we assume that the fat concentrates were devoted to milk production and the grain concentrates to meat production. If the data of the total fodder consumption and imported feeding stuffs be contrasted, and evaluated according to the rules of scientific stock feeding, we learn that approximately one-quarter of the meat consumption of Germany was derived from imported feeding stuffs. The meat production of Germany had long been upon an efficient plane, as the livestock yielded annually over half their weight in market meat. Germany also imported meat and meat products, and especially fat.

Following the recommendation of the Eltzbacher Commission, one-third of the swine were slaughtered late in the winter of 1914–15; presumably between six and seven million swine were killed. During this winter there was undoubtedly an unusual consumption of meat. Of the conserved meat, which should have been available for reserve for the ration of the following year, a great deal was lost by decomposition; so that, beginning with the autumn of 1915, the meat consumption was reduced to the plane of meat production, and this was low, because the fodder and grain crops of that summer, with the exception of potato, were far below normal.

According to the plans of the scientists, the number of head of domestic animals was to be kept down to the available fodder. When, in the fall of 1915, the available feeding stuffs were recognized to have fallen far below the plane of the number of animals, a second slaughter should have been decreed. If the slaughtering of animals was necessary in 1914–15 it was doubly necessary in 1915–16. Now this did not meet the views of the agricultural population at all. They wished to nurture their stock in order to restore their possessions and stand equipped, ready for the return of peace, which was regarded as certain to come within a year.

When Meat is Not Meat

If the peasant fed up his young stock this could only be done at the expense of proper feeding of the milch cows and by the utilization of potatoes, sugar beets and molasses; to some extent also of grains, the feeding of which to stock was prohibited. All of these the peasant did feed, with the aim of restoring his count of livestock.

During the winter of 1915–16 a great deal of meat was requisitioned for the army. The peasants killed many animals in domestic slaughtering, consuming the meat themselves outside of all control and dispensing large amounts outside the channels of trade, to people living in small towns and in the large cities. Under these circumstances the stock in the best condition was killed. There was not enough feeding stuff to maintain all the animals in reasonably good condition; therefore, the remainder of the stock was carried along on what was little more than a maintenance ration.

When the cities, buying through the channels of trade, went to the country for livestock they could secure only cattle and swine of low grade, thin even to emaciation. Such animals yielded little meat and when placed upon the market did not suffice to meet the demands. Thus, with each month following October, 1915, the scarcity in meats became more and more pronounced. There was little or no meat procurable by importation during the winter of 1915-1916; certainly not over one hundred thousand tons, as meat was scarce both in Holland and in Scandinavia.

Local meat cards appeared in various portions of the empire late in 1915 and became universal in the cities early in 1916. Two meatless days were established—Tuesday and Friday. There was little control in the country districts or in small towns that could secure their supplies through personal dealings with the growers. The country districts made the exportation of animals and meat products to the cities directly and indirectly difficult or impossible. Maximum prices were placed on certain meat—pork—which had the simple effect of driving that meat from the market and inducing others to appear at higher prices.

The situation was, of course, taken advantage of by manipulators, with the result that the rich secured the meat and the poor in the cities had practically none. In the cities there were fine distinctions as to when meat was meat, and when it was not meat. Thus, loin of veal was meat; but tongue and liver and tail were not meat.

In March, 1916, the open market for cattle was practically empty and the provisioning of the cities with livestock was placed under regulations. The cities contracted with livestock associations to furnish so many head a week. Thus, Berlin, in peacetime, consumed one hundred thousand swine a month. In April fourteen thousand swine were ordered to be purchased for the city markets; only twenty-three hundred were secured. The simple truth was that the swine were not fit for slaughter. The cities had no power to confiscate the animals.

Conditions in South Germany

Meantime, in South Germany, the meat cards provided for one and a half to two pounds of meat a week. The cities attempted to meet the situation by buying their stock directly. Failing to obtain stock fit for slaughter, as early as May they began to buy lean stock; and, securing supplies of feeding stuffs, proceeded to prepare the animals for their markets. These meats went largely to the poorer classes.

For example, in May, 1916, four hundred thousand swine were purchased by the city of Berlin, to be used as feeding stock. The cards throughout the cities, from January to May, called for from one-half to one pound a week. The amount of meat available was so small that only a small percentage of the buying public could secure meat, and the average weekly ration in many cities in the spring months was not over three-quarters of an ounce, and this on paper.

In May conditions became so bad that a uniform card regulation was attempted, and this was elaborated when the new food controller took charge. Each householder had to select a meat dealer. The central slaughterhouses and the wholesale buyers were eliminated. The cities sublet contracts for slaughter and delivered the meat directly to retailers, who obtained meat in return for retail cards turned in by them. The amount stated on the cards was reduced to nine ounces a week. At this time the meat ration in the army was reduced to three-quarters of a pound a day, with two meatless days a week for soldiers not on active duty. The card system at this time was necessarily a failure because the amount of meat available was so much smaller than the amounts called for by the cards.

In June a survey of the livestock situation convinced the authorities that it was useless to attempt to increase the ration. The plan was then formulated to keep the ration low and feed up the younger stock, with the intention of increasing the meat ration in the autumn. Practically speaking, conditions in the summer months remained unsatisfactory from every point of view until the Imperial meat card was issued in July. This accomplished more equitable distribution of meat; but the ration remained very low. In August pork was practically withdrawn from sale. A survey of the rations of the different cities of Germany during the summer months indicated that the individual allotment secured each week was not over one-third of a pound.

In September the final system of the war nutrition department was put into effect. The essential feature of this system was the confiscation of the livestock and the control of the feeding of this stock and its delivery to the market, precisely comparable to the system described for the dairies. The livestock remains in the physical possession of the peasant, but the use belongs to the state; the state furnishes the feeding stuffs, allots to the peasant a certain fraction of the meat, and claims the balance for the nonagricultural population.

One concession was made to the peasant which, it was fully realized, carried grave dangers: the peasant was permitted to slaughter stock for his own use, but was supposed to kill such animals as gave a meat ration comparable to the meat card of the nonagricultural population. There is good evidence that this concession was being widely abused in the early months of the autumn of 1916; and, indeed, nothing else was to be expected.

Looking back over the nine months preceding the introduction of the Imperial meat card, in September, 1916, one may concisely describe the situation by saying that the

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the heifers had been raised
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from May, 1915, to October,
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ndenburg's Appeal

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f the President of the War
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e of the returns one cannot be-
ill be possible during the pres-
maintain in a productive state
l cattle of Germany, except by
the foodstuffs now assigned to
l classes by the excellent sys-
out by Von Batocki.
ble that the final struggle be-
ific control of the food supplies
-interest policy of the agrarians
nd. Last year the industrial population went on short rations. This year it must be the livestock alone, or German efficiency has gone to wreck.

The use of poultry in Germany was restricted practically to the well-to-do classes and the accentuated scarcity of poultry, with its higher prices, concerned them alone. On the other hand, the reduction in the supplies of fish affected the common people. From one-half to two-thirds of the supply of sea fish in peacetime was drawn from waters that are now more or less closed to German fishing. Importation of fish from Holland and the Scandinavian countries was extensive until the pressure of the blockade forced these countries, first, to reduce the scope of their fishing operations, and, second, to prohibit indirectly or directly the sending of fish to Germany.

Under these circumstances the sea-fish supply was much reduced during the summer of 1916. The German catches of Baltic and sweet-water fish were increased. The higher grades of fish were consumed by the well-to-do in peacetime, but the cheaper grades of fish formed a staple in the diet of the working people. These cheaper grades of fish, both fresh and smoked, are now expensive. Herring were so cheap in peacetime that they were used as fertilizer; now the prices on the coast range from ten to twenty cents a pound.

A Reduced Beer Supply

A survey of the fish markets and of the reports in the trade papers confirms the opinion, expressed in the daily press, that the total fish consumption during the past summer was probably not much lower than in peacetime; but that the distribution was different, since fish went to replace meat in the households of the well-to-do and middle classes. The supply of fish during this winter must be very much reduced, since the sweet waters now furnish very little; and even in peacetime the salt waters furnished in winter much less than in summer.

In the years directly preceding the war the consumption of alcoholic beverages by each person a day in Germany was seven-tenths of a gallon of beer, two hundredths of a gallon of spirituous liquors and three-hundredths of a gallon of wine. Some thirteen per cent of the beer was made from imported barley; half of the wine was imported. The per-capita consumption of alcohol yielded one hundred and ten calories daily—between four and five per cent of the total intake in calories. The Germans ingested more calories in the form of alcoholic beverages than in vegetables and fruits.

Reduction in consumption of alcoholic beverages was determined upon early in the war, but really carried into effect only after the low harvest of 1915. The alcoholic beverages contain but a small fraction of the protein and calories of the grains from which they are manufactured; the protein is entirely lacking in spirituous liquors. Entirely apart from questions of the effects of alcohol, restriction in manufacture was necessary to minimize loss in grain and to reduce the labor required in the processes of manufacture.

That the prohibition of vodka was necessary in Russia was regarded in Germany as evidence of the lack of civilization in Russia. The amount of barley that could be devoted to the manufacture of malt was reduced to sixty per cent; grain devoted to whiskies was understood to have been reduced one half. More recently the making of grain whiskies has been interdicted. The importation of French wines apparently continues; otherwise there must have been immense amounts stored in Germany, for these wines are everywhere to be had.

The hours of sale and the amounts allotted for daily sale were fixed differently in different parts of the empire. In Berlin limitation was by hours; in Munich limitation was by quantity—so much for each resort for each day. In the summer of 1916 sophistication of the beer by addition of saccharine was first permitted; later it became compulsory. This adulteration has been resented by the people, as saccharine almost ruins a good beer.

Abuse of alcoholic beverages was very rarely observed by the writer during the months he was in Germany, moderation being due largely, he is convinced, to the restraint imposed by the psychology of war and to preoccupation with work, thus indicating again that alcoholism results from idleness rather than from overwork.

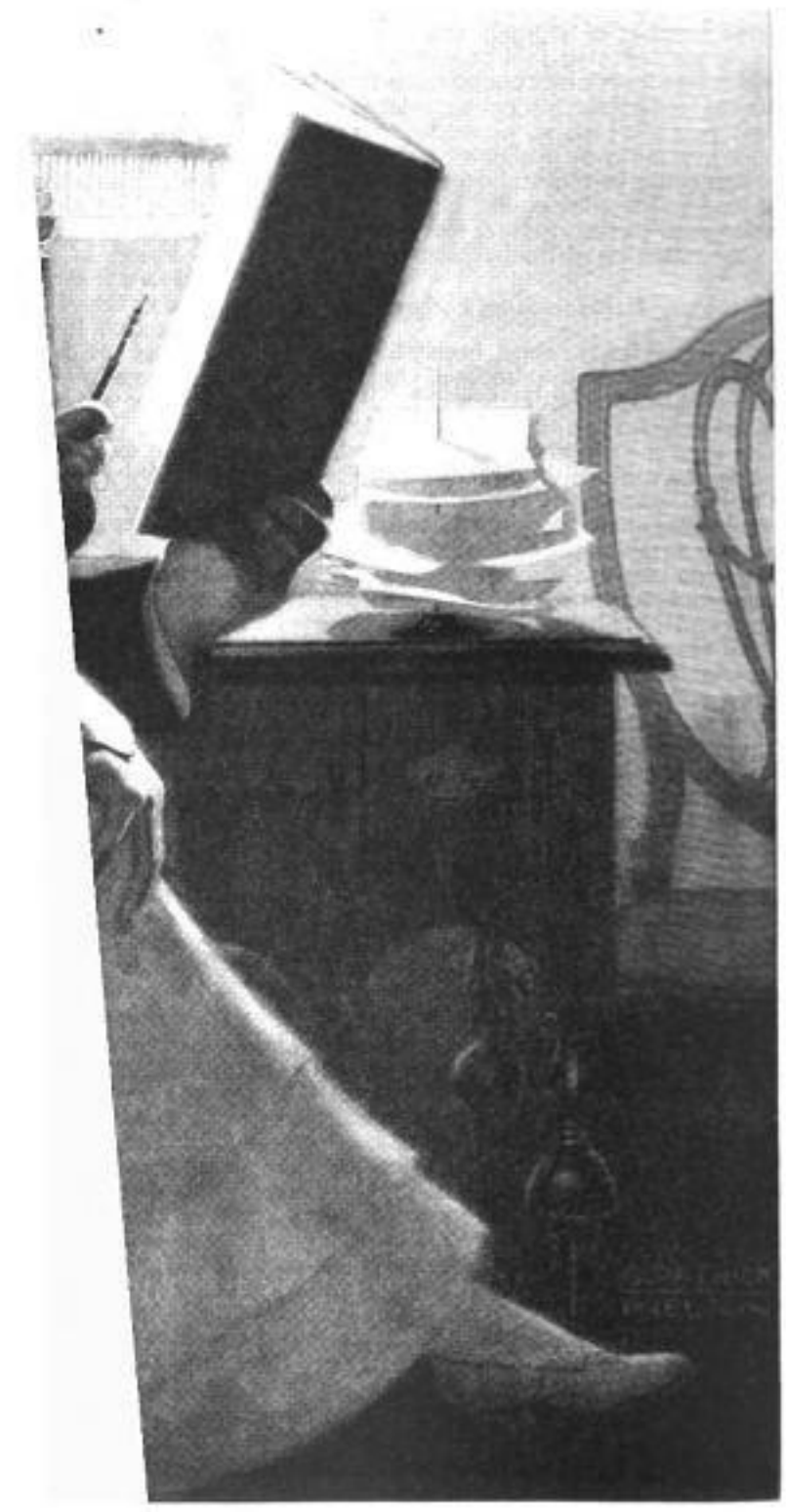
Editor's Note—This is the second of three articles by Doctor Taylor. The third will appear in an early issue.





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iscouraged, my wife and I, listening to the pounding of the ; feet—thinking of the monthly shoe-bills which seemed to set ? sacrifice of ours at naught.

iscouraged, my wife and I—I, foot-weary from the busy office, all the foot-miles of her household tasks. And then I spoke:

there were but something BETTER THAN LEATHER— g that would wear better and be more foot-comforting."

'le did we know that even at that moment Science had ' something far, far better than leather—better feeling, better IG, and with looks that match its wear!

* * *

:hs after, I made my great y.

:ked up a shoe idly from lay on a shoe-store shelf. beautiful shoe, styled and

)out the sole was some- well, *modern* would be the think.

I saw a Neōlin Sole. The)ment I had tried it. That : was a memorable one for)r flexible and foot-easing was, and soothing as a from the first smooth step!

at was but the beginning onderful Neōlin experience.

day by day and month by wore my new Neōlin Soles, :asing wonder came. They 'earing as no other shoe- ıd ever worn. And then—!

my wife wasted not a ıt! Neōlin looks had al- won her—and now that wear and comfort were facts, there was nothing but Neōlin Soles for the family!

Yes, life is somehow different since Neōlin came—and we thank Neōlin for that. Since then the shoe-bills have hoisted a permanent relief sign, and Willie and Margaret and Dorothy can play and jump and pound, and, bless you, we won't worry. Isn't Neōlin there to wear and save? Yes, and to do far more than that:—

For Neōlin saves the doctor bills as well through snug-foot, waterproof tread—and we just thank it again for that.

Wouldn't *you* thank Neōlin, too?

* *

Neōlin is for new shoes or new soles. It comes in black, white, tan; and your shoe-dealer or repairer probably has it. If not, *insist* and both will get it next time. Remember, it costs no more. And its quality is always the same on any price of shoe. To avoid the imitations—*mark* that mark, stamp it on your memory: Neōlin—

the trade symbol for a never changing quality product of

Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio



Neōlin

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Better than Leather

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lsiness Men

innon Monroe



ILLUSTRATED BY FANNY MUNSELL

the new scheme pretty well worked I asked. He looked quickly round. nen had just taken the seat behind us. he thing's all blocked out, and that's iggest part," he said in a low tone. He ed at his watch. "We can't talk here, there's a man I've gotta see before he off. I won't wait for you in the mornin'. ne to the office as early as you can, and ll go into everything root and branch."

The first whiff of the office air reminded e that as partner I now had a voice, and I stantly determined to raise it in the cause ventilation. A hundred typists were icking away for dear life in the large oper- ting room. Miss Krog, the handsome blond orewoman, well tinted and tailored and more of a presence than ever, was showing a new girl how to fill in lines on follow-up letters. The same old bookkeeper was busy in the cage, her swarthy, heavily lined face bent over her books, and her big, intense black eyes peering through ugly, horn-rimmed glasses, fairly daring a figure to get away uncounted. The private office was neglected and ill-kept, though sturdy William, the bullet-headed office boy, had evidently attempted to bring about a semblance of order on the surface of things.

Apparently I was not expected. Miss Krog's expression changed to frowning surprise when she saw me—I caught the antagonism before she could mask it; then she came over to shake hands.

"Glad to see you back," she said in a low, constrained voice.

The bookkeeper left her cage.

"Where you stopping?" she demanded in an inquisitional tone.

"At the Harrington."

"Umph! I looked there once."

William stopped his dusting, rubbed his hand on his trouser leg and thrust it out to be squeezed. He didn't say a word, but there was heart in William's greeting. Each went quickly back to the tasks that had been interrupted. The dull, heavy atmosphere of the great barnlike place contrasted drearily with the remembered brightness of my own snug little office in the West. I had forgot the cold, machinelike inhumanity of a large office. I suddenly wished with all my heart that it would prove a dream, that I would wake up presently and find myself back at my own quiet desk, where business was human. How many times in the next months I was to repeat that wish! Had I imagined then what was ahead of me, I would have taken the first train out of the city.

While I was hanging up my wraps Mr. Bittner came in, spoke to Miss Krog, nodded to me, and went directly to his own much-hacked, flat-topped desk and began to open mail.

"That un's yours," he said, jerking his head toward a handsome new mahogany desk in the lightest corner of the private office.

I went to it, pleased in spite of myself with this compliment to my taste—it was the only good piece of furniture about the place. Further than that, deep down inside I was thrilled by this demonstration of the will and determination of the man. He had bought the desk before leaving for the West, not doubting that I would return with him. I felt once more that peculiar sense of certainty that whatever he ordained would eventually come to pass. And with the feeling the thrill of adventure returned and for a time banished regret. I sat down at the desk, rolled back the top and began to investigate the little pigeon-holes and drawers.

Bittner Goes on Record

Mr. Bittner came over and placed a bulky package before me, then he drew up a chair and sat down. At last I was to hear all the details of the big new scheme.

"First off," he began, squinting up over his carving, "we gotta get rid of our rivals."

"I thought this was wholly new, without rivals!" I exclaimed, dropping back in my chair, disappointed.

He gave me one of his steady sidelong looks, then went on: "Before a new business is dry from the shell the come-ons are ready. We gotta put up bars as fast as we travel—bars that'll be hard to get over. I want you to write a complete history of the beginnin', growth and development of the new scheme. Give the date of its startin'—now; the name of the founder—me; the purpose—to make and place business men; and then tell what it's done in the way o' wakin' up American men and puttin' 'em right with themselves and business. State it clear that it's the only enterprise of the kind in existence. After the scheme is goin' good, carry this history over to the State Historical Society, have it filed, and get a receipt for it that will read like this:

"'Received and filed by the State Historical Society a complete history of the founding of the first enterprise in existence for the making and placing of business men.'

That'll be the first bar for the imitators to get over—that record provin' that we are the first. Then there's one more bar: I gotta get recognized in some public way as an authority on business; but I ain't got that figured out yet; and ——"

"Mr. Bittner," I interrupted, "you are! It's perfectly wonderful how all over the West business men defer to the Bittner & Binks books."

"It's gotta be in shape so's they can see it, like a label or a blue ribbon put on at a fair. But that can wait. You go ahead with the history."

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ecific, Mr. Bittner. Just
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ould make our profit on each
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cellent method of meeting a
l. Business is making greater
than any other one science.
nge, new departments spring
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nguage of business changes
Business literature, like med-
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: To sell our books at a price
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print in large quantities; and
vast editions could be ex-
books needed revision. By
hole science of modern busi-
ness psychology in the form of
s, each in a pamphlet to itself,
as simplified. Year by year new pamphlets could be added and old ones eliminated as they lost their value, without losing on the whole mass. I bowed to the astuteness of my partner.

So often I find that a lack of understanding in the accuser is the fault, rather than a fault in the accused.

I was soon ready to begin dictating the rearranged pages, and I asked Miss Krog, who had held aloof ever since my return, for her best stenographer. She thought a moment.

"I'll give you Gladys Howe," she said. "I find her very satisfactory."

I must confess that I doubted Gladys when I saw her coming. She was a lumpy sort of a girl, with blond hair falling over her eyes, fat arms and neck emerging from a blouse known as "peekaboo," fat hips that wabbled and large feet that overran her shoes. Her face was rather pretty, in a baby way, and she appeared amiable. She sat down by my desk and opened her notebook. Her nails were not nice, and she heaved in a short-of-breath manner as though her clothes were too tight for her.

She seemed to take her dictation readily, however, and I made up my mind to overlook her untidiness; but during the remainder of the day I paid for her readiness. Half a dozen times she came to me to get her notes straightened out, and frequently I had to redictate. She had probably done very well for Miss Krog, whose dictation varied little, day after day, and always concerned the business books. Gladys had achieved Miss Krog's vocabulary. But the work I was doing was of a different order and required a much larger vocabulary. Gladys didn't have it.

Gladys and Her Beau

I went to Miss Krog: "Can't you get me a better stenographer?"

She lifted her handsome eyes in a questioning way that put me all in the wrong. "That's very strange," she said icily. "Gladys does my work very well. I gave you the best girl I had."

I decided to try her a while longer. The next day, in smiling good nature, Gladys took her place. I dictated more slowly this time and had her read each paragraph back to me. I spent the forenoon dictating matter that I could have given to a competent stenographer in a couple of hours. But when she brought me the transcribed pages late in the afternoon they were full of errors. She had written "act yes" for "acquiesce," and said an "author" had expired when I had dictated "offer."

"Gladys, did you really think I dictated 'author'?" I asked. "It doesn't fit in with the context in the least."

She looked blank and ceased chewing gum for a moment.

"I didn't think," she said, blushing.

"Try thinking to-morrow."

I really did my utmost to get along with Gladys, as I could see plainly that Miss Krog did not intend to brook interference in her department, and she had always engaged the employees. She resented any criticism of a girl that she had hired as a criticism of herself. Miss Krog did not seem fully to understand my new position with the firm, or else she preferred to ignore it. Undoubtedly it was hard for her to see another woman in more confidential relationship with Mr. Bittner than herself, when she had been with him for so many years.

She had grown up with the business and she may have hoped some day to be given an interest in it. But Miss Krog had not grown beyond the business—that is, she merely kept up with it. She was an excellent forewoman, but that was all.

I foresaw trouble should I interfere with her in any way, so I determined to be as tactful as possible. The situation was a fire all laid, ready for the stroke of a match. I would not be the one to light the match. Day by day, however, Gladys became more irritating, and in spite of my good resolutions I decided I should have to get rid of her. However, an amicable way of doing so presented itself.

"What is that ring you are always twirling?" I asked one morning as she sank like lead into her seat.

"My engagement ring."

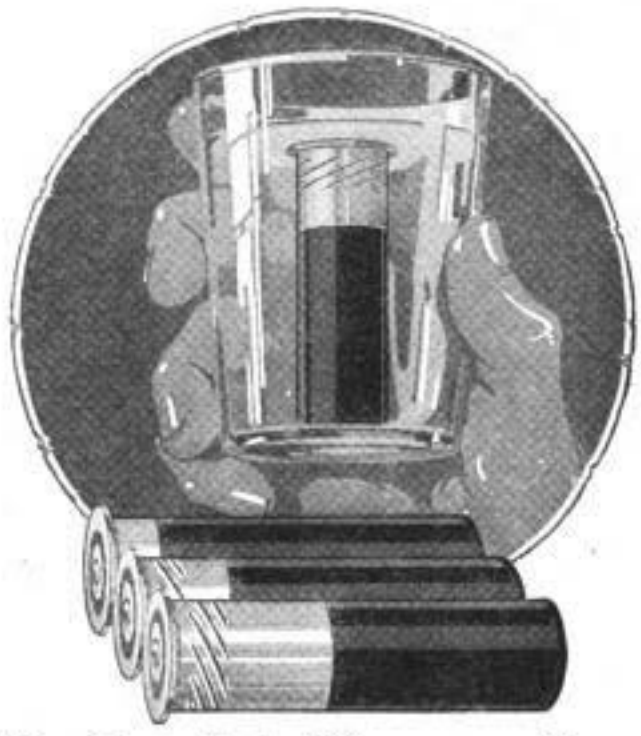
"When are you to be married?"

"I'm not giving notice," she said. "I'm working to get my wedding clothes."

"Is he a good man, Gladys?"

"Oh, yes! He gets eighteen a week and often overtime. He's a printer."

"Then why wait? Isn't he ready?"



Have You Tested the Waterproofing of Your Shot-Shells?

Will the shells you now use soften and swell when they get wet? If they do, what's going to happen some day when you strike a leaky boat or get caught in a down-pour?

Put a Black Shell into a glass of water for half-an-hour. Get it wetter than you'd ever actually get your shells. You'll find it still chambers and ejects as well as if never wet.

It's a good thing to know how much soaking your shells will stand.

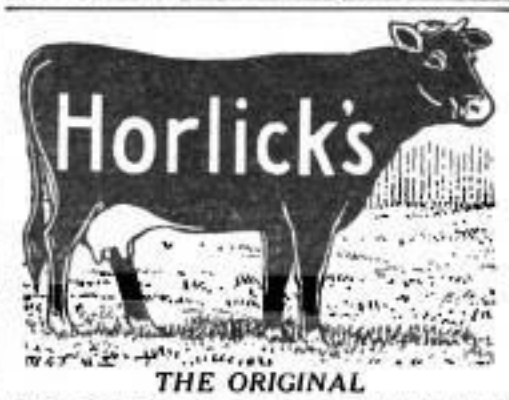
US THE BLACK SHELLS

Smokeless and Black Powders

Ask your dealer for The Black Shells. If he hasn't them, mail $1.25 to our nearest selling agent to pay for a box of twenty-five and they will ship prepaid. Be sure to specify gauge and details of load. This is a trial offer and holds good only in towns where The Black Shells are not now sold.

General Selling Agents: National Lead Company, Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati; John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Philadelphia, Baltimore; National Lead & Oil Co., Pittsburgh; United Lead Co., New York; Selby Smelting & Lead Co., San Francisco.

UNITED STATES CARTRIDGE COMPANY, 2090 TRINITY BUILDING, NEW YORK



THE ORIGINAL
MALTED MILK

Rich milk, malted grain extract, in powder. For Infants, Invalids and growing children. Pure nutrition, upbuilding the whole body. Invigorates nursing mothers and the aged.

The Food-Drink for all Ages

More nutritious than tea, coffee, etc.

Substitutes cost YOU Same Price



Ask your Dealer for Children's Shoes with the

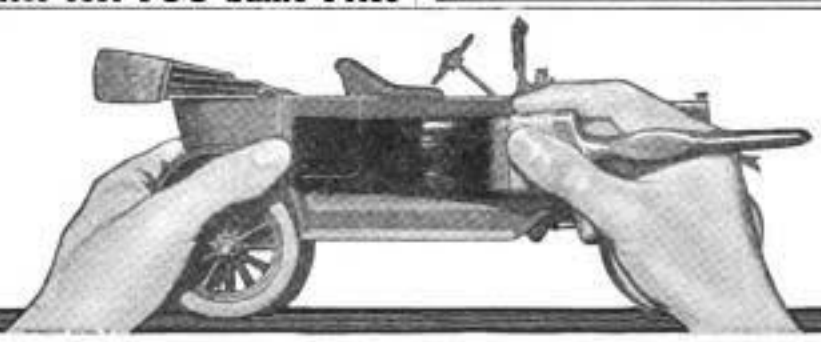
TEL-TIL-TIP

"The Leather Toe That Wears Like a Pig's Nose."

Don't allow your children to wear shoes with scuffed out, peeled off toes! Give them shoes reinforced with the ever-wearing Tel-Til-Tip and save money. Tip looks no different from rest of shoe. Actually outwears the sole. Water-proof. Weather-proof. Neat looking.

If your dealer will not supply you shoes with this Tel-Til-Tip trade mark on each sole, write us! Booklet of Children's Games and details of Tip free.

TEL-TIL-TIP COMPANY
371 W. 16th St. Holland, Mich.



Paint Your Ford for $1.00

You can do it easily, quickly and conveniently with Glidden Auto Finish.
—easily, because Glidden Auto Finish makes your car like new with only one coat.
—quickly, because it goes on in short order and dries in less than 48 hours.
—conveniently, because you don't have to lay up your car for a week or two.
Go to your regular dealer. If he cannot supply you send $1.00 ($1.25 in Canada) for one quart of Auto Finish Black to THE GLIDDEN VARNISH CO., 1501 Berea Rd., Cleveland, O.

Note to Dealers—Send at once for our Marketing Book of Glidden Auto Finishes.

GLIDDEN AUTO FINISHES

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"Oh, yes, but I want lots of pretty clothes."

"That is foolish, Gladys. You get married right away. This office will ruin your looks, and a girl's looks mean more to a man than her clothes."

She slapped a pudgy hand to her plump cheek. "He said I was losing my color. To think you noticed it too!"

"Get married, Gladys; that's the best thing for you to do."

Several mornings later she came to my desk, blushing: "We're going to," she whispered. "I'm leaving Saturday."

I closed my eyes to the sloppy, untidy wife she would make, and encouraged her to go ahead. Maybe the man wouldn't mind. She was lovable in an easy-going, good-natured way, and men prefer lovableness to efficiency in their wives, if they can't have both.

So passed Gladys. My next stenographer, Miss Douglass, was a horse-faced girl with eyes high in her head and fingers of steel. Miss Krog sent her in for me to test before hiring her, and I found she read her notes easily. She demanded—and got, as I upheld her—ten dollars a week. I simply could not spend so much time correcting work and searching my vocabulary for simple words. Miss Douglass showed no matrimonial symptoms in the way of a ring. She was neat and orderly and always on time. That problem seemed settled, provided she did not insist on a raise too soon. It is only the inefficient women who reduce wages. The efficient ones demand and receive pay commensurate with their abilities. The great mass of drifting, unambitious girl workers, who are merely doing time till some man makes it possible for them to "quit workin'," have established a wage that just about measures their worth. Their standard need not frighten a girl who is ambitious and really tries; who brings a brain as well as fingers to the typist's job.

When I was not busy with my stenographer I was usually working with Mr. Bittner. He put himself into the Fifty Principles with a fierce, constant, burrowing force that sometimes startled me, so determined did he seem to wrest from life and experience every particle of business value. Once when I suggested that he let well enough alone, as the course as we now had it was sufficiently unique and thorough to please American business men, he came back with:

"You're forgettin' Borrige & Kemp!"

Hated Rivals

Borrige & Kemp, I had discovered, were the particular rivals that Bittner feared in his new field.

I laughed outright. "Aren't you a bit dippy on that firm?"

"I'd be dippy to forget 'em," he returned with a snap of his jaws, and I said nothing more. This was one subject about which there could be no levity.

At the end of three months I again suggested that we begin to advertise the course without waiting to finish it. I was confident of success, and Borrige & Kemp had pushed the business-book advertising to full pages in all the leading publications, again cutting the price. We had been compelled to do the same, thus increasing our expenses while decreasing our income. The book business remained steady, but it did not grow, neither did we get the high class of buyers that had once been Bittner's pride.

"We'll have our hands full after she's rigged," he said, "commandin' her and keepin' her off the rocks. She's gotta be finished to the last ounce o' paint before she's launched."

"Mr. Bittner," I asked one day, "did you ever fail in anything you set out to do?"

"No man can keep on doin' things rapid, one after another, without succeedin' sometimes and failin' sometimes," he said. "If you think the successful men always succeed, just get a searchlight on their careers way back. It ain't a failure that ruins a man and it ain't a success that makes him; it's never campin' by either."

At last the entire course was in readiness, and I determined to hustle the final copying through and get it to a printer as soon as possible, so that Mr. Bittner would have no chance for further changes. I asked Miss Krog to get me a good copyist, for I had decided that I would put two girls on the work.

"I'm advertising Sunday," she said shortly. "I can't spare another girl now from the operating room."

Monday morning Miss Krog was detained at home by a sore throat, and Mr. Bittner

What Do You Do When Your Pipe Gets a Grouch?

"That pipe and I had been friends for years," remarked a pipe-smoker, pulling out an old scorched briar. "Then of a sudden something went wrong. The pipe got a grouch.

"I tried so many cures, my wife started making fun of me. Finally I gave up and chucked the old briar into the ash pile—covered it up with every shovelful of ashes I could lay my hands on.

"For two months after that it was one thing after another—new pipes, cigars, and even cigarettes. Between them all I managed to forget.

"But one day a couple of weeks ago I was down cellar brushing up when I thought of my old pipe. Do you know, I dug down in that ash pile like a dog after a bone. And I got it—caked in damp ashes and the color of a wet piece of iron.

"Williams came over that night and I brought out the relic.

"'Fill her up with my Edgeworth,' he suggested, handing me his blue tin.



"For a moment I smoked—just deciding what the result was. Then Williams saw the grin that spread over my face. How could I help it? Imagine how it felt to get back to that sweet, satisfying old flavor again, and better now than I had known it before.

"So that's my remedy for a grouchy pipe. Throw it in the ash pile and let it stew for a couple of months."

Now, Williams has another side to this story. He claims it was the Edgeworth that gave that glorious flavor and not the pipe at all.

We won't attempt to decide this for you one way or the other, except to say that Williams has been smoking Edgeworth for years and his word ought to carry some weight. And, we might add, the man who told this story has used it ever since.

Anyway, Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco makes a friend or two wherever it goes—mostly among fellows who take pipe-smoking rather seriously.

You perhaps have never smoked Edgeworth. We very much wish that you would try it and will very gladly send you enough for several smokes, free. Just drop us a card bearing your name and address, and the name of a dealer from whom you buy tobacco.

Edgeworth comes in two forms, Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed. It's the same tobacco in both forms, but Plug Slice is prepared for the pipe by the smoker, who "rubs it up" in the palms of his hands. Ready-Rubbed is, as the name suggests, all ready for the pipe. You may have a sample of both and decide for yourself which form suits you better.

The retail prices of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are 10c for pocket-size tin, 50c for large tin, $1.00 for handsome humidor package. Edgeworth Plug Slice is 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. Mailed prepaid where no dealer can supply, but except in a few isolated cases all dealers have it.

Write to Larus & Bro. Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. This firm was established in 1877, and besides Edgeworth makes several other brands of smoking tobacco, including the well-known Qboid—granulated plug—a great favorite with smokers for many years.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Co. will gladly send you a one or two dozen carton of any size of the Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed by prepaid parcel post at same price you would pay jobber.

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"Cereal for Breakfast!"

at child is not fond cious and nourishing —oatmeal, rice, fa- etc.?

e cereals often! They're for children. Easy to e, and the results are . if you use a

ar-Ever"

IINUM DOUBLE BOILER

y fill the lower saucepan with lace cereal in upper saucepan, boil for about 15 minutes.

ill say, "I had no idea cereals made so deliciously soft and "

n also cook the most delicate sauces lings in the **Wear-Ever** Aluminum oiler without fear of burning. And nd other uses for this valuable utensil to day as it remains in your kitchen. **Ever** Aluminum Utensils save fuel hey take the heat quickly and hold mber to turn up the flame high until thoroughly heated, and then to turn ow.

Ever Utensils give such universal sat- because they are made up to the anufacturing standards.

normous pressure of rolling mills and machines makes the metal in **Wear-** se, hard and smooth, insuring lasting .

e made in one piece, **Wear-Ever** have no soldered parts, or joints and which particles of food can lodge and sonous compounds. They are pure —cannot break, crack or chip.

lace utensils that wear out utensils that "Wear-Ever"

have never used **"Wear-Ever"** we you the sample 1-qt. Stewpan, as for only 30c, if the coupon is mailed ore March 20th, 1917.



Cooking Utensil Co.
on, Pa., Dept. 18, or (if you live in Canada) ware Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.
, 1-qt. "Wear-Ever" Stewpan. Enclosed is r coin—to be refunded if not satisfied. Offer h 20th, 1917, only.

asked me to go to the reception room and choose some girls. It seemed that we needed an assistant for the bookkeeper, Miss Lutkins, and several typists. I was glad of this opportunity to choose for myself, for I wanted an especially quick, accurate copyist to put on the Fifty Principles with Miss Douglass.

I found the usual throng of applicants and everyone went to my heart, but I couldn't help looking among them for the especially appealing case. I found two. Miss Carrel was a small, emaciated person with a pale, anæmic face out of which burned eager eyes. When I sent her to the table to fill out a blank I discovered that she was also lame. That decided me on the spot. I couldn't send such a girl traveling farther until I had proved her inefficiency. I was delighted to find that she was a rapid copyist, that she had done manuscripts for authors, for this made her just my girl. She was thirty, but she had never worked in an office before. The other girl, Blanch Booth, was too pretty to go around to men's offices looking for work. I still think she was one of the prettiest girls I ever saw—slender, with a beautiful supple figure and patrician bearing. Her features were almost Greek and her fairness made everyone else look dingy. Fortunately she had studied bookkeeping at a business college, so I engaged her to help Miss Lutkins. She was only nineteen and this was her first job. It was well for her to begin in an office made up so largely of women. The other applicants were not unusual in any way.

I took Blanch to Miss Lutkins.

"Here is your new assistant, Miss Booth," I said.

"What?" Miss Lutkins' hard, harsh "What" always made me think of a flat-iron coming down on a delicate shirt front. It was fairly slammed at the person who addressed her.

"Miss Booth," I repeated.

Bold Advertising

"Well, put up your things and get busy. There's plenty to do." She again riveted her eyes on her figures and I showed the young girl to the cloakroom. Then I installed the new typists, and returned to the private office where Miss Carrel was waiting. She looked up and smiled so happily and humanly that I was won to her all over again. I had William fix her up a desk near the private office, so that she would not have to walk far to consult me, and then I explained her work.

From the first she was on the job every minute. The way the pages flew from the typewriter under her nimble fingers was a delight. It put new vim into the office force. At noon she sprang up from her desk and hurried over to the reading table where we put magazines for the girls' use. She picked up a business publication.

"May I carry one home to-night?" she asked. I sat watching her.

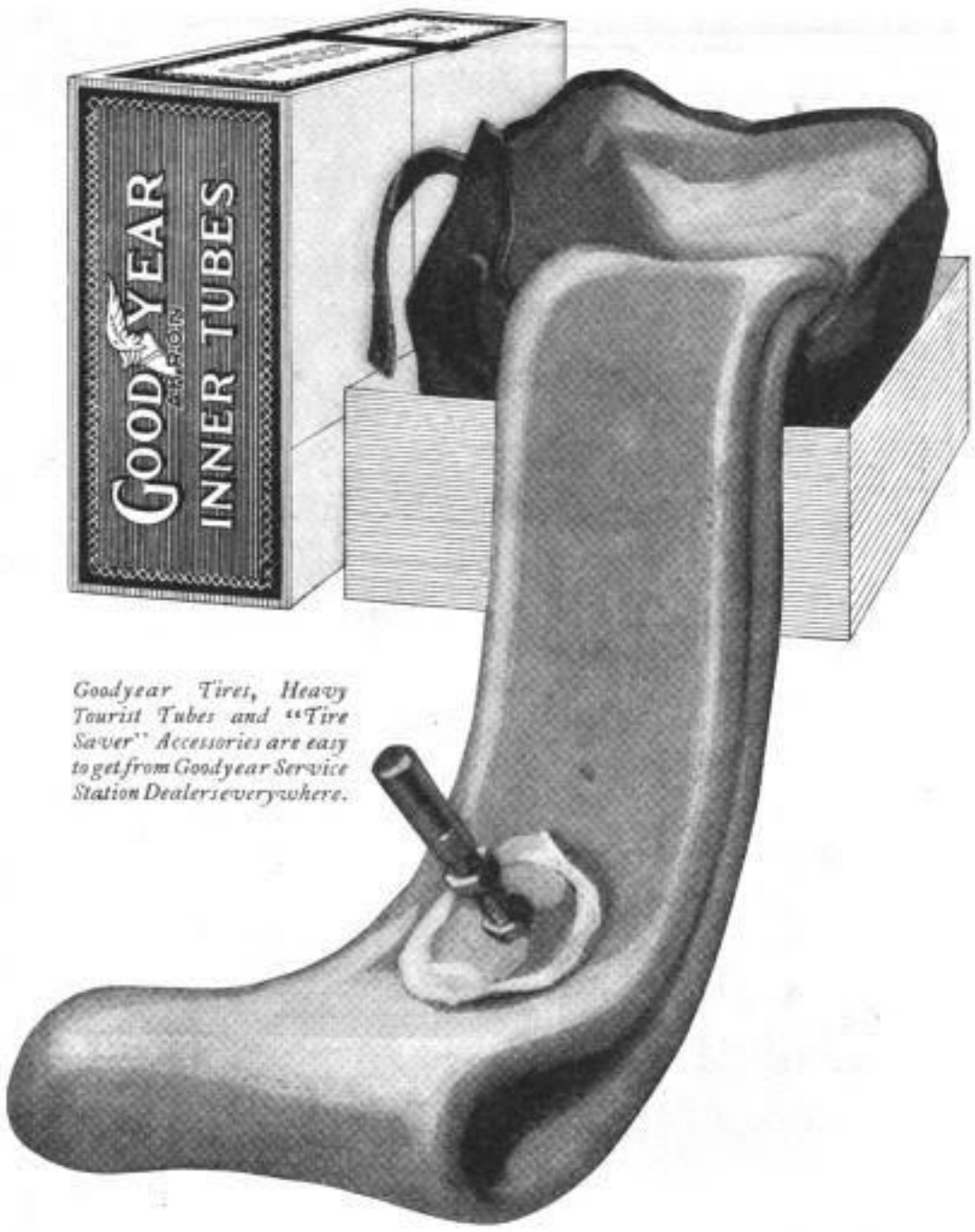
"Yes, indeed. Bring it back, that's all."

Then she hurried out of the office, dragging her poor lame leg pathetically.

She was late that noon, and I was sorry. I wanted her to be the ideal business girl. But I said nothing about it. Probably it wouldn't happen again—she was new to business rules.

With the two girls working steadily and both of them rapid, the Fifty Principles' typing was soon finished and the manuscript sent to a printer. The next work on hand was the writing of the advertisements. They were subjected to the same tests of writing and rewriting as the Principles. We planned a three months' campaign, during which time we were to spend thirty thousand dollars on space. Had the firm of Bittner & Binks been less well known and without persistent rivals, we should have had a less expensive try-out; but in the face of all the advertising the firm had done during the last six years and with the necessity of springing the scheme full-fledged on Borrige & Kemp, it would not do for us to be niggardly. We must show confidence in our own commodity. This did not really mean a heavier advertising appropriation than usual, however, as we intended to substitute the Fifty Principles for the business books. Not even the advertising representatives knew that a new scheme was in the air. No one had been taken into our confidence—even Miss Krog supposed we were working on another book—so great was Mr. Bittner's fear lest the plan get abroad and reach the ears of our rivals.

The catalogue was an achievement in itself. It was of regular book size and form,



Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

It Means More Miles To You

Experts contend that 30% of all tires wear out before their time because of inadequate inflation.

And inadequate inflation usually means an inadequate tube—one that holds air feebly, surrenders some, and inflicts insidious damage by failure to perform properly its part of the tire's work.

Whether you figure it in your tire bills, or in the mileage delivered to you upon the road, you cannot escape the fact that the tube's importance far outweighs its cost.

On this ground it is to your every interest that you put Goodyear Tubes inside your tires.

Putting them there means putting adequate and constant pressure there also—these tubes *hold* air. Putting them there means more miles to you.

They are thicker than ordinary tubes, and stronger—made up of many paper-thin sheets of rubber vulcanized together into a perfect air-retaining unit.

Their valve stems are vulcanized in also, not stuck on.

We especially recommend the Goodyear Heavy Tourist type for sustained and severe service. It is exceptionally stout and vigorous, a little higher-priced—and *better*.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON

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printed on good paper and bound in cloth. The title, Bittner's Fifty Business Principles, was on the back, so that it could easily be read if stuck up on a shelf of books. It was printed in unusually large black type, with extra spacing and wide margins, so that it might be comfortably read on crowded street cars or by a poor light. It was not a thick book—it would slip easily into a man's coat pocket. The matter consisted of a direct talk purporting to be from Mr. Bittner to the reader. It was in his intimate personal style. The plan of study was outlined concisely at the close. From beginning to end there was not a stereotyped phrase, a usual expression or a trite claim. If we resorted to any of the ordinary plans by which business is built up, we so worded it that it sounded fresh and new.

In all this work, monotonous and tiring through much repetition, Miss Carrel was far more useful to me than Miss Douglass, though she could not take dictation. Miss Douglass had her one value—she was an accurate stenographer, and she satisfied herself with that. In fact, she rather resented being asked to do anything but take notes and copy corrected pages. But Miss Carrel would be at my desk the moment her work was finished, asking for more. She was interested in everything I did, and wanted to have a part in it. One day she found me laying out an advertisement.

"Can't I help you?" she asked, looking on with interest.

"Not very well. But you can take down that file marked advertisements and read our advertisements for the last year and learn our style. Then later you might be useful."

She took the file and went back to her desk to pore over advertisements until more copying was ready for her.

We tried out our advertisements before they were run. We had them set up and pasted here and there in the advertising sections of magazines, then we would lay them aside until the following day, when we would open the pages to see which style started up most strikingly to meet the eye. We tried them on Miss Krog, Miss Carrel, Miss Lutkins and William, and in this way they got the threshing out that a new campaign generally gets at a cost of thousands of dollars.

The Spring Campaign

We opened the campaign in the March publications. Mr. Bittner had timed this so that we would have three issues in which to test the plan immediately preceding the dull summer months, when business always fell off. This would give us time for any revisions and changes suggested by the practical try-out. For nothing ever works out in every detail as planned.

Some people, particularly women, regard business as a dull subject. I wish a few of these might have spent the month of March with us. When a woman spends two weeks planning a party she is usually on the *qui vive* till it is over. Mr. Bittner had spent two years, and I some seven months, planning a gigantic party for American business men. We had invested over a thousand dollars in the feast and thirty thousand in the invitations, and now the weighty question was—how many would accept?

The first morning after the March publications were on the news-stands I entered the office trembling with excitement and expectation. Bittner was there ahead of me, and he had the publications, all open at our advertisement, spread out on the long reading table. He was pacing the floor with bent head and hands behind his back, every few minutes stopping to look at the magazines. I paused by the table and examined each advertisement carefully. It was dignified, attractive copy!

"Sour on 'em?" he asked, halting beside me.

"No," I said with decision. "I still like them, and it's a wonder I don't hate them, I've worked on them so long. But they still give me a little shiver of pleasure. I believe they are good."

"If they're the right bait we'll soon know it."

I started to ask if Miss Krog had seen them, and then I closed my lips on the words. She was at her desk just within the operating room, and the expression of her elaborately arranged coiffure was ominous. I knew that she had ignored the advertisements. We had kept her in ignorance of the scheme, and she did not intend to show any interest now that the idea was made public. I was sorry about it, but there was nothing I could do. Mr. Bittner had every confidence in Miss Krog's loyalty, but he did not consider it good policy to tell his plans to anyone.

I went to my own desk and found a surprise. Mr. Bittner had put the entire stack of mail there for me to open. Of course he might have shifted the mail opening to me merely because I now had very little to do, since all the work pertaining to the Fifty Principles was finished; but I believed it was his sensitiveness—which he would not have admitted for the world—about opening letters that would begin to tell the story of our success or failure.

I began to open letters, and instantly Bittner took up his hat and coat and went out. All that day I opened the mail as it came in each delivery, separated checks from business-book orders and handed the one to the bookkeeper and the other to Miss Krog. Mr. Bittner did not return till closing time.

The following day I began to open mail, keenly expectant, for it was possible that a few inquiries might arrive from the city or near-by towns. All day I sorted letters and listed checks and orders. There was just one Fifty Principles inquiry. A man named Clarke wanted to buy the course outright. He wrote in a very kind, courteous manner, saying that though he appreciated the fact that he would miss a great deal in not subscribing in the regular way, he was too busy at present to do so. He inclosed a money order for fifty dollars. Bittner again spent the day at his club or elsewhere, coming in late in the afternoon.

A Competitor's Work

"It's early yet," I said, handing him the one order.

"It's darned queer," he growled, dropping into his chair and fixing his eyes on the letter. Instantly his head shot forward and his eyes burned their way through the request for the Fifty Principles. He got to his feet in a flash and brought the letter and money order over to me.

"Send it back!" he commanded, with a swift indrawing of his breath that had told me before of white-hot anger inside. "Tell 'im we don't sell outright."

"But, Mr. Bittner, it's really all in the 'talks'; and for a very busy man ——"

"Can't you see he's a tool?" he shouted, shaking the paper in my face. "This is Borrige & Kemp's first move. Can't you recognize fake politeness?"

He went back to his desk and I took another look at the inquiry. Yes, it was rather over-felicitous. I sighed heavily. Then it was all true, Bittner's cause for uneasiness over these persistent rivals.

The third day I was at the office at the earliest possible moment, and eagerly started opening the mail. There was not an inquiry. Bittner did not show up till noon, and then he came in as peevish as a teething child. He snarled at the girls for dropping crumbs, ordered William to clean up, and then went to his desk without speaking to me.

The fourth day there was an inquiry from a man named Wagner, who was connected with a small business college near Chicago. It looked promising, but someway just one inquiry seemed worse than none. It was almost an insult. I attended to it personally and said nothing to Mr. Bittner about it. The fifth and sixth days were repetitions of the first three—there were no inquiries. On the seventh day one letter carried the Fifty Principles key number, and I seized upon it eagerly and tore open the envelope. It was from the one inquirer, Wagner. He wished to subscribe, and accompanied his request with a money order for the full price. When Mr. Bittner came in I showed it to him and tried to laugh about it. "If every inquirer means a subscriber," I said gayly, "we're all right."

Again his eyes flamed with sudden anger and his breath came scorchingly; but he only said:

"Well, start him in!"

One subscriber, when we had figured on a thousand at the start! It was enough to enrage him.

The thing continued throughout March; there was not another inquiry for the Fifty Principles. Day after day Bittner became more silent and morose, and he was more and more absent from his desk.

Early in April I stopped by Bittner's desk and asked him what he thought of changing the style of the advertisements for May. It was too late then to do anything about the April copy. He looked up

(Concluded on Page 56)

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Only a few days more will this 5-passenger 6-30 Chalmers remain at $1090. On March 1 the price becomes $1250. Prompt action now pays you $160. The roadster price also advances from $1070 to $1250, showing a saving of $180. Either model will prove the most sensible car you ever drove. Sensible because it is neither over nor under weight. Neither a speed car nor a slow poke. Instead: a simple, economical, soundly made car that holds the road, drives straight as an arrow, takes a hill with plenty of reserve, looks the good stuff it is made of, and acts like a thoroughbred. And the saving pays you more than 6 per cent on $2500.

Present Prices

Five-passenger	Touring	- -	$1090 Detroit	Seven-passenger	Sedan	- -	$1850 Detroit
Seven "	Touring	- - -	1350 "	Seven "	Limousine	- -	2550 "
Two "	Roadster	- -	1070 "	Seven "	Town-car	-	2550 "



CHALMERS MOTOR CO. Detroit, Mich. U.S.A.

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(Concluded from Page 54)

and I saw that his face was haggard. His eyes were drawn back into his head, and the flesh had melted away from his chin, leaving it sharp and angular. I was shocked.

"Change it! What for?" he snapped. I was sorry I had spoken.

"Some other style might arouse interest," I suggested lamely.

"Didn't we study out those advertisements and decide that they were the right style for the men we want?" he demanded. "Didn't we agree to spend thirty thousand dollars on a three months' try-out?"

I had to admit that this was so.

"Well, then, what's eatin' you!" He sank back into his chair and I went on to my desk.

Daily the strain grew more tense. I was personally interested, but I felt Mr. Bittner's strain more than I did my own. All the years I had known him—and doubtless many more—he had been using his brain-power at full capacity. He had never taken a real vacation. The climax of his achievement was the Fifty Principles. He had put himself into this work like a fiend, never resting, never laying the subject aside.

How often I have heard men say, speaking of some venture in which they failed: "It was a bad year"; or "I got the wrong men in with me"; or "The thing was misrepresented"; always giving what seemed to them an adequate reason outside of themselves for their failure. But there was none of this in Bittner. When he failed he blamed no one but himself. Hard as he was on others, uncompromising in what he expected of them, he was no less hard, no less uncompromising with himself. The evident failure of the Fifty Principles was, therefore, a failure in himself, and it was gripping him vitally.

A Laconic Message

I went to sleep each night with a terrible stack of letters photographed on my mind. I dreamed of millions of letters that I had to open one by one, in an ever fruitless search for a Fifty Principles inquiry. I arrived at my desk each day, dreading a continuation of the strain. I told myself that when the three months were up and the thing was a proved failure Bittner would rally and put his dynamic brain to the task of reorganizing business. But the waiting was terrific.

Miss Carrel and I had just read proof on the May advertisements. Bittner had not been at the office for three days and Miss Krog had hardly spoken to me in that time. Miss Lutkins was more savage than usual and more absorbed. There seemed nothing human about the place, except Miss Carrel's ever eager face and poor little Blanch Booth's unhappy one—she was having a hard time getting used to Miss Lutkins. I think the child had never been harshly spoken to before in her life. I felt a wild desire to kill the May copy, write my resignation, place it on Bittner's desk and escape. I was tired of the strain and uncertainty and of the unsympathetic office atmosphere. I told myself I had earned the right to enjoy. I thought of my sixty thousand dollars tied up in a Western ranch. It could give me freedom and friends—and it should. I was a fool to remain longer in a place where the women were jealous or suspicious, and the one man always absent, leaving me to bear the brunt of things. I wouldn't wait a day longer. I seized my pen and began to write my resignation, when I saw William leading in a messenger boy.

"That's her," he said, pointing to me. Then he turned back to his parcel-wrapping. The boy came over to my desk and I experienced a sudden sinking sensation. He handed me a note. With trembling fingers I tore it open and read in an almost illegible scrawl:

"Come at once with the boy. Say nothing.
"BITTNER."

I closed my desk, and putting on my hat followed the boy out. Bittner was in some kind of serious trouble, or he would never have sent for me like that. When we reached the street I turned to my companion.

"Where are we going?" I demanded sharply.

"To the St. Mark's Hospital. Guess it's a deat' or somepin."

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Anne Shannon Monroe. The second will appear in an early issue.




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The Man at the Top

By WILLIAM H. HAMBY

THE station agent at Hicks Mills used to impress me much as I imagined King George did a Colonial who approached him with a petition under his arm.

Hicks Mills had twenty-two houses and the depot. There were two irregular trains a day, besides an occasional freight; so the agent could not have been habitually exhausted by overwork. Yet it was very difficult to transact business with him, even on a cash basis. And as for getting free information on such irrelevant subjects as whether you had any freight stored in the station, or the probable hour of arrival of Number Three—why, that was a hazardous undertaking.

As a youth I have often stood at the ticket window with my money in my hand and my heart in my mouth for long stretches of time, watching the brown birthmark on the left side of that operator's neck, while he sat in the chair on his fourteenth and fifteenth vertebræ, his back indifferently turned to a boresome world. When he finally did, with great reluctance, twist himself from the chair and approach the window, he always stood looking languidly at the ticket stamp on the right of the window, as though under no circumstance would he demean himself by looking at me; and on his lips was that insolent curl which you see on a lawyer's when he asks the witness whether he has ever been in jail.

If I ever got up enough courage to ask him a question he ignored it—as any gentleman should an insult; if I repeated the question he showed symptoms of violence.

One summer my father gave me the peaches on two of the best trees in the orchard. There were about ten bushels and I conceived the idea of shipping them to a small city fifty miles up the road. We had never shipped any fruit; neither had our neighbors; and I did not know how to go about it. The only thing to do was to go to Hicks Mills and inquire of the railroad agent.

For minutes I stood at the window, waiting as usual for Brown Ellis to turn his face to the public. Finally I made a timid noise on the window ledge with my pocketknife and he looked wearily over his left shoulder.

"I want to ship some peaches," I gulped.

"Well, ship 'em!" said Brown.

"How'll I fix them?" I asked anxiously.

He stared at me blightingly a full minute.

"How in hell do I know? Do I look like a hayseed?"

Another Kind of Railroad Man

A few months ago I stopped in front of a fruit store, looking at a box of extra-fine peaches. A keen, busy, forceful man stopped beside me.

"Ozark peaches," he remarked.

"I wonder," I asked, "how many cars the Koshkonong District will ship this month?"

He told me—and told me more. He explained in a few minutes the preparation the railroad was making for the handling of the fruit. He described the new coöperative organization of the growers for gathering, shipping and marketing peaches. As I manifested an interest in the matter he held out his hand and remarked:

"I'm the general manager of that railroad system. The next time you are in Springfield come to my office and I will give you all the data you want."

Two weeks later, while in that city, I remarked to a friend who was showing me the town:

"Stop at the Railroad Building. I want to go up and see the general manager."

"General manager!" He looked as though he thought it was a hoax; but when he saw I meant it he remarked dubiously: "I suppose you know that his time is worth about five hundred dollars an hour."

"Oh, well," I said, "I am not paying for it."

I was sent in to the general manager almost immediately, and we talked for an hour about railroads and peaches and poetry; for he would not let me go until he had read two or three recent poems that had caught his fancy. And even then he got up and went out down the street, bareheaded, to the railroad tracks, a hundred

ACORN RANGES



MUFFINS!

Who likes brown muffins?

Who likes to make brown muffins?

Who likes the girl who likes to make brown muffins?

Back of all the really good things in a life that's worth the telling, must be those who sense the artistry of doing each thing well. It's the *genuine pride of doing*, not the snobbish pride of show, that makes the happy housewife make the muffins brown just so!

Recipe for muffins: A cook with lots of pride; flour, butter, etc., any ordinary cook would use, but each ingredient made by people who like to do things well; put in the fine, hot oven of a *good* range made by people with a genuine pride of doing.

We want the younger ladies of America to know Acorn Ranges as so many of their elders know them. We have made Acorn Ranges for 87 years, and are proud of having made them better and better as the years have gone by.

ACORN RANGES

Gas, Coal, Combinations and Electric

Always Improving

The chief purpose of a kitchen: A Good Place for a Good Range



Baby Grand

Go to your dealer's or the Gas Company display rooms and see the Acorn Baby Grand—two baking ovens, one broiler oven, warming oven, six top burners—very compact.

If gas is available, but you have to use coal part of the time, the Acorn Combination Range for both coal and gas certainly will save you space, time and fuel. In another model a lever does it all. Lever up, gas stove; lever down, coal stove. No heavy oven bottom to remove.



Combination

If gas is not available, let your hardware or furniture dealer show you an Acorn Coal Range designed to cut down coal bills and save many a step with a heavy coal-hod. Special designs for each kind of coal.

The Acorn Electric Range, a joy and pride to the housewife who is so situated that electricity is the fuel she ought to use. So thoroughly attractive it would not be inappropriate in the dining-room itself. The charm of the chafing dish and the utility of a range combined.

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yards below, to show me the operation of a new switching device.

"Hello, George! How does she work?" the general manager said to the fellow in charge.

"Fine!" replied the switchman enthusiastically.

"By the way," I asked as we stood discussing switches and accidents, "how long have you been in the railroad business?"

"Seventeen years—and all that time with this road."

"You must have begun about the same time that Brown Ellis became agent at Hicks Mills."

"Yes; I knew Ellis," he replied. "He was still the operator at Hicks Mills when I became chief dispatcher of that division; but we had to fire him."

"What is he doing now?" I inquired.

"The last I heard of him," answered the general manager, "he was janitor in a livery stable."

If you want to get to the bottom of a thing go to the man at the top. He not only knows it but is willing to tell it.

There are several ways to try to magnify one's job, but only one way to do it. There are thousands of little men like Brown Ellis at Hicks Mills, who, given a small position, puff up with insolence and try to make themselves seem big by making other people feel little.

There are whole shoals of clerks and doorkeepers and flunkies who, when vested with a little authority, imagine they are increasing their importance when they overwork that authority.

But all these fail; practically none of them go forward—and most of them drop out entirely. There is only one way to increase the importance of any job, and that is by increasing its usefulness.

The post of agent at a cinder station—a job that pays sixty dollars a month—does not impress one as important, no matter how boredly superior the operator may appear. But I know a ticket agent at a small station who can, without looking at a time-table, plan your trip over any road to almost any spot in America; tell you the best connection, the most interesting scenery, the most comfortable hotels, at just what hour you will arrive in any given town and at what minute you will get a train out; where you are allowed to stop over and exactly how to do it. He may make mistakes, but I have never discovered one. He stands at the window or the telephone and lays the transportation system of the country at your service.

Now that man's job seems important to me. He is doing a difficult thing, and doing it well; and it is a thing worth doing. He is magnifying his job, and one day he will be given a job that is already magnified. Of course that man is courteous and approachable, and invariably gives information or renders assistance to travelers as though it was a pleasure to him—as it really is.

Surliness is either an effort to make others suffer for one's own bad digestion or blunders, or else it is assumed from a foolish notion that it gives an air of decisiveness and importance.

Two Kinds of Answers

We all dislike effusiveness and have come to look upon it as the tintinnabulations of a thin mind. Palaver—a spatter of inane irrelevant remarks used solely in a selfish effort to cultivate one—is always nauseating. And in their proneness to go to extremes many essentially friendly people go to the opposite extreme and cultivate an unnecessary brusqueness.

Real friendliness consists in rendering efficient service pleasantly. No matter in what capacity a man works, or how busily, it is up to him to do what his job requires—and a little more—and be pleasant about it. That does not mean smiling necessarily—some really happy people cannot smile. It does not mean that one must be chatty and discuss the weather as he makes change; but it does mean that he should render the service with an air and an accent of willingness, so that the receiver shall not feel that he is an interloper and his business an imposition.

If you had asked the agent at Hicks Mills "Is there a westbound train at four o'clock?" he would have answered "Naw!" If, when the present general manager was agent at Sarvis Point, you had asked him the same question, he would have replied: "No; but there is one at five-fifteen."

See the difference? One word more, a rising or falling inflection, a look direct into the face, a gesture of the hand, may make the difference between a grouchy, disagreeable service and a willing, efficient one.

The man at the top is usually the friendliest man on the job.

One morning last winter in New York I spoke to a friend about getting a check cashed.

"Why," he said, astonished, "you don't expect to cash an out-of-town check in New York? And you a stranger!"

"I never have been in a city where I could not cash a check if I needed to badly enough."

"You can't do it in New York," he asseverated. "It is impossible! It simply isn't done."

I laid a wager with him and returned that night with the currency.

"How did you work it?" he demanded curiously.

A Bet Easily Won

"I did not take it to the paying teller," I replied. "The paying teller of a New York bank would not cash a Government check unless the Secretary of the Treasury was present, with the whole Cabinet to identify him. I went to one of the big banks and, having learned the name of the president, walked straight back and asked for him by name—not by position. I introduced myself to him, shook hands, and told him I was from the West. After we had chatted ten minutes, discussing Western crops, commerce and banking interests, I mentioned that I had a check I wished to cash. He O. K.'d it without a moment's hesitance, shook hands at parting, and told me to be sure to drop in whenever I was in town."

The man at the top is the least suspicious man in the institution. Suspicion is the cloud in the mind of a man who does not know. The smaller a man's horizon, the more often will it be clouded with suspicion. The gatekeeper regards every man who speaks to him as a deadhead. He would suspect the owner of half a continent of trying to work him for a pass as quickly as he would a paste-diamond four-flusher. But the man at the top does not need to be suspicious, for he knows the difference.

In dealing with those exalted personages who stand in outer offices with icy swords, to guard the head of the institution from interruption, I learned quite by accident never to ask for "the president," "the manager," or "the secretary."

I was in a strange city and wanted to go through a big sugar refinery. All the way along the line I was told "No," most emphatically. But I persisted until I got to the office and asked whether the manager was in. The clerk looked at me dubiously and shook his head. Now I was sure the manager was in. But when his chief clerk assures you that he is not, there is nothing to be done about it unless you are overly athletic. I went back to town dampened, but not discouraged.

When a fellow has started in he hates to be kept out. In town I inquired whether there was any pressure that might be brought to bear which would squeeze me in. And incidentally someone mentioned the name of the manager—Mr. Harter.

I went back to the plant that afternoon and walked straight through the gate and across the grounds, as though all the orders of the Allies for sugar rested in my inside vest pocket. I approached the clerk in the manager's office authoritatively and asked briskly: "Is Mr. Harter back from lunch?" I went in to the manager at once; and, as he discovered that a friend of mine had befriended his son somewhere in Cuba, he made an exception to the rule and sent me through the plant.

Since then, when I have business with the head of an institution—and I never go unless I have business, preferably mental business, for they love to discuss problems—I invariably ask for Mr. Calder, or Mr. Barton, or whoever happens to be in an official position at that time.

The man at the top is direct and likes directness. He gives extra consideration to the man who, really meaning business, comes straight to him with it.

It was a small city and I was overlooking no chance for information on a subject in which I was interested. Some random individual downtown told me that the

(Concluded on Page 61)

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DISCARD your old fashioned overalls, men! Slip on a suit of **Lee Union-Alls!** You'll never wear anything else to work in. Such an improvement! Such convenience! Such service! It's the work garment men in all walks of life have been waiting for. The mechanic, the motorist, the farmer, the laborer, the man who does odd jobs about the home and works in his garden—to every one of these, **Lee Union-Alls** are a revelation of comfort, convenience and serviceability. You'll forget there was ever such a word as "overall." Work clothing will mean **Union-Alls** to you first, last and all the time. Cost no more, either, than old fashioned, inconvenient, binding two-piece garments.

Lee Union-Alls are all in one piece (like your union underwear), which means there is no belt to bind, no double thickness at the waist, no jacket tails to get in the way. The suit slips on easily and quickly and can be worn conveniently and comfortably over clothing or next to your underwear. It is already the fastest selling work garment ever manufactured. You'll know why the minute you put on a suit.



Lee Union-Alls are made to endure the hardest wear—every strain point reinforced—all seams triple stitched; every button hole machine stitched; eight convenient pockets. **Lee Union-Alls** are made of Khaki, blue denim, express stripe, pin check or white drill.

Lee Union-Alls for children are made "just like Dad's," a complete one-piece suit, that pays its cost many times in the saving of clothing, washing bills, stockings, etc.

Lee Union-Alls are at first class dealers' everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply you, send your order direct to any of our factories, enclosing post office money order and stating size and material desired. Sent prepaid to any address in the U. S. Take no substitute. There is none "just as good."

MEN'S: 34 to 50 chest, $3.00
YOUTHS': 12 to 17 years, $2.25
BOYS': 7 to 11 years $1.75
CHILD'S: 2 to 6 years, $1.50

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ANGE, N. J.

and broader. Miss Case sang the well known aria from Charpentier's "Louise." "A Song of India" by Rimsky-Korsakow, and a number of folk songs.

Arthur Walsh, violinist, played Schubert's "Ave Maria" with the diamond disc and also the famous "Meditation" from "Thaïs," by Massenet. He also accompanied Miss Case, voice, violin and the "recreator" blending into one beautiful tone.

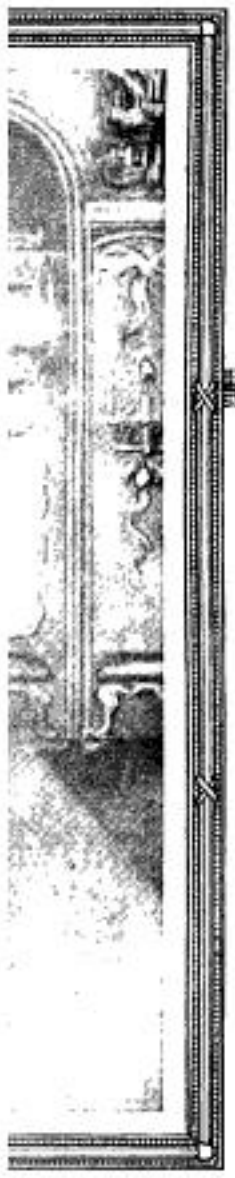
Silverstone has given these tone tests for several years and with each performance hundreds of the skeptical listeners go away convinced that the new Edison does re-create and that one can now have the greatest artists in their home. Records played by an instrument that does not betray itself in the presence of the artists.

Daily Globe-Democrat.

2500 HEAR NATURAL VOICE TONES IN PHONOGRAPH

That Thomas A. Edison has successfully accomplished the marvelous task of re-creating the natural tone and timbre of the human voice in the production of phonographic records was the verdict last night of 2500 music lovers who gathered at the Victoria Theater to witness this demonstration of the triumph of inventive genius. Of the numerous persons who attended the demonstration skeptical of the claims made for the records, all came away convinced that it had proved equal to the severe test.

Miss Anna Case, the young prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, was chosen for the test. Edison considers her soprano voice one of the finest of the many great voices he now re-creates. She stood beside the new Edison as it began to play. She sang a few bars, and the instrument blended perfectly with her silvery voice. She ceased, and the instrument continued the air with the same beautiful tonal quality as when the star accompanied it. None in the audience was able to distinguish when Miss Case ceased singing, except by observing that her lips did not move. The unison between the tones of her voice and the reproduction on the instrument was so remarkable that trained ears could not detect the slightest difference.



There is a licensed dealer in your vicinity. Watch for his announcement May we send you the brochure "MUSIC'S RE-CREATION"?

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ho Live in Pockets

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impression among some men way they can protect them- erruption is by exclusiveness. . A man cannot hide from not burrow deep enough, or closed doors thick enough, of stony-faced sentinels close cape from that long-winded o wishes to prove to him that the first man who ever ate dy Hook.
elected governor of a Middle ien he went to the Executive d his office arranged in the r: first, an office boy; next, r; third, an assistant secre- he governor's secretary; and luded, almost padded remote- of the executive himself. This governor said to the office boy: "Jim, you have my seat; you go back to the far end." And, calling his secretary to the next post, he reversed the whole order. He was not only the most popular governor the state ever had but transacted more business.

The man with a quick mind and a simple, straightforward approach can discover a caller's business and have it transacted before the ordinary office force could get a card to him. Certainly not every man could follow the governor's example. There are times and affairs which require absolute privacy, and that privacy must be protected; but, other things being equal, the bigger a man the less protection he needs, and the harder a man is to approach the less worth seeing he is.

The peasants of every country have a story of how their favorite king once appeared before some lowly door, disguised as a shepherd or hunter, and, seeing the bread about to burn or a board needing nails, did a simple homely act. All the king's greatness as a warrior and all his glory as a courtier have become their own because the king for that moment became one of them.

Often one hears the same story on a railroad—how the president of the whole system stopped and helped a section man push a hand car. Or the humblest voter will thrill as he recites how a man stepped off at the Junction and chatted with him—"Just as plain as shucks!" And he afterward discovered that he was a cabinet member, or a famous senator, or the President.

Now it is not condescension in a real king, or in a great man of any sort, to do a homely thing or to meet in a simple way his plainest fellow being. A great man never condescends. He does not need to, for he is already on a level with all his fellow men.

The Simplicity of Greatness

Greatness is not in elevation, but in perception. The top of the mountain and the highest rung of the ladder are very good figures of speech; but great men—successful men of every sort—do not live up there. They stay on a common footing with the great mass of mankind. They have a common bond with them—only they see and feel more. They feel and understand as other men do—but more penetratingly, more clearly. They know the value of ordinary things in a way ordinary men do not.

And it is this simplicity, this open-minded interest in everything from the bottom up, which has furnished the inspiration for their success. They have been able to see and use all sorts of material; and, understanding men, have been able to organize and use them too.

Of course there are exceptions—seemingly; very proud, haughty, overbearing men at the heads of great institutions and enterprises. There are a few of that sort—a very few. And most of them have become soured self-worshipers since arriving—not before; else they would not have arrived.

It is noteworthy that the great men we have loved—statesmen, artists, scientists, writers—have had, for the most part, almost a child's simplicity and modesty. They know their worth—some of them were even egotistic in one way or another; but in their spirits they were very modest and very accessible.

Getting to the top is a hard, painful job. Getting anywhere is. A man needs every help he can get. He needs, above all, the active sympathetic interest of those round him. He needs a clear vision to help him miss some of the false steps. He needs an abundance of warm enthusiasm and a lasting appreciation of things that count.

All these make it necessary for him to have a sort of universal understanding and sympathy, which will give him directness and simplicity. He is never fenced in by tortuous manners; nor is his view obscured by circumlocution of phrases. He meets men and ideas and circumstances face to face—smiles if they are friendly and sets his jaw if they are not. But, whether friend or foe, he makes no assumption of arrogant superiority. It is merely a matter of man to man.

His work, his environment, his health, may modify the customs and habits of the man at the top; but eight times out of ten at heart he is the simplest, friendliest, most approachable, most open-minded, most direct man in the whole concern.

For this is the manner of man who gets to the top.

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Made to your measure
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We sell direct by mail. We have no agents.



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Guaranteed to fit perfectly or your money refunded.

AS an introductory demonstration of our value-giving, the Bell Tailors of New York, for $15, will make you a smart serge suit of American Woolen Company's ✻6055 pure, all-wool worsted serge;—guaranteed fast color.

We will line it with Skinner's guaranteed pure dye silk. In fact, we will use the best standard materials in every step of its making. We will guarantee it to be a perfect-fitting, splendidly-tailored, smartly-styled suit that will compare favorably with any you have ever had for even a third more price than we ask.

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We guarantee to fit you perfectly from the measurements you send us and to satisfy you in every respect. You are the sole judge, and if you are not entirely satisfied with the clothes we make you, we will cheerfully refund every cent of your money.

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UNCLE SAM IN FAIRVIEW

(Continued from Page 15)

strain of chickens, introduced by Mrs. Wilberforce Fogg. They figure on making the two-hundred-egg hen a back number by developing whole flocks of two-hundred-and-fifty-egg hens, thereby adding to the national wealth a figure one and a whole hatful of noughts. We find these things very fascinating, and lots better things to gossip about than others that might be mentioned.

All this showed me the value of the county agent. Our neighborhood was all right as a neighborhood; but it was not large enough for the coöperation and the organization we needed. For instance, when the Federal Farm-Loan Act was passed it was not in the Fairview Settlement that the first National Farm-Loan Association was formed for the purpose of getting the benefit on the farm of the building-and-loan association idea, which has done so much in the cities, but over on Beaver Creek—quite out of our bailiwick.

Freeman Clay found out that several farmers over there needed loans on long time for slow-fruiting improvements; and though he didn't appear in their organization he did figure out for them that by borrowing money for thirty-six years, with the privilege of paying off in whole or in part after five years, they could earn more than twice the interest charge and not be worried about the mortgage ever falling due. They have the right to call their own loans at any time after five years, and nobody else on earth has that power over them. In other words, for the first time in the history of the American farmer the borrower rather than the lender is to have the say about time and terms.

The Beaver Creek people are admitting a Fairview borrower to their association occasionally. The Reverend Frank Wiggins was the first of us to go in, so as to get the money to finance a silo and a lounging barn for his cows—he is abandoning the stanchion system, though I think he is wrong in that.

The money obtained through the government system costs five per cent. One per cent more—making six per cent a year—will amortize, or "kill off," the mortgage in thirty-six years. Frank figures that even on a fifteen-acre farm he can easily make the silo pay him ten per cent on the investment by keeping the silage made in seasons of excessive crops for bad seasons when feed is scarce through drought or something of the sort.

"There is never a time," says he, "three years together, when a silo will not pay for itself in whole or in great part by giving the dairyman feed when otherwise he would have to buy dear or sacrifice a part of his herd. It doesn't pay, perhaps, to fill a silo in September and begin emptying it in October; but give me silage in August every year when the pastures are short, or the silage of wet 1912 kept over for dry 1914, and I'll show you profits on the silo that will make both interest and amortization look small."

Cheap Working Capital

This is pretty sensible talk for a preacher; and I was gratified to see Frank developing sound business sense along with his visionary ideas. I discovered, however, that he probably got it from the county agent, Freeman Clay, who was preaching all over the county the fact that the new Federal Farm-Loan Act is making it necessary for the farmers to figure interest on investments instead of first costs.

"Don't ask me what this will cost," he used to say to the farmers we visited, "when you can get the money on your own time at low rates of interest whenever you want it. Ask yourself what interest it will pay on the investment. If it costs you two hundred and fifty dollars a year, and pays you four hundred dollars, you can add one hundred and fifty dollars a year to your labor income by borrowing.

"Instead of a mortgage being a disgrace under such circumstances, it is a discredit not to have one."

He pointed out to me the fact that the small borrower now has an equal chance with the big one. Now it has been for a long time a fact in the Corn Belt that the farmer who doesn't need a loan of at least four or five thousand dollars isn't of much consequence to the loan companies; though for the big loans we certainly have already had good credit at rather low rates. Personally I never felt that it was good business to encumber my farm for two or three thousand dollars, and I never needed all my farm would stand in the way of a loan; but lots of men who could borrow ten thousand if they had to could use a quarter of that as working capital at a profit.

I began figuring on the thing; and Freeman and I worked the problem out in this way: I might take, say, twenty-five hundred dollars in a Federal farm loan and use it in developing my feeding operations.

I could, for instance, get the money cheaper in that way for buying lambs to put in my cornfields after harvest to clean up the pigeon grass that naturally comes in, and to eat the lower foliage of the corn and the rape I might sow between the rows, and make fifty cents or a dollar a head by the operation. It's good farming to do it too. Or I might take advantage of the market to buy any other stock—when it is cheap—as steers or heifers or sheep, as my feed made it possible. That much money ought to pay for itself, and a little besides, as I'm fixed.

"But," said I, "as I turned these deals the money would come in and would be idle at times, and all the while I'd be paying interest on it. That's an objection."

"You ought to figure to keep it busy," said he; "that's a part of the business of a business farmer. There ought to be a textbook published on the use of money under the Federal Farm-Loan Act. It's going to be the most important part of the farmer's business from now on. As for your periods of idle money, why not invest it when it must be idle in Federal Farm-Loan bonds, and cut down your loss of interest to one per cent or half of one per cent? You ought to be able to stand that for the sake of having a supply of working capital."

A Plea for the Small Farm

I am so much impressed with the idea that I believe I'll join the Beaver Creek National Farm-Loan Association, and indulge in the luxury of keeping two or three thousand extra dollars working for me all the time. That's how the new law will help the farmers with big investments in their farms. If I don't like the scheme I'll pay off after five years. I feel perfectly sure I can make money by the transaction; and I surely can't lose much.

This sort of business farming is coming to be a great part of the county agent's work in the Corn Belt. To be sure, he still looks after the A B C of farming—in cow-testing associations, boys' and girls' clubs, canning clubs, pig clubs, acre-yield contests, seed-corn campaigns, calf fairs, colt fairs, egg circles, beef rings, and county short courses for the young people; but in a community like Fairview, already well socialized by such people as our school force and the Wigginses, he has to rise to a higher plane. He reached this, too, in another movement he inaugurated. That was the contest of Extensive versus Intensive Farming.

Frank Wiggins is an enthusiastic exponent of the small farm.

"I tell you," said he to Freeman Clay and some more of us one day, "Doctor Spillman's investigators in the Department of Agriculture may show that, as farming is now done—here, in Chester County, Pennsylvania, and elsewhere—the big farm pays the better labor income; but what they say isn't the last word. My little fifteen-acre patch of glebeland is nearer the last word."

"You don't make the labor income off it," said Freeman Clay, "that Mr. Dunham and Mr. Bohn or any of the other big farmers make on their operations."

"True," said Frank; "but see who does their work and see who does mine. My work is done by a self-respecting citizen of the community, who has a happy wife doing good things in the community, and a couple of healthy babies. Who does Mr. Bohn's work or Mr. Sharpe's?"

"Hobos," said Jeff.

Abel Bohn nodded. So did I.

"You big farmers," said Frank, "make your labor incomes out of men who drift out in the farming season, and in the winter spend their time in lodging houses for down-and-outers in St. Louis and Chicago; and eke out the time before the spring elections by selling their votes in

(Continued on Page 65)

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Should You Be Permitted To Know The Size Of Your Shoes

WE were just saying in this page recently that your average shoe-store doesn't permit you to know the *origin* of your shoes.

It likes private labels — its own name stamped in the shoes.

Further than that, it doesn't think you are to be trusted with the correct *size* of your shoe.

You may think you know the size you have on. Look in the lining where the size-stamp is supposed to be, and unless you wear Regal Shoes, you will probably find something like this: 2X4V7Y2.

Why all these secret signs and symbols?

They belong to the Dark Ages of merchandising—before the days of fixed prices, uniform profits, and standard merchandise of known value.

One great source of dissatisfaction and foot trouble is that shoes are *not properly fitted.*

The shoe-dealer objects to plain size-marks that anybody can read. If he is out of your exact size he wants to substitute another size from his stock.

We plainly mark the size in Regal Shoes to prevent this very thing. We want every man or woman to find comfort in Regal Shoes. We particularly do not want a wrong size to go on anyone's foot.

Daylight methods—all the cards on the table, frankness, publicity—are here to stay.

People prefer to buy goods they *know all about.* The movement toward *standard merchandise* in all lines was never so pronounced as it is today. Poor merchandise doesn't seek publicity—it evades it.

To the man who has found a shoe he likes, in a last that fits him—if it is an honest shoe by a reputable maker: if he can always go back and get that shoe, find the style right, the quality uniform, the price fair—we say to that man, stick to what you have! We do not ask you to change!

Much as we would appreciate your trade and well as we might serve you, we do not grudge any good maker the custom he has won.

What we *do* say is that the number of such shoe-wearers is smaller than it has any business to be.

Shoe-quality—shoe-service in general is a variable quantity.

Beginning away back with the "take off" of the hide, there are things you can't *see* that affect the quality of your shoes.

There is too much tendency to keep you in the dark.

In nearly every community there is at least one alert shoe-dealer who is not in sympathy with this backward policy. He follows it because it is the practice in the trade.

There may be at this moment in your town a wide-awake shoe-man who could build up a great business on shoes of *known merit*—authentic styles, plainly-marked sizes, and *values* he does not have to excuse or explain.

Is there any reason why he could not make as great a success of Regal Shoes as is being made elsewhere?

Regal Shoes are a known factor. They are *proving themselves* every day with men and women in the great Metropolitan Fashion Centers, and in the hands of special Regal representatives in a thousand towns and cities throughout the country.

Cities and folks do not differ greatly as to what they like best in a shoe-store.

For one thing, they like to know that there is an *institution* back of their shoes.

With us it is just a question of finding, in each community, the right kind of shoe-man.

Perhaps you know who he is, in your town, right now!

REGAL SHOES

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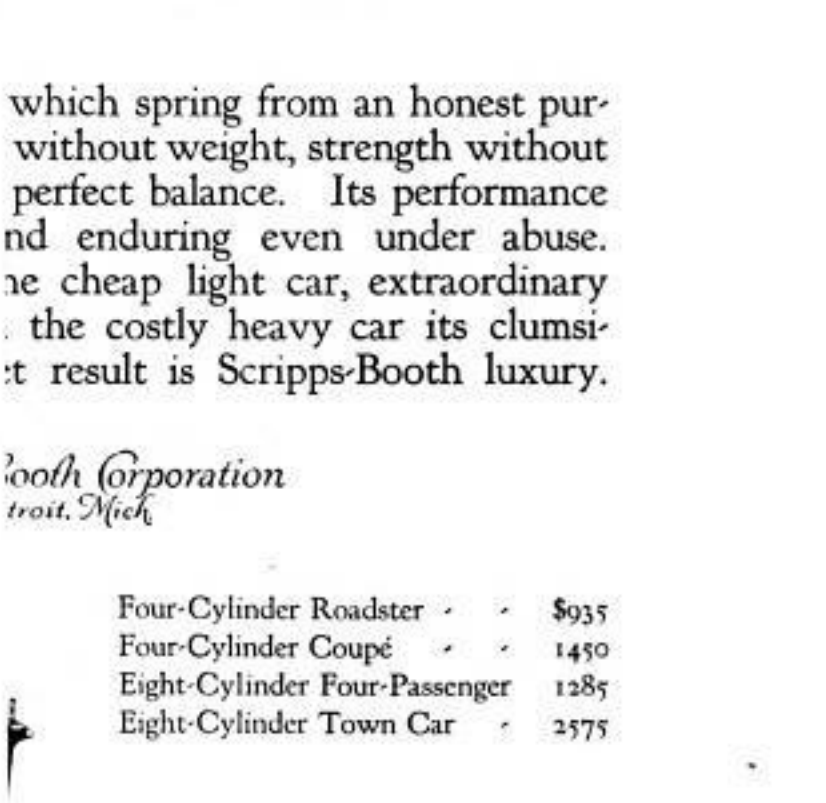
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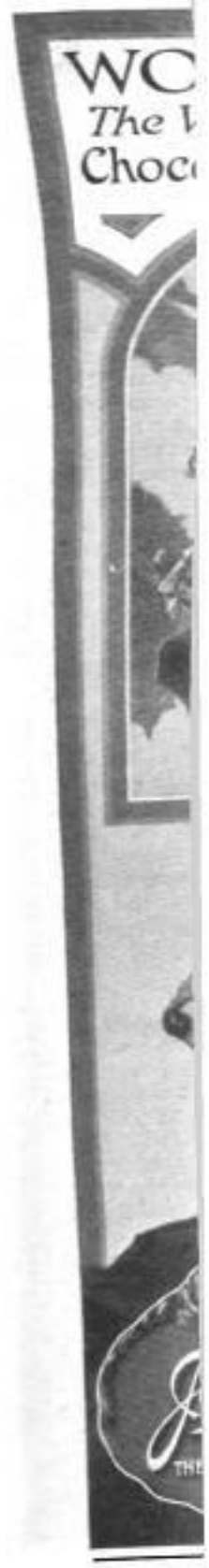
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(A True Story)

Adv. Mgr. $10,000 Yr.

Ten years ago a young man with little education was working in a coal mine at a dollar a day. Now he is an adv. at $10,000 a year. What did it? ough, practical training that we Home-Study course of

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as organized by ten leading adver- managers in conjunction with Bryant ege. Each of these ten instructors advertising or sales manager with nce. Not one is a "professional" mosphere of these men's daily work oms.

l of Instruction This course is nine-tenths e-tenth theory. You will be trained or advertisements, booklets, mailing s; analyze markets; plan advertising aigns; edit house organs; conduct a es; and to write convincing "human- etters. Every lesson carries the "hu- it makes you anxious for the next.

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AN IDEA! Who can think of some to patent? Protect your ideas, they may . Write for "Needed Inventions" and r Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH , Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

(Continued from Page 62)

Chi for beer and a warm place by the radiator. They are the Huns and Vandals who will tear down our Greater Rome. With my little labor income I live like a king; and I'm a good citizen. Yours is not clean money, my friends—mine is!"

There was a long pause, during which I waited for some one readier-witted than I am to show Frank the foolishness of this visionary stuff. Finally Freeman Clay spoke up.

"I have been thinking," said he, "that it might be instructive if we made a comparison of the results, even in labor income, between the small farm, well tilled, and the large farm. What the Department and the state stations have published, you know, shows only average results. Average results in Mexico or Argentina would damn the farm of a thousand acres as against the ranch of from twenty thousand to a million. The question is: What do both show in profits under the best conditions?"

"In profits?" said Frank. "And in men, women and children?"

"Yes," said Freeman Clay; "and in social values. Of course they come in, but not for the economist."

"So much the worse," said Frank, "for the economist. What is Uncle Abner's bank roll worth if it means a man or two every winter rotting in a Chicago saloon?"

"Suppose," said Freeman, "we run a contest, beginning March first, between a dozen small farms and a dozen large ones."

"I'm in!" said the preacher.

"And you'll be in," said I, "with fifteen acres of the richest land out of doors; because you flimflammed me out of a marsh and wheedled Abel, here, into letting you pump the water across the road on him! Do you call that fair?"

"I do!" exclaimed Frank. "I'm making billions of blades grow, Uncle Abner, where you and Brother Bohn, by your mulishness, made cat-tails and wild parsnips grow, and never would have done any better."

"That," said Abel, "is true, Brother Dunham."

Barto's Labor Income

Well, we had the contest. I went in; and so did Abel and Jeff Sharpe and Wilson Beebe and enough more farmers to make a dozen. Frank's farm was the baby of the small holders, and the others ran from forty acres up to eighty—all small farms for this part of the country. I never took so much pains with my farming since I broke the prairie in the seventies.

Freeman Clay, impartial as a judge, went from farm to farm, big and little alike, and talked things over with us. There was a good deal of excitement at our County Farm Bureau meetings, and a lot of mental money changed heads on the outcome. The state experts got interested. The results are embodied in the first bulletin published by our County Farm Bureau, written by Freeman Clay.

Jeff Sharpe's income was, by all odds, the largest; but I was beaten by Peter Barto, with his little dinky forty-eight-acre farm and his ten-cow dairy. We eliminated truck farms and orchards, because we wanted the race to be run by real farmers mounted on real farms, and there is no doubt that Pete's is such a one. Here's his record for the year, giving him more than two hundred dollars more than I made on my operations:

Income	
Milk checks	$1500
Hogs	300
Fruit	100
Poultry and poultry products	100
Calves sold for veal	65
Seed grain sold	150
Stock sold	450
Sundries	40
	$2705
Expenses	
Feed	$400
Labor	40
Silo filling and threshing	25
Seed purchased	25
Taxes	26
Insurance	6
Sundries	100
	$622
Interest on investment—$8000 at six per cent	480
Depreciation	300
Total expenses	$1402
Income	$2705
Total expenses	1402
Labor income	$1303



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TIRE PUMP

This engine-driven tire pump will save your energy and your time and will save you $30 or $40 a year on your tire bill.

It saves time because it inflates your tires faster than any other pump—*in one-tenth the time of hand-pumping.*

It saves energy because you won't have to do back-breaking work with a hand-pump. Pumping by hand is a dirty, disagreeable job that ruins your clothes and your temper.

It saves money on your tires because it keeps them properly inflated all the time. *Under-inflation causes 80% of all tire trouble.* Keep your tires pumped to standard pressure and you will double your tire mileage.

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The Cassco Pump is *not assembled;* it is actually *built.* 99.2% of the pump is manufactured in the West Side Foundry Co. shops at Troy, N. Y. Only hose, gauge and two small stampings are purchased. We save more than 25% because we do not have to pay profits on various parts to several manufacturers. You get the benefit of these savings.

Designed by expert engineers

The Cassco Pump was designed by expert mechanical engineers. It is simple and scientific in design. It takes up little space. It is easy to install. A motorist can attach it himself. Once in place, it is always ready for service. With one easy motion of your hand you can mesh or unmesh the gears. It requires no attention except occasional oiling. Its few, strongly made parts are never out of order.

Dry air—no oil spray

The air from the Cassco Pump is dry and clean. The Cassco design of piston and cylinder prevents oil spray. Oil ruins tires. The Cassco Pump will inflate a 34 x 4 tire to 80 pounds pressure in 1½ minutes. Smaller tires take proportionately less time. The Cassco Pump has given satisfaction to every user.

Save your time, energy and tires—put a Cassco Pump on *your* car today. Your dealer will supply you.

Manufacturers

The West Side Foundry Co.
Troy, New York

Sales Dept.
Edward A. Cassidy Co., Inc.
588 Foster Bldg., Madison Ave. and 40th St., New York

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Now this makes Peter Barto easily the real winner of the contest, though other large farms besides the Sharpe place brought in more labor income than did Pete's. Pete had a good income when it is considered that all the produce the family consumed for their living is left out of the account; and when it is further taken into the reckoning that the average labor income of the American farmer is from two hundred to four hundred dollars after allowing him interest on his investment at five per cent instead of six, as was done in our contest.

You see, Pete's folks had $1783 to spend that year when their interest on investment was added to their labor income—and they had this after they had got a good part of their living off the little farm. Note, too, that Pete's folks did practically all their own work; but don't think that the Bartos lived below American standards. They have running water in the house, a fine bathroom, furnace heating and a gasoline lighting system; and Pete's car cost more than mine. They use it, too, in a sensible way; and as liberally as people can who do their own work.

They have a milking machine for their cows, and every up-to-date thing that ought to distinguish well-to-do American farming. Their farming is not fancy, but staple farming. The basis of it is ten cows; not pure-breds, but grades, that bring in from $102.30 a year—the record that year of the poorest—to $208.23 a year, which was earned by his best, a prize-winning milker.

Barto was not, like Frank Wiggins, blessed with a farm of exceptional richness. It was badly run down when he bought it, fifteen years or so ago. He labored under a mortgage, too, for years, and paid it off from his earnings. He made his original start on a small farm and his whole proposition is a small-farm success. On the farm he keeps the ten cows, a team of horses and some young stock, besides the poultry and the automobile. His success has been made with cows, tile drains, clover and barnyard manure.

This demonstration was made by Freeman Clay, I feel sure, for the purpose of showing the Department of Agriculture that there is something yet to be said as between extensive farming and intensive farming.

Frank Wiggins, whose record was pretty good, was exultant. He preached a sermon the next Sunday on the text "I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding," in which he showed, to his own satisfaction at least, that Freeman Clay is tilling his own particular field—to wit, this county—mighty well; and that the fellows who speak for the big farm, just because the big farm pays best as it is farmed on the average, are the men void of understanding.

Farm Missionaries

Not that I think this is just. I believe that one of these days the Department will come out with a study of the small farm which will tell us something about what they call successful departures from the norm toward more intensive farming; in fact, a few years ago they did this very thing, but have since discredited the Bulletins on Small Farms with matter that seems opposed to their lessons.

Not that I have become a believer in intensive farming of the sort preached by the Little Landers—who, it seems to me, are just plain crazy; but there is a middle ground between the pocket-handkerchief farming of Japan and the all-outdoors kind which the experts now seem to favor. The big farm is morally wrong, so long as there are people who want farms and can't get them.

I think I must have made plain by this time the function of Uncle Sam in Fairview. It is to show us that, no matter how well organized a neighborhood may be, the county agent is needed. Uncle Sam, through the county agent, possesses the power to spread the good things of our Fairviews over whole counties, states, and finally over the whole nation, north, south, east and west; and to build up Fairviews where they are not. To put a missionary of good farming in every county in every region in the United States is an epochal thing.

Unless this is done, however, the Smith-Lever Act will fail to do its duty. It is rather sad to see that the poorest regions in every state are the last to get this help—so that it still fails to reach the people who need it most. It might have been better, for instance, to have set Freeman Clay working in one of the twenty-three counties of Southern Illinois which, because they cannot pay their portions of the agents' salaries, have no county agents than to have had him sent to our county, where we were doing pretty well without him. Any educational law that succeeds where education is general and fails where it is needed is not altogether a perfect law.

So this will be about all from your Uncle Abner Dunham on the Fairview Idea. It is the greatest idea in the world. It relates to the improvement of the biggest business of all Big Business—farming. This is a business that has been all hands and no head. The Fairview Idea will give it head. It shows that the country church may be not only as good a church as that of the city, but a better one, we think, than any city can possibly produce. It shows that the rural school may be and ought to be a better school than any city school can possibly be. It shows that country life—poor and sordid as it usually is—may be richer and fuller than city life at its best.

Reforming Standpat Farmers

The Fairview Idea has the power to transmute a standpat farming reactionary into an agricultural progressive, with something of the apostolic in his heart. And why not? For ages society has taken bread from the farmer's hand and given him back a stone; from him it has received fishes and paid for them in serpents.

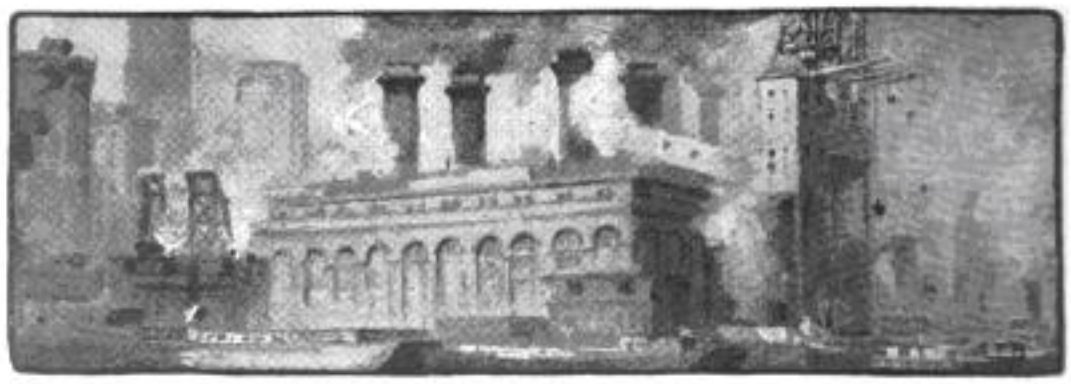
For many of us older people not much may be done; but think of the unending generations of little girls and boys coming on and on out of the fruitful womb of time to tread the furrows of America, to the end that a world may be fed and clothed! And to receive for these things—what? The sordid things, the false things and the useless things which have been given to them in the past? Or that vital enlightenment of which my New England ancestors must dimly have dreamed when they set up free institutions and free schools?

For the farm boys and girls of the future there must be justice and opportunity, according to the measure of the ages in which they are to live—opportunity to know, to live, and to seek the truth.

Some disquieting truth we have encountered in Fairview; but all truth is good. Even though we hook the Midgard Snake, still must we go on fishing in the ocean of human knowledge.

Whatever of change is necessary for the working out of justice as between Man and the Land is beyond me to say; but I feel sure that such changes as are essential can be made only by that farming people who really live and think, and by their living and thinking are brought to the envisagement of their own tremendous problems—the basic problems of the world; because they are the questions growing out of the relations of Man to the Planet out of which he comes, on which he lives and into which he dissolves.

The Fairview Idea, carried to its logical development, will give such a life to the farmers of the future. Where Truth leads is none of our business. It is ours to follow her unquestioningly, making sure first of one fact only—Is she really Truth?



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Tire that doesn't need its guarantee

we conceived the idea of The General Tire, we had one great, big before us—

that tire users are no longer to be satisfied with adjustments for *under*-mileage; what they want is a tire that won't keep the manufacturer everlastingly in debt to them for more miles than the tire was ever built to deliver.

gned a tire to put tire buying and selling on mmercial basis. We figured your standpoint ed to make you buy the second General Tire ou liked the first one and not in order to l the mileage the first one failed to deliver. d the distributor's and dealer's standpoint ved to save them the constant hortened profits and worry that adjustments.

d from our own standpoint and calculation that adjustments and nts cost the manufacturer more an putting the right stuff into the e first place. Our figures showed ve could better afford to build a 5,500 miles and guarantee it for les than to build, guarantee and on a 3,500-mile basis.

mer is just exactly what we've The General Tire. Design, fabric, read, construction, treatment, cure one and all of these things selected e to make a strong, lively and d tire.

Double Protection by Guarantee and Quality

The service must be 5,000 miles or more—never less. The actual mileage is greater than the guarantee. The General distributors and dealers are anxious to protect your interests, because our liberal guarantee and unstinted quality protect theirs.

Guaranteed for 5,000 miles so you will have the knowledge that you are protected—but a guarantee you'll not be called upon to use. Owners everywhere are piling up 8,000, 10,000 and more miles.

Sold at a moderate—a very moderate price.

We've proved our whole theory by building a sound and solid national success in a year's time. We've proved it by the fact that the new General Tire dealers and distributors who have taken hold of the tire have done it not through wonderful salesmanship on our part, but because of the enthusiastic recommendation of other distributors to whom we have referred them. They all say "it stands up"—they couldn't and wouldn't say this if users hadn't found that it does stand up.

This is the kind of tire you want—viewed from every angle of economy of time, money and trouble.

The General costs less per guaranteed mile. Look up the General Dealer in your city—ask him to tell you honestly what he thinks of the tire. Then ask the price and be surprised.

THE GENERAL TIRE

Akron

The General Tire and Rubber Co.

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price. Get our treatise
fferent kind of traveling.**

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afts—valve cover plates—helical cut gears—
valves—detachable cylinder head—piston oil
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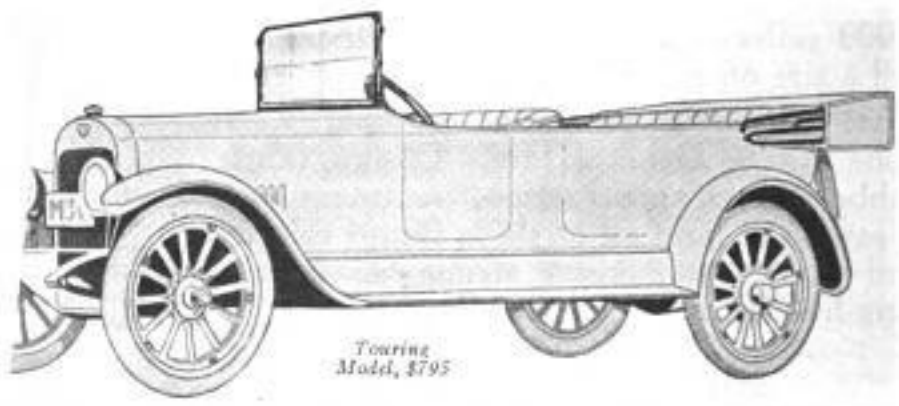
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Find out what bran does by its laxative effect.

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THE CUSTOMARY TWO WEEKS

(Continued from Page 5)

all is. With Mr. Harry Burnhart taking so little interest in things it makes it hard for any manager."

It cut Extell to the nerves to hear a word in extenuation of the man who had just discharged him. He went into a state of sulkiness, and to dispense gloom he blurted out:

"You seem to be a good deal interested in Vibert, Muriel!"

She reddened, but forgave him the words and the inference.

"I am interested in you—in us," she replied. "You won't stay in Milledgeville, will you, George?"

"Why not?" he snapped suspiciously.

"Why, because—because there's nothing here to keep you. There's only the paper mill. Surely you're going out into the world now, dear, to win! You ——"

"Listen, Muriel!" he broke in angrily. "I'm going to get even with Vibert some day! If it takes me as long as I live I'm going to get that man! I hate him as I never hated anything or anybody!"

"You will do something; you will make yourself big and strong and successful for your own sake—and for mine?" she replied, leaning toward him and putting her hands on his shoulders. "What do we care for him?"

"I'll advertise for a job in the trade journal next week!" he flashed. The girl looked at him in the eyes.

"As an advertising man?" she asked softly.

"Yes. Why not?" Something in her voice gave him a horrible suspicion. "You don't think as Vibert does?" he cried.

She was silent because she didn't dare to speak, but he rattled on:

"You do think as he does! Why didn't you say so? Afraid to hurt my feelings, I suppose! A lot Vibert knows about advertising! That's another proof that you're under his thumb, Muriel. I suppose you sit there, looking up at him ——"

"George!" she cried, springing up. "Don't—don't—please—we must go home! I—I know you are all wrought up. I know you don't mean what you say. But we must go—at once! We mustn't spoil everything. There are some things—some things that leave a scar that never heals, George! Come!"

They paddled back to the canoe house with hardly another word.

Extell inserted a rather colorless advertisement in a trade paper, as he said he would. He got one reply, and that came to nothing. A few weeks later he tried a New York daily newspaper. This elicited one response also; but after a brief correspondence he was told that, though they would keep him in mind, they had chosen a man with longer experience. The young fellow had the notion of packing up and going West, as Mr. Burnhart had hinted. Somehow he couldn't get started. He had been born in Milledgeville, and he had taken root.

For the first few weeks he felt a delicious sense of freedom. He made himself believe that he was overjoyed to see his old companions plodding to work when he could stay at home. Then he began to get restless. He began to hang round the Mansion House, planning, when he wasn't gossiping, how he should some day get even with Vibert.

Worse, Extell began to buttonhole his old associates on their way to and from work, and to talk loudly against Vibert. Some of the other employees, hating the manager just as cordially, baited him, drew him out, encouraged his venom, because they enjoyed hearing the tirades. He began to tell them how they could bother the manager.

Vibert heard all about this. One day he said to Muriel Clemm, just as they started some dictation:

"Your friend Extell is becoming a common nuisance, Miss Clemm."

The girl nearly fainted. The sneer tore into her heart because she knew it was the truth. She rallied and replied pointedly:

"I am ready to take dictation, Mr. Vibert."

On her birthday Muriel Clemm was amazed to find a leather-bound set of Shakspere on her desk when she came in. There was no inscription, but Vibert's engraved card was in the first volume. She did not



Electricity's Latest Gift

A complete Sewing Machine no larger than a Typewriter

The electric iron, washing machine and vacuum cleaner were great improvements on the old ways of doing things. Now comes this wonderfully compact electric sewing machine that you can carry in one hand—a full-size, high-grade machine without the unhandiness and unsightliness of the ordinary foot-power machine. No more need you tire yourself out pedaling. The

Western Electric Portable Sewing Machine

gives you one or a thousand stitches—for all day long, if you wish. The motor does the work. You simply regulate the speed by a light pressure of your foot on the control pedal. The price is less than you would pay for most any of the well-known makes of foot-power machines. Guaranteed 10 years.

Costs Only $35

($37 West of the Rockies)

If your lighting company, electric dealer or department store cannot show you this wonderful machine, send coupon to nearest office.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY, Inc.

New York Chicago
Kansas City San Francisco
Houses in all Principal Cities

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY Inc.

Gentlemen:
Please send me Booklet No. 504-Q, describing your portable electric sewing machine.

Name. _____

Address _____

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want to accept the gift, yet she didn't know how to refuse. Finally she thanked the manager, and for the first time since she had worked in the office he showed a real human gleam in his eye as he replied:

"Not at all, Miss Clemm. Your work has been splendid this past year. You don't know how much you help me in my work. I hoped you would accept the little gift in the spirit it was given."

That same day she went home feeling sure that there would be some trifle from George Extell, as in five birthdays past, that she could accept in a far different spirit. But this time Extell had forgotten.

Extell called upon Muriel one night, and almost immediately started on the usual string. He began to tell her, with a great deal of relish, how Arthur Goodwin, one of the clerks in the credit department, had clashed with Vibert and threatened to punch him. The girl stopped him short. Her lips came together with a new firmness, and something altogether new spoke to him from her eyes.

"I don't want to hear it, George!" she exclaimed. "I want to hear nothing more about Mr. Vibert."

He glared at the girl, stupefied.

"You don't know what it means to me to say this, George," she went on with a little shudder of her lower lip. "I must say it. I shall not see you any more, George—while you remain here in Milledgeville. It does you harm and it will drive me mad. I have tried and tried—and you won't let me help you. They are laughing at you—everybody; the people in the office talk shamefully about you behind your back. I thought you were going away from here to fight your way to something fine. I know it is in you; I believe in you; I shall—I shall believe in you. But you must go away. I—forgive me, forgive me if I hurt you; I am hurting myself more. Yes, come once more—the day before you go away—once more."

"You don't want to see me?" he gasped pitiably.

"I want to see you succeed. I want to see you do something well. Anything, George—but well. Good night!"

Extell literally staggered as he went down the steps. The air choked him. He began to walk. There was no moon, and when he got beyond the lighted section of the village he stumbled along; but he did ten miles of fast hiking before he got back to his room. The film fell from his eyes as he walked. Some stoppage of his brain gave way, and he began to see things in their true perspective. And for the first time since Vibert had turned him loose he saw Muriel Clemm, not as a woman to approach for petting but as a woman to fight for, to strive for, to be worthy of.

With a frantic and clumsy-handed joy he lighted the lamp in his room and began to pack.

At seven o'clock, feeling fresh in spite of his sleepless night, Extell was ready. He called a truckman for his trunk, locked his suit case, and swinging it in his hand with a buoyant grip and stride, he went over to the Clemm house and got there just as Muriel was rising from the breakfast table.

Like lightning she caught the welcome news. He didn't tell her; he didn't need to. She bounded toward him with a sunrise of joy radiating from her beautiful face.

"Where?" she whispered.

"Chicago."

"This morning?"

"Yes, I'll catch the eight twenty-nine for Springhaven and get the Southwestern Express."

Muriel Clemm seized her hand bag from the mantel of the sitting room and opened it with thumby fingers.

"Here!" she said. "Take this envelope, George. I wrote it—the week you left the office. I knew the time would come to give it to you. See, it is sealed. I want you to put it away where it will be always safe, and I want you to open it the day you know you have made good. Will you promise me—you will, won't you? 'Not to be opened'—see, I have written on the envelope!—'not to be opened till George Extell knows that he has conquered!' Don't think I mean that you must make a lot of money! It isn't that at all! You know what I mean—the day you feel that you have won."

"Good-by, Muriel," he said gently. "I love you!"

II

THE sales manager of the South Trent Tool Company looked up at the young man who had just been admitted to the office. He held a card between a thumb and forefinger, and scanned the new face for surface indications. But in that swift, businesslike assay there was no sign of suspicion or preconceived judgment. Instead, the sales manager looked at George Extell, as he looked at all the candidates for jobs, with the hopefulness and interest of a man who is constantly saying to himself "This may be the man we want!"

Extell felt it. And when the sales manager, instead of uttering a cold "What can I do for you?"—which is the deadliest gas ever emitted upon enthusiasm—said "How d'ye do, Mr. Extell; pull up a chair!" the stranger felt a powerful desire to leap forward and grip the other man's hand.

"You are with the Eclipse people," went on the sales manager, glancing at the card again.

"I was," corrected Extell. "I'm not now. I am here looking for a job."

"I haven't anything to do with the advertising department——" the sales manager was saying, when Extell interrupted.

"I'm not looking for that kind of a job," he explained. "I want to sell." Mr. Wetterson nodded.

"Good!" he said. "That's more in my line. How did you happen to leave the Eclipse people, Mr. Extell?"

The visitor's face almost matched the dark red varnish on the walls; but he replied with the promptness of a man who wants an ugly task over and done with:

"I was fired."

Extell half expected to hear the words, "Sorry; good day!" as a result of his painful veracity. Indeed, Mr. Wetterson's eyebrows elevated somewhat, but he added simply:

"Do you mind telling me just how it happened, Mr. Extell? I assure you of absolute confidence. It might not be important anyway. Very good men have been fired. Er—I was fired myself once. Good thing too!"

"I was fired for incompetence," replied Extell gravely.

Mr. Wetterson's eyebrows reacted unconsciously. He smiled slightly and suggested:

"That is, Mr. Extell, the man who fired you told you that?"

"No, sir; I was incompetent. I didn't realize it at the time. I see it now. I couldn't have been anything else."

It wasn't the unusual method of approach that held Wetterson's attention. He was justly suspicious of unusual methods of approach. He knew perfectly well that the unusual had become the usual, that too many men were now aware of the effectiveness of surprise, in getting their wares before him. Only a week before an insurance solicitor put his elbow through the frosted glass of his door—and sold him a five thousand dollar policy on the strength of the introduction that his apologies secured. He had had prospective salesmen deliver orations on selling efficiency that held him spellbound—until they got on the pay roll; and he had had them speak of themselves with the humility of Trappists and prove just as productive. But there was something else about Extell—something even besides his clean, healthy exterior and priceless youth—something of just plain, old-fashioned, trite honesty unadorned. Wetterson said:

"Have you ever sold tools?"

"No, sir."

"What makes you think you can?"

It was a challenge, and a fair challenge. Extell hesitated just a moment. Then he replied:

"Mr. Wetterson, I've got to sell goods. I know I can. I'm on my toes. I don't think about anything else. There are some things I can't explain, but those things will make me sell."

Wetterson smiled, but not deprecatingly. He wasn't impressed by Extell's words; he was impressed by his manner. Such words he had heard before a hundred times. The manner was somehow refreshingly new.

"Naturally you want to stick to tools," he said. "That's right too. You know something about them. By the way, Mr. Extell, tell me something very frankly, will you? What is your opinion of the Eclipse mechanical tools?"

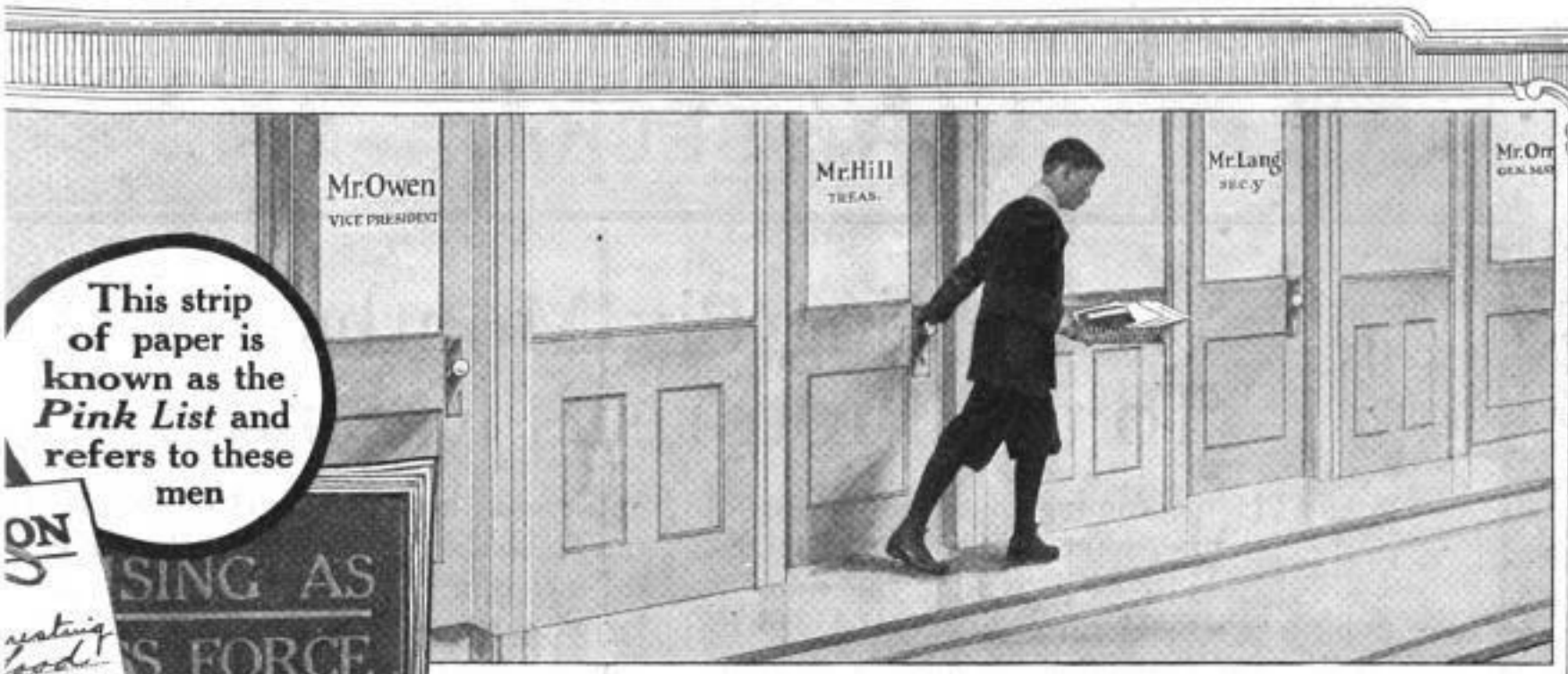
The truth fairly spurted from Extell's lips. With the fervor of a devotee he replied:

"Mr. Wetterson, the Eclipse tools are as fine as anything produced in the world. They are made absolutely on honor. I was with them five years nearly, and I never

(Continued on Page 73)



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"Send this to the Pink List"

You often receive a booklet, a letter, a circular or a newspaper item that is of interest to your business associates. Do they see it—promptly?

They do, if you use a special form like the one shown here. You say to your stenographer, "Send this booklet to the pink list" (if the forms are pink). Every man on that list sees the booklet and then it comes back to you.

The value of these little "pink list" slips is not so much that they make it easier to route worth-while information about your office. The point is that without some such device you simply don't send your associates a lot of things you would like them to see. You can have other slips of different colors for different lists of men.

Perhaps you will have to try out this little convenience to find out what a genuine help it is.

That is not difficult. Any printer can supply these slips at a small cost.

Too many firms make a job of buying printing, when it is really an easy matter.

Tell your printer you want to standardize all your office forms on Hammermill Bond, and he will do the rest. He knows Hammermill Bond, knows where he can get it and how much it will cost.

Begin to use Hammermill Bond, in bond, ripple or linen finish, in white or in any of the 12 colors, for all your office requirements, and buying printing becomes an easy and economical operation in which you and your printer work in accord.

We have prepared special sample portfolios of Hammermill Bond, a portfolio for each general class of business—hotels, banks, insurance companies, retail stores, professional men and so on. Let us send you, free, the portfolio that applies to your particular business.

Printers have found complete sets of these portfolios very useful in soliciting business, because they offer suggestions to the customer. Any printer may have the complete set.

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Look for this watermark—it is our word of honor to the public

HAMMERMILL BOND

"The Utility Business Paper"

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x Months
st's Calendar

You possess *both* in the ALL-YEAR Car—the *highest developed convertible car—practical* for *every* day in *every* month—*complete* for *all* purposes—*distinctive* for *any* occasion. The ALL-YEAR Top is *built in*—not on. It is *entirely removable.*

for ALL-YEAR Car Booklet.

PANY, Hartford, Wisconsin

the Motoring Habits of a Nation.

EAR Car

· MARCH ·



· APRIL ·



· JULY ·



· AUGUST ·



· NOVEMBER ·



· DECEMBER ·



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Yes, George, your letter made me so glad—and yet it hurt me a little too. Do you know how? Oh, my dear boy, won't you please, *please* put Mr. Vibert out of your head forever? Can't you consider it as something that never happened? It is only that I am so afraid that this feeling of revenge will hurt you in your work. And that somehow it may grow and grow and finally eat into your very being. What do you care for him?" . . .

"She may be right," said Extell after reading Muriel's letter, "but she doesn't understand how deep that feeling goes. However, I won't mention him to her again. But, by heavens, I'll get him some day sure!"

Extell was one of those men who seem born never to entertain a grudge against anyone alive; and who, having once decidedly found a hatred, follow it with blind, amateur fury. He went into the South Trent factory with his teeth clenched. He clenched them so hard that the keen-eyed Wetterson, meeting him one day, slapped him on the shoulder and said:

"Extell, don't plug too hard. Don't wear yourself out. You'll need energy later. Smile a little, old man, once in a while."

Another time: "Extell, you're a kind of mystery. What's behind that grim deathness of yours anyway? Well, never mind; whatever it is, it looks as if it might put you over. But try to smile, Extell!"

Extell shouldn't have found it hard to smile in those surroundings. The Eclipse environment had—excepting Vibert—been polite, virtuous, but cold. Here there was warmth, a radiation of good fellowship that seemed to come down from the top of the organization, to accumulate hearty interest as it was fanned through all the departments. The newcomer felt it from the first day, when the big Swedish-American factory superintendent, Dahl, took him into his enormous paws. He got a breath of it from Erb, the advertising man, who came to him in the factory one day with a proof in his hand, and said:

"I say, Extell, you were advertising man over there. Look at this, will you, and tell me what you think of it?"

The request brought color to Extell's cheeks. He wondered, with a sort of shame, whether he would have been similarly capable of asking advice when he was in Milledgeville.

So in the latter part of 1912 George Extell was, for the first time in his life, honestly striving, keeping everlastingly at it, spending three evenings out of seven in reading, studying, planning. He had a tremendous driving force behind him. He did not inquire of himself exactly how this driving force was made up. He thought it was due to his solemn oath to get even with Vibert in some way as yet obscure. Whenever he thought of his old manager his muscles tightened and his nerves strained.

In October Wetterson stopped Extell in the hall one morning just as he was punching in. He took the young fellow into his room and sat him down.

"Extell," he said, "you go on the road Monday. The rest of the week you can spend with our Mr. Preston, who is correspondent for your territory, and with our topnotch man in the Southern New England district, who is in the office just now. I'll introduce you to him this morning.

"I want to say just a few words, Extell. I'm giving you a hard territory with a lot of hurdles in it. The man who has had it is getting through. He has done little with it, and I don't hold him altogether responsible. Really I'd like to start you off on something more promising; but there isn't another vacancy. You're going to find the going hard, and at times you're going to get as blue as this typewriter ribbon. I know how it is, and you may as well know. I think you've got sense enough so you won't be hurt by hearing this in advance.

"Extell, you've seen our line. I tell you, South Trent tools can't be beaten in this world for mechanical perfection. You've caught our atmosphere, here in the office, and you can see that we deal square—absolutely on the level. I want every one of my men to go out and talk our tools from an honest belief in them. I want them to feel that, all things considered, they are the best in the wide world. But if I should ever hear that you walked into a place and knocked our rivals, Extell—even by innuendo—well, son, I'd take the first train and wring your neck! Good luck to you!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

They Wouldn't Even Buy Shoes for Her!



Marguerite Clark
in "Snow White"

There was an envious stepmother, and a beautiful princess, and seven dwarfs, and the most gallant knight that ever was. And they make a beautiful story—a story with the very spirit of fairyland. Of course, it is a Paramount picture. Marguerite Clark appears exclusively in Paramount Pictures. She is the spirit of everlasting youth, so eagerly welcomed by so many thousands of men and women and children when her lovely face and tiny figure flash out on the screen!

LOOK FOR MARGUERITE CLARK in these Paramount Pictures—"The Fortunes of Fifi," by Mollie Elliot Seawell; and in "Cinders," "Miss George Washington," "Little Lady Eileen," "Mice and Men," "The Prince and the Pauper," "Molly Make-Believe"—and many others. And see these other Paramount Pictures—"Oliver Twist," "Great Expectations," "The Slave Market." These and "Snow White" are some of the

Paramount Pictures

Paramount Pictures are produced by four companies—Famous Players—Lasky—Morosco—Pallas. If you see one of these names you know it is a Paramount Picture.

You know now, that when the bill board in front of the motion picture house shows a *Paramount Picture*, you are going to see a good play and a great star. You know that the Paramount theatre in your neighborhood is the best theatre.

This is no accident. It is the result of many long years of careful effort and much struggle. For the *Paramount Producers* were the first who made motion pictures of quality and always of a clean, wholesome character. They were the first to put Sarah Bernhardt and other great stage stars in the films. They were the first to feature five reel photoplays. They knew from the first that nothing was too good for the motion picture.

Here are some of the many Paramount Stars:

Marguerite Clark, Pauline Frederick, Marie Doro, Fannie Ward, Mme. Petrova, Margaret Illington, Lenore Ulrich, Mae Murray, Louise Huff, Kathlyn Williams, Ann Pennington, Vivian Martin, Myrtle Stedman, Cleo Ridgely, Theodore Roberts, George Beban, Lou-Tellegen, Jack Pickford, Sessue Hayakawa.

SEP 2-24-'17

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Remember that the man who runs the theatre wants to please you. Tell him what you want to see. He will be only too glad to get it.

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THE HOUSE OF CRAIGENSIDE

(Continued from Page 23)

"I feel all gone," she whispered. "Something has taken the starch out of me."

She drank, then motioned the girl to take away from the bed the copper warming pan, in which a handful of coals still glowed red.

"Shift the rolls," she said then, shrill as a parrot.

These rolls were rolls of sand bound in red cloth, like huge window bags, one on each side of her. They seemed to be all that kept her tortured body together in the bed. The girl shifted them.

"Hear the wind," said the old lady between her teeth. "It comes against this old rattletrap like a judgment—like a judgment, young man."

The girl left the room with the empty glass, and Mercy turned on me a glittering eye.

"Come straight from the shoulder and no shillyshallying," she said to me. "Prevarication kills me quicker than anything in the world. I won't hear to it. A track was seen in the sand, you said?"

"I saw it with my own eyes this afternoon."

Fear stood in her black eye.

"With your own eye. And no foot that could have made it, I suppose? You saw nothing that you could have put your hand on?"

"There is no reason to start," I said soothingly. "I have good reason to believe that no ghost made it."

"No ghost, I'll be bound," said the old lady faintly. "Better a thousand times if it was a ghost. No, it was no ghost of Amos."

I leaned forward eagerly:

"Then you yourself know who it was?"

"And suppose I do?" shrilled old Mercy. "What does all my knowledge avail me, now that I come to the judgment seat? What was all my nursing him and waiting on him by inches, the great spleeny man? I worked my fingers to the bone, I slaved like a dog, and what was my reward? To embalm him, if you please! That was his will and pleasure—that was what he could find it in his heart to leave me as a legacy. I've heard him say, young man, that women like to be martyred. That was the theory he went on; and so he went and consorted as he chose, and left me to pickle him and bring him home here away from the clutch of foreign hells."

She muttered unintelligible words, then said clearly: "He's well preserved—I had the embalming of him myself. It's a trade like any other, and I learnt it young. 'Bring your tools, Mercy,' he said to me. 'If you must come, bring your devil's chemicals. I shan't be easy unless I'm under those sand dunes. Some day they'll pile over the tomb and hold the secrets of the Craigensides safe.'"

She paused for breath; then went on:

"He was afraid of his little idol, though he wouldn't admit it. Oh, don't tell me they're only wood and stone, these foreign gods! They are wicked contraptions, I don't care if they are carved by hand of man."

Her blue fist was knotted in the sheet.

"I've never known one peaceful hour since the day he brought the thing aboard."

"Where was that then?" I inquired.

"That was in the China seas, young man."

Then she lost the thread of things again. When next she spoke intelligibly, she said:

"Hark! Do you hear the wind over the dunes? So I heard it when I was a child, but it changes its tune. Ah, the air is sweet. Raise the window higher. Let the wind come in on my face. I'm burning up! No, shut it again. Shut it down. Hogs hate wind; but no more than humans, when the soul is blown along too. I felt it snatch at me. Ah, well, I'm going with the ebb . . . with the ebb . . . with the ebb . . ."

Her words became an unmeaning drabble of sound. They ceased. I leaned closer, thinking she had gone already. She still breathed. Through the closed window I glimpsed the ceaseless glitter of the outrushing tide, on which the moon had cast sharp silver spurs. With the ebb?

But the ebb was not yet consummated. The old lady gave vent to that shuddering sigh which, as she said herself, was of such a character that with each repetition it withdrew a drop of blood from the heart.

"Works, that's what it is, plain works," she mumbled. "For shame! Oh, if there's one thing more than another that just about kills me, it's ingratitude. I can do and do for you and bear and bear with you and slave and work like a dog and wear my fingers to the bone, and not one single, solitary thing will you do for me in return."

She grew wrathful, rose up between her sand rolls and beat the quilt feebly.

"I will not bear with that demon lurking there. . . . Hear the man. . . . Unreasonable. . . . To save myself . . . from the clutches. . . . All my life, fair weather and foul . . . without a murmur of complaint . . . and now . . . unreasonable. . . . Look there at the thing he has set to watch over me in my misery; its eyes follow me in my turnings and tossings. Oh dear, it's awful to face, cast up red hot out of hell. . . . There, there . . . the ship shudders. . . . What's that sharp noise forward? . . . Take the deck, man . . . we shall go down with all our sins if we are not precious careful."

All at once this fit was over; the old lady looked at me with sane eyes, and murmured:

"'Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?'"

Immediately she relapsed into her harangue:

"I counsel you to drop it where the ocean's deepest. Why should you fear cold stone? Ha, why indeed? You are too bold by half. Bend it toward you, as he says. . . . No, no."

These words came as a wild screech.

An extraordinary light had come into the old lady's black eyes. She rose half up in bed, beating the quilt feebly; and then the most terrible delusion of those who die was all about her.

"My feet take hold on hell!" she shrieked.

I affirm to you that it was possible to see the flames consuming her; she shriveled before my eyes like an ant laid on the coals, and with a shiver I reflected that indeed her feet were gone already. She writhed between the two great sand rolls, and the agony of all historic fiends was comprehensible to me thenceforward. Her cane with the albatross beak appeared from under the quilt, its jaws gaping side by side with hers, as if in a queer, headless sympathy.

I was conscious of the sane appointments of that little chamber—the great four-poster bed, the chintz-covered wood box, the frayed samplers on the walls, the leaky bellows by the chimney place, the low-seated horsehair chair. These things gave the place a look worn and habitual. Yet under my eyes lay a soul suffering the torments of the damned, to whom all this had become remote and chimerical, whose ear had no receptivity unless for the dreaming voice of the tide, which ebbed, ebbed, soliciting her spirit into that dark ocean with its immeasurable voice, that mystery beyond solution.

Mercy Cobb fell back, and the light of reason stood in her eye again. I looked furtively at the lump of clay at the foot of the bed. Could she see it also? Alas, poor lady, thus flies are smeared! Death knows nothing of fastidiousness.

"There you are again," she whispered.

I stooped and adjusted the rolls. The sand itself had absorbed the burning heat of her shriveled body.

"Hark! Is that the gulls beating about the house?"

It was only the tide with its many urgent voices.

"But still they'll wheel and wheel—they're never satisfied. . . . Lost souls. . . . There's the wind again, trampling on the roof. . . . Many the time I've thought it would shoulder this house into the sea. But no, it is founded on a rock. . . . Listen again! Isn't that they, coming against the wind?"

Her eyes blazed; a sort of madness seized her.

"Yes, yes! Here's the one that was hanged. Just God, the hangman's noose is at my neck! Ah, I have done no wrong, but there it is, seven fat turns of the rope round a standing part. It comes nearer. Drive off the bird. . . . Now, hold off. . . . God's mercy, I confess . . . give me time."

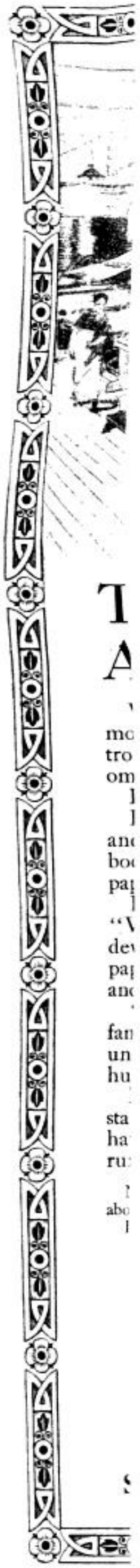
"Confess," I whispered. "And to what?"

But a saner light had come into her eye.

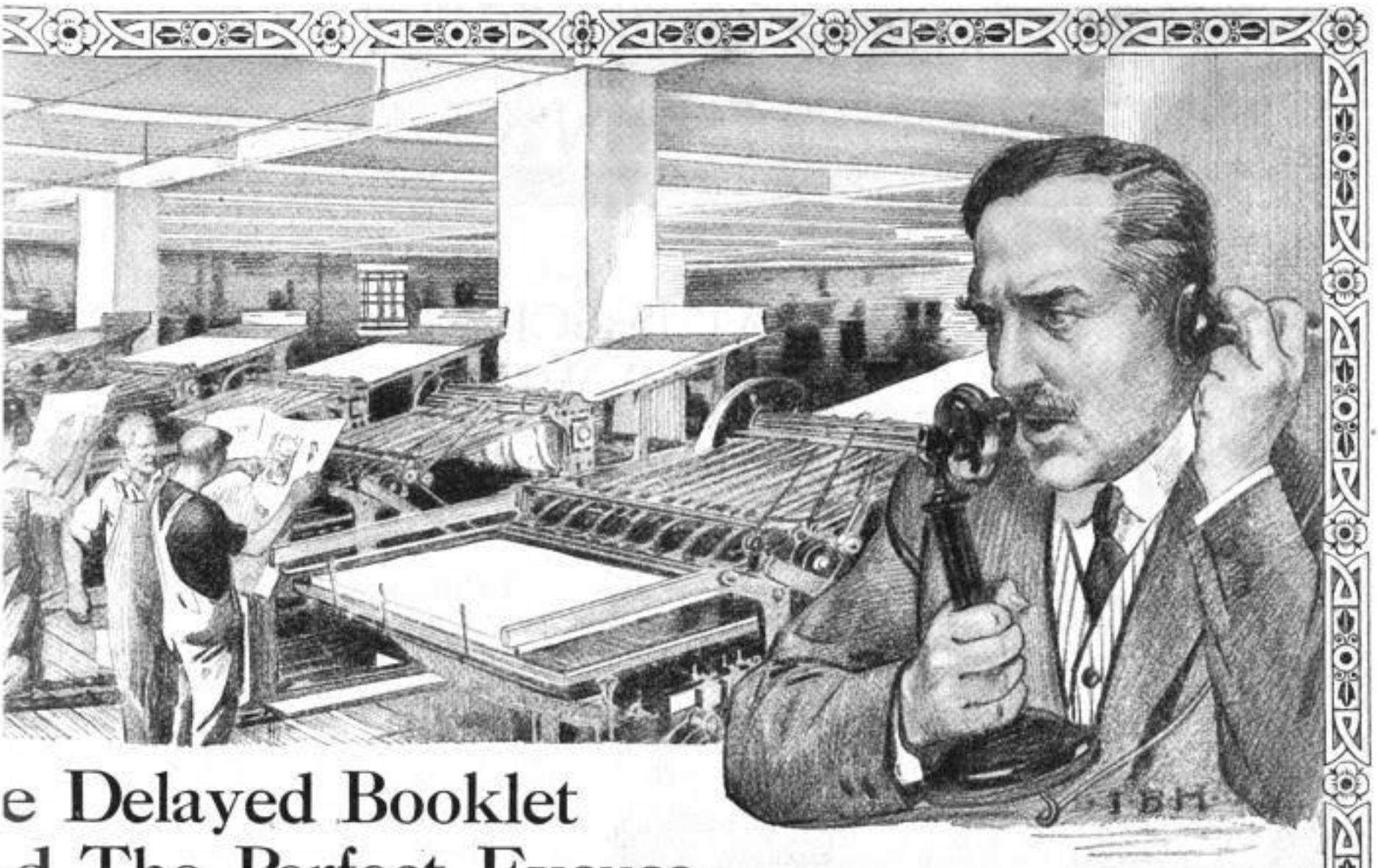
"Young man, I charge you, upon your conscience, bring me the god . . . the little jade . . . here to my bedside. In half an hour it may be too late. Oh, to be plunged at my latest hour into the furnace of adversity, as I am! It is more than I should bear!"

Her fingers were actually at my wrist. Wild terror gave that skeleton hand invincible strength.

(Continued on Page 77)



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e Delayed Booklet d The Perfect Excuse

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ms that not only the "picking" of cuts, but binding troubles, blotched engravings, some booklets actually weighing more than others, with consequent variations in the way individual pages are printed, folders and circulars that break in the mail, blistered pages, shrunken wrinkled sheets—all these deviltries are due to lack of standardization in the making of paper.

A standardized paper is one that invariably gives uniform results under the same press-room conditions.

Good printing depends upon a perfect co-ordination of three factors: the press, the paper and the cuts.

Just as the speed of a press is standard; just as the number of separations to an inch in a halftone cut is standardized—so must there be a definite weight, thickness, color, surface and body to the paper that is to run on those presses and which is to record impressions from those cuts.

Variations in paper mean variations in printing. Definite standards in paper mean definite standards in printing.

If you want fine printing, you must work with standard papers.

S. D. Warren & Company were the first to realize the importance of standardized printing papers and the first to set about producing them. Their announcement of Warren's Standard Printing Papers gave better printing to America by establishing a basic standard for the kind of paper to be used in the printing you contemplate.

The 1917 Warren Suggestion Book shows you all of Warren's Standard Papers, and suggests when to use them.

It shows you when to use the lustreless, ivory-like CAMEO that gives to halftones the depth and softness of platinum photographs, and the glowing WARREN'S LUSTRO, the highest refinement of surface in glossy, coated papers.

It shows you how WARREN'S SILKOTE brings out the fine detail of illustrations of either commercial or artistic subjects. You see the remarkable effects obtainable on the dignified, clear-printing CUMBERLAND COATED. WARREN'S PRINTONE for large editions, a good-looking, perfect-folding paper, "better than super, cheaper than coated," is also shown and the best uses described.

Write on your business letterhead for the 1917 Warren Suggestion Book, seventy-two pages that are a real, constructive help to any buyer of printing. It and supplementary booklets are free. If you buy printing they will be useful (we almost say indispensable) to you. They are text-books on paper for those who use it.

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. 2850.00	*Limousine*	2620 lbs.	3100.00
. 2800.00	*All Prices*	*F. O. B. Syracuse*	

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"A slave room—in this Northern state?" I protested.

"My dear sir, this is a Queen Anne house, and its Queen Anne owner would certainly have held slaves, even in this Northern state."

"Wait, did you hear a step outside?" said the man—or mechanism—recoiling with a ghastly face, but still holding the god rigidly erect.

We stood listening with all our ears; but there was no sound. The girl below, we later learned, frightened by the sound of strange voices, had fled the house.

"I hear nothing," said Hawley. "And now, sir, will you be good enough to explain to us how it comes that you haunt an old lady's last hours in this disgraceful fashion? Upon my word, by the look of things it is fair to presume that you have been the death of her."

"Turn and turn about," said the man in scarlet. "She has taken ten years off my life in times past. But it was her own conscience that killed her, and the memory of—this."

He tapped the pug-nosed god affectionately on the end of its most characteristic feature.

"I may say," he continued, "that she had in a measure got into the habit of bowing down to sticks and stones. She is now dead. God rest her! I say it from my heart, though I have reason and to spare to be bitter against her. She had a hard row to hoe at the last. This thing had had its unholy eye on her all along, for all she was a Methodist. The truth is, she is responsible for its having been—transplanted. The East and the West are here weirdly mixed up. No, if you value your life, sir, do not touch this thing until I have verified once and for all the suspicion I have of it."

Again his jaw hung slack, and again he listened, as if to the low breathing of some far-off menace.

"Do you know," he said, "I believe there is no time to lose."

He seized my arm, urging me toward the door.

"As I live, there's deviltry in the air, and of a kind I am familiar enough with by now, in all conscience," he said. "Come with me, if you please, to the other house."

"We expect an explanation in due time," said Hawley.

"In due time you shall have it. I suppose we may leave her alone upstairs. She no longer needs an attendant."

But at the very door we met Doctor Starr, dangling in his fist a small pine box in which he had intended to pack that lump of clay.

"You will have to bring a larger box than that," said Hawley gently in passing out. "Your patient is dead."

"It is the best that God could do for her," said the doctor quietly.

"That is mortal truth, I can swear to it," said our man, "after the time I have put in in that closet of hers."

As we leaped the wall which bounded the Craigenside terraces he told us that he was a sailor, by name Jim Garnett.

"You will not have heard of me," he added. "I went away when a boy, and I've never been back; but I was born on this sand spit for all that, and my feet can still feel it out for me."

He put back a restraining hand as we crept into the shadow of the house.

All was dark and still. In another moment we were between the central pillars of that wide-flagged porch. A cool stir of air came from the river; and then we received into our nostrils that strange suggestion of spice from the huge musty hall which had first drawn my attention to its Oriental flavor. Starshine struck a sparkle from that robust mermaid of brass affixed as a knocker to the center of the panel; and immediately I saw that the door itself stood ajar.

The scarlet figure at my side reached out a hand and brought down the knocker three times. The portentous dwelling of the Craigensides gave out no answer and no stir of life. It seemed absolutely empty, and there was not a sound except a slow dropping of water in some hollow place which gave out a minute echo. From where we stood we could see through darkness a faint spur of light on the silvered knob of the door which opened into the front parlor; but beyond this, nothing.

My friend therefore opened the door wider, and said in a distressed way:

"I believe they have gone already. Is it possible ——"

He twisted his head sharply and made sure that the ship was still lying at her anchorage. The moon had gone behind a cloud,



EVERY year an increasing number of people, who have had experiences like the above, come to the same belated conclusion.

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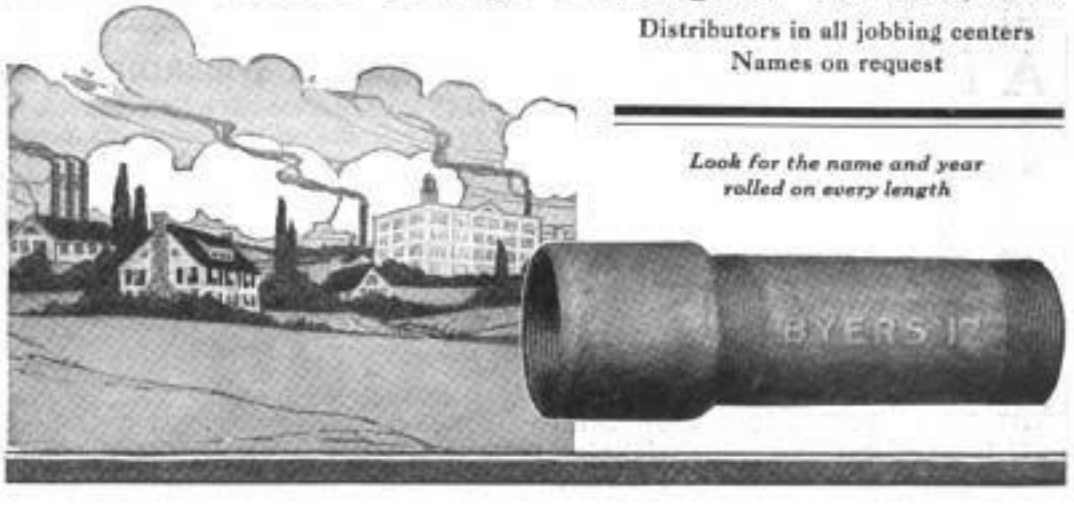
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but the Asphodel's riding light was plainly visible, and something like the ghostly shadow of the ship itself extended on the dark surface of the water.

"The Asphodel," he murmured; "pale flower of Hades and the dead. Well named, choice flower of hell! Do you know it is true that a ship takes the complexion of her company? The very shrouds and shadows may take on that tinge of the murderous and treasonable. I tell you, when I look at that ship, lying there—the very ship that I saw lost in the fires of sunset—gone like morning mist or like a chip on the tide, I feel as if a cold wind had passed through my heart."

"The ship then enters in?"

"You may say that. I suppose as a ship is hung up, rib by rib, bolt by bolt, yard by yard, so she goes. The song of the mallets that drove the oakum into the seams of the Asphodel was a dirge, however. Have you a match? No matter; there comes the moon again."

He opened the lid of the tall clock and replaced the god on its shelf. The eyes, appearing as two venomous sparks of green fire, favored us with a horrid scrutiny.

Jim Garnett loomed close in his bizarre costume. Suddenly his fingers banded themselves like steel about my upper arm, and he hissed:

"Did you hear that noise? Something between a wail and a whistle?"

I had heard it certainly, and for a second had indulged a spasm of fright. But the cause of it had instantly occurred to me.

"They are setting off the fireworks," I said. "That was the stick of a stray rocket falling hereabouts."

I stepped to the door, and in that moment the sky was rent by the splay colors of a triple bomb. Great golden fingers hung for an instant high over that dark house, reaching down as if to whirl it away in the clutch of that mad phantasmagoria which linked it with the vengeance of unknown gods.

Jim Garnett sank his fingers in my shoulder.

"They are coming—from the waterside," he whispered. "Now you shall see a curious thing. Look! I leave the lid of the clock open. The moon will shine into the face of the thing in another second. Come this way, into the double parlors."

We fell back into the musty darkness of those huge rooms; and in another moment Craigenside appeared on the porch, and the girl behind him. "You see, there is nothing," she was saying softly.

"I felt the tug of the thing, I tell you," he insisted in a weary voice, "as much as if some cursed anaconda had got me round the middle. It caught me here. I was as numb as an oyster for a second, then I felt something like a warm wave dart up from my heels, do you understand, and then—— Merciful God, the thing is back!"

We saw him, with his arms hanging limp, stop and stare. He crept toward the coffin, whispering "There is something devilish in this reappearance."

The tall clock was now plainly discernible in its corner, and Craigenside fixed a terror-stricken eye on its infernal occupant.

"Fancy or no fancy, I am a doomed man," he said thickly.

"No, no," said the girl. "If we keep a strict watch, what harm can come to us?"

"Watch?" cried the captain fiercely. "What is there to watch? You know this religion as well as I do. Every act of a man's life follows him, and climbs his back like his shadow—his shadow—his shadow ——"

He went on with his mad muttering. He stole toward the masked horror in the corner, reached out an arm, drew it back.

"The sins of the fathers," he whispered. "Was it my fault? I felt in my bones that no good would come of that hell's opening. But he would have it, and so all of us must pay the shot."

The girl tried to pluck him back, making at the same time a movement to shut the door of the clock.

"Let be," said Ruel. "Time and Eternity! Time and Eternity! So it goes with the house of Craigenside—divided against itself. Hah! Tick, tick, tick, so you go—the sand running in the glass."

Then, in a flash, followed a dreadful series of events. Craigenside, swaying in his tracks, drew one hand across his brow.

"He is coming," he muttered. "He is here already. The summons ——"

He fell to his knees, and his hands clawed at the rug. The ropy shadows of the invisible retribution seemed to be knotted at his throat already.

It was precisely then that we heard a roaring on the roof of the house, and saw the night sky taking a red tinge. That rocket whose whistling we had heard had fallen through the skylight into the attic and set fire to the heap of dusty rubbish there. The house was open from top to bottom, and with the draft thus afforded the flames had a fatal hold in a twinkling.

It may have been this threat of ruin that drew Mr. James Smith out of his hiding place. At all events, he came. We saw his black figure pause on the threshold, that terrible pale eye of his fastened on the god. He had come far and schemed a great deal to possess it; but after all he was doomed to disappointment. He stood with folded arms, the lump on his forehead glowing scarlet. I think we were all affected by glancing rays of his strange mesmeric power. A sleepy veil seemed to hang between our eyes and that impending horror. That extraordinary yellow mortal was terrifying in his economy of movement. It was as if the soul within had stationed itself a thousand miles away. That stillness in the body was like a projection in the flesh of the terrible steadfastness of purpose held within. The man seemed to live by one thought, and to await the revolution of the wheel of things to bring uppermost his opportunity.

Jane Craigenside was first to rouse herself. With a cry between disgust and fear she stepped back, and with a convulsive movement of her arm flung into that ghastly black box a heavy dagger—sheath and all—which she had ripped from the draperies behind her. All her valiant soul went into the throw.

The god fell to the floor. But in that same instant Craigenside thrust his body forward spasmodically in an effort to save the idol from destruction. He overbalanced, and his head brought up with a jarring impact a foot or so below the pendulum. The enormous coffin, which must have been poised very nicely on the warped flooring, suddenly hung out over him, became a descending shadow, then with a horrid crash shut the master of Craigenside from view with his neck broken.

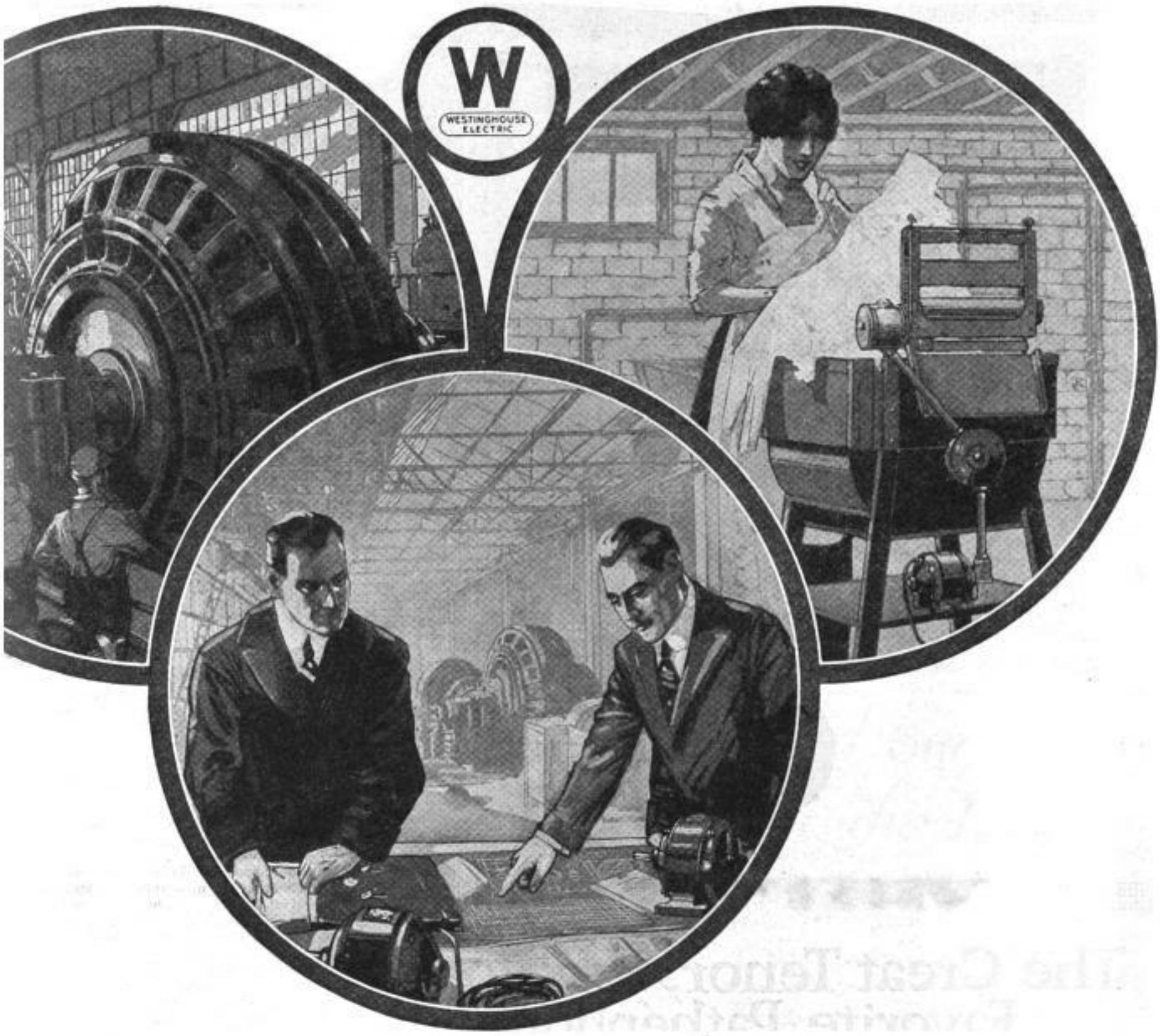
The prophecy of old Jared was so far fulfilled, that the coffin he had built, as if that vindictive spirit had informed it, claimed its own. Jim Garnett stood holding the body of the unconscious girl across his arm; and the head of the little god, snapped off short, spun to the feet of the priest, its eyes still emitting that baleful light with its suggestion of green fire.

Mr. James Smith snatched it up and vanished through the open doorway.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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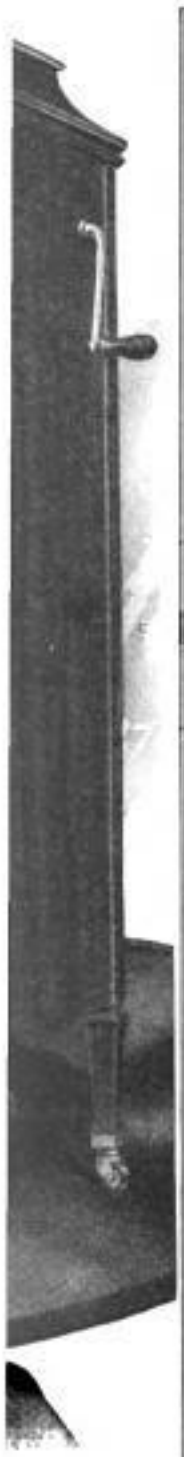
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New Pathé Records for March

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LUCIEN MURATORE, Tenor, Chicago Opera

Comme, O Zuccaro (Ferraro, Carrera, and Fonzo) Neapolitan Song	64008	29 C/M
O Surdato 'Nnamorato (Fourzo) Neapolitan Song Sung in Italian, Orchestra Acc.	(about 12 in.)	$4.00

ADAMO DIDUR, Leading Basso, Metropolitan Opera

The Barber of Seville (Rossini) "La Calumnia" (Slander's Whisper) Sung in Italian, Orchestra Acc.	82004	35 C/M
Chanson de Mephistopheles (Mouseorgsky) Sung in Russian, Orchestra Acc.	(about 12 in.)	$3.00

LEO SLEZAK, World-Famous Wagnerian Tenor

Lohengrin (Wagner) "Abschied"	63001	29 C/M
Lohengrin (Wagner) "Graal's Erzählung" Sung in German, Orchestra Acc.	(about 12 in.)	$3.00

ELEONORA DE CISNEROS, Mezzo-Soprano

Kashmiri Song, "Indian Love Lyrics" (Hope and Woodforde-Finden)	52013	29 C/M
Till I Wake, "Indian Love Lyrics" (Hope and Woodforde-Finden) Sung in English, Orchestra Acc.	(about 12 in.)	$1.50

GRACE HOFFMAN, Coloratura Soprano

Mignon (Thomas) "Je Suis Titania" (I am Titania)	76004	35 C/M
Dinorah (Meyerbeer) "Shadow Song" Sung in French, Orchestra Acc.	(about 14 in.)	$2.00

THOMAS EGAN, Popular Irish Tenor

Macushla (Rowe-MacMurrough)	52020	29 C/M
Molly Bawn (Lover) Pathé Salon Orchestra Acc.	(about 12 in.)	$1.50
Roisin Dubh (Dark Rosaleen)	25001	27 C/M
Le Fainne Geal an Lae (Dawning of The Day) Sung in Gaelic. Orchestra Acc.	(about 10½ in.)	$1.00

JACQUES THIBAUD'S NEW VIOLIN RECORDS

IN addition to the new Thibaud selections recently announced, we take pride in presenting the following beautiful St. Saëns number, played as only this great artist can play.

Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso (St. Saëns) Part 1.	60047	29 C/M
Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso (St. Saëns) Part 2. Violin solo, Orchestra Acc.	(about 12 in.)	$2.00
(As Announced on February List)	60046	29 C/M
Melody in F, Op. 3, No. 1 (Rubinstein), Piano Acc.	(about 12 in.)	$2.00
Piccolino (Guiraud), Orchestra Acc.		

INTERESTING INSTRUMENTAL NOVELTIES

SOLOS on the zither, selections by the foremost group of Hawaiian musicians, and two rousing marches by famous military bands this month admirably maintain the Pathé reputation for musical novelties.

D'Alpenröserl'n (Alpine Roses) Zither Solo, Otto Slezak	35015	29 C/M
Am Grundlsee (Anon) Zither Solo, Otto Slezak	(about 12 in.)	85c
Yaaka Hula Hickey Dula (Wendling and Young) Fox Trot	20101	27 C/M
Southern Blues (Old Hawaiian Medley) Louise and Ferera Hawaiian Troupe	(about 10½ in.)	75c
Till the Boys Come Home (Hume) Band of H.M. Grenadier Guards	35099	29 C/M
Victory March (Avkoff) Pathé Military Band	(about 12 in.)	85c

POPULAR HITS OF THE MONTH

Mammy's Little Coal Black Rose (Egan and Whiting) Duet, **Ruth Roye,** Soprano, **Louis J. Winsch,** Baritone, Orchestra Acc.	20103	27 C/M
It's Not Your Nationality (Johnson and McCarthy) **Roy Randall,** Baritone, Orchestra Acc.	(about 10½ in.)	75c
Put On Your Slippers and Fill Up Your Pipe (Moran, Wheeler and Von Tilzer) **Ruth Roye,** Soprano, Orchestra Acc.	20135	27 C/M
Pray for the Lights to Go Out (Skidmore and Tunnah) **Arthur Collins,** Baritone, Orchestra Acc.	(about 10½ in.)	75c
My Lonely Lola Lo (Murphy, Lance and Solman) **Sterling Trio,** Louise and Ferera Hawaiian Orchestra Acc.	20130	27 C/M
My Hawaiian Maid (Sonny Cunha) **Henry Burr,** Tenor, Louise and Ferera Hawaiian Orchestra Acc.	(about 10½ in.)	75c
Flora Bella, from "Flora Bella" (Carroll and Schwarzwald) **Elida Morris,** Soprano, Orchestra Acc.	20081	27 C/M
You're the Girl, from "Flora Bella" (Schertzinger and Schwarzwald) **Roselle Martin,** Soprano, **Gordon MacHughes,** Baritone, Orchestra Acc.	(about 10½ in.)	75c
Miss Samantha Johnson's Wedding Day (Toney Jackson) **Collins and Harlan,** Orchestra Acc.	20131	27 C/M
I've Got 'Em (Jackson and Frost) **Arthur Collins,** Baritone, Orchestra Acc.	(about 10½ in.)	75c
Everybody Hula (Sonny Cunha) **Henry Burr,** Tenor, Louise and Ferera Hawaiian Orchestra Acc.	20134	27 C/M
Dear Old Honolulu (Sonny Cunha) **Marie Narelle,** Soprano, Louise and Ferera Hawaiian Orchestra Acc.	(about 10½ in.)	75c

NEW PATHÉ "DE LUXE" DANCE RECORDS

Poor Butterfly (Raymond Hubbell) Fox Trot, Sherbo's "Castles By the Sea" Orchestra	20132	27 C/M.
Topsy (Hugh Frey) One- or Two-Step, Sherbo's "Castles By the Sea" Orchestra	(about 10½ in.)	75c
The Garden of Romance, from "Miss Springtime" (Kalman) Waltz, American Republic Band	20109	27 C/M
Out of the Cradle (Gilbert and Friedland) One- or Two-Step, American Republic Band	(about 10½ in.)	75c
My Skating Girl, from "The Big Show," N. Y. Hippodrome (Raymond Hubbell) One- or Two-Step, American Republic Band	20108	27 C/M
My Castle in the Air, from "Miss Springtime" (Jerome Kern) Fox Trot, American Republic Band	(about 10½ in.)	75c
The Witching Hour (Grant) Fox Trot, Van Eps-Banta Dance Orchestra	35100	29 C/M
Rugged Thoughts (Von der Mehden) One- or Two-Step, Pathé Dance Orchestra	(about 12 in.)	85c



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"Oh, no," cam
"I'm winding my
Billy laughed.
"When you've
asked, "are you go
"No, Mr. Ma
have finished."
"Why not?" B
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"Yes, indeed,"
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"Oh! Ouch!
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"Oh, not my h
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you better go av
up the crumbs be
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both of his an
"Listen! I wa
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interesting enou
the most interes
and I think you
And I want you
"Why, Mr.
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over his shoulde
little hand.
"I—I believe
he announced.
"You! Who'
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"Behind the
don't believe I
are you doing h
"What am I
peated. "Why
house. Really,
"Oh, say!"
you're just the
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"If you'll mo
haps I can," sa
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were not addres
"Oh, but I
plained. "If
again."
"Don't you
Pepita asked.
"No," laugh
Do you?"

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ACAROONS

(Concluded from Page 17)

"I believe I do," Pepita replied; and reaching over his shoulder she slipped her hand inside the crack and opened the safety catch.

The door swung open and Billy found himself kneeling on the doorstep, face to face with the runaway girl.

"Yes; I thought so," said Pepita. "Mr. Manners, permit me to present my little sister Suzan."

"Your little sister!" exclaimed Billy. "Your little sister S-Suzan! Why, that's perfectly fine, isn't it?"

Pepita ignored him. She turned to her sister.

"Don't you think you'd better get up off the floor?" she remarked. "And then perhaps you'll tell me what you've been doing."

Suzan did not budge.

"Don't be angry with her," said Billy. "It's all my fault. She couldn't go to the dance, you know, because she tickled her brother's feet at prayers yesterday; and she just went to peep through the windows. And I saw her there, and we've—we've just been talking."

"Mr. Manners, what are you trying to tell me?" asked Pepita. "We have no brother. I thought Suzan was at the dance. By the way, haven't you been cutting a good many this evening?"

"You have no brother!" exclaimed Billy. "Why, she told me ——"

"Goodness knows what she told you!" said Pepita. "She's a perfect little terror! You didn't like me, Mr. Manners, because you thought I posed; but you let her make a monkey of you!"

"Then—then it's not true!" Billy stammered. "You were just stringing me—you didn't really care ——"

"Mr. Manners, do get up," begged Pepita, "and let me close the front door. There'll be some people here for supper at any minute."

Billy stood up, but he did not let go of the little hand. He stared very hard at Suzan; and as he did so he was thinking very rapidly.

"Oh, shut up, sis!" said the little voice. "You don't have to give the whole show away just because you're jealous. I was just having a little fun." Did she falter just the least bit over the word? Billy was not sure, but he held onto the hand all the tighter. "Mr. Manners," she went on, "I expect you won't want to see me again. Please go away now." She looked at him rather mournfully; and then suddenly she began to laugh. "Have a macaroon before you go?" And she produced a large plate of them from behind her back.

Pepita was growing impatient. All this fuss over that child!

"Hadn't you better call it off, both of you?" she said. "Suzan ought to be spanked; and you —— Oh, mercy! Here are the others!"

Sounds of feet on the porch, and laughter, and the door opened to admit a crowd of supper guests from the dance.

They greeted him with loud outcries: "Why, if there isn't Mr. Manners!"—"Do you know you cut my dance?"—"Rehearsing something?" This last from Buck.

Billy arched his eyebrows. Then he looked at Suzan, and in her downcast eyes he seemed to find what he wanted. He was still holding her hand in both of his, while with her free one she extended the plate of macaroons to the entering company.

Billy turned and faced them.

"I'm terribly s-sorry!" he said. "I'll apologize to you all later. You see, the fact is I've been awfully busy. Miss Suzan Farragut has done me the honor to consent to be my wife!" And before them all he drew her to him and kissed her.

Doubled, tripled, quadrupled outcries! How perfectly romantic! But why in the name of sense had he chosen Suzan when he might have had Pepita?

What on earth was he doing? thought Pepita herself; and she forgot to pose at all for perhaps the first time in her life.

"Oh, Mr. Manners!" whispered a small voice in his ear—a voice with a tremble of laughter in it. "What a whopping fib!"

"One good fib deserves another!" he laughed back at her. "Do I have to go now—if I take a macaroon?"

"No; I expect you'll stay now," she replied. "Take a lot!"

They always have a big bowl of macaroons on the sideboard in Billy's home now.



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FOG

(Continued from Page 13)

Mechanically, half in a daze, Billy wheeled Ninespot to the extreme outside of the track, into the position indicated by his number. Tears of helpless rage stood in his eyes; a lump in his throat threatened to choke him. His need was so great, his chance at best so pitifully small; and now he knew that even this slender thing was to be taken from him—Ace of Spades was "trying." Barring a miracle, Ace of Spades would win.

It seemed that some of the other horses were also out to win, or at least to steal an advantage in the break; and Mr. Francis X. Sheehan, Official Starter, took hold of the railing of his perch and used all the language permissible on such occasions, and some which is supposed to be under the ban.

Four times he saw the shifting, plunging line shaping itself for a fair start, and each time some eager jockey attempted to anticipate the rise of the barrier by a wild sudden dash—after which there were many wild dashes furnished by the exasperated Mr. Sheehan. In each case the culprit, perceiving his error, managed to duck under the narrow strip of elastic webbing without breaking it—something to be thankful for, though one would never have guessed this by listening to Sheehan's blistering comments.

From his position on the outer rail Billy Randolph was also keeping his eye on the field. What faint hope remained in him was centered on a good start—a good one for Ninespot; a bad one for Ace of Spades.

A fifth time the field wavered into something resembling a line, and Sheehan bent forward. At least seven of the riders interpreted that crouching attitude as a preliminary to jerking the trigger and releasing the barrier; they hurled their mounts forward—snap! went the strip of webbing, and seven horses dashed down the back stretch and disappeared in the fog.

"No! No!" barked Sheehan with profane emphasis. "No, I said! Bring them beagles back here, till I fine every mother's son o' ye! Bring 'em back!"

And, with these words still on his lips, Mr. Sheehan was given something else to think about. One of the horses still at the post adroitly planted both heels in the midriff of the assistant starter, a gentleman whose name was Connolly.

"Are ye hur-rted, Con?" asked Sheehan anxiously.

"Course not!" gasped Connolly. "I'm layin' here—on th' ground—for fun! Gimme a hand; I'm near—bruk in two!"

Mr. Sheehan clambered down from his perch, grunting, for there was much of him and nearly all of it in one place; and, because Connolly was too sick to do anything but use his whip on the horse that had kicked him, Sheehan had to help with the mending of the barrier. He was still at this ticklish job when the fugitives began to return from their brief dash down the back stretch—and so busy that he forgot to fine the riders; forgot something else, too, as we shall see.

Now when the false break occurred the horse that led the way into the fog bank was Ninespot. When the other horses checked their speed Ninespot drifted by them, no more than a shadow on the upper rail. Billy heard the yell of the starter and sawed at the reins; Ninespot had the bit in his teeth and refused to slacken his stride. The heavy-headed chestnut was out in front alone; it suited him to run in that position and he had no desire for company and competition. He fought viciously for his head, and it was only after a struggle that Billy succeeded in bringing the big brute to a standstill. The half-mile post loomed close ahead, tall and white in the fog; Ninespot seemed to be regarding it with deep interest. He showed not the slightest inclination to retrace his steps.

"You hammer-headed fool!" said Billy. "Come on; we're goin' back!"

Ninespot thought otherwise; he shook his head, grunted, and refused to budge. Billy touched him lightly with the whip; Ninespot laid his ears back and kicked his heels in the air. Billy coaxed; Ninespot sulked. Billy threatened; Ninespot pointed his ears at the half-mile post and shrugged his shoulders. At last mind triumphed over matter, and conqueror and conquered started back through the fog—but very slowly. Ninespot had decided to obey, but he would take his own time about it.

"It's a wonder Sheehan hasn't sent Connolly after me," thought Billy; and then, out of the dripping wall, faint and far away, a hoarse rumbling sound reached his ears:

"No! No! You can't break that way, I tell you! Walk 'em up slow! Slow!"

Billy fairly bounced in the saddle; Ninespot stopped and pricked up his ears.

"Great King!" whispered the boy. "He hasn't missed us; Sheehan hasn't missed us! He's linin' 'em up for another start!"

Plainly, here was a situation requiring thought—an astounding condition of affairs demanding analysis and action of some sort. Billy Randolph was thoroughly familiar with the ironclad racing rule, which—for good or ill—centers all responsibility upon a single individual. As soon as the horses pass the paddock gate and appear upon the track they are declared to be "in the hands of the starter"; and they remain in his hands until the barrier rises. During that period no accident to a horse, no error of judgment on the part of any human being can affect the bets as placed. They must stand for decision at the wire. The starter may leave an odds-on favorite flat-footed at the post or send away a long shot ten lengths ahead of the field; but from his action there is no appeal. While the horses are in his hands the Official Starter is rather more than an autocrat—he is the personification of turf law.

Sheehan had blundered in allowing a horse to slip through his fingers; and the blunder amounted to an advantage of at least a quarter of a mile in a seven-eighths race—a flying start for Arizona. As Billy peered into the fog wall one thought struck him with considerable force—he might steal the race, but no witnesses could rise against him.

Nobody could see him there in the fog; he was alone with his conscience and a very bad horse.

"If you stay with it, Billy, run your hosses on the square."

Yes, his father had said that; but his father had also told him to think of his sister first.

"Huh!" said Billy aloud. "We ain't goin' to stay with it, are we, Ninespot? We're goin' to Arizona ——"

And then he heard the pflung-ng-ng of the barrier and the roar of the Official Starter:

"You're off! Take 'em away!"

Billy whirled Ninespot in his tracks and gave him his head.

"Let's be movin' or we'll get run over," said he.

The big chestnut seemed to sense the humor of the situation. He set a brisk pace, but Billy curbed him to half speed.

"Not quite so fast, ole boy. If we get down there too soon they might ask us where we've been. . . . Steady; that's it—steady!"

Ninespot loafed round the upper turn into the home stretch; and it was then that Billy began to watch the track behind him. As the chestnut passed the paddock gate a black shape appeared on the rail, ten lengths to the rear.

"Now you can run if you want to!" said Billy, drawing his whip. "You got a lot of speed left in you. Let's have it!"

When the grand stand loomed up, a giant shadow in the fog, Billy thoughtfully guided Ninespot well into the middle of the track.

"We'll not take any chances with them judges," said he. "They may not be expectin' us to come first; so we'll get over where they can't overlook us. . . . Oh, no hurry; no hurry—he's pumped out; an' here's one time when a Ninespot takes an Ace!"

Five lengths behind the easy-going chestnut came a laboring black horse, then a long gap, and finally the straggling field.

"That one, eh?" said the presiding judge, fingering his beard. "Well, I'm mighty glad of it. I used to know Tom Randolph. Fine old character! Straight as a die! Boy's just like him."

"Ye-es," said the associate judge; "but this chestnut horse won, pulled up, 'way ahead of Ace of Spades. I wish you'd tell me ——"

"Bad horses, my boy; bad horses," said the presiding judge. "Nobody knows what's going to happen in a dog race like this!"

As Ninespot slowed to a canter the black horse drew alongside.

(Concluded on Page 85)







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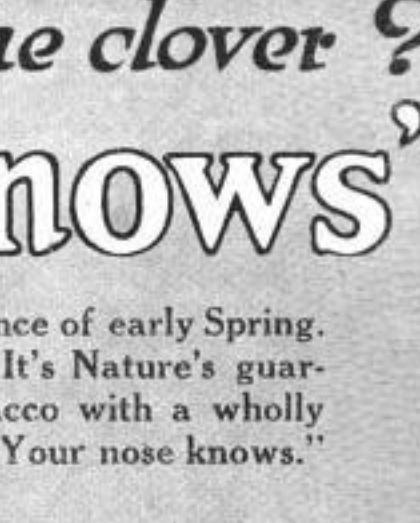
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id you steal 'em?"

"No steal 'um!" cackled Lee Sing. "Buy 'um! Nisha mawnin' me ketch 'um twen'y cent ni'spot—alla sem ni'spot two times ——"

"He made a killing in the lottery—hit nine of the winnin' numbers," interrupted George the Greek for Jennie's benefit. "A twenty-cent nine! No wonder he bought new clothes; I would, too!"

Lee Sing giggled happily and rocked back and forth on his curved white soles; pidgin English flowed from him in a steady stream:

"Ketch 'um losh money; buy 'um clothes—'nen I 'memba you tell 'um me hoss he win—Ni'spot he win—come out by laish tlack—pay 'um dolla, go insi'—bet 'um; bet 'um evlybody Ni'spot he win ——"

"Holy Moses!" breathed George the Greek. "And so that's why we didn't get a price! This crazy Chink played him down! Why, I'll bet he won a million dollars!"

"Wait a minute," said Billy, interrupting Lee Sing, who was still babbling cheerfully. "What was Ninespot's price—how much to one?"

"No sabby plice," said Lee Sing, shaking his head. "Bet 'um evlybody—no sabby how much—you look see!"

He walked over to the table and began producing bundles of currency and fistfuls of gold. His black silk trousers proved to be a veritable Golconda; the inside of his plum-colored coat yielded rich treasure. The three witnesses could only stare at the loot; they were dumb before such a flood of dollars.

Lee Sing dropped the last bundle of yellow-backed bills and stepped back with a tipsy flourish.

"So now me come you' place," said he to Billy. "You alla sem my podnah; ketch 'um hop!"

"There ain't any hop here!" said Billy sternly. "What does he think this is—an opium joint?"

"Not hop—half!" squealed George the Greek excitedly. "Don't you see? He says you're his partner an' he wants you to have half!"

"Aw, go on!" said Billy. "You're crazy!"

"Ask him!" cried George. "You slipped him a good thing an' he's declared you in with the bet—a Chink'll do it every time. Ask him!"

Billy looked at Lee Sing, who was beaming like a yellow moon.

"You—you want me to have any of that?" said the boy, pointing to the table.

Lee Sing bobbed his head rapidly.

"Me podnah—you podnah, alla sem. Me ketch 'um hop—you ketch 'um hop."

"Well, can you beat that?" gasped Billy Randolph. "He's got every instinct of a Christian!"

Lee Sing laughed as he began to stack the gold-pieces.

"One time me Clistian—go Mission thlee time evly week; jusha now me not Clistian—me Chinaman!"

Billy Randolph and his sister stood in the doorway and watched their amazing visitor disappear in the fog.

They had not been able to detain him long. He had pressing engagements in Fish Alley.

"Pinch me, Jen, and see if I'm awake!" said Billy.

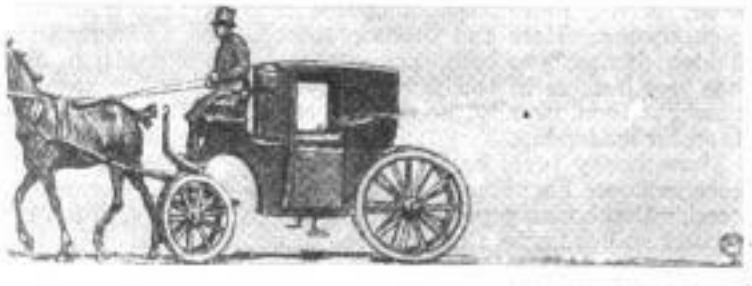
George the Greek needed no such demonstration. He was counting the money into neat piles. Out of the fog wall came a quavering Celestial falsetto, wandering aimlessly from key to key, growing fainter with increasing distance:

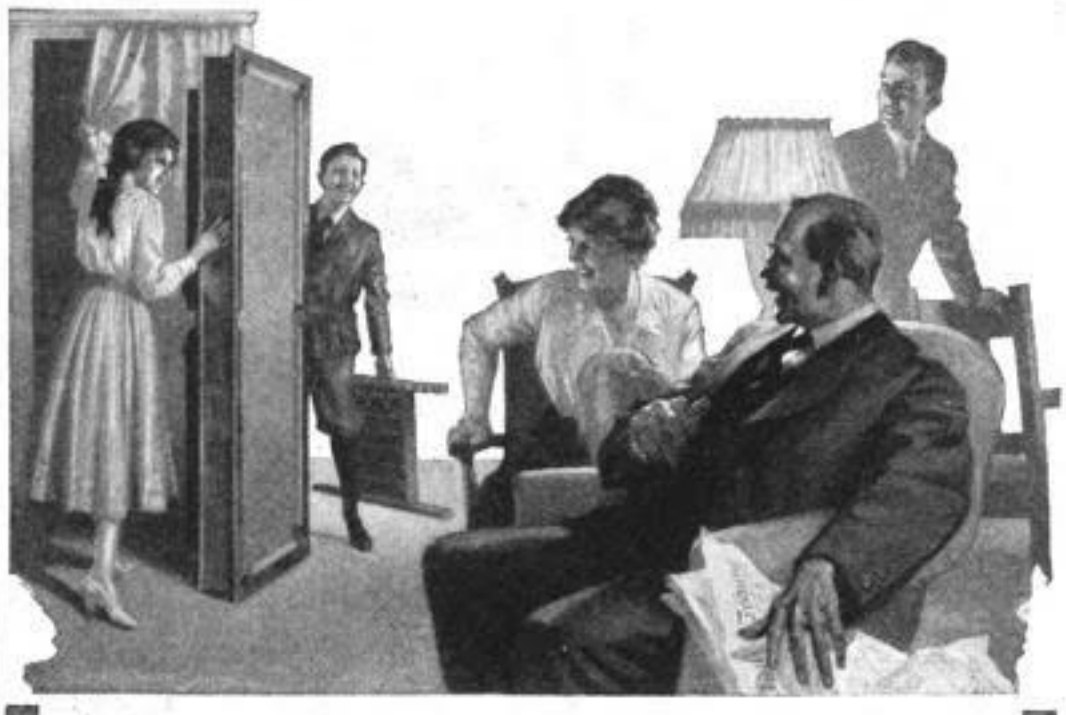
"In uh swee-ee-eet . . . by um by . . .
We sha' lest on 'at beau-tee-fu' shaw,
Beau-tee-fu' shaw."

"Well," said Billy, "it'll be comin' to him, at that!"

"Come in out of that confounded fog!" called George the Greek. "What's the matter with you two lunatics anyway?"

"Don't call the fog any hard names," said Billy gently. "It done the Randolph Stable a mighty good turn to-day."





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country store. He attended public school, and at eighteen went to work as a clerk in a country-town bank. Two years later he went down to the city, where he took a clerkship in a minor bank. At twenty-nine he was made assistant cashier, and six years later was elected to the cashiership of another minor bank. At thirty-nine he was made president. Then there was a bank merger, and he was made president of the consolidated institution.

All his life after public-school days has been passed in banks; so when he won his first important banking position he doubtless knew the technical side of banking thoroughly.

On the other hand, there is Alvin W. Krech, president of the Equitable Trust Company. He was born at Hannibal, Missouri, where his father—who came to this country, like so many other liberal Germans, after the failure of the revolutionary movement there in 1848—was a teacher. He went to public school and began his business career as a clerk in a flour mill at Minneapolis. Round thirty he became a partner in the mill and eventually owner of it. He then turned to railroad construction, and so to railroad enterprise generally. When the Union Pacific Railroad was reorganized, Mr. Krech was appointed secretary of the reorganization committee. That brought him to New York, and in due time he engaged in banking. But he was a successful, influential man of middle age before he engaged in banking.

The Successful Type

Boys are taught a good deal of poppycock about the vital necessity of technical training. For an underling technical ability counts perhaps for ninety in a scale of a hundred; but for an overling it probably does not count for ten out of the hundred. This is particularly true of banking, which is a kind of composite of all businesses.

No doubt every big bank contains men who know the technical mechanism of the business much better than the president does. The late J. P. Morgan was commonly accounted America's foremost banker; but several times, when under cross-examination, he had to confess that he knew precious little about the details of his own business. As to various other businesses, in the transportation, manufacturing and trading lines, where he exerted a very great influence, his technical knowledge of their details would not have won him a junior clerkship in them. A candid bank president has confessed that, in selecting a vice president for his concern, he cares little whether the man knows anything in particular about banking.

Business ability in its higher manifestations is pretty much all out of the same piece of cloth. If a man has business ability in the abstract he will make a good banker. If a young man is ambitious to reach the first table many other things are much more important than technical knowledge. Those at the first table can always find plenty of people lower down who will know how to manage details. It may even be doubted whether careful preoccupation with details is a good augury of one's ever reaching the first table. That perhaps indicates another type of mind—the studious, cautious, particularizing, indwelling type; whereas the most successful type is apt to be expansive, adventurous, confident, generalizing.

Probably a college career is an advantage—not at all on account of its formal training and for the stuff in the textbooks and classrooms. So far as notable success in business goes—as distinguished from professional success—that stuff might just as well be anything else. But probably college tends to promote sociability, to strengthen one's facility in getting acquainted and making friends. That facility usually counts for a great deal in business success. The man who can meet people easily, cordially, agreeably, has an advantage. College may help him to that.

Of the twelve Morgan partners, you remember, eight are college men and four are not. But the heads of the house for two generations have been college men, and perhaps it leans somewhat more in that direction than high finance generally does; or perhaps the preponderance of college men on the Morgan roster is merely an accident.

Of the twelve big-bank presidents only two could be called college men; and only one of them, I believe, is a graduate of an institution of higher learning. In the case of the big-bank presidents there were more people to do the choosing than in the case of the Morgan partners; so this list is rather more representative of the way high finance does its choosing. On the basis of this list college education is evidently of slight importance.

Taking the twenty-four men—Morgan partners and big-bank presidents—only five were born outside that comparatively small territory which lies along the North Atlantic Seaboard. Nineteen were born in New England, New York and Pennsylvania. Of course this does not indicate that those states are more prolific in financial genius; but the ambitious young man in those states is very apt to go to New York, and so to get himself into the orbit of high finance. If these men had happened to be born in the Mississippi Valley, most of them would no doubt now be cutting a figure in business in Kansas City, Minneapolis, and so on, instead of on the larger stage.

Of the twenty-four names on the list only one was of any particular significance in business before its present bearer made it so. The exception, of course, is J. P. Morgan. He inherited a great opportunity. What is even rarer than that, he proved equal to it; for the house doubtless does more business to-day than ever in his father's time, and, on the whole, probably has quite as great influence.

A Morgan came to this new country from Wales early in the seventeenth century and settled on the soil in Connecticut. For several generations his successors were undistinguished New England farmers. Soon after the Revolutionary War a James Morgan broke away from the farm and set up in business as keeper of a tavern on the post road at Hartford. Stagecoaches, of course, were the chief means of transportation in those days, and James Morgan gradually got control of a number of stage lines—dimly foreshadowing his celebrated grandson's operations in a more extensive means of transportation.

Then a big fire happened in New York—big, that is, for a place which we should now consider only a flourishing country town. For some inscrutable reason, Hartford has always been a home of fire insurance. One of the Hartford insurance companies was hard hit by this New York calamity. For a time its solvency seems to have been questioned. Evidently James Morgan thought it was sound, for he bought up, at a heavy discount, many claims against it. When the company finally paid out he had a very comfortable fortune.

Another Able Morgan

His son, Junius Spencer Morgan, inherited not only the fortune but the ability that had won it. He went into the dry-goods trade, with Levi P. Morton as a partner. The dry-goods trade at that time was one of the chief importing businesses; so it involved foreign connections and dealings in foreign exchange. Kuhn, Loeb & Company got into the international banking business by way of the dry-goods trade. Morgan set up a house in London, then in Paris, and long before his death left the dry-goods business to devote himself to banking.

He was—nominally, at least—head of the Morgan house up to his death in 1890; though by that time his son, the first John Pierpont, was very active in its affairs. It is an odd coincidence that J. S. Morgan died abroad—at Monte Carlo—while his son died at Rome. He left a fortune of ten million dollars and a great business. How the first J. P. made it a much greater business is well known. They are saying now that, judging by his performance to date, the present J. P. will keep it at the height his father attained.

But only once in a long while does a family develop four exceptionally able men in succession. Here and there in the roll of high finance you come across a name that was famous in the previous generation; but then, usually the name does not stand for leadership.

Mere money involves little in the way of leadership. There may be a popular impression that a man gets a big job in finance because he has made a lot of money; but

comes first and the man makes a lot of money because he has a big job. A House of Morgan, or a big bank, does not take a man into its fold because it wants his capital. It can get all the capital it needs in an easier way. It takes in the man because it wants his personality; because it thinks his personal qualities of ability, energy, attractiveness, and so on, will strengthen its influence.

A great part of business is just dealing with men; essentially it is just salesmanship in some form or other. All business is making something and selling it, and there is a heavy emphasis on the selling end. The job of the president of the City Bank is finally to see that the bank is made right, and then to sell it, pretty much essentially as a grocer sells his soap and flour. By and large, the more people he knows and the more people like him, the better salesman he will be.

The Men Who are Chosen

This is why a good many Government officials—Secretaries of the Treasury and Comptrollers of the Currency—are given high positions in big banks; not because of their knowledge of banking and finance, but because they have been well advertised. Their names are well known; they have formed many acquaintances; and so they will presumably be good salesmen. Mr. Vanderlip came from the Treasury Department. Mr. Hepburn, chairman of the board of the Chase National, was Comptroller of the Currency. Mr. Gage and Mr. Shaw, upon leaving the Treasury, were made presidents of New York banks. The other day Senator Burton, of Ohio, was elected president of a New York bank.

At one time three ex-Comptrollers of the Currency were presidents of important banks at Chicago. The theory was that, being well known, they were in a position to sell the bank efficiently. George B. Cortelyou, private secretary to President McKinley and President Roosevelt, then Secretary of Commerce and Labor and Secretary of the Treasury, was taken from the latter position and made president of the opulent concern that supplies New York City with gas.

If you should look over the men who hold big jobs in high finance you would find them a well-set-up lot physically, running decidedly to the broad-shouldered, deep-chested type, with a round neck that fills out its collar snugly, and a development at the back and base of the skull which indicates large vital motor power.

The candidate for an important job in high finance ought to be physically vigorous. He ought to have a lot of friends and be of the sort that makes friends readily. He had much better be a shade under forty than two shades over. He must have a good deal of confidence in himself and be sufficiently egotistic to assert himself without being offensive about it.

Of course he must have a considerable degree of sheer intellectual ability—that is, he must be able to think fast and straight, and to size up the important elements in a situation. The extent of his bank account and his technical training are immaterial, except that, as a matter of course, he must have had a good deal of practical experience of some sort, and have shown that he can deal successfully with practical affairs—which really means dealing successfully with men.

Then, if the candidate is going to get elected, he must come into contact with a man, or with men, who have the disposal of important financial jobs; and that is probably about nine parts sheer luck. No doubt, for every man who lands a big job in Wall Street there are a hundred men who have all the natural qualifications; but they did not happen to fall into the right orbit.

It seems probable, however, that the orbit is growing wider. Of the two latest Morgan partners, one was brought up in Minnesota, the other in Missouri. When Mr. Cochran left the Liberty Bank a new vice president was taken in; and his new vice president got his business experience mainly in Detroit.

The roster changes continually, both because men die or retire and because the business of the big institutions continually expands. Very rarely does a "son's" name get on it. It is a free field for talent—and luck.

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CONGOLEUM RUGS

FREE!
Handsome Rug Chart
We will send you free an attractive Rug Chart printed in colors. It will give you some idea of the beauty of Congoleum Rugs. Just send us your name and address. It will help solve that floor covering problem.

Beautiful—Convenient—Sanitary—Economical

floor coverings possess one or two very desirable features. Carpets oft and warm, but they are expensive, hard to clean, and they r evenly. Good fabric rugs are artistic, but they gather dust, are ked up, and their price makes them a luxury.

n Rugs are rapidly supplanting low-priced carpets and fabric use in addition to great beauty they combine convenience, and economy. They have a firm, washable surface, with just like the finest of woven rugs.

For Every Room

variety of artistic designs and ors will enable you to find a Rug that will harmonize with tive scheme.

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ave Congoleum Art-Rugs—a nsation in rugs. They are the f famous rug designers and ually beautiful patterns. Dis- ecause of their beautifully ich colors.

Sizes and Prices

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feet, $10.00 9 feet x 12 feet, $11.00

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s are made in a greater variety d patterns than our Art-Rugs. our original Congoleum Rug heir prices are surprisingly low.

Utility-Rug Sizes and Prices

3 feet x 4½ feet $0.98	6 feet x 6 feet $2.60
3 feet x 6 feet 1.30	6 feet x 9 feet 3.90
4½ feet x 4½ feet 1.50	Two-piece Rug 9 feet x 12 feet $8.00

Washable and Sanitary

All Congoleum Rugs are entirely waterproof—therefore washable and sanitary. A damp mop keeps them clean. No dusty beating or sweeping.

Lie Flat Without Fastening

Congoleum Rugs never curl or "kick up." No need of tacking or pasting down. They "hug the floor." No dust can collect under them.

Congoleum By-The-Yard

If you want to cover a whole floor, you will find Congoleum By-The-Yard a real bargain. Guaranteed to outwear printed linoleum under equal wearing conditions. Sanitary and rot-proof. No fastening needed. Many pretty patterns to select from. Made in 72-inch width. Price 50c. per square yard.

Congoleum Rug Borders

These unique floor coverings are literally hardwood floors in rolls. To be used around a center rug. They give all the artistic effects of real oak floors at a fraction of the expense. Not a cheap, painted imitation. They lie flat without fastening, are waterproof and sanitary.

Made in 36- and 24-inch widths, at 50c. and 40c. a yard respectively. Your dealer will cut any length desired.

Protected By Patents

Congoleum Rugs are manufactured in accordance with United States and foreign patents, with numerous other patents pending both in the United States and foreign countries.

Be sure to send for handsome Color Chart.

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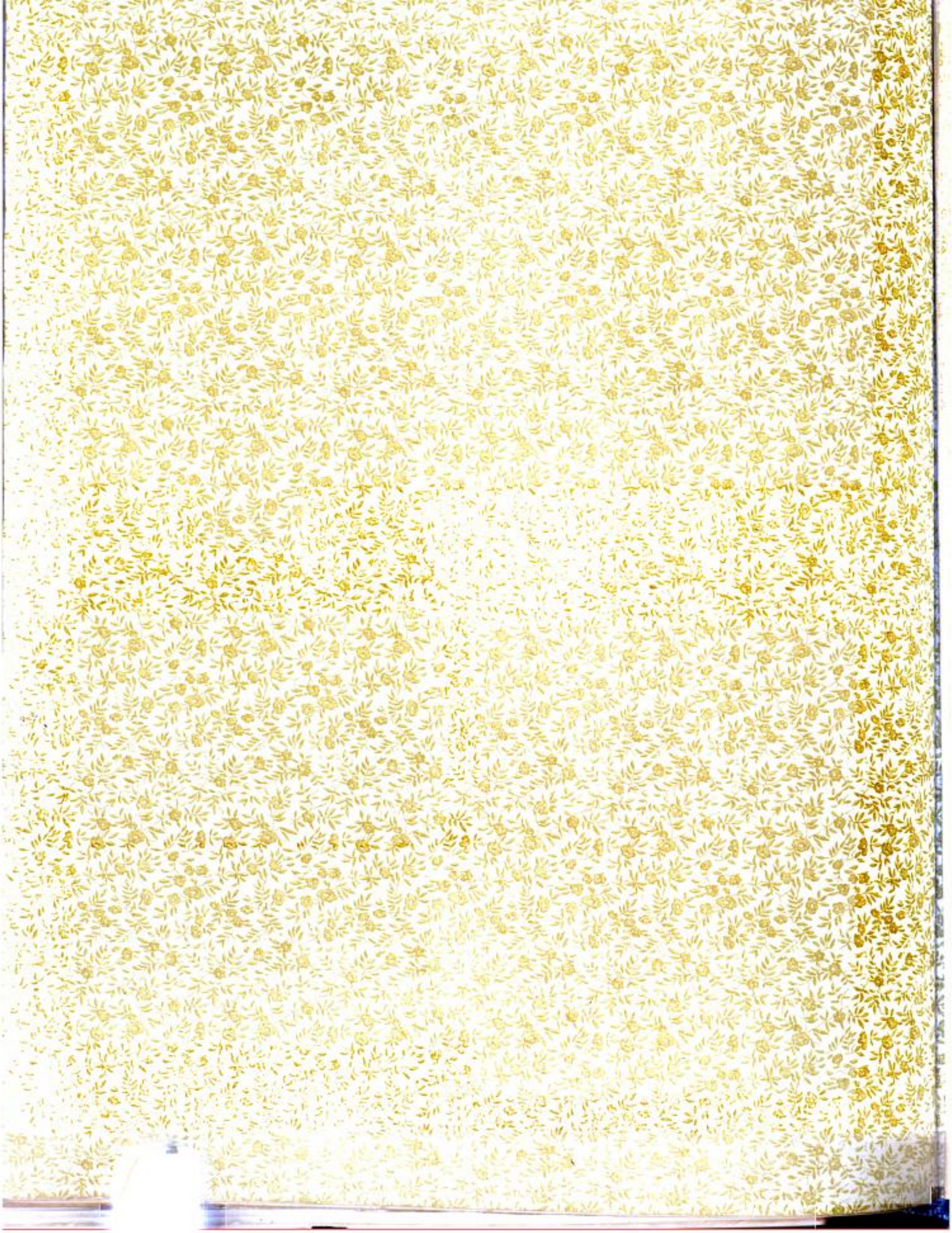


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